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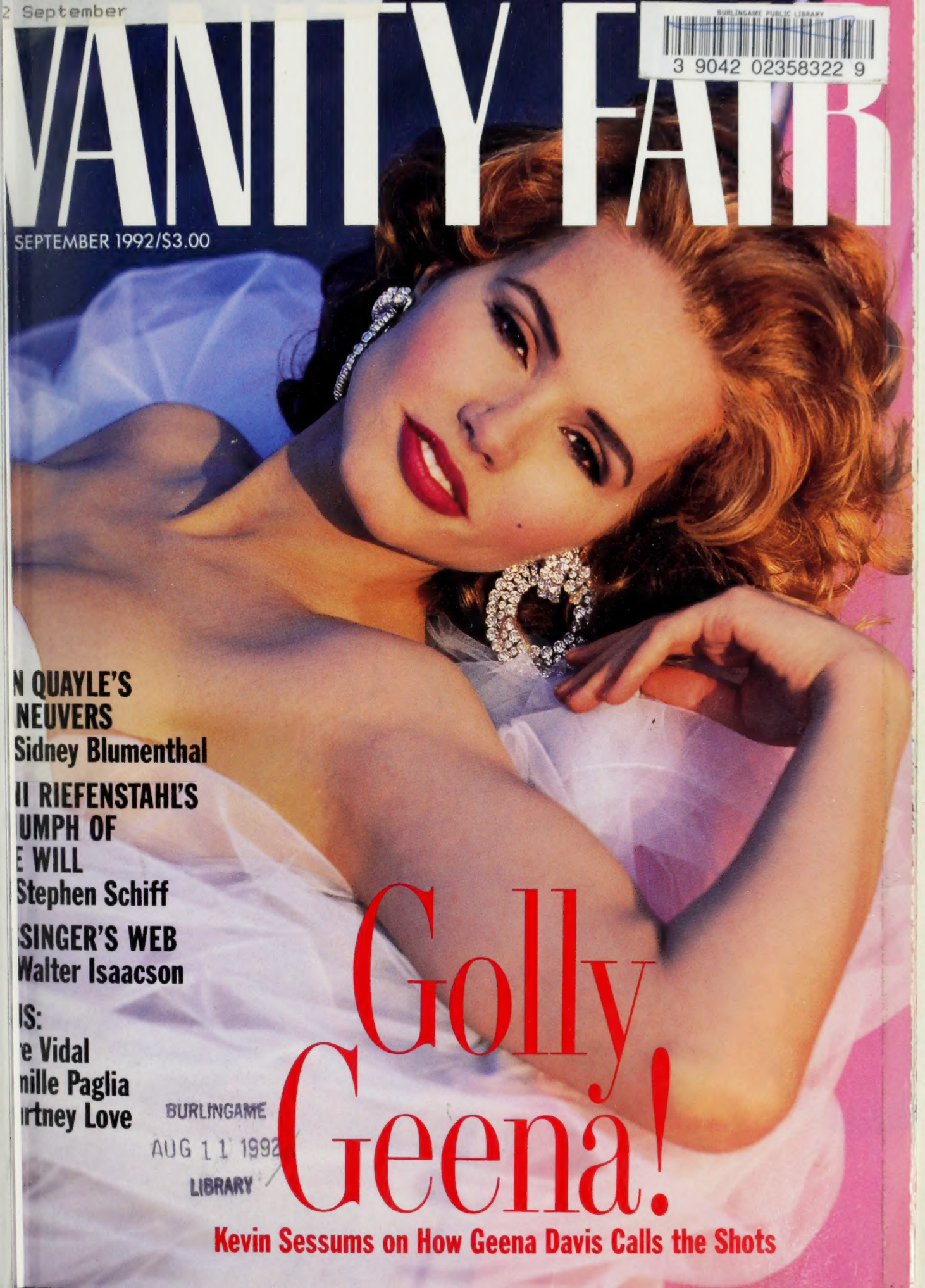
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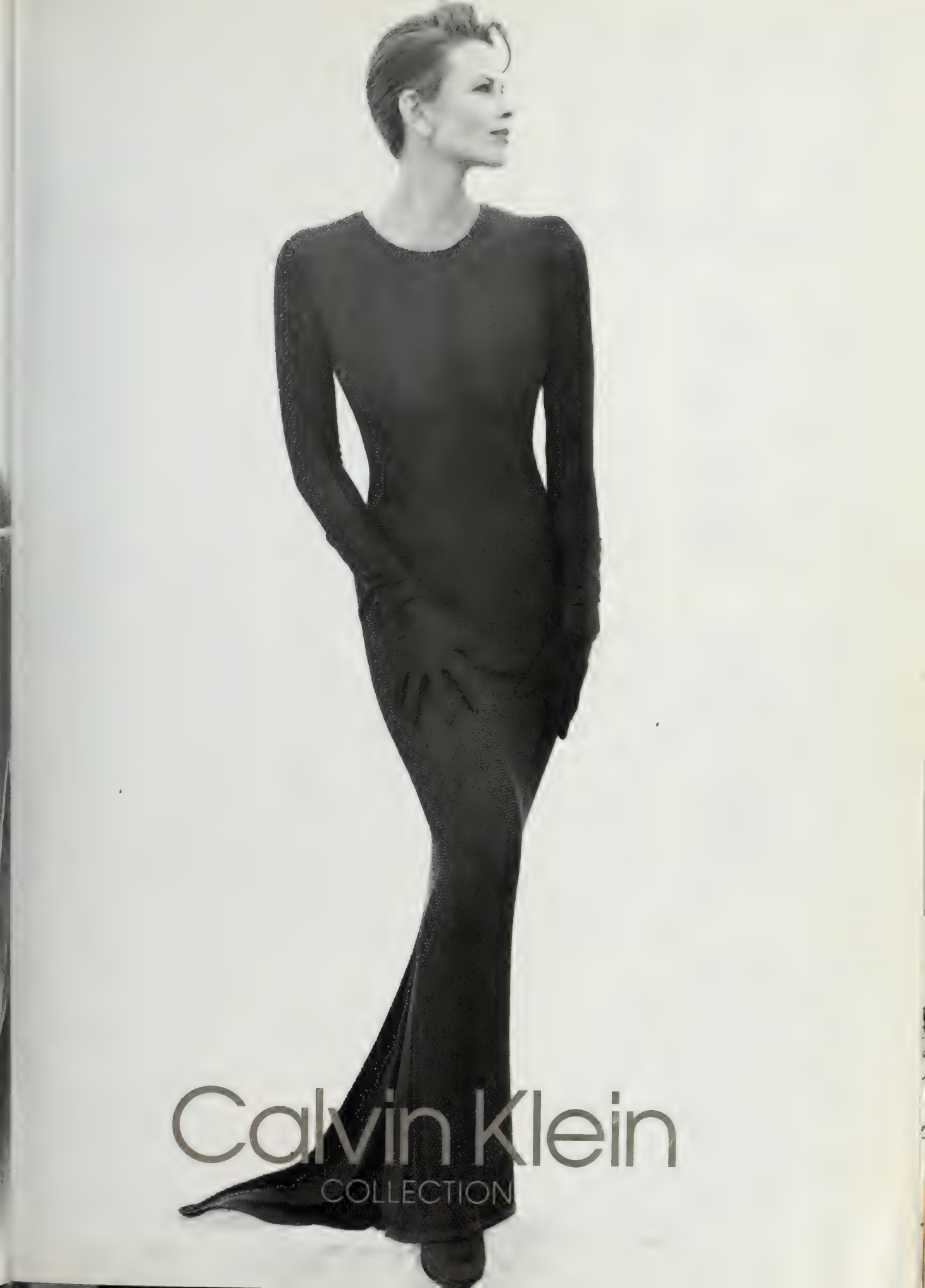
Kevin Sessums on How Geena Davis Calls the Shots

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VANITY FAIR

Volume 55 Number 9 September 19



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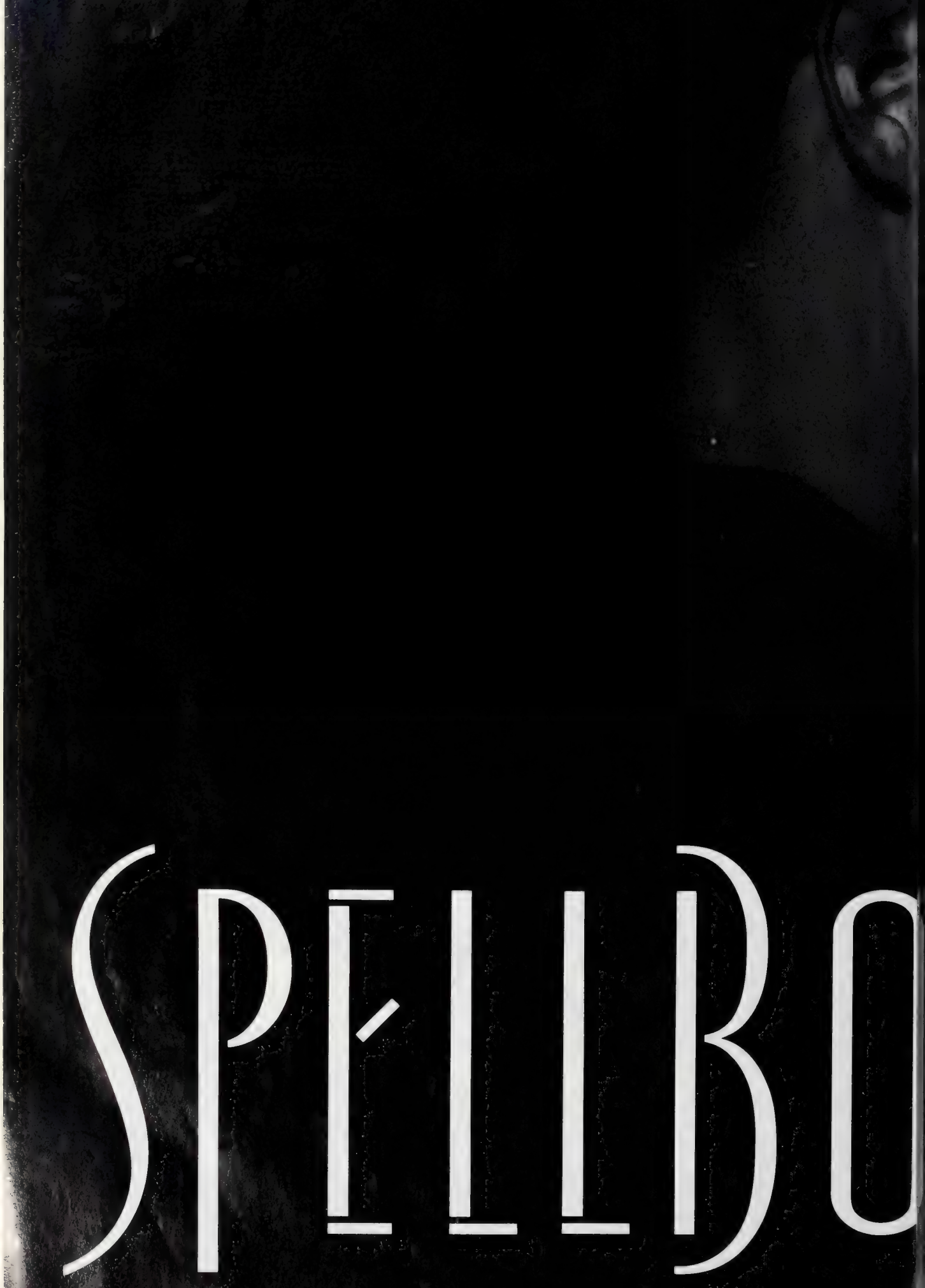


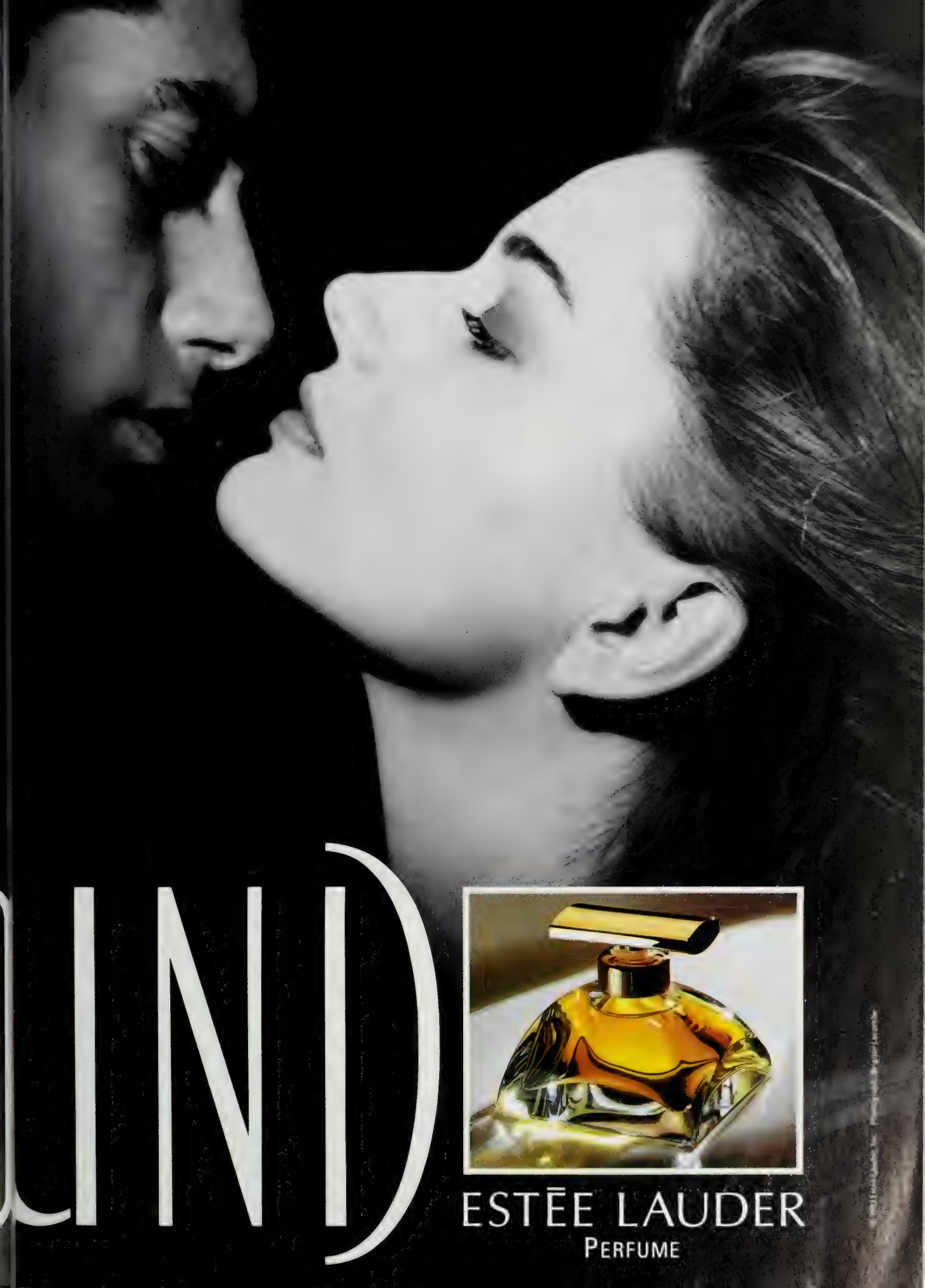
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Editor's Letter

Signing Off



Tina's farewell toast: With publisher Ron Galotti, *above*, and, *counterclockwise,* staff members Reinaldo Herrera and Sarah Giles; Jane Sarkin, Marina Schiano, Wayne Lawson, and Susan White; Charles Churchward and Pamela McCarthy; Rachel Pe and Brenda Phipps; parting shot.

This is the last issue of *Vanity Fair* under my editorship. The October issue will be edited by my successor, Graydon Carter, who comes to us from editing *The New York Observer,* Manhattan's sparky weekly broadsheet. It is a significant moment to be passing on the eyeshade. For the first six months of this year, *Vanity Fair* has surpassed a sale of one million copies in the United States—a source of great pride to all of us who, in the glum early years, often felt like the band on the *Titanic*.

In 1984, media pundits were all banging on that people did not read anymore and that the general-interest magazine was dead. Nowadays, they like to blame the success of *this* general-interest magazine on the glitz quotient, overlooking the true nature of its mix. *V.F.* is the quintessential postmodern magazine. It is the great high-low show, able to deliver Roseanne Barr mud-wrestling side by side with Chancellor Kohl cogitating, or Demi Moore's pregnant belly side by side with Martha Graham's dance aesthetic. It is a cross-cultural synthesis that adds up to more than the sum of its parts. It is all about context and the context of *Vanity Fair* is conducive to reading.

The striking fact about our last eight years is that the more substance we added to the mix, the more we attracted and held our readers. In our pages, we were able to publish 15,000-word articles that gleamed all the brighter in their unlikely pagination. One thinks of Alex Shoumatoff's report on Chico Mendes, the first eco-martyr, or his odyssey in search of the source of AIDS in Africa, or, again, his depiction of the last days of General Stroessner. One thinks of William Styron's poignant confessional essay on his battle with depression and Norman Mailer's dissection of Bret Eas-

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Editor's Letter

ton Ellis and of the Gulf War. One thinks of T. D. Allman's masterly and prescient foreign reporting from China, the Philippines, Panama, and Arafat's plane somewhere over the Middle East. One thinks of Stephen Schiff's cultural portraits, from John le Carré to Ryszard Kapuściński. One thinks of the extraordinary range of Gail Sheehy's contributions, political profiles that made news again and again, and, most recently, her article on menopause, which now, in book form, rides at the top of the best-seller lists.

I bow out with a sense of loss. *Vanity Fair* is sustained by a unique creative family. E. B. White once said, "No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky." I have been more than willing, but definitely lucky. Lucky to be spirited from London in 1984 by S. I. Newhouse Jr. and handed a magazine title that, in spite of a few local difficulties, reverberated with history and romance. Lucky that two intrepid Brits, editors Miles Chapman and Sarah Giles, jumped with me. Lucky to find, lashed to the mast, one of the finest text editors in publishing, Wayne Lawson, as well as the gifted art director Charles Churchward and writers as entertaining as Bob Colacello and as trenchant as James Wolcott. Lucky to lure the formidable Pamela McCarthy from *Esquire* to be a stellar managing editor, and Jane Sarkin from *Interview* to go mano a mano with Hollywood's toughest flacks and agents. Lucky for me and for the stars whom Jane produced that they could be enhanced by the magic wand of style director Marina Schiano. Lucky that the lenses we turned on the stars, and others, were focused by such legends as Annie Leibovitz and Helmut Newton. Luc that the one writer I knew when I landed in New York v Marie Brenner, one of the most talented—and generous. It w at her house one night in my first week here that my din partner turned out to be a movie producer who told compelling story after another. I asked him if he would e think of writing stories like this for a magazine. Domini Dunne did think about it, I am happy to say, and has giv all of us so much joy. No wonder Frank Crowninshie *Vanity Fair*'s first editor, wrote a piece entitled "Ten Th sand Nights in a Dinner Coat." The best leads often co with the entrée. We owe scoop after scoop to the orbitings Caroline Graham in L.A. and Reinaldo Herrera everywhe else. And I was lucky, lucky, lucky that through it all I w kept on my toes by the Balanchine of magazines, Alexand Liberman, Condé Nast's fabled editorial director.

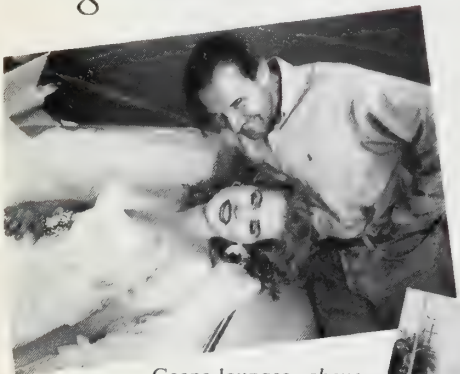
Vanity Fair, with new editor in chief Graydon Carter a the dynamism of publisher Ron Galotti, will continue thrive and grow without me. Every exit is an entrance som where else. Mine will be at the helm of *The New Yorke* which I believe is uniquely placed to comment and report this defining moment in the American culture. To all *V.F.* creative family, and to you readers, especially those of y who have been with us since 1983, thanks a million.

Tina Brown

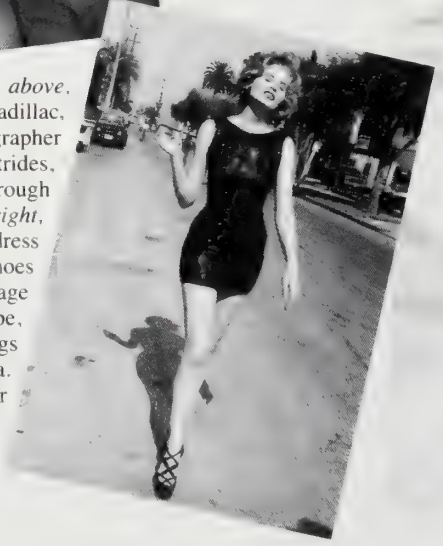
Editor in chief

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Long Tall Geena



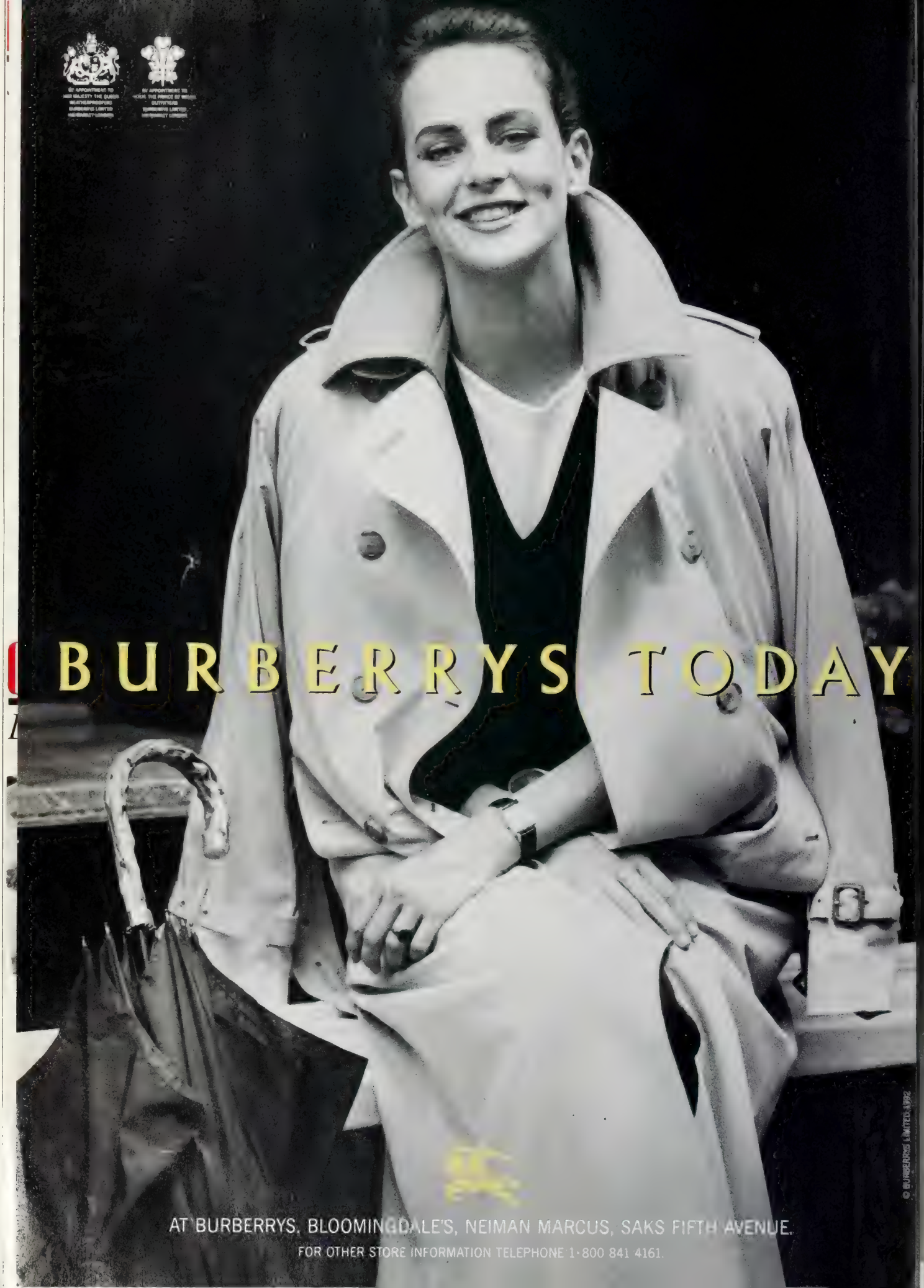
ON THE COVER
Geena Davis wears a tulle skirt and bustier by Dolce & Gabbana. Earrings by Marie Ferrá at Topper & Lowell. Hair by Teddy Antolin for Visages Style, L.A., at the Estilo Salon. Makeup by Carol Shaw for Cloutier. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michel Comte.



Geena lounges, *above,* in a '59 Cadillac, with photographer Michel Comte, and strides, Barbie-like, through the streets of L.A., *right,* wearing a black dress by Calvin Klein, shoes from Steppin' Out Vintage Clothing, New Hope, Pennsylvania, and earrings by José & María Barrera. Cigarette holder by Mercura Fine Art.




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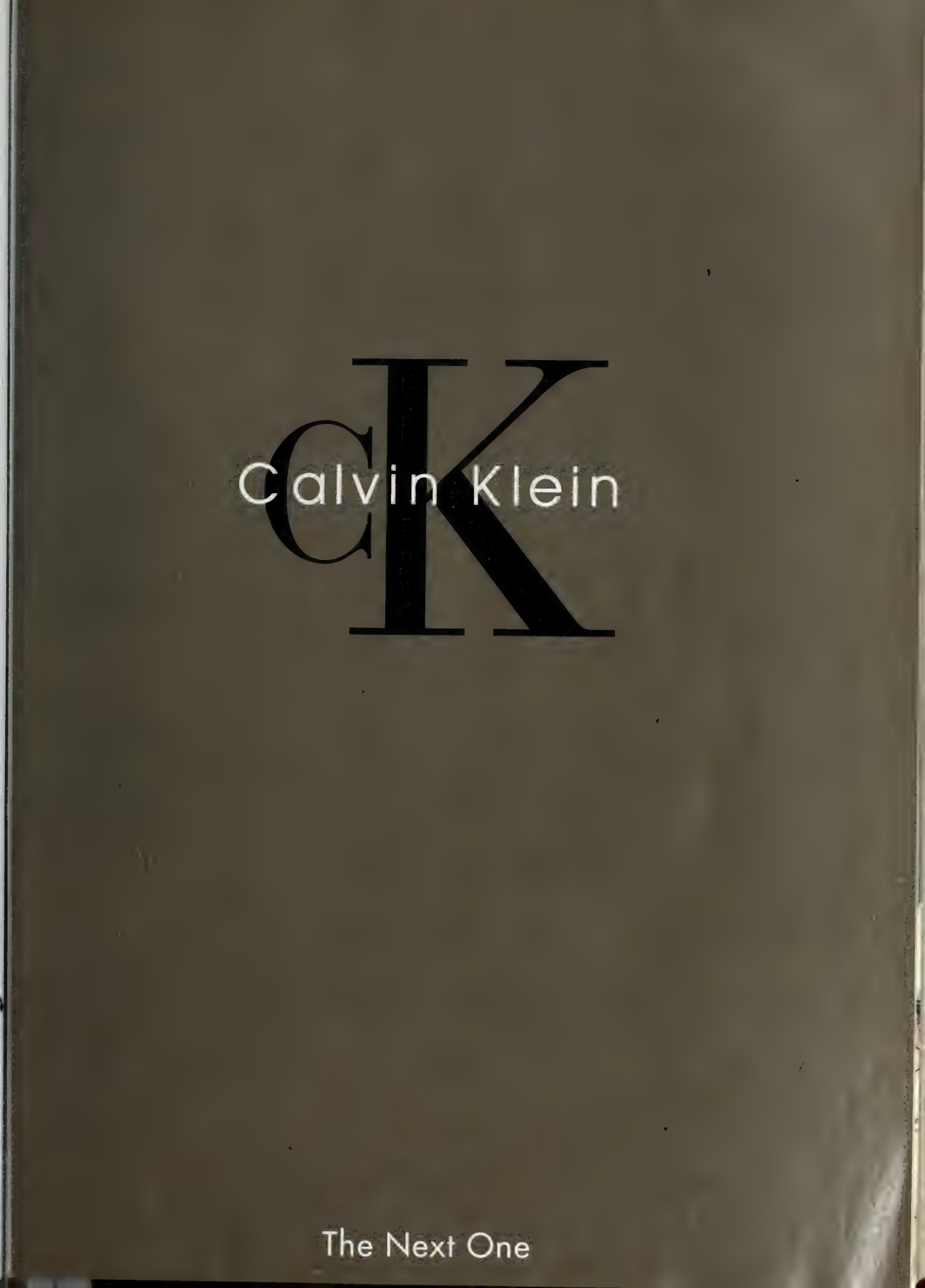
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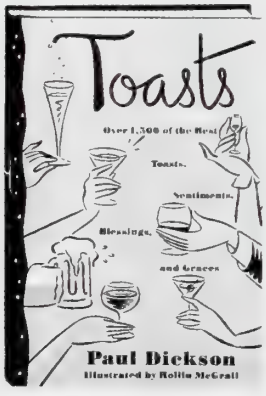
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Contributors

Ann Louise Bardach is an investigative reporter and screenwriter who lives in Santa Barbara. For her story this month, the sequel to her October 1989 *V.F.* piece, "The Murder Hustle," she traveled to Sardinia, where she obtained an exclusive prison interview with John Hawkins, the third man in what investigators have dubbed "the almost perfect crime."

Leslie Bennetts, who profiles *Roe* v. *Wade* attorney Sarah Weddington this month, has written about the abortion debate for nearly twenty years.

Sidney Blumenthal, a senior editor at *The New Republic,* is covering the presidential election. "Quayle has become the intellectual point man for George Bush," says Blumenthal about his profile this month of the vice president.

Ben Brantley reports regularly from New York, Los Angeles, and Europe.

Rupert Christiansen is opera critic for *The Spectator* in London. "From this side of the Atlantic," he says of his piece this month, "it's clear that the Americans are producing the hottest and most accomplished opera singers in the world."

Amy Fine Collins, a contributing editor of *HG,* regularly reports on art, design, and fashion.

Lynn Hirschberg covers Hollywood, the media, and music for *V.F.* "Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love are the Sid and Nancy of the nineties," she says of her article this month, "but with talent."

Walter Isaacson, an assistant managing editor of *Time,* is the author of *Kissinger: A Biography,* excerpted in this issue. The book is out this month from Simon & Schuster in the U.S. and from Faber & Faber in the U.K.

James Kaplan is working on a book about John F. Kennedy International Airport for William Morrow.

Arthur Lubow's biography of Richard Harding Davis, *The Reporter Who Would Be King,* is just out from Scribner's.

Stephen Schiff, *V.F.*'s critic-at-large, frequently covers cultural subjects.

Kevin Sessums' play, *Blue Suede Gospel,* will open at the Mermaid Theatre in London this fall.

Mark Stevens frequently covers art for *V.F.* He is at work on a biography of Willem de Kooning.

James Wolcott has written for *Harper's, The New Republic,* and the London *Observer.*



James Wolcott on feminist warrior Camille Paglia, page 238.



Lynn Hirschberg on postpunk diva Courtney Lo rise to fame, page 230.



Sidney Blumenthal on th political future of Dan Qua page 210.



Walter Isaacson on the past and current pow plays of Henry Kissinger, page 224.

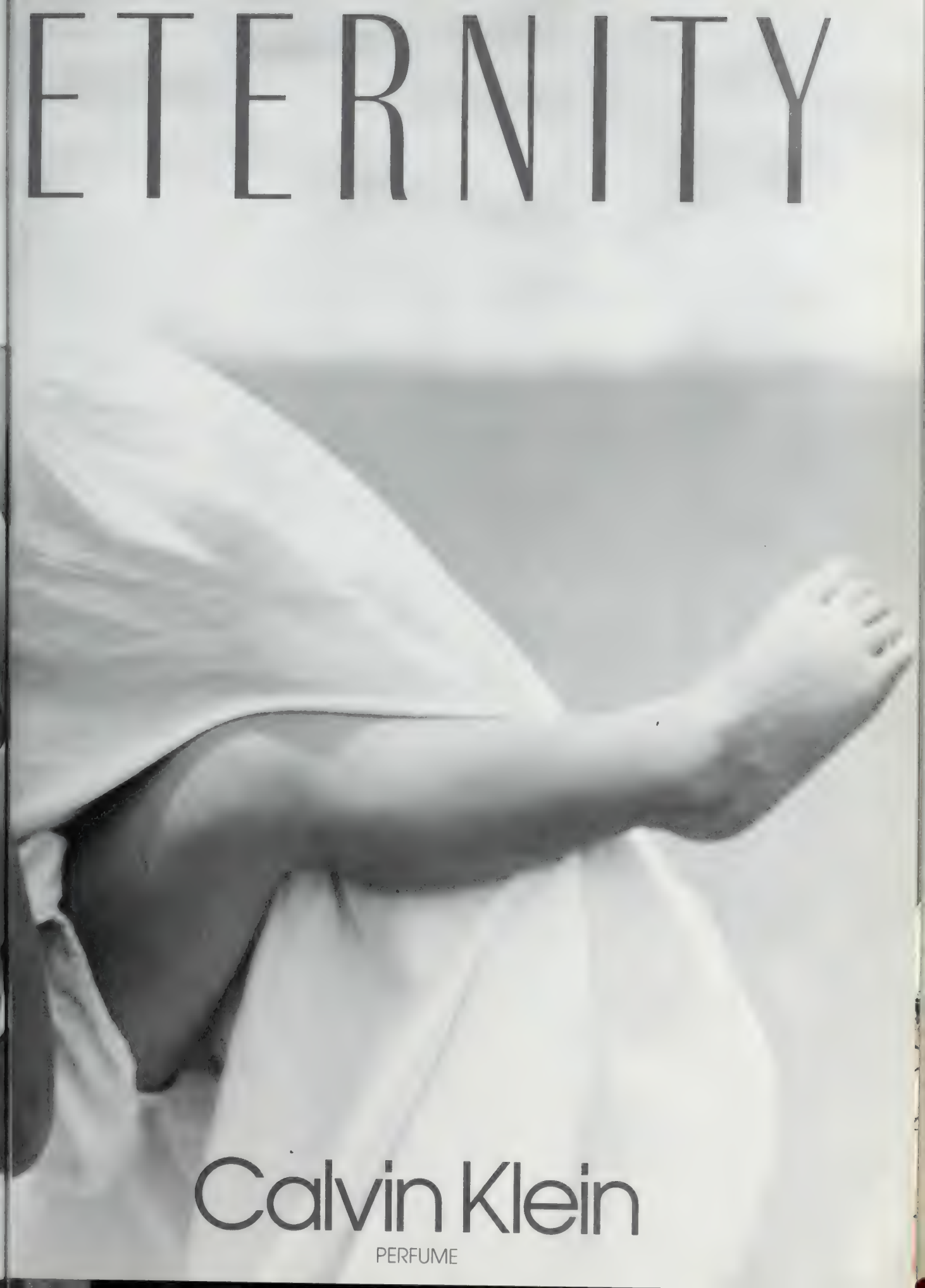

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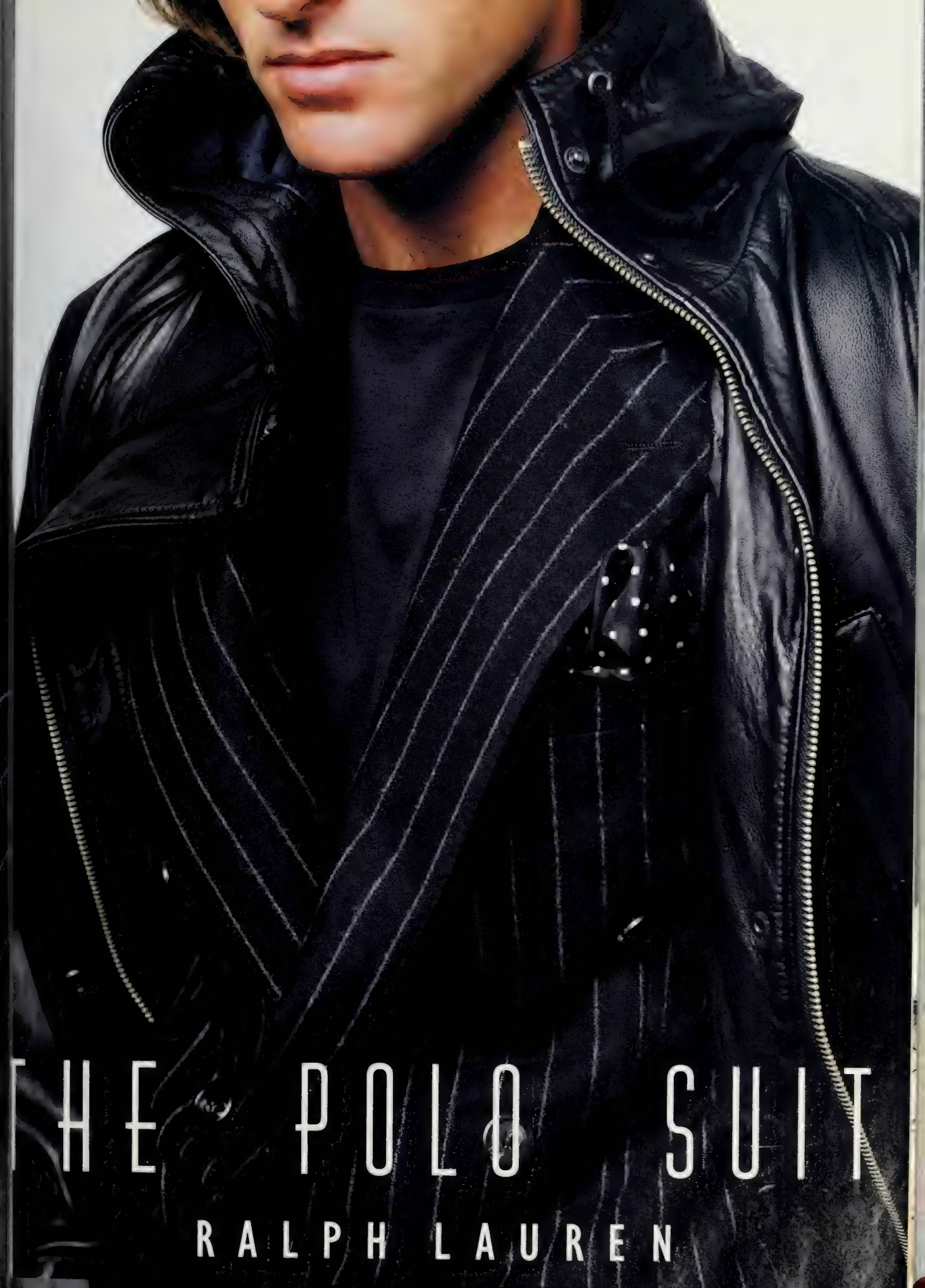
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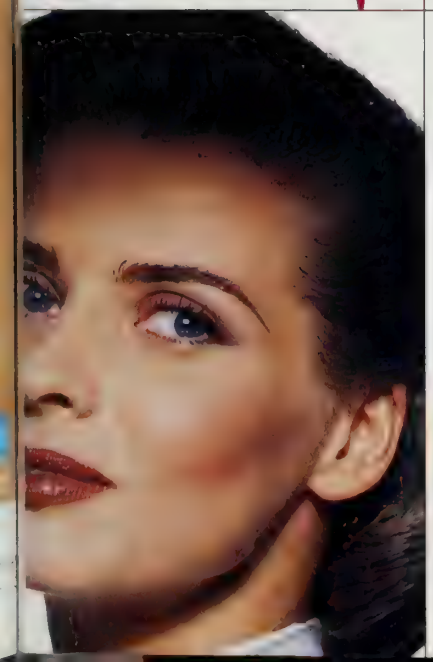




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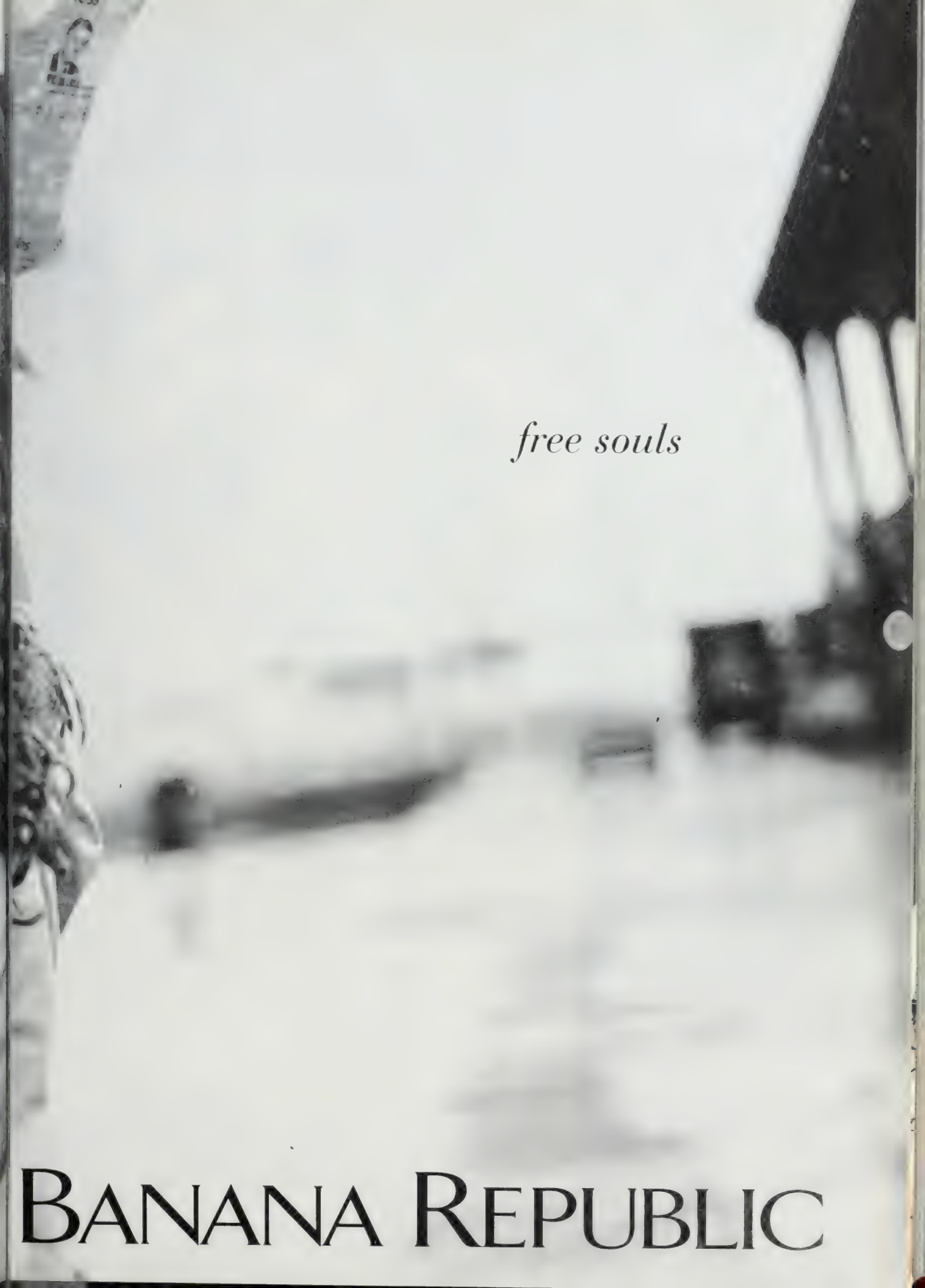
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Letters

READERS BITE BACK



King-Size

Thank you and Peter J. Boyer for your research into the Rodney King affair ["The Selling of Rodney King," July]. The article answered many questions that had gone unanswered elsewhere in the media, such as what King's life has been *since* the Los Angeles riots.

ADE BAKARE
London, England

Since the recent L.A. riots, I have been convinced that the print media are more accurate and more reliable than television. Most of the nine-minute tape that George Holliday sold to KTLA was edited out. What we saw on all the TV stations was only eighty-one seconds of the original. But the jury based their verdict on the full nine minutes, most of which we didn't get to see.

MARIA H. FITZGERALD
Canyon Country, California

Falling in Love Again

Regarding "Earth Angel," by Steven Bach [July]: I was Dietrich's conductor and musical director from 1963 through 1975. With the exception of some European engagements conducted by the Europe-based William Blezard, I was with Miss Dietrich for twelve years. Bach says, "She went on without [Burt] Bacharach—calling on his deep and genuine loyalty to her when occasion demanded, such as her triumphant 1967 and 1968 Broadway appearances." She may have called on him, but *I* conducted the 1967 and 1968 Broadway appearances.

STAN FREEMAN
Studio City, California

Dietrich may be dead, but her legen will live on. Trendy little stars are com mon; supernovas like Dietrich com along very rarely.

GREG BAKE
Seattle, Washingto

What a gallant gesture on the part of Ste ven Bach to disclose Marlene Dietrich' sad financial situation toward her end As Bach reported, the French have way of protecting their national trea sures. It's a pity he couldn't share in th nobility of their discreet appreciation fo such a great artist.

BUD COR
Los Angeles, Californi

Why do I keep reading that some Ger mans find it hard to forgive the fact tha Marlene Dietrich was entertaining Allie troops while they were defeating Germa ny? She was entertaining Allied troops of course, but she was also broadcastin to the German troops—sad songs delib erately selected to make them feel lik giving up and going home. A 78-r.p.m recording of a couple of those broadcast used to be one of my favorite records Surely this is a more likely source of th lingering German prejudice against her.

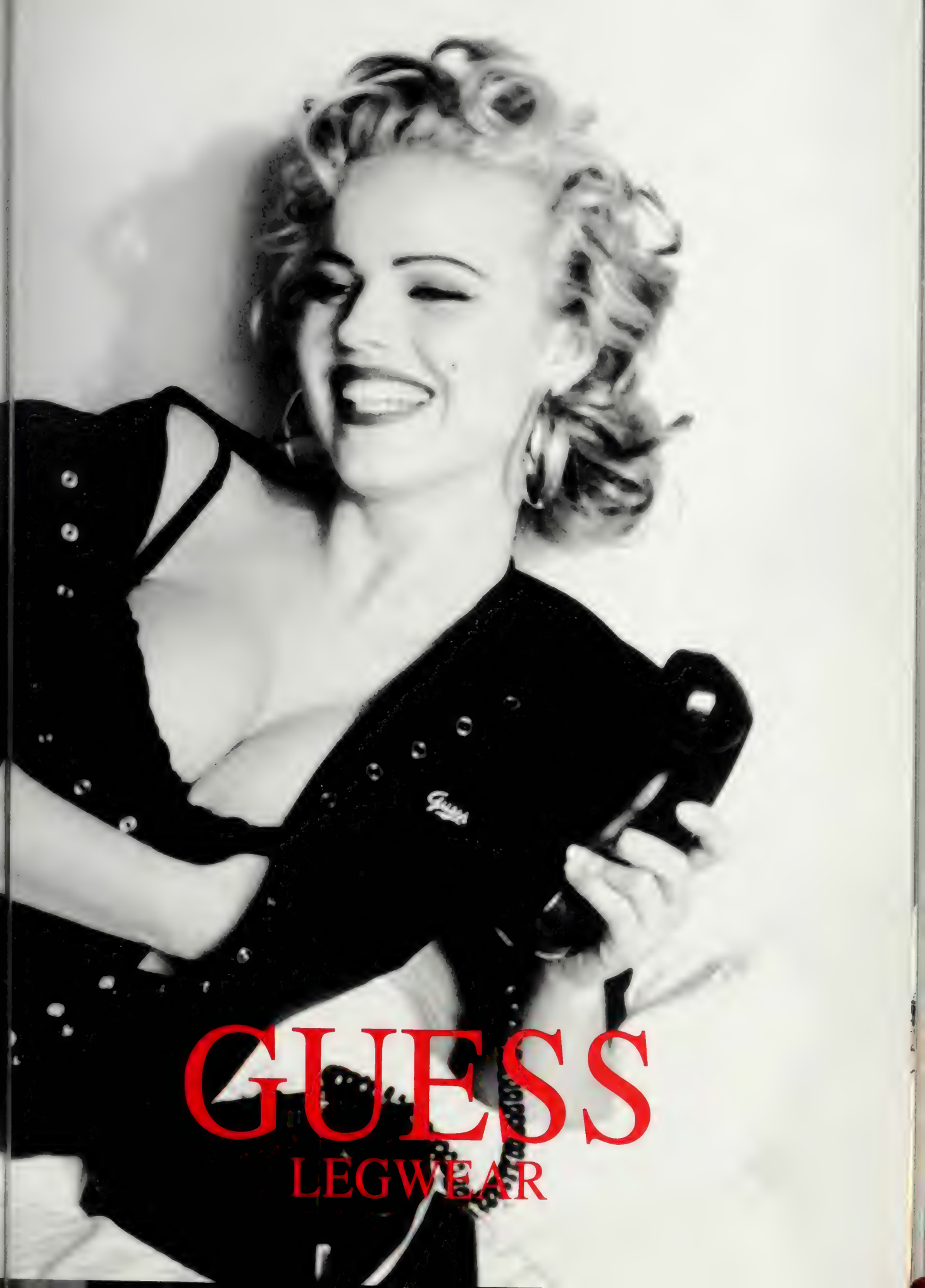
B. MARVI
Washington, D.C

Cool Hand Luke

For a guy who has had saturation cov erage in the media, the real Luke Perr hadn't been touched until Kevin Ses sums' article ["Wild About Perry," July]. I was not surprised that Perry wa more inter- *(Continued on page 44*


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Letters

(Continued from page 36) ested in discussing the L.A. riots than in discussing *Beverly Hills, 90210*. It must be a crazy bubble to be in: a twenty-five-plus-year-old playing a high-school student, an idol with all the trimmings. I am convinced, however, that while Dylan will eventually be killed by the ratings, Perry will bury Dylan and get on with his career, reserving only a brief afterthought and a smile for the TV character. Dylan is, after all, just fiction. Perry knows this, though I wonder if the kids watching *90210* do—or all the previous journalists who played up Dylan and left Perry on the shelf.

TIM MOWBRAY
London, England

I read Liz Smith's column in the June 10 *New York Newsday* concerning your July cover. She mentioned that it had Luke Perry, a very hot young star, on it, and that the "sensationally sexy shot" featured Perry "resting a gun on his upper thigh." My first sad and horrified thought was that once again we are showing young America how sex and violence go together. Can't we just have a sexy shot of an attractive young man? Why the gun?

ANN E. FONFA
New York, New York

I find nothing glamorous about your July cover. On January 15, 1983, I joined thousands of handgun victims. This was a time of peace, but many months later I realized that I was engaged in a war I had never heard of: the great American handgun war. I am a paraplegic and in constant fear that I will become a victim again. People should realize the psychological, physical, and emotional scars of people who are shot.

RON BIELICKI, Executive Director
The Win Foundation
Burlington, Massachusetts

Luke Perry may be a teen idol, but his careless gun handling on your July cover is reprehensible. He demonstrates the violation of five basic commonsense rules of gun safety:

1. Casual, inattentive attitude while handling a firearm.
2. Cocking firearm before being ready to fire.
3. Finger on trigger before being ready to fire.
4. Cocked firearm carelessly pointed at part of his own body.
5. Cocked firearm not pointed "downrange."

That attitude of casual, mindless inattention is what often triggers gu accidents.

FIELDING GREAV
San Rafael, Califor

Given today's emphasis on the dange of smoking, I found it in poor taste have a photograph of America's teena heartthrobs Luke Perry and Jason Pries ley with cigarettes dangling from the lips. It seemed to be telling our you people it's O.K. to smoke.

SHARON SALIN
Jeffersonville, India

I have just graduated from college a feel that I am of the generation that *Be erly Hills, 90210* is targeting. Bei stars of such a show, Jason Priestley a Luke Perry have a responsibility to rel positive messages to their viewers. Su positive messages cannot be conveye through the display of guns and cig rettes.

HEATHER GRAVE
Winchester, Massachuse

The article says that Darren Star is credi ed with creating the characters on t series *Beverly Hills, 90210*. While it correct that Darren Star created the serie the character of Dylan McKay was intr duced in a script written by David Sten

ANN MIGDEN, Assistant Executive Direct
Writers Guild of America, We
West Hollywood, Californ

Annie Leibovitz is a fantastic photogr pher, and Kevin Sessums' article Luke Perry was excellent.

NICOLE DEROS
Holmdel, New Jers

Sweet Jane

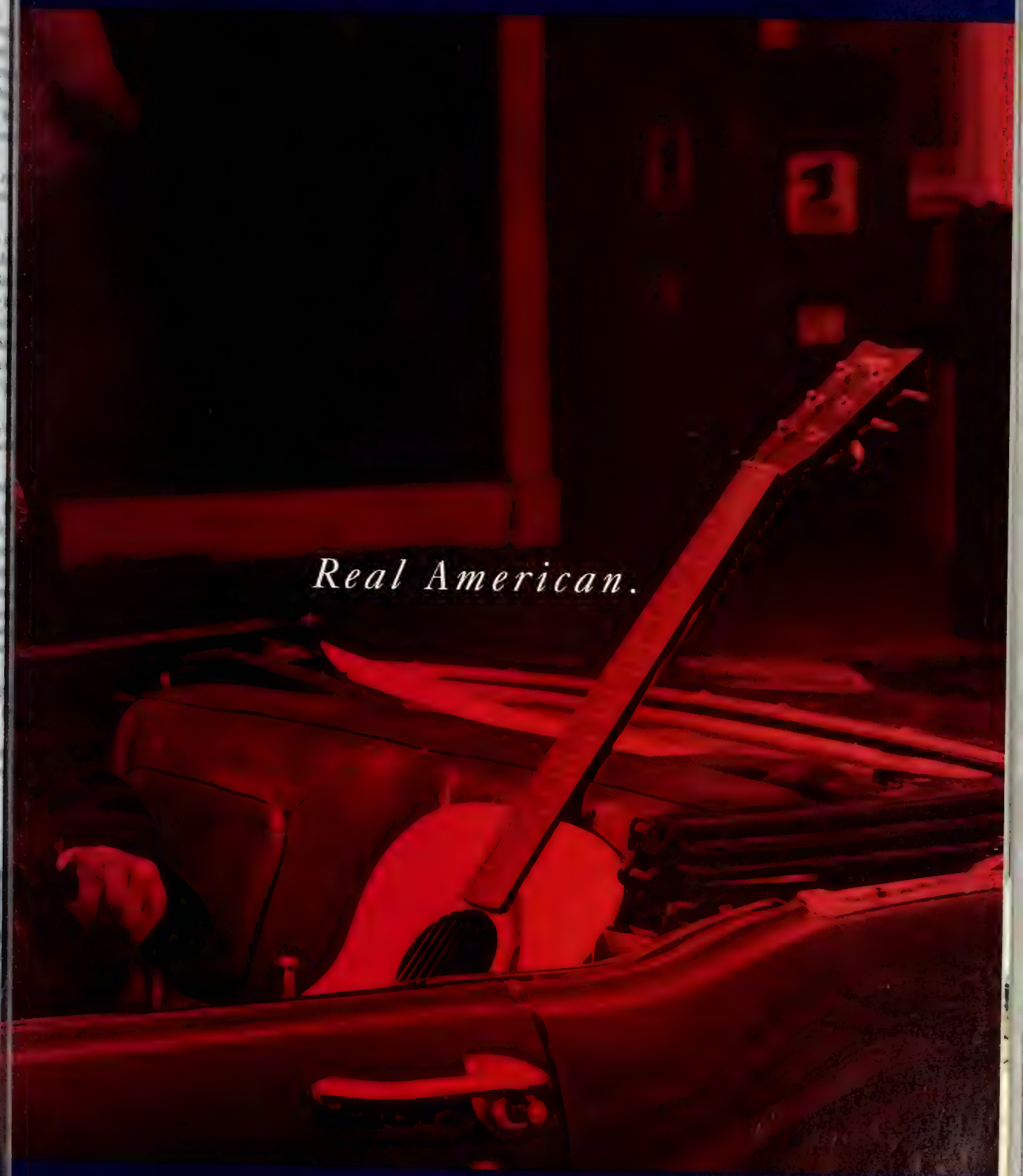
Thanks for Helmut Newton's phot graph of Jane March ["Forward March! July]. Isn't she nice!

HOMER AMBROSE J
Falls Church, Virgin

Price Is Right

Until reading "Return of the Wanderer, by Ron Rosenbaum [June], we did n have any idea who Richard Price was what planet he was from. This month w had an opportunity to meet Price at reading from his new novel, *Clocker* Since then, we've read almost all Price's books, and we truly believe that h is one of America's great contempora authors. Many *(Continued on page 50*

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Letters

(Continued from page 44) thanks for bringing him to our attention.

GAYLIN GARDETTE, KATHY CANHAM, and KIM CORNETT
Seattle, Washington

Price has intestinal fortitude to have gone into the belly of the beast and done research on the street for his novel on the crack-cocaine culture. Am I the only person who ever wonders why the most dangerous drugs are concentrated in the ghettos and the decayed inner-city areas populated by poor blacks and other minorities? The authorities would have us believe that "crack is black," and the police with whom Price talked as much as admitted this when they referred to the ghetto as a "self-cleaning oven." This cynical remark invokes the horrors of the Holocaust, with the gas ovens in the death camps.

DAVID SAPP
Duluth, Minnesota

Big Sir

Ben Brantley's article on Sir Ian McKellen ["Out and About with Sir Ian," June] rekindled many memories. I've known "Sir" Ian for twelve years now, having been an actor earlier in my career and a proud member of the original Broadway cast of *Amadeus*.

Your readers may not know several of McKellen's works. He did a wonderful film called *Priest of Love*, in which he portrayed D. H. Lawrence. He also did a piece for British television entitled *Walter*, a must-see for anyone interested in this actor's body of work; I believe it is available for viewing at New York's Museum of Television & Radio. Last, but not least, his brilliant portrayal of Antonio Salieri can be seen at Lincoln Center's Library for the Performing Arts, for the Broadway production of *Amadeus* was shot for the Theatre on Film and Tape Archives and can be viewed by researchers, students, and theater professionals.

I recall being awestruck at Ian's connection to Shakespeare. I was one of those lucky actors who used to attend his Tuesday seminars, which he freely gave to those of us in the cast who wanted to work on Shakespeare. Most of us knew the plays, but he turned us on to the sonnets, which were intoxicating to hear as he read and interpreted them. But most of all, Ian taught me humanity, and continues to be a humanitarian for all ages.

I remember "Jane" (not her real name), a fan and autograph hound, less privileged than most, who used to hang around the stage door and one day brought Ian a pair of socks and an envelope of Cup-a-Soup. We all, I'm ashamed to say, laughed about this, but Ian, at the time, turned around and said to us, "Don't you see: socks, food, warmth, sustenance. These things are very important to her." That has stayed with me forever, and I have always kept in contact with Jane and invite her to see shows that I'm associated with.

Ian and I are still friends, and every time he is in New York performing, I know I will see Jane. Ian McKellen is always kind to her. She loves him, as do all of us who have been touched by him.

RICHARD JAY-ALEXANDER
New York, New York

Holocaust Echoes

I wish to query a quotation in Fredric Dannen's "How Terrible Is Ivan?" [June]. John Demjanjuk Jr.'s "provocative question" ("Is [my father] any more culpable than the Jew that made the decision to live and spent twelve months pulling gold out of the mouths of corpses?") is a tautology. Jews facing certain death who chose life are not in the same category as Gentiles who—facing uncertainty, even horrible uncertainty—chose to collaborate. Demjanjuk's son's gentle reinterpretation generalizes the suffering rather than acknowledging the focus of the evil.

MARY MARGARET MACKINNON
Vancouver, British Columbia

As the great-nephew of Gustav Boraks who testified at the 1987 trial of John Demjanjuk as well as other trials of Nazi war criminals, I am appalled at John Demjanjuk's remark insinuating that the Jews of the Holocaust had an option to live. They had *none!* A death sentence was pronounced on *all* Jews when "the Final Solution" was initiated. Deportments to perform slave labor in the camps were not *their* choice; the choice was made for them by the SS. My father survived Auschwitz and was liberated from Dachau by American forces in April 1945, at the age of nineteen. It was through his will to live and sheer luck that he survived the Holocaust. He weighed only eighty pounds and wouldn't have lasted another two weeks had the American forces not arrived then. His mother, father and sister were all murdered at Treblinka in all likelihood by Ivan the Terrible.

HENRY E. BORAK
Alexandria, Louisiana

(Continued on page 6


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Letters

(Continued from page 50)

I want to correct any misimpression which may have been created by the statement attributed to me in Fredric Dannen's article on the trial of Ivan Demjanjuk. I do not for one moment think that "six million Jews [went] like sheep to the slaughter." That is historically inaccurate and an insult to the memory of the victims of the Holocaust. At the same time, the response of the Jews in occupied Europe remains a sensitive issue in Israel due to certain stereotypes and ignorance regarding the numerous instances of armed revolts in the ghettos and concentration camps, participation in partisan activity, as well as involvement in the various anti-Nazi undergrounds. Given the circumstances of the Jews in occupied Europe, the extent of armed resistance was in fact quite remarkable.

EFRAIM ZUROFF, Director
Simon Wiesenthal Center
Jerusalem, Israel

Had Fredric Dannen researched *all* the facts regarding attorney Mark O'Connor, he would have found a very different man from the one he portrayed in "How Terrible Is Ivan?" O'Connor was the person who ferreted out the truth in the case of John Demjanjuk, i.e., the fact that John Demjanjuk was *not* Ivan the Terrible. Dannen did not mention that O'Connor was the first American to initiate any sort of federal monument to Vietnam veterans, that he was responsible for setting up the sovereignty of the Congo, that he has fought cases for missing and abducted children, or that he has been a champion of Native Americans' rights for years. He is fighting now to protect the sovereignty of the Seneca Nation. O'Connor is recognized for his efforts in helping indigenous people, even those who cannot afford counsel. He is an untiring humanitarian who does *not* seek to see himself on the television monitors.

TWYLAH NITSCH, President
Seneca Indian Historical Society
Cattaraugus Indian Reservation
Irving, New York

I am an attorney-at-law licensed by the state of Michigan. I had the honor of working with Mark O'Connor last summer concerning an abducted child in the state of New York. O'Connor represented the father, who had been unjustly incarcerated for providing a home for his son. I found O'Connor's professional conduct to be of the highest caliber. He was completely dedicated to serving his client, who, by the way, had no money whatsoever.

PATRICIA D. BE
Grand Ledge, Mich.

FREDRIC DANNEN REPLIES:
I'm sorry that supporters of Mark O'Connor th... I slighted his track record as a jurist. I repeate... challenged O'Connor to cite his legal accompli... ments, and each time I checked out one of... claims, it proved wildly exaggerated. One graf... example: O'Connor bragged that he had argue... "landmark" case involving "sovereign immuni... on behalf of the People's Republic of the Cong... the case Tuylah Nitsch refers to in her letter... reality, the case involved a mortgage foreclosure... the Congo's New York mission, and it was... missed on procedural grounds.

Derring-Dewi

I am writing to inform you of the errors... fact in your recent story about me ["Do... Cry for Me, Indonesia," by Bob Co... cello, July]. Among the many errors:

The article cites an alleged incident... the mid-1970s in which I am suppos... to have borne arms. This is categorica... false. I have never owned a gun, ne... carried a gun, and certainly never tr... to ambush anyone with a gun.

The article alleges that I, in an in... dent in the 1970s, scratched the face... Manuel de Miranda, drawing blo... Again, this anecdote is patently untru... have never touched Mr. Miranda.

The article describes an incident p... portedly involving an ice bucket and... Duke de Sabran at Le Privé and C... tel's. The article has, in fact, taken... event—the one about Miranda—a... tried to turn it, mistakenly, into th... separate incidents.

Had Bob Colacello taken the time... trouble to ask me directly about th... allegations, he would have discove... that these incidents never took place... could have provided him with witness... Thank you for the opportunity to set... record straight.

DEWI SUKA...
New York, New ...

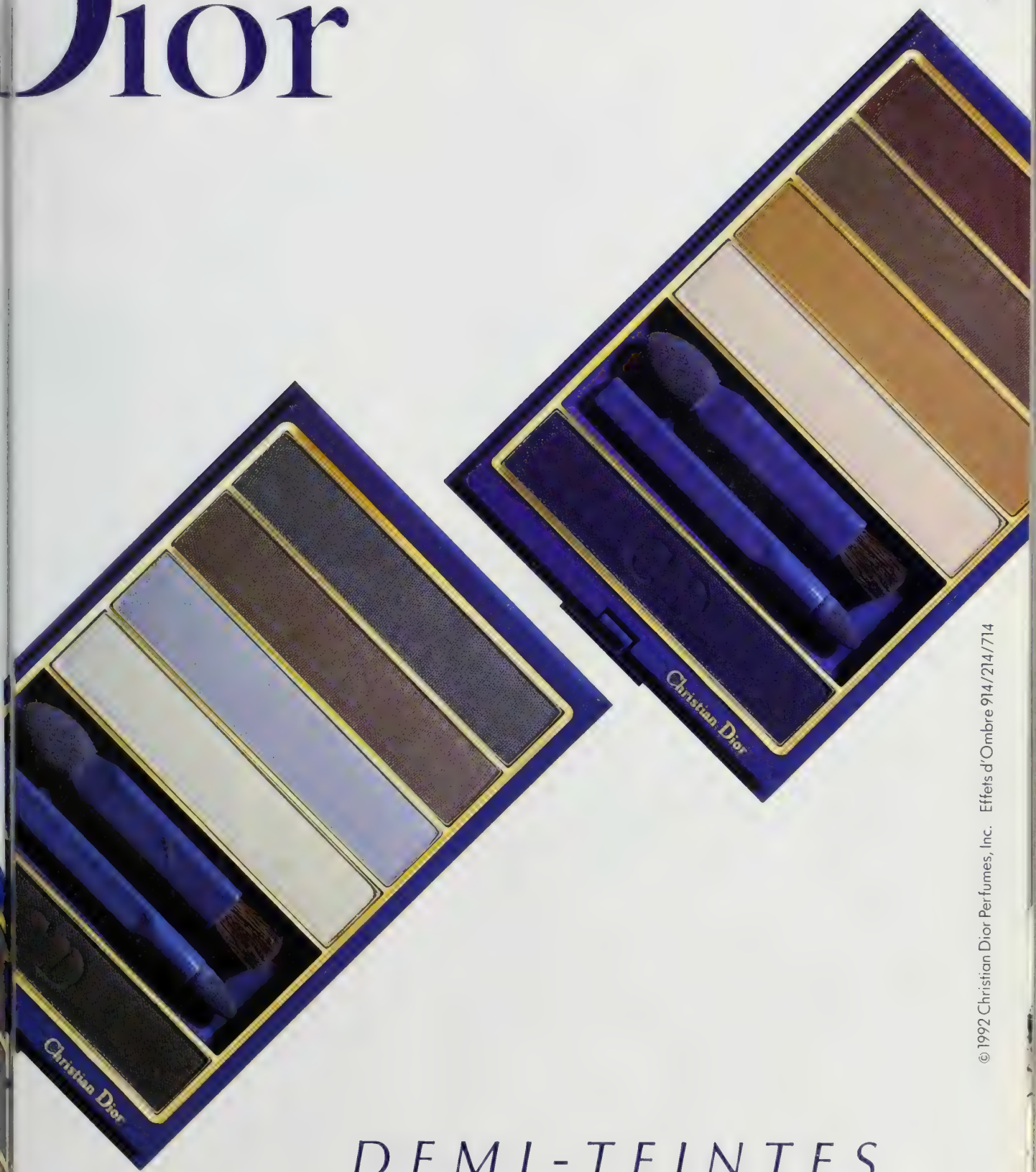
BOB COLACELLO REPLIES:
I did not turn one incident into three. Each of... incidents involved different people, and each... witnessed by different sources. I stand by my st...

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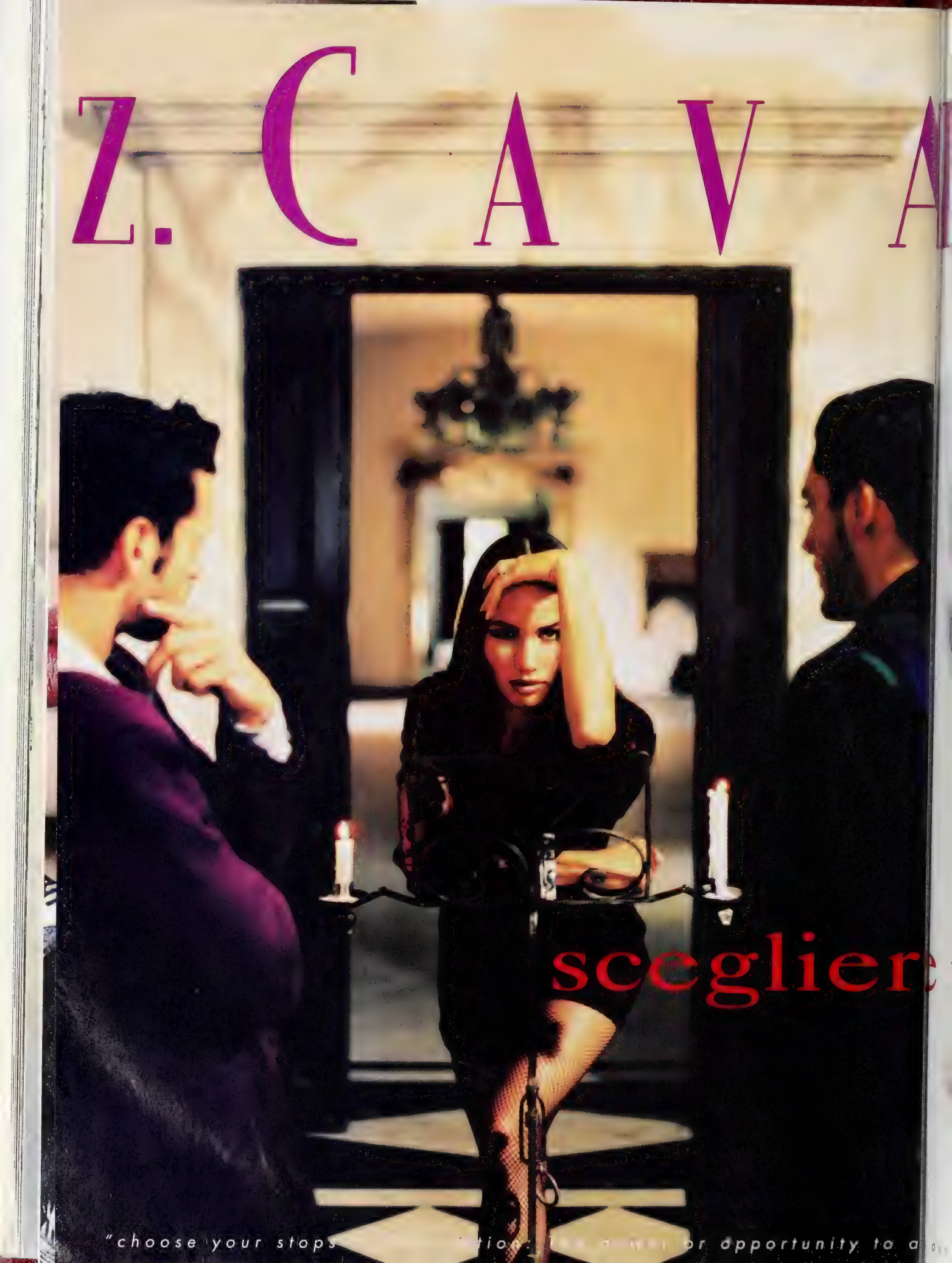


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Global Warming

Turning down the heat

Cars produce more than half of urban smog and a quarter of the carbon dioxide overwarming the earth, b forget catalytic converters and the fe extra miles per gallon being added t automobile manufacturers each year. Th emission-free green car is here, and yo will have one before you know it. Th technology to power cars with electricit or hydrogen, ending the reliance on foss fuels, is developed and the first cars ar imminent. A hybrid gas and electric ca commissioned from a small Britsh Swedish consortium by the city of Lo Angeles is already scheduled to begin pro duction next year. By the mid 1990's almost every major auto manufacturer expects to begin turning out all-electric cars.

GM in recent months has opened eyes to the possibilities with its sleek and sexy Impact prototype which explodes from zero to sixty in eight seconds — hardly a golf cart. And the projected prices appear accessible. Volkswagon has combined with the popular Swiss watch designer, Swatch, to produce an inexpensive runabout. The Impact is projected to sell at a higher $25,000.

Today's prototypes are still limited by their range and recharging times, which can be up to several hours. But auto manufacturers, racing feverishly against each other, are quickly overcoming each hurdle. Tokyo Power and Electric has developed nickel-cadmium batteries for its aerodynamic entry, which hits 109 mph and a range of 340 miles per charge. A small American company, Unique Mobility, is powering two BMW sportsters with sodium-sulphur batteries that uniquely produce DC current. Nissan's battery recharges in just 15 minutes. The Department of Energy has joined with Detroit's Big Three to form a consortium in a billion dollar effort to develop the life for ten years by the end of the decade. At the same time, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and auto makers are working on standards for the cars and their charging system.

Pushing the auto manufacturers has been a mix of environmental consciousness, market realities and government regulations led by the state of California. Two percent of almost every auto maker's new cars sold in California must be zero-emission vehicles by 1998. Ten percent must be by 2003. A number of Northeastern States, Japan and the European Community expect to enact similar regulations soon.

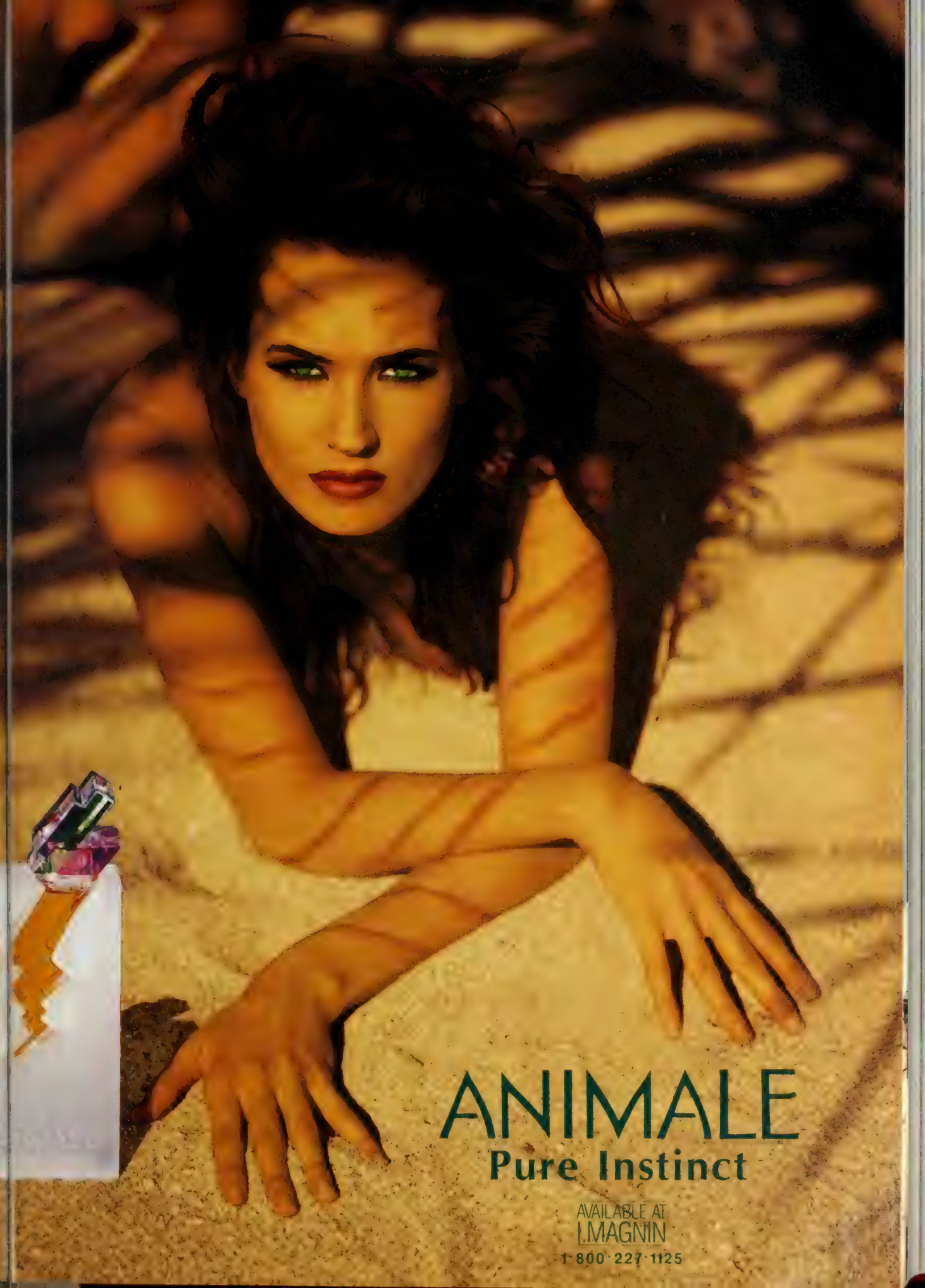
Powered by small electric motors on the front or back wheels, electric cars have no gear shift, little noise and no polluting emissions But the batteries themselves have to be charged by electricity which must in some way be produced. That leads many experts to predict that the long-ter car of the future, which Mazda , BMW and Mercedes already have in prototyp will be powered by still another alterna tive, hydrogen, the ultimate clean fuel.

Developed first for both space and sub marine travel, hydrogen fuel cells produc electricity that can take a car 400 mile and then need just two or three minutes t recharge. A fuel cell is a stack of transpar ent membranes treated with platinum which when they come into contact wit hydrogen, chemically split the hydroge atoms, discharging electrons that becom electricity.

Hydrogen, one of the most common ele ments in nature, comes from a variety o sources. An experimental plant near Munich Germany is producing hydrogen by usin solar power to electrolize water, provin what only a few years ago was the unthink able: a car that runs on sun and water. ■

By Edward Schumacher

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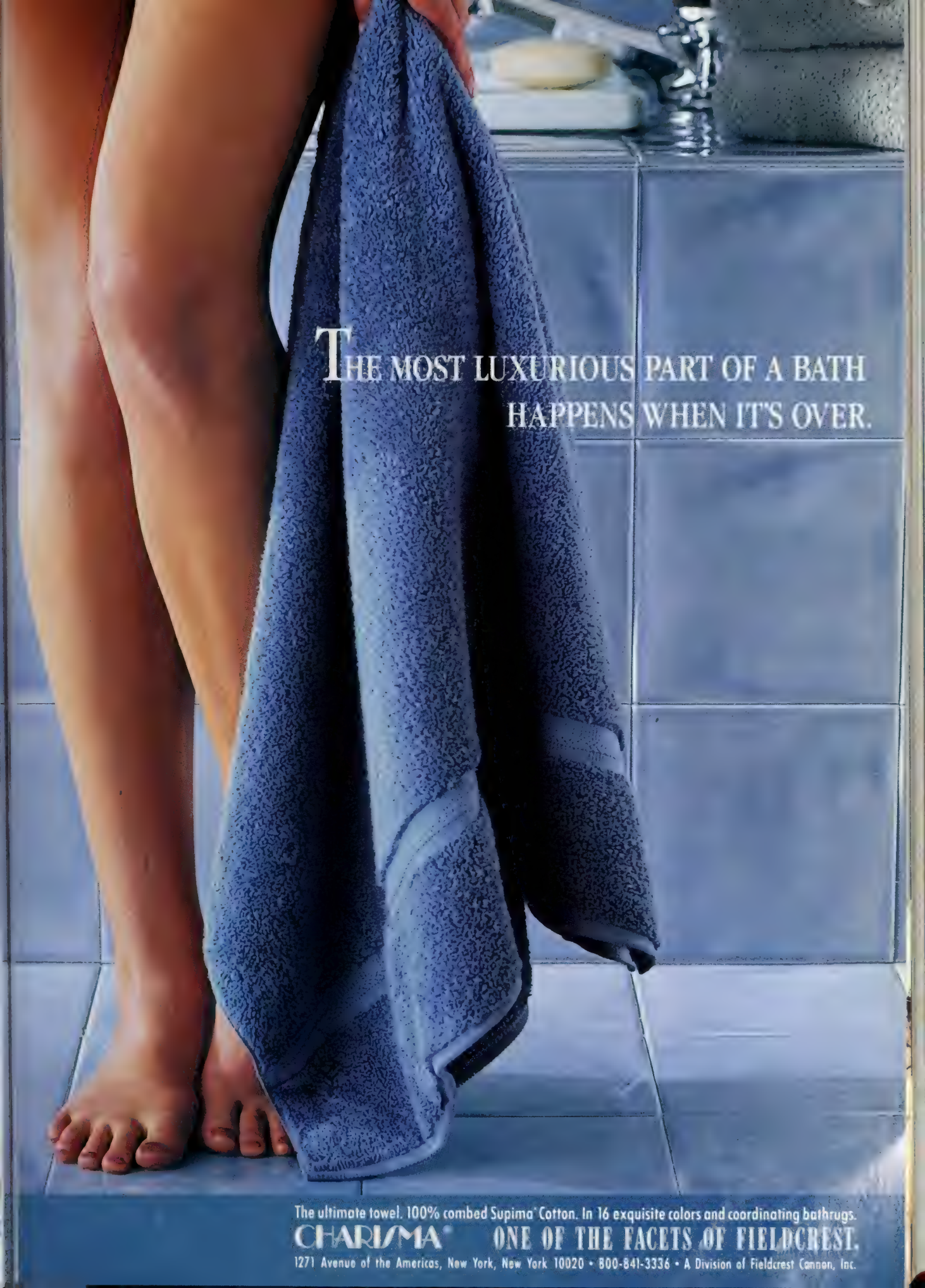
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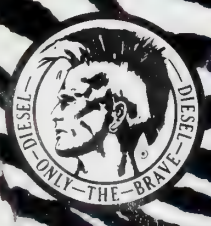
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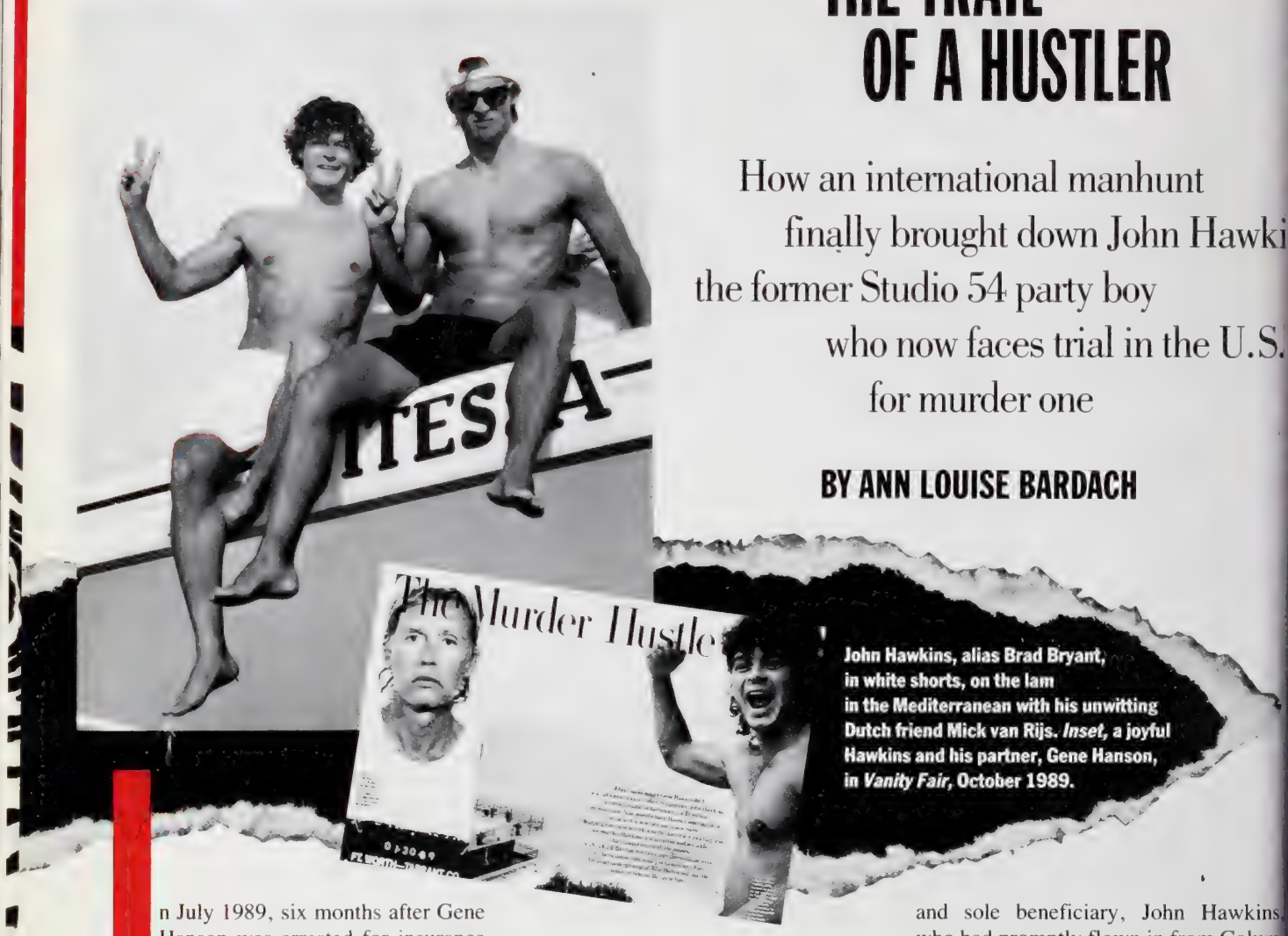
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THE TRAIL OF A HUSTLER

How an international manhunt finally brought down John Hawkins, the former Studio 54 party boy who now faces trial in the U.S. for murder one

BY ANN LOUISE BARDACH



John Hawkins, alias Brad Bryant, in white shorts, on the lam in the Mediterranean with his unwitting Dutch friend Mick van Rijs. *Inset,* a joyful Hawkins and his partner, Gene Hanson, in *Vanity Fair,* October 1989.

In July 1989, six months after Gene Hanson was arrested for insurance fraud, grand theft, and murder, I visited him at the Franklin County Correctional Center in Columbus, Ohio. A lanky southerner of forty-seven with a shy smile and a droll sense of humor, Hanson didn't have much enthusiasm for talking about his own life; however, he spoke with awe and affection about his best friend and business partner, twenty-six-year-old John Hawkins. "John was a smart boy, but he came from a family"—Hanson hesitated, groping for a tactful phrase—"with no polish, no education. But he learned very quickly." Hawkins had told him that he didn't think he would live long—that he had to make his mark and strike it rich while he was young. "He had wanted to be in the Fortune 500 by the time he was thirty," Hanson said proudly. "If he had had an education, he would have been a genius."

A few weeks later, Hanson called me from prison to discuss the story I was writing ("The Murder Hustle," *Vanity Fair,* October 1989). "What worries me," he said, "is that this is going to portray John in a bad light." I asked him if he was referring to Hawkins's early career as a hustler. "I don't like that word," he said in a wounded voice. "A lot of young people are pushed into situations where they use what they have in order to survive. Believe me, it's alluring."

In the early hours of April 16, 1988, Dr. Richard Boggs called 911 and reported that a patient of his, a businessman from Columbus, Ohio, named Melvin Eugene Hanson, had just died of a heart attack in Boggs's Glendale, California, office. The police and coroner arrived, collected the body, filed their reports, and in due time closed the case.

In July, Farmers Insurance contacted the police with a routine question: Had they compared the deceased with his driver's-license photograph? In fact, they had not, and the body had been cremated the following day at the direction of Hanson's young partner, executor, and sole beneficiary, John Hawkins, who had promptly flown in from Columbus. By the time the police got around to the inquiry, Farmers had paid out Hanson's $1 million life insurance to Hawkins, who, unbeknownst to them, had already lived many lives—entrepreneur, playboy, scam artist, Studio 54 bartender, and pricey hustler to the gay jet set. Since childhood, Hawkins has been a dazzler, hopelessly irresistible to virtually everyone with his high-octane charm, drop-dead looks, and lightning-quick street smarts. Few would disagree with his mother's assessment of him: "When John walks into a room, he's so electric that when he leaves you know something is missing."

Two months later, the police realized they had made a terrible mistake. The dead man was not Gene Hanson but Ellis Greene, a retiring bookkeeper from Ohio with an awesome drinking problem. Regrettably for Greene, he had happened to be slaking his thirst at the North Hollywood gay bar where, investigators say, Dr. Boggs and Gene Hanson went fishing to find the

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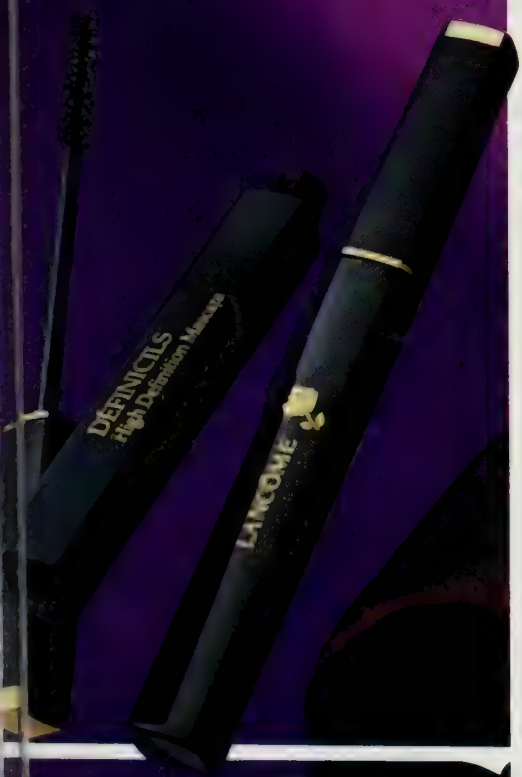
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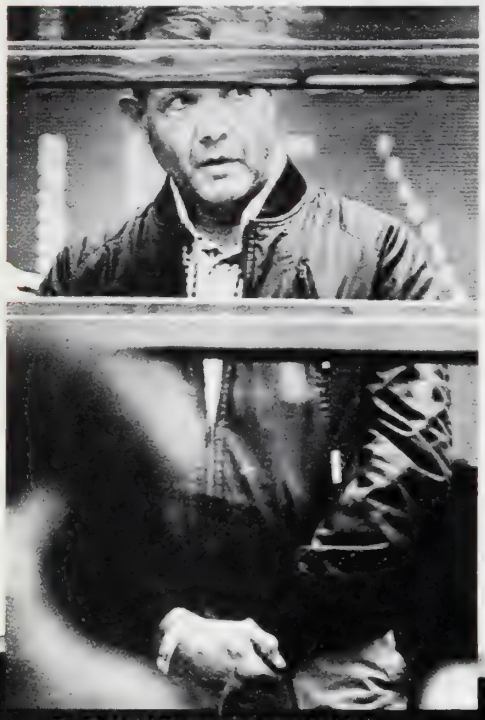




LANCÔME
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right man to "die" in Hanson's place.

Two weeks earlier, Boggs, scouting on his own, had blown it when he lured a computer operator named Barry Pomeroy back to his office. After having talked Pomeroy into a "free EKG," Boggs tried to blast him with a stun gun. Pomeroy successfully fought for his life and later filed a complaint, but the police and the district attorney declined to investigate further, chalking up the incident as a "fag-versus-fag case," according to one cop.



Dr. Richard Boggs was arrested in February 1989, ten months after Ellis Greene was murdered in his office.

Boggs wasn't taking any chances the second time. Police allege that he recruited Hanson to come to L.A. and help him. After Greene was brought back to Boggs's office, he was suffocated to death. Hours later, Hanson flew to Miami to begin a new life as Wolfgang Von Snowden. Boggs, the father of four and once a pillar of the community and the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, resumed his netherworld life of hustlers, addicts, and con men when not tending to his crumbling medical practice. In time, the insurance money arrived and was divvied up. John Hawkins threw himself into full-tilt partying. It was, it seemed, the perfect crime.

But by then the police had finally compared a thumbprint of the deceased's with one of Eugene Hanson's and realized they weren't the same. Within a week of cashing the million-dollar insurance check, Hawkins knew that his fantasy caper, the scam of scams, wasn't going to fly. After emptying the bank accounts of Just Sweats, the business he had started with Hanson, he chucked his Mercedes convertible at the Columbus airport and disappeared.

In late August, Just Sweats, the highly successful chain of sweat-clothes stores founded, then plundered, by Hanson and Hawkins, filed for bankruptcy. A month later, the state of Ohio charged Hawkins and Hanson with criminal theft. Moreover, back in Los Angeles, a new detective, Sergeant Jon Perkins, had been assigned to clean up the case and redeem the Glendale Police Department. Perkins, thirty-nine, is a pugnacious obsessive who routinely sleeps less than four hours a night. When the police department's budget crunched out business cards for detectives in 1990, Perkins created his own: .22-caliber bullets with his name and phone number printed on them. From the start, he immersed himself in the case like a donut in a cup of coffee. He paid calls on Hawkins's friends, business associates, and family members while hammering away at the district attorney's office to get on the ball and file murder charges against the three men. Although Perkins heard numerous titillating stories of Hawkins's sexploits and even scored some photos, for all intents and purposes the trail was cold. "This is a tale of two hustlers," Perkins tells me with characteristic immodesty, "Hawkins and me."

"Hawkins hustled everybody else to do his dirty work," says Perkins. "He is the ultimate hustler."

For four months, Hawkins ricocheted around the country, using a slew of aliases. He told a few close friends that he had some short-term problems stemming from having laundered his father's drug money through Just Sweats. (John Hawkins Sr. has a record of drug trafficking and assault, according to the D.E.A., and is currently on the lam, wanted for the sale and trafficking of cocaine.) On at least three occasions, John junior rendezvoused with his adoring mother, forty-six-year-old, four-times-married Jackie Cirian, who is a casino dealer in Las Vegas.

Janie Barton (not her real name), a twenty-four-year-old beauty who works as a topless dancer, remembers meeting Hawkins in September 1988. "I was lying on Venice Beach and being hassled by this guy," says Barton, who epitomizes the Hawkins girlfriend profile—slender, large-breasted, blonde. Hawkins sauntered over and threw his arms around her, "which totally blew this other guy away." Then he whispered, "Hey, babe, you want to get lucky?" Hawkins took her to the Sunset Marquis Hotel, where he was registered under the name of his old Columbus roommate, Erik De Sando. They stayed in his room for three days, having a "sexual lost weekend" the likes of which Barton, who admittedly has been around the dance floor, says she had never known. Before he left, he bought her an expensive gold bracelet.

Hawkins knew it was time to make tracks out of the country. He went to Toronto, where he leased an apartment and found a surgeon to alter his face, but, as he later told friends, he couldn't go through with it. Perkins isn't surprised. "This boy was not about to fuck with his face," he says. Hawkins settled on a chin implant, which rid him of his soft, dimpled chin, and injections of collagen to enlarge his lips, which he had often complained were too thin. A hopeless Narcissus, Hawkins, who should have been buying himself a new face, had simply enhanced his looks.

Donning an assortment of hats and glasses, he then flew to Saint Thomas, in the Caribbean, where he pursued sailing and women. A man I'll call Tom Wyman, who was vacationing with a friend, later told the police that they were so impressed with Hawkins as an operator that they trailed him everywhere he went. "He was scoring two babes a day!"

Returning to Toronto, Hawkins made a pit stop in Manhattan, where at a branch of the New York Public Library he took out a book on how to get a new ID in America. In early December, he answered a newspaper ad for a roommate in Washington, D.C., and moved in with another young man for two weeks. The man said Hawkins came and went mostly at night, and rented a mail drop nearby. On December 22, a pass-



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port arrived in the mail. The photo showed Hawkins wearing black-rimmed glasses, his hair slicked back. With a spanking-new identity, he was ready to bolt.

But first he hit Los Angeles, where he hooked up with a prominent movie mogul he had known for ten years. Although they had initially met through hustling, the two had developed a friendship of sorts. In late December, Hawkins contacted a gay escort service in Hollywood well known for servicing an elite clientele. According to George, a prostitute working there at the time, Hawkins said he wanted to turn a trick. Clearly, money wasn't the motive. "I think he just wanted to hustle," George told investigators. The service dispatched him to the mansion of a celebrity fitness coach, where he spent the night.

On December 31, 1988, Hawkins later said, he left the United States because he wanted to start the New Year in a new country. However, his trip did not begin auspiciously. According to one close friend, Hawkins claimed that a hassle with a suspicious customs agent at J.F.K. airport cost him a $100,000 bribe out of his stash.

At the basketball court sandwiched between the Rijksmuseum and the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam, a pickup game is almost always in progress. There, in April 1989, Mick van Rijs met a strapping six-footer with long brown hair who dazzled everyone with his zooming hook shots and high-flying jump shots. His name was Bradley Bryant, and he was Canadian. He said he had recently sold his clothing business because he wanted to travel.

"We instantly hit it off," Mick says. It was a lousy time for Mick. Despite his intelligence and fluency in five languages, he didn't know what to do with his life. And notwithstanding his breathtaking looks and electric-blue eyes, he was awkward and nervous around girls. At twenty-four, he felt like a failure.

Brad managed to infuse him with confidence and goals. The two became inseparable buddies, working out at a health club and hopping around Amsterdam's coffeehouses, where Brad was always quick to pick up the check. At night they cruised the discos. "Brad thinks about girls twenty-four hours a day," says Max, Mick's twenty-three-year-old brother. "He's like a magnet. I have seen him on the beach, where the girls are just mesmerized by him. He would lie down, and one by one they would come over and talk to him."

Mick underwent a miraculous transformation; suddenly he was completely at ease with himself, with his estranged father, even with the opposite sex. "Before I met Brad, I could never have gone over to a girl and talked to her. Brad always said, 'Go on, talk to her, go for it.' " Nor was Brad's appeal limited to Mick. He was like the Pied Piper. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to be around Brad. "He had this confident walk about him," says Max, "and this incredible aura that just shines and rubs onto you. Everybody that's with him loves him."

Marco George, a twenty-six-year-old medical-school student, also met Brad on the basketball court in Amsterdam. A slender black man who stands six and a half feet tall, Marco jokes that "Brad may have suffered from satyrism," and he describes him as being "hypersexual." He says, "He was very manipulative—but we loved him." Then he adds quietly, "We love him."

Within a week of their meeting, Mick sensed that Brad wasn't always on top of the world. After two weeks' time, Brad admitted to Mick that he had some troubles—in fact, some very big ones. "He told me he was wanted in Belgium for coke or something," recalls Mick. Later, Brad told him that the real story was that his father had had some "Mafia dealings," and that the Feds wanted Brad to testify against his own dad, and therefore he could never return to the States or Canada. He said he wanted a European passport, outside the net of the American authorities and the F.B.I. computer system. "He didn't want to speak about it much, so I didn't push it," says Mick.

"This is a tale of two hustlers," Sergeant Perkins said, "Hawkins and me."

Bradley Bryant was, of course, John Hawkins, as American as N.F.L. football, and the red-hot prey of an international manhunt. Amsterdam, famous for its liberal drug and porn laws, came as close to Nirvana as Hawkins had ever known, with its laid-back live-and-let-live ethos. Since the end of January 1989, Hawkins had been living in a apartment in the bull's-eye center of the city, a stone's throw from the discos and porn shops.

On January 29, 1989, a frazzled Gene Hanson, sporting a new, surgically improved face and wearing fire-engine-red shorts and a canary-yellow T-shirt, had been arrested at the Dallas–Fort Worth airport. Hanson was traveling under an alias and carrying $14,000 in undeclared cash and numerous IDs, including the murdered Ellis Greene's driver's license. Within a week, Richard Boggs was also arrested. Hanson told me soon after his arrest, "I just wanted to get it over with. It was a relief, actually." His main concern, he said, was for "John, the most extraordinary person I ever met."

He need not have worried. John Hawkins was doing what he does best—living well. By mid-April, he was at the hub of a social crowd that included Mick, two New Zealanders named Heath and John, and a half-dozen pretty blonde Brad groupies. He was even picking up a smattering of Dutch.

Moreover, he had found his bible, a book called *P.T.—A Coherent Plan for a Stress-free, Healthy, and Prosperous Life Without Government Interference, Taxes, or Coercion,* by Dr. W. G. Hill. He talked endlessly with Mick about "*P.T.*," which stood for, among other things, "Perpetual Traveler," and how it defined his destiny. No longer was he simply a con man on the lam; he was living the life that others only dared to dream about.

In September 1989, Hawkins paid $30,000 for a forty-foot red catamaran which he christened *The Stray Cat*. "He bought all these sailing books and studied all winter," says Mick. Hawkins believed he could sail the cat across the Atlantic to Brazil. "He wanted to have a child in Brazil so he couldn't be extradited, like Ronnie Biggs, the Great Train Robber," says Mick. "But he wanted to plan it right before going."

One month later, Hawkins set sail to England with his friend John. They landed in Falmouth, which Hawkins decided to make his winter headquarters. Within days he had a local girlfriend. From Falmouth he went frequently to London, laying the groundwork for his new identity. Just in case, he also decided to pursue an Irish passport in Belfast. In libraries, he combed through the obituaries in old newspapers, looking for the death notices of children born the same



MARIANO RUBINACCI. NAPOLI

Louis, Boston.

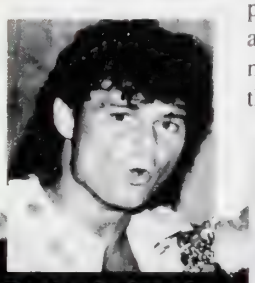
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year he was. After finding several candidates, he applied for birth certificates. At night he hit the pubs and began an intense relationship with a young Irish girl.

In April, Mick joined him in London, where they checked into a cheap hotel near Piccadilly Circus. "The money was gone," according to Mick, who says that Hawkins told him that he had arrived in Amsterdam with less than $150,000 and that it was vanishing quickly. "All these stories about all the millions are bullshit. This was definitely a low-budget thing." Mick took Brad to his mother's house in Derby, where his new friend made a very positive impression on Roswitha Lehner. She saw numerous common threads in her son and Brad. "They're both products of lousy fathers," she says, "and they're very hung up about that situation. They have had to make it on their own." Though Brad's restless night prowling didn't escape her, she says with a shrug, "Sex is like food to him. It's just a release."





The changing face of Hawkins, from playboy in Hawaii, 1988, *above*, to surgically altered passport applicant, later the same year.



Hawkins under arrest in Sardinia, August 1991, after a three-year manhunt.

A hopeless Narcissus, Hawkins, who should have been buying himself a new face, had simply enhanced his looks.

In May, Hawkins set sail from Falmouth. One week later he arrived in Gibraltar, then moseyed along the Spanish Gold Coast, stopping in all the chic resort towns. Diana Gruen (not her real name), a twenty-four-year-old Dutch secretary, was vacationing with her younger sister in Benagalbón, outside Málaga. With her Farrah Fawcett blond coif, pretty blushing face, and liquid brown eyes, Diana was straight out of the Hawkins-girl mold. Having appeared on the beach outside her hotel, he told her how much he loved Amsterdam and how she reminded him of his former Irish girlfriend. Diana remembers Hawkins as a show-off. "He was always wearing shorts and little T-shirts," she says, "always looking in the mirror." Though taken with his charm, Diana resisted his seduction attempts. Realizing that he wasn't going to score, Hawkins sailed off, leaving Diana a mail-drop address for him in Amsterdam.

Hawkins joined up with Mick in Málaga, and the two went touring around the countryside. At night, they would return to the marina and sleep on the boat, which had two double beds and a television and VCR. One night Mick rented *The Dead Poets Society*, about a schoolteacher who inspires his young students with the verse of the English Epicurean poets and their rallying cry, "*Carpe diem*," Latin for "Seize the day." Hawkins was so thunderstruck by the film that he renamed the boat *Carpe Diem*.

His exhilaration was short-lived. While drinking with Mick and a group of Americans in Seville, Hawkins was recognized. "One of them, an American shoe designer, was looking at him all the time," remembers Mick. "He knew who he was. Brad freaked out completely and wanted to go to Brazil the next day."

No doubt the shoe designer was a friend of Gene Hanson, who had once been a respected buyer in the shoe business. About two years after meeting Hawkins in 1981, Hanson, who had only recently accepted the fact that he was gay, gave up his $75,000-a-year job and hooked up with the charismatic dynamo. The two were later accused of bilking a company out of large amounts of cash and shoes.

Through contacts in Hollywood, Hawkins beelined into the lucrative escort business and was introduced to the late Steve Rubell, co-owner of Studio 54. Rubell was so smitten with Hawkins that he awarded him the coveted bartending gig at the "back," or "V.I.P.," bar. For almost two years, Hawkins made a small fortune running a drugstore out of the bar, selling pharmaceuticals to the rich and famous. The Quaaludes, Percodans, and Valiums, according to Hawkins, were obtained from an old doctor pal, Richard Boggs. Cocaine, being the Hawkins-family business, came directly from his father and an uncle.

With Rubell as his doting mentor, there was no one Hawkins couldn't meet. Although he said he was engaged to TV soap star Ilanna Hughes, Hawkins continued his double life as a hustler. While a dozen women interviewed for this story refuse to believe that Hawkins is gay, an equal number of men laugh at the idea that he isn't. Though the claim of bisexuality is usually a bogus one—most women who say they're bisexual turn out to be straight, while almost all men who claim they are are actually gay—Hawkins may be one of the few authentic bisexuals. A dazzling sexual chameleon, he had something for everybody. One Studio 54 bartender says that Hawkins boasted that he could make as much as $5,000 a night. In 1982 he was flown to London by Prince Izzedin bin Saud, who has since died of AIDS, for a week of intense and very lucrative partying.

In 1984, Hanson and Hawkins moved into an apartment near Gramercy Park in New York City that Hanson had rented. Police believe that the two pulled off their first major insurance scam by "robbing" themselves of their rented furniture, then filing a fraudulent insurance claim. The $109,000 settlement paid by the insurance company became the seed money for Just Sweats.


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Unnerved by his close encounter in Seville, Hawkins set sail for Tunisia. "All the time we were traveling, he had nightmares," recalls Mick. "I could hear him screaming in the night." Hawkins was particularly jittery after learning about the new cop, Jon Perkins, from his mother. Every few months, Hawkins managed to make contact with her. Although Perkins had monitored Jackie Cirian's home phone, it was impossible to have her calls at work traced. Hawkins knew that, and called her at the Frontier Hotel several times. He also reached her through one of his former stepfathers.

Perkins was so desperate to nail Hawkins that he turned to Hollywood for help. "Look," he explains, "I didn't have any money, the Feds wouldn't do dick, nobody was helping out, and Hawkins was out there globe-trotting." Even worse, Perkins had no fingerprints, and tracking a fugitive without a set of prints is like going camping without a flashlight.

Perkins first pitched the case to *Unsolved Mysteries,* which did a segment on it in late 1989. Dozens of tips poured in, but they were nothing compared with the response when *America's Most Wanted* featured the case on April 29, 1990. Six months later it aired an updated version. "We got over three thousand calls from the shows," says Perkins, "and less than twenty of them were useful."

Although Perkins had hit a dead end hunting for fingerprints, he found an unexpected gold mine in the phone book Hawkins had left in his Columbus apartment. Perkins began dialing numbers at random. After making a dozen calls, he realized that he was talking to some of the biggest honchos in the movie business, and they weren't happy to hear from him. Two of them simply hung up on him. He knew he could get heavy and threaten an arrest, but that wasn't going to give him what he needed. Finally one, a Hollywood talent agent, revealed that he had met and fallen in love with Hawkins—even paid his tuition at Santa Monica College when Hawkins told him that he wanted to make something of himself. But before the year was up, Hawkins had dropped out.

Perkins got wind of a rumor that a popular drug attorney, whom I'll call Larry Hayes, was bragging about having known John Hawkins. Hayes is gay and well known for throwing extravagant parties at his weekend desert home. Perkins got on the horn to Hayes, whom he knew from his narc days. Initially, Hayes stonewalled him. Didn't know anything about Hawkins. Hadn't seen him in years. Didn't know anyone who had. Perkins decided to bluff him. "I told him, 'If you have information about harboring a fugitive, I'll go to the state bar and I'll talk to the superior-court judge downtown, and you'll never work another case,' " Perkins tells me, thoroughly enjoying himself. Hayes immediately folded. "Promise you won't tell anybody?" he begged, then made a conference call to a well-known West Hollywood demimonde character Perkins calls the Black Buddha.

"They're talking about Hawkins," says Perkins, recounting the conversation he eavesdropped on. " 'Did you hear he's wanted?' Larry asks him. He knew. 'Well, have you seen him?' And the Black Buddha says, 'No, but do you know who's as nervous as a whore in church? And who was the last man with him in L.A.?' Hayes says he doesn't know. The Black Buddha coos someone's first name and hangs up. I said to Hayes, 'Who the hell is that?' And he says, 'I can't tell you. I can't.' So I bluff him out again, and finally he tells me, 'He's the biggest man in Hollywood.' "

For almost two years, Hawkins made a small fortune running a drugstore out of Studio 54, selling pharmaceuticals to the rich and famous.

That night Perkins located the mogul's number in Hawkins's book and called his home. The two hit it off like a cobra and a mongoose; the mogul cursed at Perkins, then slammed the phone down on him. "This was very nasty," says Perkins. "He was the nastiest individual I talked to on this case." Yet after two more insult-riddled phone calls the mogul provided the most invaluable clue of the case.

"He's got vitiligo," he told Perkins. "Viti-what?" Perkins asked, bewildered. "Vitiligo. It's a skin-pigmentation disease," said the movie mogul, "except it's only on his dick." Bingo. "I had no fingerprints, no dental records," says Perkins. "Here's a guy who's changing his name, changing his looks. But you can't get rid of vitiligo."

Suddenly there was a major identifying feature. Considering the breadth of Hawkins's sexual path, it may have been even more valuable than fingerprints. "I called it 'the palomino dick,' " says Perkins, "until I talked to several girls who said that Hawkins referred to it as Spot. So I was looking for Spot." Immediately, Perkins could separate the quack calls from the real ones. When anyone boasted of having been intimate with Hawkins, Perkins would interrupt and politely ask, "Would you please describe his penis for me?"

Off the southwestern coast of Sardinia, the *Carpe Diem*'s engine belt snapped, and Hawkins and Mick were forced to dock at the small island town of Carloforte for repairs. One morning while they were eating breakfast, Hawkins spied a girl with long strawberry-blond hair wheeling a baby carriage down the street. She was Giusy Agus, who still lived with her family and baby-sat to make extra money. Hawkins sprang from the table and ran over to her. "He went head over heels for her. It just happened," says Mick. "She didn't speak any English, and he didn't speak any Italian." Hawkins forgot about Tunisia and decided to put down roots in Carloforte. "This girl is different-looking from his normal type. She is not so special-looking," says Mick. "But he was really in love with her."

For three months he stayed in Carloforte, learning Italian, studying the boat-chartering business. Several times he flew to London, where he finally became Simon Kaye, with a British passport. He would also visit Belfast and his Irish girlfriend. There he became Glen Donald Hewson, the blue-eyed son of an admiral, who had actually died at birth in 1963.

Hawkins decided to leave the *Carpe Diem* in Oristano, up the coast from Carloforte, and head back to Amsterdam for the winter. There he and Mick stayed first with Marco and his girlfriend, then moved to an empty apartment owned by Mick's father, Hans van Rijs, a producer of television commercials. The relationship between Mick and Hans had always been strained. Mick was nevertheless eager for his father to meet and like his new best



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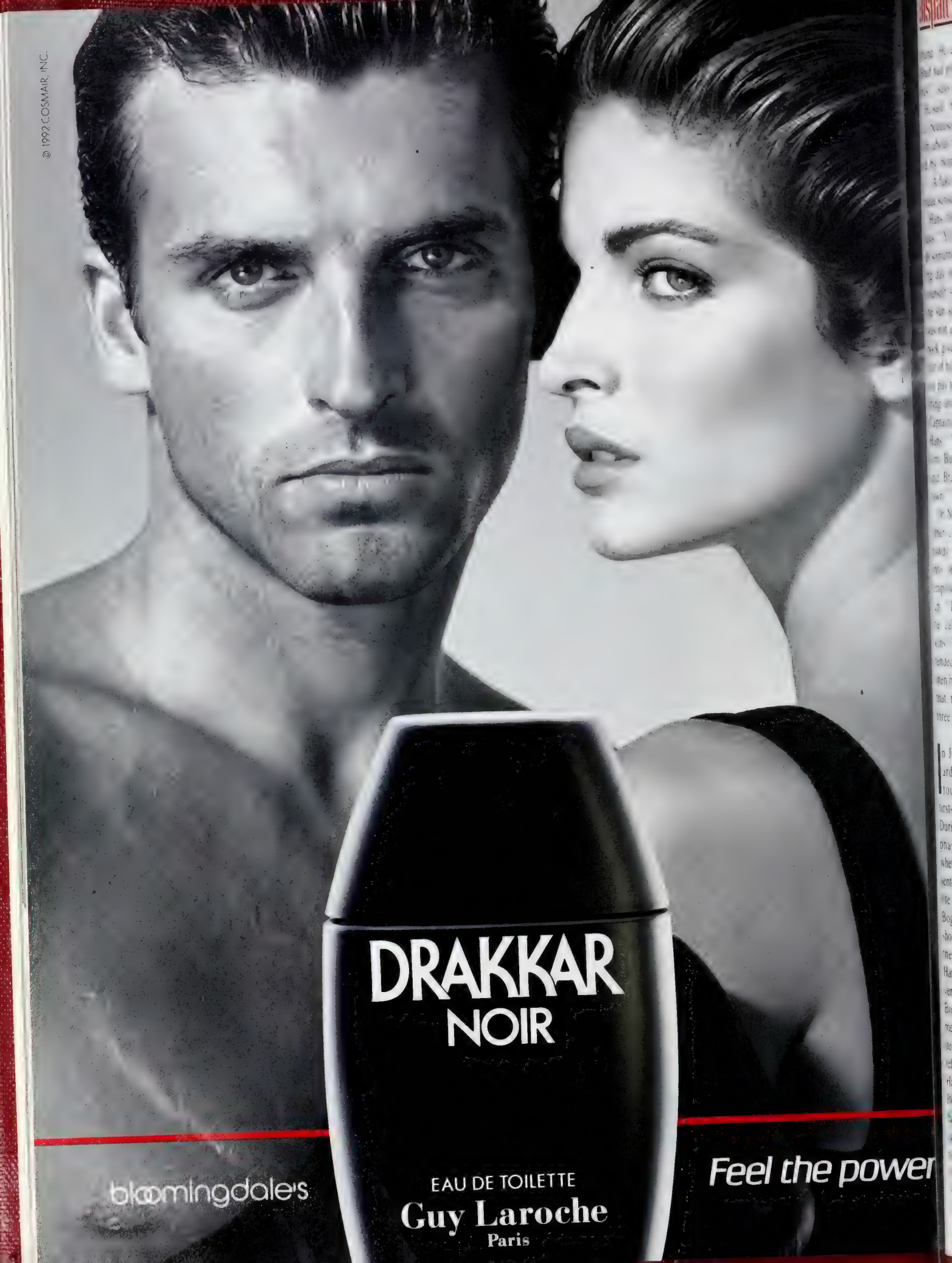


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friend. He even confided to Hans that Brad had problems. "Mick told us stories," says Hans, an unabashed cynic. "He said, 'Brad can't go back to America, because the police want to question him about his father'...who was wanted by both the Mafia and the F.B.I. ... A fake story, which in a way sort of made sense."

Hans found Hawkins charming, but says, "You want your kids to get a job, do something. Not hang around all fucking day in bars and discos and smoke yourself silly, then run out every time the sun shines and go to Ibiza." Hans was not amused when Mick lent him a book given to him by Brad on the subject of how to change one's identity and not pay taxes. "Brad was twenty-something and still living in some kind of Captain Hook fantasy world," says Hans. "I didn't dislike him. I didn't like him. But girls loved him. My son Mick and Brad were major scorers in this town."

On New Year's Eve, Hawkins had another close call. Strolling through the rowdy crowds with Mick, he bumped into one of his former Just Sweats employees. The young man's eyes lit up. "I know you from somewhere," he called out. "You're John Hawkins!" Panic-stricken, Hawkins "pretended he was a tourist," recalls Mick, then bolted off down the street. "After that, he locked himself in the house for three weeks and didn't come out."

In July 1990, Richard Boggs was found guilty of first-degree murder. During the penalty phase—to decide whether he would be sentenced to death or life without parole—Boggs pulled off a showstopper: He told the jury that Gene Hanson had brought a very drunk Ellis Greene to his office; Boggs said that he had left for a moment, and on his return found Greene dead, and that Hanson had forced him to tell the police that the dead man was Hanson. Hanson achieved his means, Boggs testified, by blackmailing him—threatening to reveal Boggs's homosexuality, which would destroy his medical practice. Amazingly, Boggs came across well enough with the jury to score life without parole. The jury didn't know, however, that Boggs had tested H.I.V.-positive and was already living with a death sentence. Boggs's attorneys decided not to disclose the information. During his incarceration in the gay section of the L.A. County Jail, known as "the queen tank," Boggs became famous for dispensing not only free medical but also free legal advice. Parlaying his cachet into sexual favors, authorities say, he had numerous liaisons behind bars without informing anyone that he was H.I.V.-positive. Currently, at least two of Boggs's inamoratos are threatening to sue Los Angeles County for reckless endangerment. In May, Boggs was transferred to the California state prison at Vacaville, near Sacramento.

After making a dozen calls, Perkins realized that he was talking to some of the biggest honchos in the movie business, and they weren't happy to hear from him.

On April 30, 1991, Diana Gruen was celebrating Queen's Day at the Palladium, a popular disco in Amsterdam. "I could feel that a man was watching me very intensely," she says. "I didn't recognize him. He said, 'From Spain.' And I said, 'My goodness, it's Bradley.' He looked like a different person. The first time I met him, his hair was blond and very short. Now it was very long, dark, and curly." Two weeks later he phoned, telling her he was still very crazy about her and imploring her to meet him that night. She couldn't. But he kept calling.

In May, Hawkins, Mick, and two others left Amsterdam on a million-dollar yacht belonging to a Swiss tycoon, who wanted his boat taken to Nice. For ten days, they sailed down the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean. After delivering the yacht to the South of France, Hawkins and Mick flew to Rome, then ferried to Sardinia, where they took the *Carpe Diem* out of storage.

After prepping the boat, they sailed it down to Carloforte. By then Hawkins knew from his mother that he had been featured on two episodes of *America's Most Wanted*. He and Mick devised a warning system should there be any trouble. Mick went into the captain's office to register the boat, and Hawkins stayed outside. "If I came out with my hat turned to the side, he would take off," says Mick.

Hawkins's new grand plan was to make a stash of money by chartering his boat during the summer tourist season, then sail off to Brazil. He told Mick that they should leave by September in order to ensure a safe Atlantic crossing. Mick decided he could make more money by taking a D.J. job on Ibiza and still return by the end of August. Meanwhile, Hawkins had an emotional reunion with Giusy, who told her friends that they were engaged. Days after Mick left, his brother Max arrived. "We made a deal that if I worked on the boat with him I could stay as long as I liked," says Max.

A week later, Max and Hawkins sailed to Cannigione, on Sardinia's luscious northeastern coast, for more boat repairs. Jean and Terry, an English couple in their fifties, whose schooner was docked next to the *Carpe Diem*, remember Hawkins well. "He was such a dear," says Jean. "Once, his catamaran drifted out, and we gave him a hand bringing it back. He was so, so appreciative. The next day he brought us a box-ful of little cakes."

On May 31, 1991, Oprah Winfrey devoted her show to the most famous unsolved cases that had appeared on *America's Most Wanted*. The Hawkins segment led off the show, with Perkins decked out in a svelte blazer, producing new photos and pithy sound bites. Perkins was feeling pretty good, having finally unearthed a set of Hawkins's fingerprints, taken at the age of fourteen, when Hawkins was picked up in Vegas for petty theft.

On July 14, the Oprah special appeared on Dutch television, and Diana Gruen happened to see it. "The first photo they showed, I didn't recognize him, but a strange feeling came over me. Then there were more pictures.... I know this person.... It's Bradley! I was screaming. I called my sister, because she had met him in Spain. She said, 'Yes, yes. It's Bradley.' "

Through friends Diana placed calls to the Oprah show in Chicago and *America's Most Wanted*, and eventually made contact with Perkins. However, all she could tell him was that "Brad was sailing a boat in the Mediterranean."

Hans van Rijs hadn't seen the show, but he got a call from one of Mick's friends, who was looking for Mick. "He



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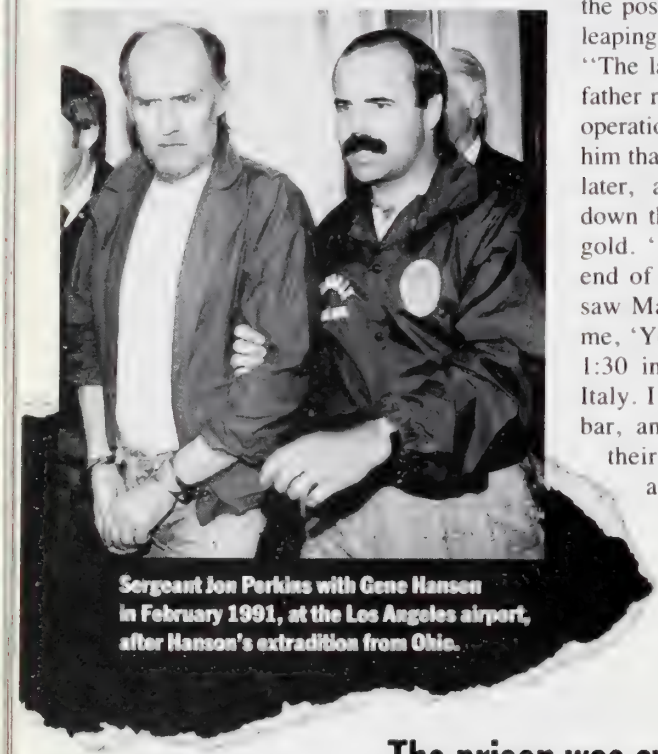
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said, 'Did you see that program?' He was really nervous.'' Through his business, Hans arranged to have a tape of the show sent to him. ''It's a shock to find out that your kid is with some guy wanted for murder,'' he tells me over a beer in an Amsterdam pub. Hans made an anonymous phone call to Perkins in California to get the low-down. ''If you can rip off an insurance company of $3 million, be my guest,''



Sergeant Jon Perkins with Gene Hansen in February 1991, at the Los Angeles airport, after Hansen's extradition from Ohio.

Hans tells me. ''I wouldn't take anybody to the police for that. But this murder rap was a bit much.''

Since he was not on very good terms with his sons, Hans didn't know how to get in touch with them. He was on even worse terms with his ex-wife, Roswitha, but he phoned her, telling her he had a special surprise for Max for his birthday. Roswitha knew only that the boys were sailing along the Costa Smeralda of Sardinia. She remembered that their boat was a red catamaran named *Carpe Diem*.

With his youthful, apple-pie looks, Andy Hogan could be the poster boy for the armed services. Although he is a year younger than Hawkins, he runs the Naval Investigative Service on Sardinia. ''I got the word in late July to look for a red catamaran,'' remembers Hogan. ''The thing was that it was peak tourist season, and there had to be at least 100,000 boats up here then.'' Hogan didn't really think there was a chance in hell, but he gave it a shot. ''After work, I would grab this friend of mine, and we would drive about the local ports looking for red catamarans.''

On August 1, Hans van Rijs decided to fly down personally, fearing, he says, the possibility of ''a crazy SWAT team'' leaping on the boat and harming his son. ''The last thing I wanted was for some father running around tipping the whole operation off,'' says Hogan, ''so I told him that I would meet him.'' Only hours later, as they were casually cruising down the Cannigione dock, they struck gold. ''It was sitting right there at the end of the pier,'' says Hogan. ''Hans saw Max in the binoculars and said to me, 'Yeah, and that's Brad.' Now, it's 1:30 in the afternoon—siesta time in Italy. I see two *carabinieri* going into a bar, and with all my bad Italian and their bad English I drag them over to a telephone to speak to my contact, Enzo, to explain what's going on. Meanwhile, Hawkins gets off the boat, and he's walking straight toward us, and I'm scared to death he's going to recognize Hans. So we scatter, and by the time we come back out, Hawkins has disappeared.''

The prison was swamped with girls. An astonishing number could claim to have been intimate with Hawkins; others simply wanted the opportunity.

Hawkins had made a date with a local girl he had met the day before, and in the minute it took for Hogan and company to find hiding spots, he had jumped into the girl's car and whizzed away.

Meanwhile, a new batch of undercover *carabinieri*, contacted by Enzo, drove up. Seeing a young, handsome man in the bar, they grabbed him and dragged him into their car. ''I was trying to explain that it wasn't the right guy,'' says Hogan, ''but the language barrier was impossible. Hans is now hiding out, because he says he doesn't want Hawkins to know about him. So I go down to the boat and I see Max and I say, 'Look, I'm from the Red Cross, and your dad is trying to get in touch with you.' ''

Max, who knew considerably less about Brad than Mick did, sensed nevertheless that something was up. ''I saw these guys wearing black leather jackets on a day when it's ninety degrees outside,'' he tells me. ''And then Hogan said, 'Is there a guy named Brad on this boat? When is he coming back?' I said, 'Look, I don't know.' I went to the bar and saw my father, and he said, 'That guy is wanted for murder.' I was in shock.''

For the next three hours, Hogan and a half-dozen *carabinieri* staked out the dock. At five o'clock, Hawkins finally appeared on the pier and started walking back to his boat. Max shouted at him to warn him, but, as he says, ''Brad didn't know what was going on. He never expected to be arrested, and he didn't pick up what was happening, because, well, he had just had sex with this girl. So he was feeling good.''

The *carabinieri* jumped him before he got to the boat. ''Hawkins started yelling, 'You got the wrong guy, you got the wrong guy,' '' says Hogan. ''They threw him up against the car and handcuffed him. He struggled a bit but not a whole lot. On the way to the police station, we ran into the *carabinieri* who have the other guy, the wrong guy, in their backseat. It turns out that the other guy is a friend of Hawkins, and they start chatting. And this German guy is telling us that this was his second false arrest.''

At the police station, Hogan discovers that they have another major problem. ''I was told that he was going to be Bradley Bryant on a Canadian passport. But guess what: it's an Irish passport in the name of Glen Donald Hewson. Now, the *carabinieri* are already suspicious, because they've already arrested one wrong guy. So they want a second statement or some kind of proof that we have the right guy.''

Suddenly, Hans got nervous. He refused to sign a statement identifying Brad as Hawkins, saying he didn't want any further involvement for fear of retribution. ''Now Hawkins is old Mr. Charm, being very cooperative, thinking he's going to get out of this, saying, 'You'll find out I'm not the guy you're looking for,' '' says Hogan. ''That's when I called Interpol and found out about this big white spot on his penis. So the *carabiniere* decides he's got to check this out for himself. He goes over to Hawkins's *(Continued on page 118)*

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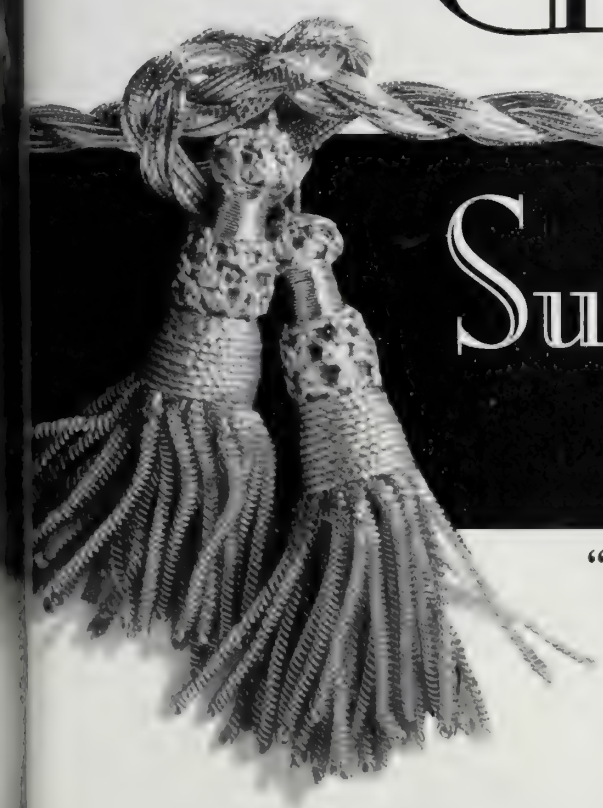
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(Continued from page 108) cell and tells him that he's got to verify that there've been no injuries stemming from the scuffle during his arrest. He tells him to raise his shirt, and Hawkins, who is being completely cooperative, raises his shirt. Then the *carabiniere* says to drop his pants—and that was it. I think Hawkins knew as soon as he did it that he made the big mistake. The white spot on his dick definitely was the clincher. Later, the lieutenant wanted verification and went over to his cell and again asked Hawkins to drop his pants. By now Hawkins was smart to it," says Hogan, "and wouldn't do it again."

Within twenty-four hours, Hawkins was a headline hero. The Italian press likened him to everything from Peter Pan to Robin Hood: AMERICAN GIGOLO IN COSTA, THE MYSTERY OF THE YUPPIE ASSASSIN, THE PERFECT CRIME, THE IMPOSSIBLE SCAM, PLAYBOY KILLER. The prison was swamped with girls bearing gifts and flowers. An astonishing number could claim to have been intimate with him; others simply wanted the opportunity.

Within a week, Hawkins was transferred to the Buoncammino Prison in Cagliari, the most dreaded detention facility in Italy. According to a local judge, the architect of the prison was so distraught at having designed such an inhumane fortress that he killed himself. Not only had there never been an escape but there had never even been an attempt. A forty-foot-high concrete wall encircling the jail makes escape all but impossible. However, on January 1 of this year, Hawkins very nearly managed it. He had initially been placed in a cell with five other men, but after one month he attempted suicide by slashing both wrists. Although he was undoubtedly miserable, a source close to him says, "It was a superficial attempt—he wanted to get a private cell." Which he did.

Through a close friend of his, whom I'll call Angelo, Hawkins managed to get a file smuggled in. "He went into weight training for two or three months before," says Angelo. In mid-December, Hawkins started filing the bars in his cell window. Two weeks later, he was finished. By tying his bedsheets together, he made a thirty-foot rope. Shortly after midnight on January 1, he removed the bars from his window and lowered himself down the sheet. Still, he was dangling some fifteen feet above the walkway. He jumped and made a smooth landing, but a guard heard the thud as he fell.

Angelo, who was waiting outside for his friend, says, "The plan was that he get over the wall, then run across the street to the ruins of a Roman circus. I heard yelling and a lot of commotion. Then the searchlights came on, and I knew it was over."

Hawkins was dumped into solitary and deprived of all privileges. "He completely slumped," says Mick. "He stopped all his exercise and started eating chocolates." He wrote Mick a despondent letter lamenting his gloomy future, especially his lost youth: "I'm more convinced now than ever that a man's best years are twenty-eight to forty. I'll [be] free when all my youth is gone."

For the next six months, Hawkins busied himself writing a 160-page book of his life, which he smuggled out. When he wasn't writing, he was feasting on psychology books mailed to him by Marco and Roswitha. In solitary confinement, Hawkins finally discovered the life of the mind. One of his favorite books was Scott M. Peck's *The Road Less Traveled*. Peck's philosophy of "delayed gratification" was epiphanic, a concept whose time had come for Hawkins.

"If it weren't for *America's Most Wanted* being shown in Holland," Hawkins says, "I wouldn't be here today."

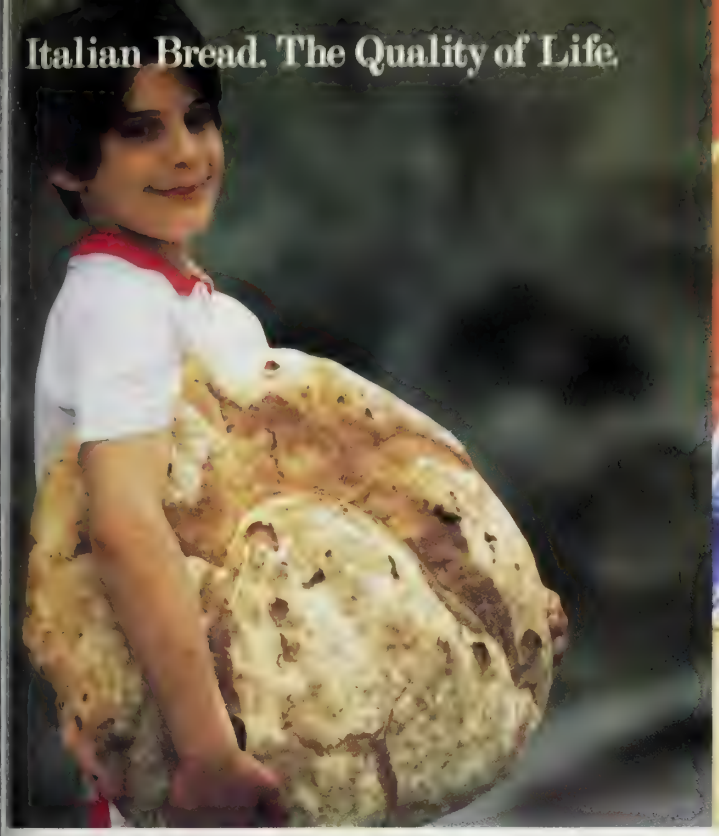
On May 8, Hawkins is brought into court in Cagliari to face the music on his escape attempt. Actually, he's dragged into the courtroom—his upper body and arms wrapped in a very complicated harness of handcuffs and chains. The courtroom is packed—standing room only: every flack, hack, and paparazzo is present. Adding to the circus are three photographers and an Italian television crew.

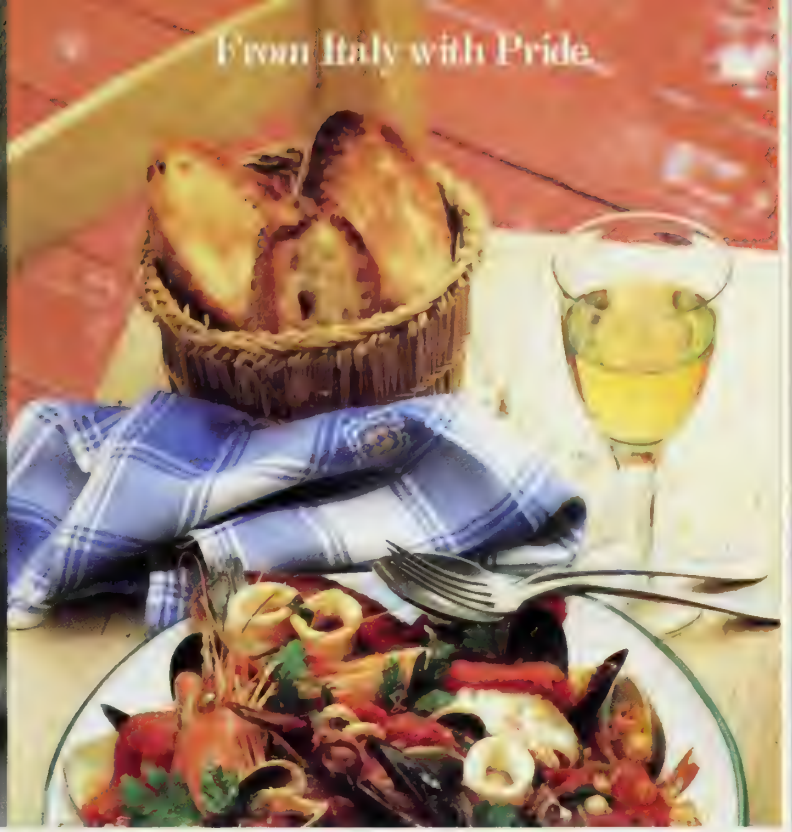
Standing in the back is Marilena Bozzo, a forty-five-year-old woman who has become Hawkins's surrogate mother, visiting him three times a week in jail, bringing him hot meals. She tells me that Hawkins wants to repay his debt to society by teaching sailing to Third World children. Accompanying her are her four grown children, their friends and girlfriends, many of whom palled around with Hawkins. Then there are the girls—at least a half-dozen, mostly slender, blonde, and doe-eyed—giggling and twittering, trying to catch an eyeful of the great hunk.

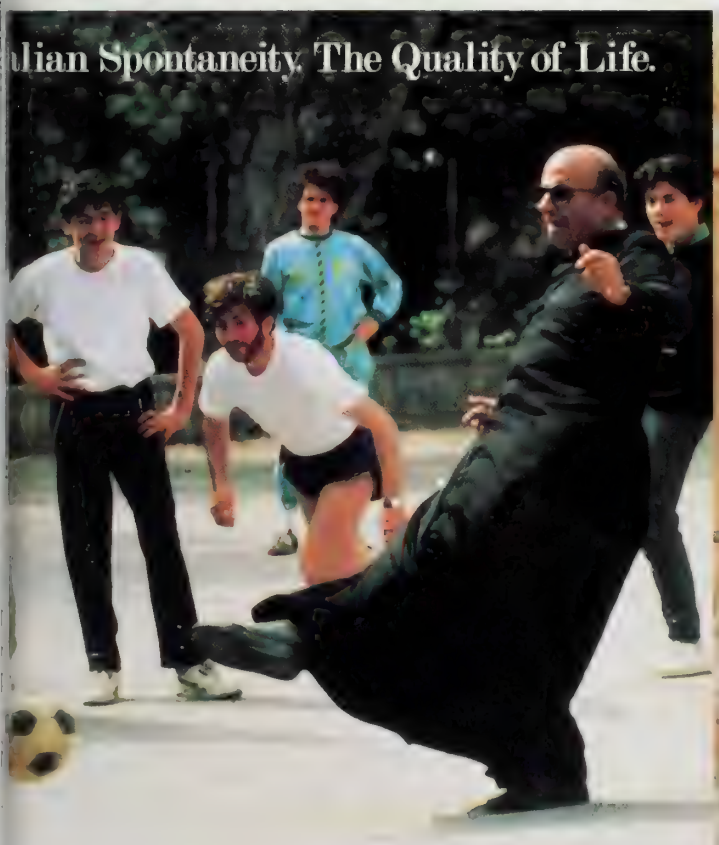
Released from his chains, Hawkins sits next to his lawyer, Bernardo Aste, the F. Lee Bailey of Sardinia, who tells me that he's being paid by Hawkins's mother. Dressed in jeans and a long-sleeved green jersey, Hawkins has a jailhouse pallor, yet he seems strikingly fit and muscular for having spent nearly a year in jail. Most remarkable is his composure. Ignoring the hoopla surrounding him, he locates his friends in the throng and flashes quick smiles to each. They blow kisses back to him.

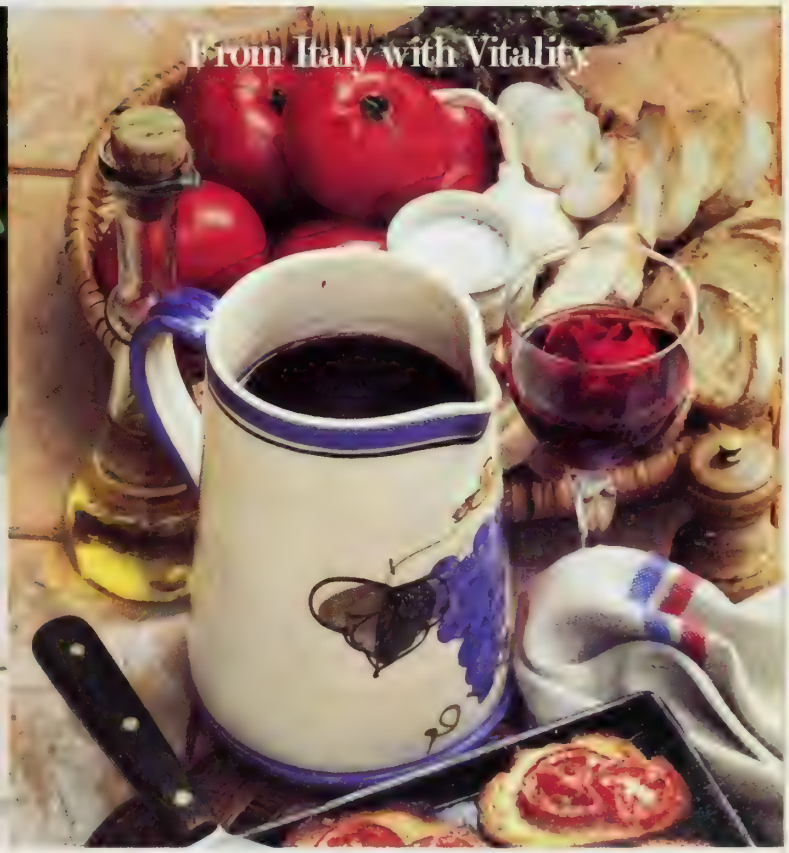
Hawkins answers all inquiries carefully, politely, and in fairly impressive Italian, rarely conferring with the interpreter provided by the court. "I only tried to escape to get attention to my situation—to the terrible conditions in the prison," he tells the judge, "not to escape." At another point, he tells the court that his escape attempt was merely an effort to stall his extradition to America. "I want to do my time in Italy," he says, which surprises no one, as it is not uncommon for felons in Italy to do less than ten years for first-degree murder. Occasionally, he makes a sly joke at the expense of the guards who thwarted his escape, and the courtroom breaks into sympathetic laughter, cheering on their guy, as if this were a Frank Capra movie.

When the judge calls for a twenty-minute break, Aste escorts me through the crowd, out of the courtroom, to a small smoky room filled with *carabinieri*. Sitting on a bench against the wall is Hawkins. Though he is again handcuffed, he is dexterously eating a croissant and drinking a cup of coffee. As I approach him, he immediately says, "I'm not talking to reporters. I have no comment about anything." I suggest we simply chat about the status of his case and what's going on in L.A. He demurs, then asks me about prison conditions in the L.A. County Jail. Choosing his words carefully, he says he's apprehensive of doing time in an American jail because of all the publicity over his sex life. We both know what he's talking about: his fear of being sexually assault-









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gay men, whose names he recognizes. His face falls, and he seems shaken. "[So-and-so] spoke to you?... I can't believe it. Unbelievable. When they call those boys the Velvet Mafia, they're not kidding. They mean Mafia. Those guys don't mess around," he says, shaking his head. "I left that scene as fast as I got into it."

I can see his mind scampering, deciding what and what not to reveal. He says he met the Hollywood jet set through Boggs. "I used to play basketball in Laguna Beach. Boggs had a house there. He used to come and watch basketball games so he could cruise the boys." He describes Boggs as "a really bad guy...evil. You have no idea." Then, quickly covering himself, he adds, "But I had no idea he would kill somebody."

Hawkins claims that Boggs was looking for someone to sell drugs for him, and that he became his drug dealer to the glitter crowd. "Look, I was making six figures before I was nineteen," he says, "and it wasn't from sucking [a well-known producer's] dick for $100 an hour. Why do you think I was at the back bar [at Studio 54]? Who do you think got grass for [a major singing star]?" Yes, he says, he met the rich and famous, but it wasn't because he was hustling. He declares that some of them even became his friends.

He says that he doesn't regret being caught, that it was "the best thing that has ever happened to me. If not, I would never have read any of these books. I've read at least twenty psychology books, and I've looked deeply into myself. I come from a bizarre family. My father's family is really, really sick." He tells me he's worried about the length of his sentence. "Some people can handle this," he says. "I can't. I can't handle doing even five years. I'll escape or I'll die trying."

Halfway through the interview, Hawkins leans forward and says tantalizingly, "Let me ask you this—let me put another idea into your head: What if there was another person? What if there was a fourth man?" I ask him if he means Cecil Tanner, Hanson's oldest friend, who was the alternative beneficiary on the insurance policy. "No, it wasn't Cecil Tanner. Cecil's as honest as the day is long. But you should think about it...a fourth man."

As I prepare to leave, he pleads what will be his defense. "What would you think if a doctor told you he could get a stiff out of the morgue? Wouldn't you believe him?"

I walk him out to the hall, and we say our good-byes. As I'm leaving, he calls, "Does Mick know?" "Know what?" I ask. "You know," he says, shuffling his feet. "You mean the hustling?" I ask. "Yeah," he says. It's an awkward moment. I try to soft-pedal it. "He knows...but it's O.K."

The next day, Mick won permission to see Hawkins. It was only the third time he had seen his friend since his arrest. "He was real worried about me knowing about the gay stuff," Mick tells me. "But I understand how it happened to him. He said he got $2,000 for giving [a major fashion designer] a blowjob. It's not something he's proud of, I'm sure." Mick says he still doesn't believe Hawkins is gay. "I can tell if somebody is looking at me with weird eyes. I was naked on the boat with him sometimes. He would have made a pass at me, right?"

Hawkins also told him that he was "under a lot of pressure to testify against Gene," says Mick, "and he doesn't want to do it. He hates Boggs. He said that Boggs was one of the biggest drug dealers in the United States but that Gene is just a weak person. Supposedly, they told him that they were going to use a corpse from the mortuary. He didn't think they would be killing anybody. I know John is a bit of a con, but he's not a murderer. He said he was betrayed by the other guys."

Jon Perkins isn't buying it. "Number one, he had pulled off insurance frauds before—the 'stolen furniture,' car crashes that never happened, auto thefts that never happened. He knew very well that this was an insurance fraud that required a dead body. A dead human being."

Perkins insists that it was impossible for Hawkins not to have known that someone was going to be murdered. He cites the "triangulation of phone calls—daily phone calls," made by Boggs, Hanson, and Hawkins. Among the most damning calls was one Boggs made to Hawkins on April 1, after he had lured Barry Pomeroy to his office. "The plan is set," says Perkins, speculating on what happened. "He tells Hawkins, 'I got a fish.' " Later, after having botched the murder, Boggs called Hawkins from Denny's Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, where he had dropped Pomeroy off. By then the three were growing desperate to find a body, Perkins claims, knowing that Hanson's million-dollar insurance policy would expire in May. "The clock was ticking," says Perkins.

On April 16, Boggs phoned Hawkins

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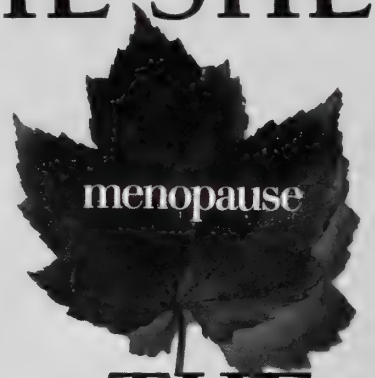


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from his office both before and after Ellis Greene was murdered. Additionally Gene Hanson called Hawkins from his hotel room shortly after the murder and hours before he flew off to Miami. "He hustled everybody else to do his dirty work," says Perkins, "so he could say, 'Hey, I was in Ohio. Those guys killed him, not me. I had nothing to do with it.' He is the ultimate hustler."

Mick, Marco, Max, Marilena, and Roswitha all vow they will keep writing to Hawkins. Neither Mick nor Max has spoken to their father since Hawkins's arrest. "When John gets out of jail," says Mick, "I'll think about talking to my father."

In late July, John Hawkins arrived at the Los Angeles County Jail, escorted back from Italy by Jon Perkins. Deputy District Attorney Albert MacKenzie, who's responsible for the case and who tried and convicted Boggs, says Hawkins, if convicted, could do quite a stretch of time—even life in prison. However, MacKenzie says that he wouldn't be averse to making a deal with Hawkins in exchange for his testimony against Hanson, who keeps stalling his trial, and also against Boggs, who has filed an appeal. "We'd give it a lot of consideration," says MacKenzie. "He's got some opportunities, but so far we haven't heard from him that he would like to rat on Gene Hanson." MacKenzie says Hawkins has blown his best shot: negotiating a deal while he was a fugitive. "That window is now shut."

I visit Gene Hanson at the Los Angeles County Jail to get his reaction. Three and a half years of confinement have marked him. His hair has almost thinned away, and his face is eerily wan, though he still smiles easily and has his childlike laugh. Hanson rails on about Perkins. "I hold him responsible for Cecil's mother," he snaps. Cecil Tanner's mother had a stroke, which she has yet to recover from, when Perkins insisted on searching her house for Tanner. "He couldn't have waited fifteen minutes for Cecil to come home?" fumes Hanson. He says he was never a personal friend of Richard Boggs; however, he still regards Hawkins as his close friend. "Nothing's changed," he tells me. Finally, I ask him the $64,000 question: How will he feel if Hawkins turns state's evidence? There is a long pause. Hanson glances down at his hands and, choosing his words carefully, says, "I would be very unhappy. I would be very disappointed." □


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GORE'S LORE

At sixty-six, Gore Vidal is still the *enfant terrible* of American letters, and he's unleashing all his furies in his new novel, *LIVE from Golgotha*

BY ARTHUR LUBOW

The view from the terrace is of toothed stony cliffs, banded with vineyards and orchards on the plunge to the flat blue sea. Birds chirp among the cypresses. The warm air is heavy with the smell of jasmine, linden, and (candor compels) burning leaves. Waving languidly toward the exquisite expanse of the Amalfi coast, his voice mock-exhausted and his cadences perfected by years on the talk-show circuit, Gore Vidal intones, "Now ask me...so *why* do you live in *Italy?*"

To be sure, it is all very beautiful...and yet (with Vidal, there is always an "and yet"), the prospect from La Rondinaia is apocalyptic, and the odor sulfurous. From this Ravello redoubt where he spends half the year, Vidal, when not writing, is monitoring the state of his native republic. He reads *The Wall Street Journal*, the *International Herald Tribune*, and a mix of English and Italian papers; at sundown, he watches CNN. That in itself might account for the gloom. And yet... "There is a surface melancholy that is a studied weariness," says his friend Joan Didion. "Then you get beyond that—and there's a much deeper melancholy. He's immensely touching." During the day, pounding out essays on his manual Olivetti, Vidal cranks with a fury like Jeremiah's. But in the evening, workday done, as he sits with a gin in hand, the sadness wafts like perfume in the air.



Vidal at his Italian redoubt, 1992: "There is a surface melancholy that is a studied weariness."

At sixty-six, Vidal occupies a peculiar position in American letters. He is one of this country's leading critics and public citizens, yet he doesn't live in this country. His novels are best-sellers but not mega-sellers, respected but not revered: he is too highbrow to compete with Michener and Steel, yet too mainstream to have won a place in the academy-sanctioned canon. A man with many talents and a restless mind, he has reached his widest audience as a successful talk-show guest and a failed politician. He is at heart an educator, not least a self-educator, and the bulk of his work (the American-history and classical-history novels, the congressional and senatorial campaigns, the TV chats and barbed essays) is didactic. Retaining an old-fashioned notion of the responsibilities of a citizen, he is growing ever more rotund and oratorical with age.

Yet despite the propensity to pomposity ("It's like being in the room with her institution," says one acquaintance), he's enormously funny and good company, with a flair for mimicry and an unsurpassable store of anecdotes. Many of his favorite reminiscences are trotted out in *Screening History*, an autobiographical meditation on the movies of the [illegible] and forties, when he delivered [illegible] mother at Harvard and published standard essays in book form [illegible] month. In his [illegible] this quick-witted, glamtaining Vidal," says expressed in [illegible] the wife of novels he can became ventions," begfriend. 1968 with *Myra Breckinridge* and continued (also this month) with *LIVE from Golgotha*, a short, outrageously thumb-in-your-eye novel that asks: What if a television network could send a camera crew back to videotape the Crucifixion?

LIVE from Golgotha will not endear Vidal to pious Christians, but he lost that crowd long ago. His early autobiographical novels treated homosexuality and incest without moral censure. His brilliant 1964 novel, *Julian*, extolled the emperor who sought to turn Rome away from the Church of the Nazarene and back to the Hellenic gods. Vidal is a devout pagan. "The greatest disaster ever to befall the West was Christianity," he says. He has equal contempt for the other two mono- *(Continued on page 132)*

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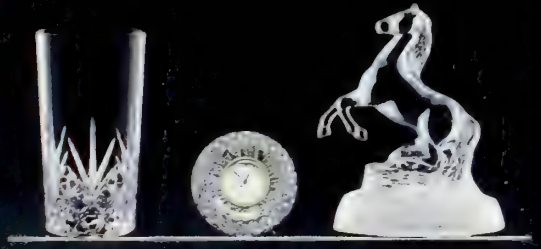
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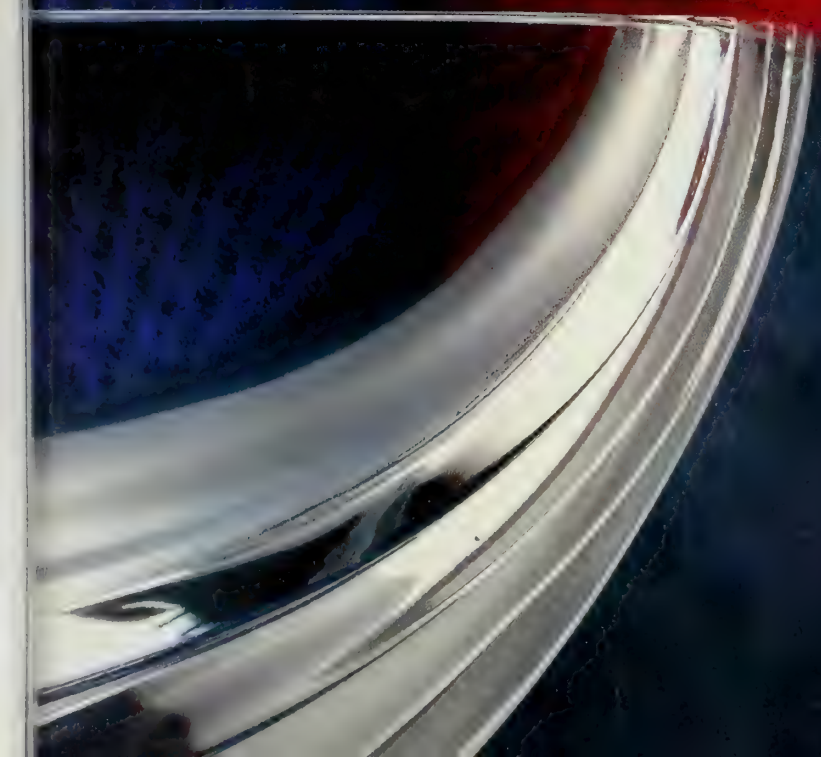




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from a holiday with his father in Canada and immediately quarreled with her. "I had no money, and I walked with my suitcase from Merrywood into the heart of Washington, some hours away," he recalls. "My father was still there. I spent the night at his hotel and then I went over to the Gores'. My mother arrived there the next day insisting they throw me out, and instead they threw *her* out. That gives you some idea of what our family life was like. So I spent the rest of the summer with the Gores and went back to Exeter in the fall. And I didn't see her for a long time."

Handsome and brilliant, the boy Gore is still a legendary figure at Exeter, half a century later. His school years (before Exeter he attended St. Albans in Washington) are misted in the golden haze of an Arcadia ravaged by the onset of World War II. Beneath Vidal's intellectual attacks on the national-security state—his argument that a permanent mobilization for war has engorged the executive branch and abrogated democratic rule—one senses an emotionally charged nostalgia for his own pre-war schoolboy world. When the United States joined the conflict, Vidal enlisted at seventeen and entered a training program at the Virginia Military Institute. Flunking out of an engineering course, he wound up on a ship in Alaska, out of harm's way. Many of his V.M.I. classmates died in the Battle of the Bulge. Vidal was discharged early with frostbite and quickly produced a war novel, *Williwaw,* which established him at twenty as one of America's leading young writers.

"What '82 convinced me of was that there's nothing sleazier than to be a member of the U.S. Senate in today's political arrangement."

The title of Vidal's second novel, *In a Yellow Wood,* was lifted from a poem, and the choice is significant: Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken." For a bookish boy growing up in a senatorial family in Washington, literature and politics were the two roads that diverged in the yellow wood. Senator Gore arranged for his grandson to move to New Mexico, where he would be on the ballot as an electoral-college delegate. "I would have settled there," Vidal says. "It's a small state. I have a Spanish name. Actually, it's Venetian, but it sounds Spanish. I would have established a base." Then, in January 1948, he published his groundbreaking novel on homosexuality, *The City and the Pillar;* and though he has run for office since, it was at that moment that a conventional life in politics became for him the road not taken. "I knew that was the end," he says. "I couldn't go to New Mexico. I never regretted it for a moment. I had to say what the world was like, which nobody else had done." By treating homosexuality as a fact of life, Vidal marginalized himself in the literary marketplace. *The City and the Pillar* concerns the obsessive, unrequited passion that one athletic, seemingly "normal" all-American boy harbors for another after a youthful sexual encounter. The title alludes to the biblical story of Sodom, but in a specific sense—to the warning not to look back, as Lot's wife did, only to turn into a pillar of salt. Vidal dedicated the book "to the memory of J.T." J.T. was Jimmy Trimble, a star athlete at St. Albans who was offered two major-league baseball contracts when he was seventeen but died two years later with the Marines at Iwo Jima. (He also appears as a minor character in *The Season of Comfort,* Vidal's next novel, a fictional account of his turbulent relationship with his mother.) "Jimmy was the golden icon of my generation in Washington, the golden boy," Vidal says. "His death was a kind of catastrophe."

This summer, in anticipation of his 1993 fiftieth-year class reunion at St. Albans, Vidal was going through photographs and letters sent to him by Trimble's mother. The portraits of the lamblike boy give little sense of the lion who Vidal says awed both his peers and his elders. "We were all attached to him," Vidal says. "It wasn't between Jimmy and me, it was between Jimmy and everyone who knew him or read of him or saw him play baseball. I keep thinking of that whole period as unfinished business. For those of us who enlisted in the war at about seventeen, our youth was cut short, and by the time we were out of the army in our early twenties, something hadn't been completed between seventeen and twenty-one. And what would it have been? I don't know."

In 1950, Vidal moved to Edgewater, a Greek Revival mansion on the Hudson River. Later that year he met Howard Auster, a Jewish boy from the Bronx who was working as a soda jerk and putting himself through New York University. When Auster couldn't get a job with the big advertising firms, which discriminated against Jews, Vidal suggested he change the last letter of his name to *n*. "Austen" was hired immediately by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. Forty-two years later, he is still Howard Austen and still living with Vidal. Although for years Vidal has consistently (some might say tediously) argued that all people are bisexual and that only acts, not persons, can be termed homosexual, he has never hidden his relationship with Austen. It was not a way of life that his mother had much sympathy for—not that she had much sympathy for anyone. "My mother once, in her nastiness, said of Gore and Howard, 'It's the only successful marriage in the family,' " recalls Nina Straight.

Howard liked Gore's mother more than Gore did. He invited her to visit them in London in 1958, which occasioned the final split between mother and son. Vidal had just had a Broadway hit, *Visit to a Small Planet,* and he and Austen were living high on the hog in a flat with three servants. "Jock Whitney, who was an old lover of hers, was the ambassador," Vidal says. "I think she went there to try and restore relations. And that didn't work. And then she took to the bottle. The servants all left—the usual thing. Then she started attacking Howard, who was the only reason she was there. And I said"—and his voice grows weary in the retelling—" 'I think you had better go.' I got her an airplane ticket and a car to the airport, and off she went. Later she wrote me a poison-pen letter, and I wrote her, and I said, 'I shall never see you again as long as you live.' And I never did. She died twenty years later in 1978." But what was in the letter? "I destroyed it," Vidal says. "I let only one person read it, Joanne Woodward. She and Paul [Newman] were there on their honeymoon. Joanne couldn't believe it. It was an insane letter, but with this great forensic skill. It's not as though it was just a babbling fool. This was a savage Medea who meant to kill." Vidal says that his mother carried around his letter of reply, to show people "what an evil person I was when I said I would never see her again. I suppose a thousand people must have seen that letter, and with it she had a regular *rap* about my evils."

With the encouragement of Eleanor Roosevelt, a neighbor in upstate New York, Vidal campaigned as a Democrat-



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ic candidate for Congress in 1960. He lost, but—as he still proudly recalls—he outpolled the head of the ticket, John Kennedy, who had married that other Hugh Auchincloss stepchild Jacqueline Bouvier. He was offered the nomination again in 1964. It was a Democratic-landslide year, so nomination was tantamount to election, but by then, Vidal had moved with Austen to Rome, to work on his novel *Julian*. He declined. "In 1960 when I ran, it was mostly just for kicks, because Jack Kennedy was running," Vidal says. "And not taking the nomination in '64 shows that I was more serious about writing *Julian* than I was about being in Congress."



President-elect John F. Kennedy greets Vidal in December 1960, at the opening of his political play, *The Best Man*, at New York City's Morosco Theater.

"Jerry Brown wanted me to come to New Hampshire. I said, 'I can't do that, nor would it do *you* any good, but I will privately send you stuff.'"

And yet... In 1982, in his last political hurrah, Vidal campaigned once again, this time for the Democratic senatorial nomination in California. (He owns a house in the Hollywood Hills; although he rents it out, it's his official residence.) Max Palevsky, who had been a key backer of the 1972 McGovern presidential drive, helped set up his campaign. "Gore has always had the feeling that being Gore was an entitlement, that he should be elected by acclamation," Palevsky says. "I think at that time he had reached the age where he felt he should be a senator." Palevsky was angry when Vidal refused to put up a couple of hundred thousand of his own dollars (because of campaign-finance laws, no rich friend could do it for him) to get the ball rolling. "He was more interested in getting laughs than votes," Palevsky says. On his side, Vidal says he thought that he could beat Jerry Brown (to whom he came in a respectable second) but not the heavily financed Republican, Pete Wilson. "Politics was always unfinished business with me and it will remain so," he says. "But what I learned in '82 is that I'm far more effective as a politician doing what I do—on television, writing, rethinking the history of the United States. I mean, these are all political actions. What '82 convinced me of was that there's nothing sleazier than to be a member of the U.S. Senate in today's political arrangement. What I was brought up to believe was a very honorable estate is simply ridiculous. I sat here watching the Clarence Thomas hearings, and I would no more want to be in a room with those senators—I wouldn't want to be *associated* with them. The sheer corruption that you feel at every level!"

According to Joan Didion, Brown felt that the acrimonious primary campaign helped cost him the election in 1982. Still, impressed by some of Vidal's recent speeches and columns, he called her in the heat of the presidential-nomination battle last Christmas, to ask for Vidal's phone number in Ravello. "He wanted me to come to New Hampshire," Vidal says. "I said, 'I can't do that, nor would it do *you* any good, but I will privately send you stuff.'" Vidal faxed four or five memos to Brown through Victor Navasky, the editor of *The Nation*. "Jerry has picked up on my idea that the people are the sovereigns and they have been exempted from government for a long time," Vidal says. Had Brown not alienated Jewish voters in New York by touting Jesse Jackson as a running mate, Vidal thinks, he might have won the nomination. Not that he cares much. "I don't root for anybody," he says. "I don't think the individual makes the slightest bit of difference—except sometimes by accident."

Although La Rondinaia is a Baedeker stop on the itineraries of many of the rich and famous (James Taylor had been a houseguest a few weeks before I came to town), Vidal and Austen live there most of the time in splendid isolation. They spend a couple of months away in the winter, often in Thailand, and return to the United States for a few visits a year. Vidal likes Los Angeles, and says were it not for Austen's emphysema they might live there. (Despite his distaste for New York, he will be there this fall to play the Devil in George Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, co-starring with Susan Sontag and Gay Talese, in an Actors Studio benefit directed by Norman Mailer.) With a library of four thousand books and one thousand movie cassettes, a good cook, and a fax machine, Vidal has achieved a certain autonomy at La Rondinaia. He can spend two weeks at a time without going beyond its three gates. Mostly he works. He is writing the final novel of his American-history sequence, to be called *The Golden Age:* it follows the American saga from World War II to Camelot, and it includes a character named Gore Vidal. (Jimmy Trimble makes a cameo appearance as well.) He is also finishing a movie script for Martin Scorsese on that Byzantine power couple, Justinian and Theodora. When I saw him in the early summer, he had just read Montaigne's essays for *The Times Literary Supplement* and was boring through Sinclair Lewis for *The New York Review of Books*. "It's keeping the brain working," he says. "The unfed mind devours itself, as I wrote somewhere or other."

On my last day in Ravello, I had lunch with Vidal and Austen at La Rondinaia. The olive oil on the mozzarella and prosciutto came from their olive trees, the tomatoes and basil in the spaghetti sauce from their garden, the small yellow plums and big apricots from their orchard. They have both put on a little weight, especially Vidal, whose belly spills out from his unbuttoned shirt. His unshaven face is grizzled white. If he is vain, as people say, it is not in a way I recognize. He suffers from adult-onset diabetes—"senile diabetes," he calls it—and high blood pressure. Before lunch, he provided a tour of the house, which was built on five levels in 1925. (They bought it twenty years ago, while living in a Rome flat they still have; Austen spotted the ad in *Il Messaggero*.) The airy entertaining areas and dark study are on the third floor, the entrance level, which is decorated with a large mosaic of a sea horse from the first century A.D., a couple of seventeenth-century Neapolitan paintings, some gilded Thai sculptures, and a lot of heavy wooden furni- *(Continued on page 142)*

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(Continued from page 136) ture that came with the house. There is a large terrace above, and a guest bedroom above that. On the second floor are Vidal's and Austen's bedrooms, and the library. Servants' quarters are below. Surveying Vidal's bedroom, I noticed among the many photographs a large 1938 portrait of his mother, as malevolently beautiful as Joan Crawford, positioned prominently to the right of his bed. "I don't know why I keep her picture up," he said. "Except as a warning."

The week I was there, Austen was busy having a portable phone installed. "Nothing could run without Howard," says a friend, the agent Sue Mengers. "Gore is the artist with his head in the clouds, and Howard takes care of all the arrangements. Howard is a great believer in Gore's gift. He is someone who totally respects Gore's work and makes Gore's life easy so that he can work." Interested more in show biz than in literature, raspy and ethnic, practical and unpretentious, Austen contrasts sharply with the coolly patrician Vidal. When he first met Gore, Howard wanted to be a popular singer, but stage fright crippled him. He considered working in the William Morris office. "But then, I don't know, life was so interesting by that time that he just didn't do it," Vidal says. "Also, living with me is a lot to do. There are places to be run. Real estate. And he was very good at that."

It is ironic, considering Austen's ethnicity, that Vidal has been labeled an anti-Semite. It began with his denunciations of neoconservative American Jews who, he says, sold out their liberal principles in their allegiance to Israel. Vidal is a vehement critic of Israel and, for that matter, of Judaism—which, he has written, is "an unusually ugly religion." His line of populist politics, which owes much to the paranoid anti-trust agitators of the early part of the century, has historical anti-Semitic overtones. Yet he finds the charge dismaying and absurd. "If I were, I would be the first anti-Semite in history to have elected to spend his entire personal and professional life in the company of Jews," he says. "Anti-Semites do not like the company of Jews, but the fundamentalist-Christian ones at least like Israel. Well, I'm the reverse. Now not to like Israel is tantamount to being an anti-Semite. But I blew the whistle. I said to the neoconservatives of the Israel lobby, 'You must not make deals with anti-Semites in the interest of this artificial country that you are so enthusiastic about. You are keeping company with the most disreputable political elements in the United States—neo-Fascists, the far right, the born-agains, and the Pentagon. I think this is unwise because they will turn on you.' You see my reward for my good-hearted warning."

As he demonstrates trenchantly in his latest novel, Vidal is just as bilious about what he calls Judaism's "Christian heresy." *LIVE from Golgotha* is a full frontal assault on the New Testament. The tale is narrated by Saint Timothy, the traveling companion and (at least in the Gospel According to Gore) cute, blond, hugely endowed lover of Saint Paul. Timothy is enlisted by competing twentieth-century executives, who return to biblical times after a mysterious Hacker erases almost all record of the life of Christ. The Jesus whom Paul saw on the road to Damascus was a grossly obese smooth talker with a compulsive craving for halvah and a tendency to lie about his age. Or so Timothy thinks, until he learns that this was not Jesus at all, but Judas—and that Our Lord pulled a fast one on the Roman soldiers, nailing his accuser in his place. And who was the real Jesus? Well, he was thin, as one imagines, but otherwise he was a far cry from the loving, forgiving figure depicted by Paul. The actual Jesus is a fire-breathing Zionist eager for Armageddon, and he has turned up in the twentieth century with bad teeth, a fondness for Spago, and a blueprint for nuclear holocaust. *LIVE from Golgotha* is Vidal's summing-up of all he finds ludicrous and odious in Christianity. The Christian-fundamentalist mullahs who turned green over Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ* will be frothing for a *fatwa* when the novel comes out.

"I was doing a sexy Batman and Robin," Vidal says. "It suddenly occurred to me: Wouldn't it be interesting if the only gospel that survived was Timothy's? How was that going to happen? Then I thought of the Hacker erasing the tapes." (Vidal says he was halfway through *Myra Breckinridge* before he realized that Myra had been a man.) "That's the fun of these books," he notes. "You start, and you have no idea what is going to happen." (Some fans, though, may have a sense of *déjà lu: Golgotha*'s sci-fi device of traveling back in time to change the course of history also drives the carousel of *Myron*, the 1974 sequel to *Myra*, while the





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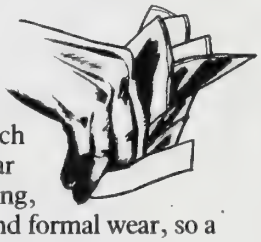
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Hacker pulling strings in the shadows bears a distinct family resemblance to the Dude in *Duluth* and Mr. Williams in *Myron*.) Vidal expects *Golgotha* to provoke an uproar, and (as he did with *Myra Breckinridge*) he asked his publisher to exercise tight control over the pre-publication galleys.

Whereas *Myra* took him four weeks to write, Vidal began *Golgotha* eight years ago, picking it up between other projects. "I can only write this sort of book if I find it funny," he says. "I've always found Christianity extremely funny. The logic of the Trinity is so gorgeously absurd that it makes me laugh." In writing a send-up, there can be advantages to taking four weeks, not eight years. *Golgotha* has bulked up a bit too much—the baroque plotting makes one nostalgic for the clean classical squawk of *Myra*—but it contains some hilarious riffs, including a Paul who juggles and tap-dances to sweeten the pitch to the Gentiles, and a wicked caricature of Vidal's long-ago kiss-and-tell lover, Anaïs Nin.

Vidal has worked so long and productively that his fiction career has a definite arc. His early autobiographical novels are smoothly written but emotionally remote. Cannily, he turned his view outward: to the past, in the historical novels that have taught a generation much of what it knows about the American epic and ancient Rome, and to the cultural and political effluvia of our own time, which he has memorialized with loving disdain. After decades of critical neglect, Vidal's fiction seems to be on the brink of rediscovery—in, of all places, the universities. Jay Parini, a Middlebury College professor who is one of Vidal's staunchest defenders, has just edited a book of adulatory essays, *Gore Vidal: Writer Against the Grain*. "Vidal took the historical novel and played with it enough times to show what could be done," says Parini, the author of *The Last Station: A Novel of Tolstoy's Last Year*. "So now there are many young serious writers working in the Vidal tradition. In many ways, he is our Sir Walter Scott." Though Vidal has been a cutting critic of the gobbledygook of academic criticism, funnily enough he is more tolerant when it is spouted in his honor. He likes meeting young professors who have read every line he's written. "I've never had anyone to talk to about my books," he says bemusedly. It's a new type of person to pass through his life.

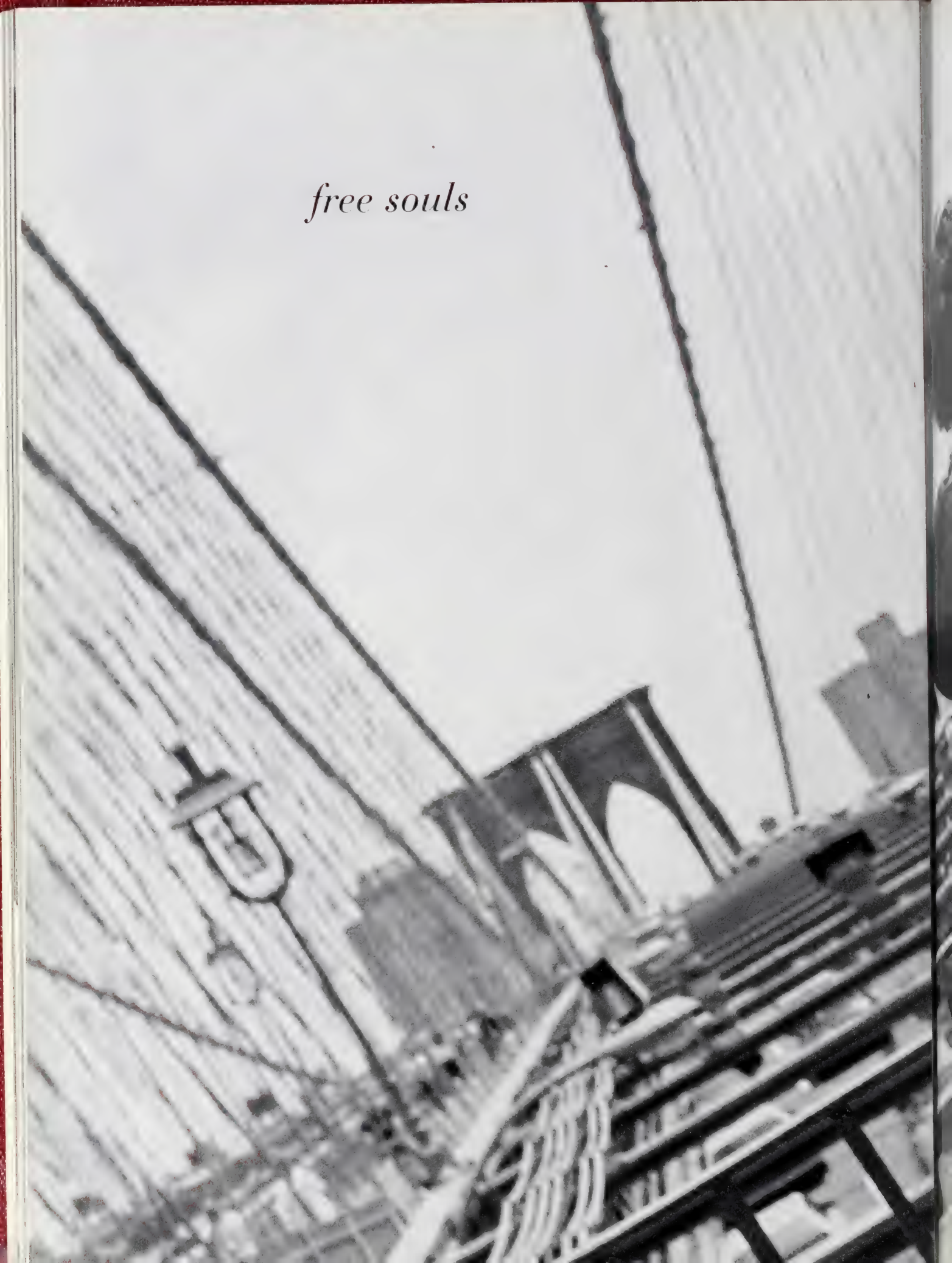
Pass through, but not stop: a sense of detachment that surpasses geography prevails at La Rondinaia. Vidal has reached an age where many of his contemporaries are beginning to drop away. I asked if AIDS had shrunk his circle. "My generation is a little too old," he replied. "Although the painter Maurice Grosser—the lifelong friend, as they say, of Virgil Thomson—died of AIDS in his eighties. He was a *hero* in his set, for valiance. The dedication it takes to get AIDS at that age. It's beyond the call of any duty I know of." AIDS has reconfigured the sexual world into a form Vidal recognizes. "It's very difficult for younger people to understand," he says. "We are the syphilis generation before penicillin. Every time we fucked, no matter what we fucked, there was the danger of syphilis, and of a hideous death, and of never knowing you had it until suddenly you began to have grotesque symptoms. And you could be passing it on to people right and left and not know it. Penicillin came in in the forties. From that moment on, syphilis was finished, pretty much, and gonorrhea, pretty much. Herpes had not yet begun to strike. And the Pill came in, so girls were free. They talk about the sixties and sexual liberation. It all happened in the forties—a great sex life is everyone's birthright—reaching its peak in the seventies. Then, in the eighties, when AIDS started—well, for us, it's really like zooming back to the forties and thirties, that you're now at risk. We were at terrific risk. And we hated rubbers as much as people do now. It was Russian roulette all the time."

With age, Vidal is shucking the bonds not just of sex but of friendship. For his fiftieth birthday, he invited fifty close friends to a party in London hosted by Kenneth and Kathleen Tynan and Diana Phipps. The guest list ranged from Princess Margaret and Tennessee Williams to obscure college dons. "It was a wonderful mixture," he recalls. "It worked very well. I thought after I'd done that, I'd finished. I wasn't going to have any more social life, and wasn't really going to see *them* anymore, either. And, by and large, I didn't." Instead, he has adopted a valedictory style, conjuring up ghosts of the many people who have figured in his life. They crowd into his fiction and his essays. They leave little room for the living. "You know, at the end of your life," he says, "you find that you have met everybody, but you haven't really known anybody." He pauses, and the chill mist of this thought washes over me. A puckish smile flickers across his face. "And I don't find that a minus at all." □





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free souls


BANANA REPUBLIC



Weddington in Austin, Texas, where she pauses briefly between road trips.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE

In a new book, Sarah Weddington, the attorney behind the landmark *Roe* v. *Wade* decision, reveals how her battle for women's rights blighted her own career

BY LESLIE BENNETTS

She was a Methodist preacher's daughter who sang in the church choir and performed Sunday devotionals, a stellar student and president of the Future Homemakers of America in high school, an earnestly ambitious girl who was a full-time law student while working several jobs to pay her way, and who had never broken a law in her life. She had a boyfriend who was also planning to go to law school, and they had started talking about marriage. They had never used birth control. And so when she became pregnant, and realized that having a child would mean the end of all her hopes for escaping from the kind of lifelong domestic frustration that had imprisoned her own dour, unhappy mother, she and her boyfriend drove across the Texas state line one weekend to a dusty Mexican border town where, for $400—a sum greater than her entire life savings—she was relieved of her pregnancy and handed back a shot at the future she had hoped for. She and her boyfriend drove home to Austin, and she was in class on Monday morning. And she never talked about it again, not for a quarter of a century—not even when she began to spend all her waking hours speaking and writing about abortion, not even when she herself became famous for overturning the laws that had made such a frightening and dangerous trip necessary in the first place. Never talked about it, that is, until now.

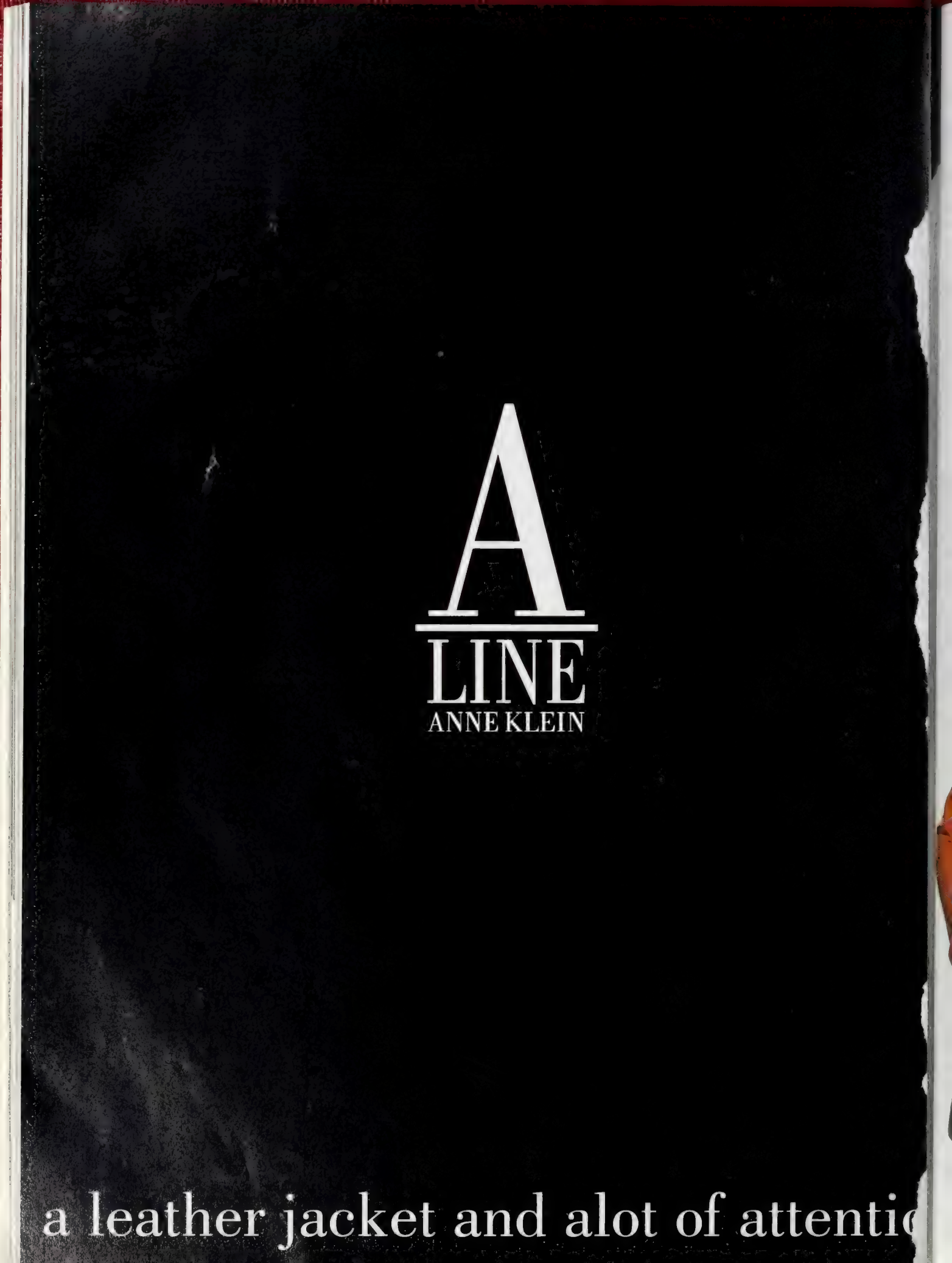
Sailing slowly into the room with the stately grace of an ocean liner, Sarah Weddington hardly looks like a revolutionary. With her bulky form neatly attired in a purple suit and tasteful jewelry, her graying hair carefully secured in a bun, she could be any buxom suburban matron in town to lunch before a matinee, instead of someone who changed the world. As she settles herself at our table, no one in the restaurant gives her a second glance.

It has been two decades since Weddington—then a shockingly young and inexperienced attorney barely out of law school—found an abortion case suitable to challenge the Texas state law prohibiting abortion, argued it before the Supreme Court, and won the verdict that became known as *Roe* v. *Wade*, establishing the legal right to abortion for the first time in American history and altering millions of women's lives forever. Weddington was the least likely prospect one could imagine for such an extraordinary role: she had never practiced as a lawyer, and she was only twenty-five years old when she first appeared before "the Supremes," as she thought of them, to present the victorious argument that abortion is a choice guaranteed by the right to privacy. The rest-room facilities for the Supreme Court bar were for "Men Only," but when the Court's decision was announced on January 22, 1973, Weddington's place in the history books was instantly secured.

By then she had run for the Texas state legislature, edging out a primary opponent who refused to call her by name and referred to her only as "that sweet little girl." Her unexpected victory provided a political springboard that eventually catapulted her to Washington for a high-profile job at the White House during the Carter administration. Those were heady years: scarcely past thirty, Weddington seemed surely destined for greater glory. Her fierce ambition cloaked by a soft southern drawl, the prim and proper young special assistant to the president looked more like a 1950s schoolmarm than a feisty young feminist in the vanguard of the sexual revolution. While others flaunted their blue jeans and long hair, Weddington stuck to her

DAVID MacKENZIE


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GIANNI
VERSACE
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The whole plan I had for my future would have been impossible."

She was lucky: Ron found the name of a reputable practitioner in Piedras Negras, and there were no complications, medical or emotional. Sarah and Ron later got married, although they divorced in 1974, and Sarah's decision not to have children was indeed a matter of choice, rather than the forced result of a botched abortion, as was the case with so many other women during those terrifying years when an unwanted pregnancy could mean mutilation or death.

When I ask her if the abortion was traumatic, she says fervently, "Being pregnant was traumatic." Weddington is not one to indulge in any self-dramatizing histrionics. "Other women went through some really horrendous things; I didn't," she says, her tone businesslike. "I was much more sympathetic to other people's stories than I was to mine. I wish I hadn't been pregnant, but having been pregnant, having an abortion was the right thing for me, and I'm glad I did it."

However, her friends remember only too well what things were like back then. "For this very sheltered young woman to go to Mexico to have an abortion—she must have been scared to death," says Barbara Vackar Cooke, an Austin political consultant. "The stigma, the disgrace, the real, real danger—unless you lived back in that time, these younger women have no idea of what it was like to not have abortion as a safe option."

Weddington also minimizes any angst she may have suffered over the demise of her marriage; her explanation is as self-effacing as it is generous. In Sarah's version, Ron, with whom she once shared a law practice, was smarter than she and far more sophisticated; he broadened her horizons, helped her with *Roe* v. *Wade*, supported her successful campaign for the Texas legislature even though he had previously lost his own run, and generally behaved as the model of a liberated man. "But I sensed that it was grating to him . . . not to be receiving equal public attention," she writes tactfully in her book. As she explains the divorce, they simply drifted apart.

Her friends fill in some of the blanks. "Ron was egotistical and narcissistic,

"It is unnatural to have the peak of your career when you are twenty-seven. How do I top that?"



On December 13, 1971—the day the Supreme Court heard oral arguments in *Roe* v. *Wade*—Weddington posed with husband Ron (far left), Texas congressman George Mahon, and her mother.

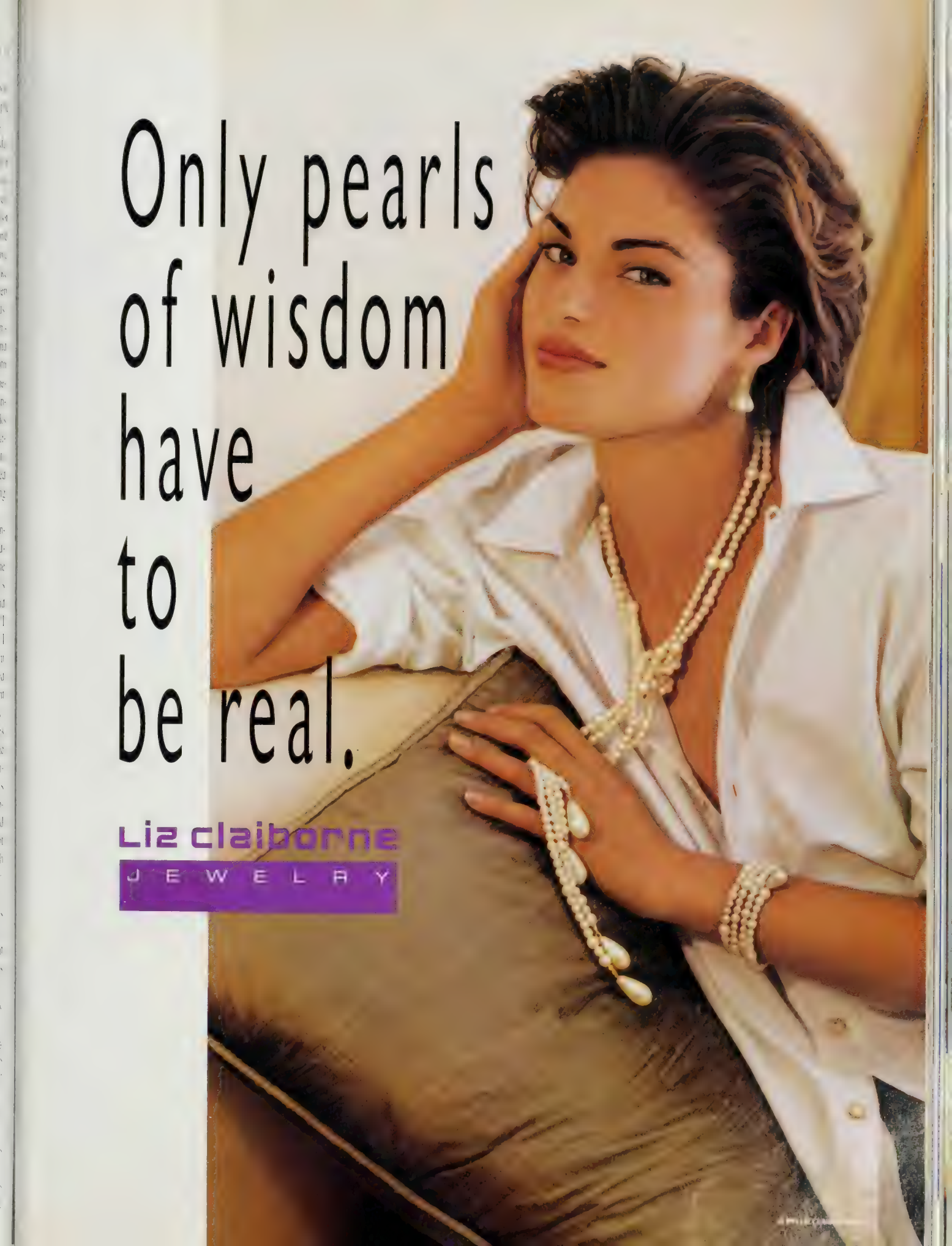
and he never gave her any credit for what she was doing," says Patty Rochelle, a lawyer who knew them both. "Even though he helped on the case, I think it was just devastating to his ego," says another friend. Mutual acquaintances dispute Sarah's oft repeated assessment of Ron's intellectual stature: "He thinks he's smarter than Sarah is, and he convinced her of it for a long time, but he's not," says Martha Davis, a law professor at the University of South Dakota. As for Ron's supporting Sarah's achievements, adds one former colleague, "he would do things like break in on her conversations with clients to ask her when she was going to have lunch ready."

Ron Weddington admits he was often abrasive—"Obnoxious? Guilty!"—and felt slighted by the glory accorded his former wife. "I've always been disappointed that I've gotten so little credit on *Roe* v. *Wade*," he says. "I wrote some of the most crucial points in the brief, and I played an integral part in getting Sarah elected."

In the years since, Sarah has portrayed her failure to remarry as a simple matter of scheduling. "I was too busy," she says, her moon face smooth and devoid of subtext. "It is very hard for professional women who have accomplished a great deal or who are well known to form relationships. With a lot of busy men, what they want is someone who will be available when they have free time, and women like me are not. So those men find us wonderful as friends, or as interesting dinner companions, but they often find their romantic interests with someone else. When somebody would call me for dinner, maybe three weeks from Tuesday I was available. And I wasn't willing to change it, because I liked what I did and I was having a good time."

And as far as she's concerned, that's that; Weddington isn't one to examine her life too closely. She's never been in therapy, "and I never plan to," she says firmly. "I have my neuroses neatly stacked, and I don't want anybody to undo them; I'm not in pain, and I would be diverted from what I think is more important right now." In other words, too busy. Nevertheless, Weddington describes herself as a happy person, and says she loves her life. Not everyone is convinced. "She's just too driven," says Bradley Bryan, an old pal who is a lobbyist in Austin. "She never stays around long enough to get in a pasture and shoot some birds. She's not smiling enough for me these days." "Sarah is a worker; that's what Sarah gets fun from doing," explains Governor Richards. "She likes to make speeches, she likes to travel, she likes to work, and anything that doesn't fit into those categories, Sarah's going to be bored." From time to time, Weddington allows as how maybe she ought to make some changes. "She always says, 'I'm going to stop, I'm going to slow down,' and then she just keeps going," attests Caryl Yontz, a lobbyist for the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees in Washington. "She does not feel comfortable just relaxing; I think it makes her feel guilty."

Some of those Weddington cites as her dearest friends admit they rarely see


Only pearls
of wisdom
have
to
be real.
Liz claiborne
JEWELRY

or talk to her, and even for those who have known her the longest, Weddington remains something of an enigma. She is so focused on her mission that she appears to have little interest in the more mundane facets of other people's lives. "She's never even met my husband or kids, and I've been married for ten years," reports Patty Rochelle, whom Sarah lists as one of her closest friends. "It's 'How's your husband—what's his name again?' " Consumed with the importance of her own agenda, Weddington can be stunningly oblivious to anyone else's needs. When she has an appointment in Dallas, says Rochelle, "she'll call and say, 'Can you pick me up at the airport and take me there, and we can visit on the way.' My goodness—I'm a practicing attorney, I'm forty-two, and I don't cart people around. I'm too busy for that." When Weddington does see friends, she is more likely to discuss politics than to plumb the depths of her own soul. "She doesn't show her emotions much," Yontz acknowledges.

In part, this is a strategic decision in response to the savage emotions surrounding the abortion controversy. "The world works a certain way, and if you're trying to change it, you've got to decide how you're going to be effective," Weddington explains. "I'm definitely self-censoring. I'm always asking myself the question, Would this be helpful?" The result is the resolutely calm, bland face Weddington so consistently presents to the world, a persona that is particularly notable in her frequent debates with such antagonists as Phyllis Schlafly. "Everyone expects me to be angry and have a big chip on my shoulder, because I'm the big feminist," Weddington says. "So part of my strategy was that if I could undercut people's assumptions about that, maybe I could also undercut some of their other assumptions. On the subject of abortion, the voices have become so angry and so loud that most people just turn them off. When I debate Schlafly, I feel I cannot afford to be angry." Her lips tighten. "But I always ask the schools to pick us up in separate cars and have us eat in separate restaurants."

Its political efficacy notwithstanding, Weddington's guardedness developed long before her career as the public emblem of *Roe* v. *Wade*. "I trained myself very early," she says carefully, "because as a preacher's kid you always had to get along with everybody. And I found I could get more done that way." Not that she was ever one of the crowd. "I think most women who go along with the system go along because they want to feel a part of things," she observes. "I never did. I always saw myself as different."

The habit of exerting constant self-control has taken an inevitable toll; Weddington is the first to admit she's not exactly a barrel of laughs. In *A Question of Choice*, she quotes Ann Richards as commenting, "It is not that Sarah has no sense of humor. It is just that you have to say to her, 'Sarah, this is a joke'—and then she will laugh." Typically, Weddington approached the problem like the good student she has always been. "I've learned humor," she says, beaming with pride. "I got a book called *How Speakers Make People Laugh*. I used to watch Ronald Reagan to see how he did it, and Bob Hope. Now I copy things down from movies." Her face falls again. "I am so serious I can be real dull," she confides.

"The abuse she has taken—people calling her 'baby killer,' people calling her at night, hollering at her with that rabid type of rage."

Perhaps this is not surprising; although *Roe* v. *Wade* constitutes Weddington's claim to immortality, it is also an albatross she will be saddled with forever. "I never wanted to be the icon for *Roe* v. *Wade*," she says with a sigh. "I would love to move on to other issues, but every time I try, this thing reaches out like a creature and pulls me back."

She was startled recently when a Seattle reporter remarked, "Your obituary has already been written. The headline says, '*Roe* v. *Wade* Attorney . . .' " "It got me to thinking I would really like to replace that caption," Weddington says, looking wistful. "It is unnatural to have the peak of your career when you are twenty-seven. How do I top that? There's a sense of inadequacy in not being able to top it, yet I don't know how it's possible in this day and time. If I argued the same case today I couldn't win it."

Indeed, disappointment hangs over her life like a shadow. *Roe* v. *Wade* may have made her famous, but it closed some doors forever. "It has ruined her political career," declares Barbara Vackar Cooke, who worked with Weddington in the Carter White House. "She cannot hold an elective office. The abuse she has taken—people calling her 'baby killer,' people calling her on the phone at night, hollering at her with that rabid type of rage—I couldn't believe it when I lived with her in Washington. I was just horrified. She couldn't run and win anything no matter how much she wanted to."

Even if Weddington might have accepted a lucrative sinecure with a big law firm after leaving the White House, the question was moot; none was offered. Whether the stigma of abortion helped preclude such opportunities is hard to say, given such additional factors as gender bias and a dozen years of Republican rule, but certainly Weddington's speaking fee of $3,000 to $5,000 is a fraction of what a man with comparable credentials would command. She maintains her usual stoicism about all such failed expectations. "She doesn't complain," says Cooke. "She'll just make the best of it."

But Weddington's regrets are obvious when she talks about an earlier time when the future seemed so much brighter. "I look back with such nostalgia on the late sixties and early seventies—in my life, that was such a wonderful period," she says eagerly, her face suddenly alight. "I was part of the momentum, part of a national effort of women who were changing things, and we could see the results of what we did."

In more recent years, it seemed she was crying into the wind; her lecture audiences were sparse, the younger generation obviously took the right to choice for granted, and Sarah Weddington seemed like a relic from another time. Lately, however, things have changed. Ever since the Supreme Court's 1989 decision in *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*, a Missouri case imposing an ominous variety of restrictions on abortion access, growing numbers of women have realized that complacency may well lose them the right to abortion, and pro-choice forces have seen a sudden upsurge in interest and support. Weddington has become a hot ticket, and she loves to tell how seats to one recent speech were so sought-after they were being sold by scalpers. Last June, the Supreme Court's 5–4 ruling in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*, which


Most things can be carried off in style.
Liz claiborne
HANDBAGS

upheld Pennsylvania's attempt to regulate the right to abortion, made it all too clear that *Roe* v. *Wade* now survives by a one-vote margin. Justice Harry Blackmun spelled out the danger for anyone who might have missed it: "I am 83 years old. I cannot remain on this Court forever," he wrote plaintively. In the aftermath of the *Casey* decision, with the proposed Freedom of Choice Act percolating in Congress, Weddington and her purple suit became regulars on the talk-show circuit again—and if the Court's ruling was somewhat murky, Weddington's message is not. "This just makes even more important who's president—who gets to appoint the next Supreme Court justice, and who's got veto power," she says.

The future of *Roe* v. *Wade* may be uncertain, but Weddington's was decided a long time ago. "She has this terrible burden, and it has altered her life," says Terry Saario, the president of the Northwest Area Foundation in St. Paul, Minnesota, and a longtime friend. "But she has chosen to say, 'Whether I like it or not, *Roe* v. *Wade* is me, and I'm going to go ahead and try to be a voice for *Roe* v. *Wade*, and particularly to try to reach younger women.' " Right now Weddington's mission is filled with a sense of urgency; if George Bush retains the White House and *Roe* falls, the state-by-state battle in legislatures around the country will become critical. That message is apparently getting across. "Sarah came up here to speak at the Minnesota Women's Campaign Fund fund-raiser, and not only was she a draw, we had to turn people away," Saario reports. "She is a symbol of what we all hold dear, and it was very clear that this audience felt very strongly about this issue. At the end she had everyone in tears about what would happen if we lost that right. She got a standing ovation, and people just wouldn't leave. One woman decided to run for office as a result of Sarah's speech."

For Weddington, such satisfactions help make her frenetic life worthwhile. Wherever she goes, people come up to tell her about their own experiences, about the nightmares that won't go away no matter how many decades have passed: about the sixteen-year-old girlfriend who started hemorrhaging after a botched abortion, about the mother who died because she was pregnant and her husband had left her and she couldn't support any more children, about the wife who was never able to have her own baby because the infection from a back-alley abortion when she was a schoolgirl had left her sterile. These are the people who remember all too well what it was like when women resorted to knitting needles and telephone wire, curtain rods and coat hangers to try to terminate a pregnancy, desperately injecting lye or Lysol into their bodies or connecting a vacuum cleaner in a crude attempt at vacuum aspiration that could extract the uterus from the pelvic cavity and kill a woman almost instantly. These are the memories that keep Sarah Weddington going no matter what the cost to what might otherwise have been her personal life.

And there is always the memory of that one shining moment to sustain her. *Roe* v. *Wade* may seem like ancient history to the young, but its impact is still felt every time a woman gets pregnant: more than a million American women have had safe legal abortions every year since 1975, and countless more have had the option. "At least I can point to something very concrete that affected millions of women," Weddington says with quiet pride. "I don't resent it, because it's such a plus for anybody to be able to say, 'I really did something significant, and it was something I really care about.' Everyone wants to feel their life stood for something and they made a contribution—and I did." □



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Fig. 72-Papaver somniferum L.
Optum poppy

Let it just be a flower!

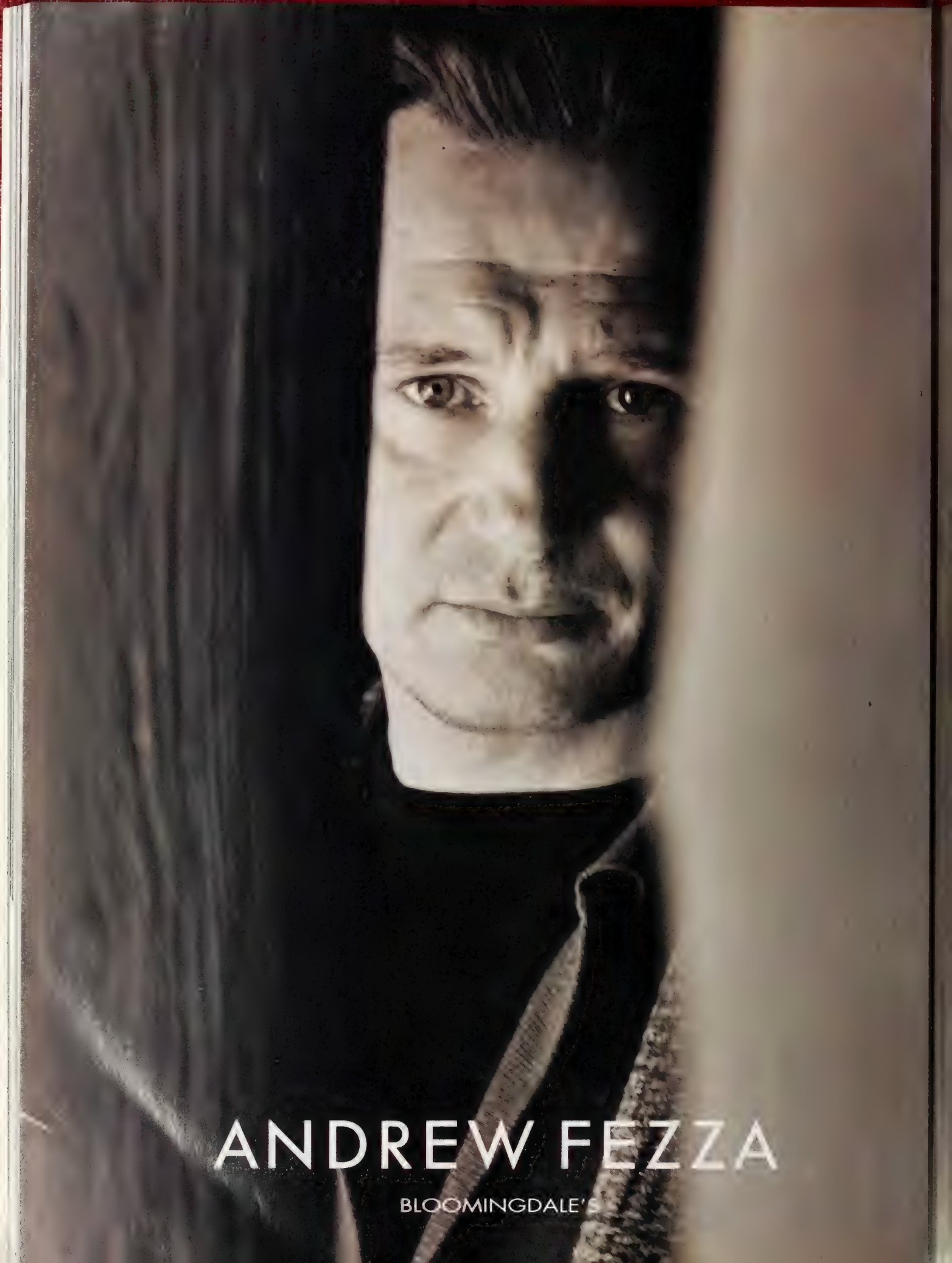


Art Moschino

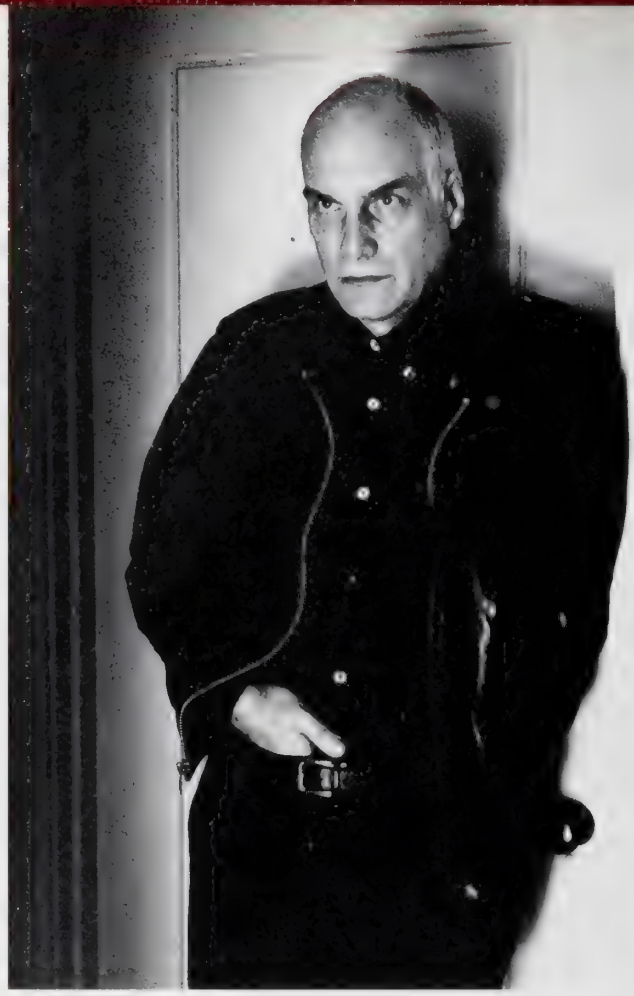




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Barbet Schroeder, who is described by one friend as "part weirdo, part Boy Scout."

BARBET'S FEAST

Why Barbet Schroeder, director of *Single White Female* and Hollywood's *auteur* anomaly, goes for the forbidden in art and in life

BY BEN BRANTLEY

Barbet Schroeder, the nomadic European director now successfully roosting in Hollywood, has a Geiger-counter laugh—a dense, ongoing chuckle that speeds up at the first signs of the perverse, the absurd, the outrageous in human behavior. He is a man who, he notes cheerfully, has "kind of a weakness for monsters," and he has devoted his extremely varied, extremely international career as a filmmaker to enshrining the "monsters" of real life—from Idi Amin to Claus von Bülow—with clarity, detachment, and affection. He himself seems to be happiest in extreme, counterconventional situations. And on the day he takes me driving through the Oakwood ghetto—a gang-dominated neighborhood in Los Angeles near Venice Beach where he spent "the best year of my life so far"—the laugh is in full throttle.

"This was my kitchen!" he says, indicating a corner of an innocuous peach-colored stucco house. "There were some bullet holes in the window. . . . Here, I found a girl being raped on top of my car. I went and saved her. . . . Here, under my house, is where people were taking refuge after they stole ladies' bags and were sharing the money. My bed was just over that, so I could hear them. After I banged on the floor a few times, they didn't go there anymore."

Other points of interest are annotated with the same, strangely bright avidity: the house next door where the V13, "the most dangerous gang in Los Angeles," lived (in order to belong, Schroeder says, chuckling, "you had to have killed someone in front of the others"); the location of a fight between a loud insomniac musician and an enraged neighbor which resulted in one severed hand and one dead body; the driveway from which Schroeder's dinner guests routinely had their car radios stolen. "It was *unbelievable*," says Schroeder of his year in the neighborhood. "Because there was an exhilaration there. Everything was happening all the time. You never needed television. . . . You always fell asleep to the sound of machine-gun fire."

A tall, big-boned man with closely cropped white hair and the face of a Germanic sprite, Schroeder delivers these observations in a manner that never reads as ghoulish; the tone is fond, observational, and oddly respectful. It makes sense when Jennifer Jason Leigh, one of the stars of Schroeder's current urban-gothic thriller, *Single White Female*, later describes him as someone who "can seriously go into the dark side of things . . . and enjoy it and have compassion and feelings for this darkness without ever losing himself in it." Or when Nicholas Kazan, the screenwriter on Schroeder's *Reversal of Fortune*, tells me, "They say God smiles, and the Devil laughs. And there's a touch of the Devil in Barbet, but there's also a wonderful humanity and an understanding." His longtime friend, writer Joan Juliet Buck, describes him simply as "part weirdo, part Boy Scout," adding, "and I trust him implicitly."

Barbet Schroeder moved to the Oakwood ghetto in 1981, after a year in the calmer environs of nearby Redondo Beach, where he soon tired of "the yuppie, the security, the condominiums." It was the period when he was working with writer Charles Bukowski, the *maudit* chronicler of marginal lives in American society, on the script of *Barfly*—the movie which would launch him, at last, as a Hollywood director. He shared the Oakwood house with a friend, who, according to Schroeder, was a gambler and occasional swindler who had recently escaped from jail in France and would serve as the inspiration for Schroeder's 1982

Photograph by HELMUT NEWTON


GUCCI

French film, *Les Tricheurs*. Behind the house, the pair set up a chicken coop (in the mornings they collected both eggs and emptied stolen handbags) and created an elaborate garden, modeled on the sixteenth-century gardens of the Château de Villandry—"only vegetables," says Schroeder proudly, "but in a beautiful configuration."

The fact of the garden—shaped with recondite European precision—is as important in understanding Barbet Schroeder as his fascination with the violence which surrounded him. The son of Swiss-German parents, and someone who grew up, variously, in Iran, Colombia, and France, he approaches the world with both a Hispanic black humor, which embraces death and danger, and a Cartesian clarity. "He's a person who's not interested at all in morality, but who has a code of behavior that's his own," says Susan Hoffman, the associate producer on *Female*. "There's not a lot of sentiment. But he goes to great lengths to maintain his connection to that code."





Schroeder in Paris with his actress wife, Bulle Ogier, who has starred in three of his films. "I am the queen of the harem."

"I'm a very faithful man," says Schroeder. "I'm faithful to my wife. I'm faithful to my mistress."

His friend Suzanne Fenn, a French film editor working in Los Angeles, describes him as a person who presents "a strong sense of the primitive" in "a supersophisticated shape that comes from his cultural background. The aesthetic is very codified. But there's a rawness in the ultimate reality.... And even though when you meet him you think that what's powerful is his conscious shape, the reality is that his subconscious is ten times more powerful."

Correspondingly, he is a man for whom nothing, as a cinematic subject or a personal experience, is taboo. He has spent his twenty-odd years as a director following his curiosity into what his wife, the great French actress Bulle Ogier, describes as "forbidden zones": the jungles of New Guinea (for the 1972 feature *La Vallée*) and the state rooms of the then dictator of Uganda (for the revelatory 1974 documentary *General Idi Amin Dada: A Self-Portrait*); the arcane world of sadomasochists (the notorious French feature *Maîtresse*, 1976) and the expensively furnished bedrooms of Sunny and Claus von Bülow (1990's *Reversal of Fortune*, the critically acclaimed fictionalization of the von Bülow court case, starring Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close).

Whether working in fact or fiction, he brings a nonjudgmental, nearly anthropological quality to all of his films, and shadowy phenomena are examined in daylight with an unflagging empathy. He must, he says, be a little in love with his subjects. He believes the murderous, jovial-seeming Idi Amin was truly evil, but "in a very natural, joyous way.... That's the side I like about him, that he was like a wild young elephant." And he admits happily that he could easily identify with Claus von Bülow—the droll socialite–art dealer accused of trying to murder his wife. (Irons has said he modeled certain aspects of his performance on Schroeder.) "We have," he says, "some of the same sense of humor."

Single White Female—an intensely dark, suspenseful study of a young Manhattan career woman, Allie (Bridget Fonda), who discovers that her new roommate, Hedy (Jennifer Jason Leigh), is appropriating her identity—would seem to be a professional departure for Schroeder. Not only was he working within the context of a corporate studio structure (Columbia) for the first time, but he was also shooting on soundstages, employing a purely fictional script, and making express references to other films in the same genre. At fifty-one, says Schroeder, "it's about time I started exiting life and entering movies."

Nonetheless, in many ways *Female* retains his *sui generis* stamp. Though its look is deeply, dramatically stylized—thanks, in large part, to Milena Canonero's production design and Luciano Tovoli's moody cinematography—it also possesses a cool, documentary lucidity which refuses to weigh the film in favor of its obvious heroine. Schroeder says he has tried to "pervert, subvert" the suspense genre with a clinical attention to detail and by forcing the audience to sympathize as much with Hedy, a borderline schizophrenic who gradually slips into murderous madness, as with her more conventional "victim," played by Fonda. ("I like that at the end"—chuckle-chucklechuckle—"you're sort of rooting for Hedy.") Both characters, he suggests, are culpable in their self-corroborating need for each other, and the movie is really about the dangers of co-dependency. "Because, in the end, if you can't be alone in the world, you cannot be yourself."

The film offers other insights into its creator. Merging with another, alien identity is, after all, what Schroeder has repeatedly aimed for as a director, and he says the line between voyeur and participant is, for him, a nebulous one. It seems especially apposite that this movie should revolve around women's personas. Schroeder is offended by suggestions that the movie is misogynistic, noting he has always felt far more comfortable with women than with men. (In fact, when he's in Manhattan, his favorite nocturnal hangouts are "the clubs with lesbians, young lesbians...since I don't like men so much.") And Suzanne Fenn thinks that if Schroeder would see himself in any character in the film "it would be the girl who would want to steal the other woman's identity," adding, "I do think that partly he's nourished by identifying with women." Asked if there was something in the idea of "merging" that he would be drawn to, Schroeder, for once, sounds confounded. "Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm...Yes. Cer-

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tainly that was attractive. But I can't start to analyze myself."

Fenn observes further that there's a contradiction between "that very polite, male, European quality, with a certain appearance of rigidity," and "the fact he works completely with more the curves of his personality, which are feminine." Several other people I talked to brought up the same idea, noting his refusal to assume a macho, authoritarian posture in overseeing a movie. He is contemptuous of displays of power and is, by all accounts, a gentle, thoroughly collaborative, and—in spite of his obdurate vision of what his films should be—even passive-seeming director who, as screenwriter Larry Gross notes, "allows himself to be seduced by the actors."

There is also a strong current of empathetic eroticism in this attitude—one which many women have been drawn to. Nearly everyone I interviewed seemed to know a woman who had at one point been involved with Schroeder—a novelist, an artist, and, more recently, a Hollywood screenwriter. "Yes. What can I say?" says Schroeder when I bring this up. "I'm not going to start exposing them, of course." He does say that he believes that sexual passion "can really last only about a thousand days. A thousand days is a nice formula, but actually it's a little less—it's like two years and a half. You see, most relationships start to die or start to change after two and a half years. This is a horrible reality that no parent ever says to a child."

Accordingly, Schroeder believes that the forms of sexual expression can, and should, be manifold. He reportedly once startled a Hollywood industry dinner party by describing a "spanking" seminar he and his girlfriend of that time had attended. And he says that as an adolescent he became fascinated with the sexual-psychology texts of Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis. "I was studying case by case all those perversions. And I came to the conclusion, very young, that if you have only one of those perversions you're a prisoner. You can only have your pleasure in a very special configuration. But at the same time, the intensity of your feeling must be immense. So I decided, I don't want to be a prisoner of just one thing. But I want the intensity. So I want to have them all at the same time. . . . Which was, of course, a very intellectual conception. But I started doing my research very early." And has he succeeded in his goal? "I'm still trying. [Chucklechucklechuckle] I'm still trying."

Nick Kazan, speaking of Schroeder's sexual openness, says, "He may be interested in domination and perversion, but it's out of a love of life and a love of experimentation. . . . There *is* a sweetness about him. I hesitate to say it, but I think if America could experience all of these perversions with Barbet, they would no longer consider them perversions."

A woman who had a sporadic affair with Schroeder in the early seventies recalls spending a night with him in Cannes and the next evening seeing him on his motorbike with Xaviera Hollander, author of the autobiographical *Happy Hooker*. "So you realize it's all about total exploration, total freedom. You know, you slept with him the night before, and here he is with Xaviera Hollander. It's not like being dumped for somebody else. And it's not like a guy promising things to women—ever, ever, ever. . . . It's like, Oh, you're a part of it all."

Schroeder believes that sexual passion "can really last only about a thousand days."

This philosophy may not always play well in America, the land of commitment. But Schroeder, other friends agree, is aboveboard from the beginning about his creed of relationships. "If hearts get broken," says one, "and it's kind of cruel to say, it's their own fault." Schroeder himself says he is "not a Don Juan. . . . I'm a very faithful man. I'm faithful to my wife. I'm faithful to my mistress."

Certainly, there have been key relationships which have endured. With Kathleen Tynan, the writer and widow of critic Kenneth Tynan, he experienced what both parties have described as "a great love affair," which began in the early eighties. His relationship with Bulle Ogier—who starred in three of Schroeder's films—dates back to 1969. "Two days after I met her I told her, 'You are the woman of my life,' and it just happened that it was true." This in spite of the fact that both have led very separate lives, with subsets of other relationships, for many years. "For Barbet and me, the seventies were years of love, joy, passion," says Ogier, a small, precise-looking blonde with an engagingly loopy air of exposition. "But you still have to recognize," she continues, explicitly echoing Schroeder, "that a couple can live in physical passion for only a certain number of years. And if it's seven years, eight years, nine years, that's already a lot. . . . One has sufficiently tallied up love to stay in *une grande confidence*. . . . There remains a complicity." She adds, "And since Barbet lives in a huge number of cities, he has his harem, of course. But I am the queen of the harem."

Does the fact of the harem bother her? "No," she says, shrugging. "We got married last year." This event took place on one Saturday in April in a Las Vegas chapel. As Ogier recalls it, Schroeder announced the night before, "We're getting married tomorrow." And when she said she wanted time to buy a nice dress, he answered, "You leave as you are or we're not going to do it." So she was wed in a much-worn gray pantsuit with the hat, gloves, and bouquet she rented at the chapel. Afterward, he took off for New York, she for Los Angeles. She points out that the marriage still isn't registered in France. When Schroeder asks her if they're going to do so, she answers, "We'll see."

When I ask Schroeder why he chose that moment to marry, he answers, "I like to do things differently. So I got married to her at the moment where normally a successful director dumps his wife. That's the rule—look around: they get success, they get separated from their companion, and you suddenly see them on the arm of a new young thing. I did it just to do the opposite."

Although Barbet Schroeder has lived in Los Angeles on and off for more than a decade, he does not consider it his home. Home, he says, is simply where the movie he's making is. Accordingly, he changes residences frequently and keeps his possessions to a minimum. Even the car we toured the city in together, a white Thunderbird, was rented. His wardrobe of monochromatic, minimally detailed shirts and trousers is totally utilitarian, suggesting an especially well-manicured soldier.

Schroeder was born into itinerancy. His father was a Swiss geologist for American oil companies, and the family moved frequently: Schroeder spent his first four years in Iran, then lived in Colombia until the age of eleven, when his parents separated and his mother took him to Paris. Both his par-





susie tompkins


free souls


BANANA REPUBLIC

ents are still alive, though Schroeder says he seldom sees his father and thinks that any paternal influence was slight. From his mother, the German daughter of an Expressionist actress and a psychologist who specialized in the art of the mentally ill, he says he imbibed the intellectual legacy of the Berlin of the twenties. He was brought up with no formal religion; today, fond of such pessimistic philosophers as Schopenhauer (whom he also finds very funny), he says his bible was and remains Homer's *Odyssey*. He thinks he took from it "a lack of guilt."



Schroeder directing Bulle Ogier as a dominatrix and an actor playing one of her clients in *Maîtresse*, 1976.

"There's a touch of the Devil in Barbet," says Nicholas Kazan, "but there's also a wonderful humanity."

His earliest memories, of Colombia, are vivid, and he continues to think of South America as his true "emotional culture." Bogotá was, during his childhood, the scene of bloody political warfare, compared with which "the Los Angeles riots were a piece of cake." It imbued him, he says, "with an acceptance of danger, and humor about it, all the time." He recalls the scenes of violence he witnessed with a surreal detachment. Rioters setting fire to skyscrapers was, he says, "very impressive visually." Once, he saw a group of six men carrying a refrigerator from a store they had looted. When one of them started complaining, he was decapitated with a machete by the group's leader. The head rolled onto the pavement, but the body continued to stand for "what looked like forever. . . . Of course it was upsetting, but it was totally unreal." He was much more disturbed, around the same time, by the first movie he ever saw, Walt Disney's *Bambi*. "A horrible movie," he says with a retrospective shudder. "Absolutely terrifying."

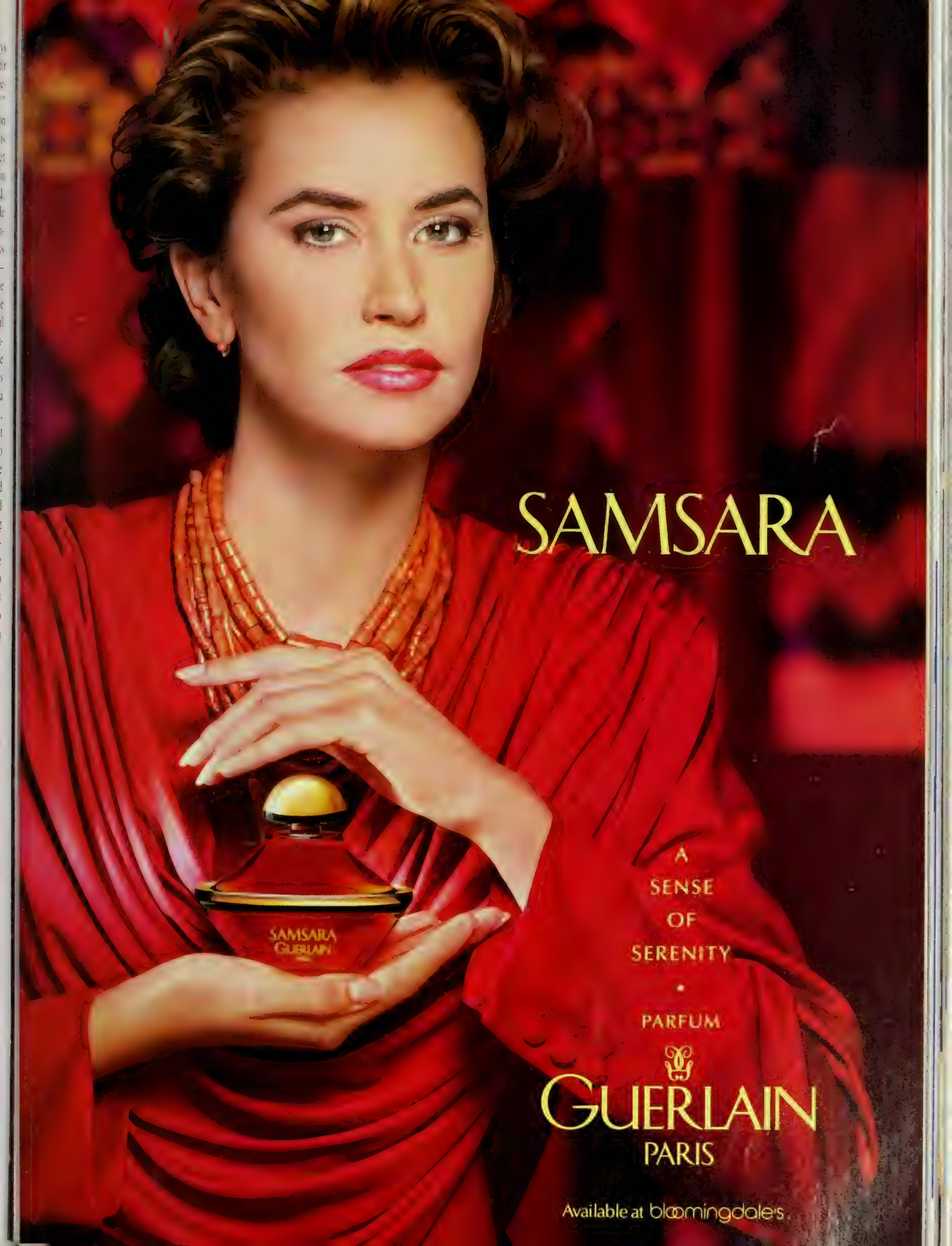
Transported to Paris just as he was beginning adolescence, he did not thrive in the rigid school system there. Tall, awkward in French, and an alien "from the tropics," he was perceived by his teachers as somehow evil. Although he swears he was blameless, "whenever there was something wrong, I was always suspected," and he was asked to change schools five times in five years. He admits he enjoyed playing with the reputation, deliberately seeking out schoolmates who had been forbidden to speak to him. "It's why I could identify quite well with von Bülow," he says, speaking of *Reversal*'s central character, a man who relished his notoriety.

Certainly there must have been a *knowingness* about the young Barbet which his peers couldn't begin to understand. Around the time he was discovering Havelock Ellis, he was also discovering real sex, and at thirteen he seduced a friend of his mother's. "Then I covered the whole range," he says, adding that—for a period—he moved on to prostitutes, since "the supply of older women was difficult." By sixteen he was living with a girlfriend in his own apartment—located in the then violent Algerian quarter of Paris—and no longer required the services of prostitutes. But he retains a deep respect for the profession, adding, "Now, never in a lifetime would I pay a prostitute to have sex with me, because I feel much, much too close to them. The old ones, especially, have the only lucid, clear view of humanity. Their illusions are reduced to a minimum. At the same time, they very often have a great sense of humor." He says that, when in Paris, he still frequents their haunts around the Rue Saint-Denis, because "that's where I feel most at home."

The years of Schroeder's initiation into sex coincided with the birth of his obsessions with the decadent poet Charles Baudelaire—whose grave in Montparnasse he visited regularly—and, more important, American movies. He often saw four films a day—he remembers with particular affection the works of Raoul Walsh and Anthony Mann—and by fourteen had decided he would be a director. He began hanging out at the Cinémathèque Française, the unofficial academy of the *nouvelle vague* of filmmakers, and contributing criticism to the extremely influential film journal *Les Cahiers du Cinéma*. At nineteen, after a brief, unsatisfying stint at the Sorbonne, he volunteered his services as an assistant to the venerated Fritz Lang for a movie to be shot in India. When he got there, he discovered the movie had been canceled, but he stayed on for six months, traveling on a budget of a hundred dollars. On returning to Paris, he worked as an assistant to Jean-Luc Godard (on *Les Carabiniers*, in which he also played a small part), and, in 1964, at the age of twenty-two, established his own production company, Les Films du Losange.

Losange was created expressly to produce the movies of Eric Rohmer, the *Cahiers* editor, and its two earliest efforts—the initial films of Rohmer's "Six Moral Tales"—were shot in 16-mm. at costs of roughly $5,000 and $10,000. The third and fourth movies, *La Collectionneuse* and *Ma Nuit chez Maude*, captured international acclaim, and the company went on to produce the work of such now legendary talents as Jacques Rivette, Wim Wenders, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder, among others. Schroeder acquired a rigorous education in film finance and production, and he remains today a happy exception by Hollywood standards, a man who turns in movies on schedule and close to budget.

In the mid-sixties he married Cornelia Embiricos, heiress to a Greek shipping fortune. The wedding celebrations, which took place on the Embiricoses' private islands in the Aegean, were, Schroeder says dryly, "blessed by the presence of both La Callas and Greta Garbo. How can you beat that? Plus fireworks, an orchestra . . . a honeymoon on a gigantic blue sailboat." The couple


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had a daughter—named Laura, for the Otto Preminger film—but the marriage lasted only two years. "She was extremely intelligent and sensitive and fun," says Schroeder of his first wife, who has since died. "But she had tried many times to commit suicide. . . . That's why this von Bülow story, I know it." Says Suzanne Fenn of Schroeder's portrait of the von Bülow marriage, "I think all his subconscious was in that relationship."

In 1968, Schroeder directed (and cowrote) his first movie, *More*, a sun-soaked story of fatal love and heroin addiction on the Spanish island of Ibiza—shot principally around his mother's house there and made for $160,000. Schroeder now admits the film was based loosely on an early affair he had had with an addict and was a projection of "what could have happened to me." With its bright, hedonistic surface and subliminal currents of death-baiting and sadomasochism, set off by a Pink Floyd score, the film touched a nerve in late-sixties moviegoers and took in millions at the box office. At twenty-seven, Schroeder became the new golden boy in international cinema.

Bulle Ogier remembers meeting him around this time late one night at La Coupole, the fabled Parisian brasserie, where she was drinking with a group of filmmaking friends, including director Jean Eustache. "He was beautiful, glorious; it annoyed us terribly," she recalls. Nonetheless, when her eyes met the young director's, a definite "coup" occurred. He took her to her mother's apartment, where Ogier was living with a child from an early marriage, and left her at the door, saying he would count to three to see if she would go in or come with him. She hesitated ("I always hesitate"), and, "zoom!—he was back." They spent "a night of passion" at a hotel on the Champs-Élysées, and, not long after, left together for Borneo, where Schroeder intended to shoot a film about a group of hippies in search of paradise.

The movie, *La Vallée*, which starred Ogier, wound up being made in the jungles of New Guinea and involved six months of arduous travel ("We didn't know what day it was or what country we were in," recalls Ogier) with an extensive cast of tribal extras and a crew which included "some Australian boat captain" as director of production and the gifted Cuban cinematographer Nestor Almendros, who would become one of Schroeder's best friends and remain an enduring collaborator up until his death this year.

In 1973, Schroeder moved on to a very different exploration of civilization and savagery. He had been collecting newspaper clippings on Idi Amin and approached the Ugandan despot with a proposal he could not resist. He told him, "This is very simple. I want to make a self-portrait, so you have to do what you want to show about yourself." The results were astonishing: laughing loudly when asked if he had really said Hitler hadn't killed enough Jews, denouncing a minister in a Cabinet meeting who was found dead two weeks later, and jocularly pronouncing, "We are not following any policy at all," the dictator hung himself with more efficiency than any political analyst could have managed. When Amin heard about the results, after sending "spies" (who Schroeder believes were with the I.R.A.) to a London movie theater, he was outraged. Though he said he didn't blame Schroeder—who he felt must have had "a Zionist in the editing room"—he demanded three crucial cuts. When Schroeder refused, Amin rounded up 150 French nationals living in Uganda and threatened reprisals. "It became dangerous," recalls Schroeder. "I said, 'I have the choice now: is he going to cut some heads, or am I going to cut some pieces of film?' " The cuts were made, but when Amin fell from power, the film was quickly restored to its original form.

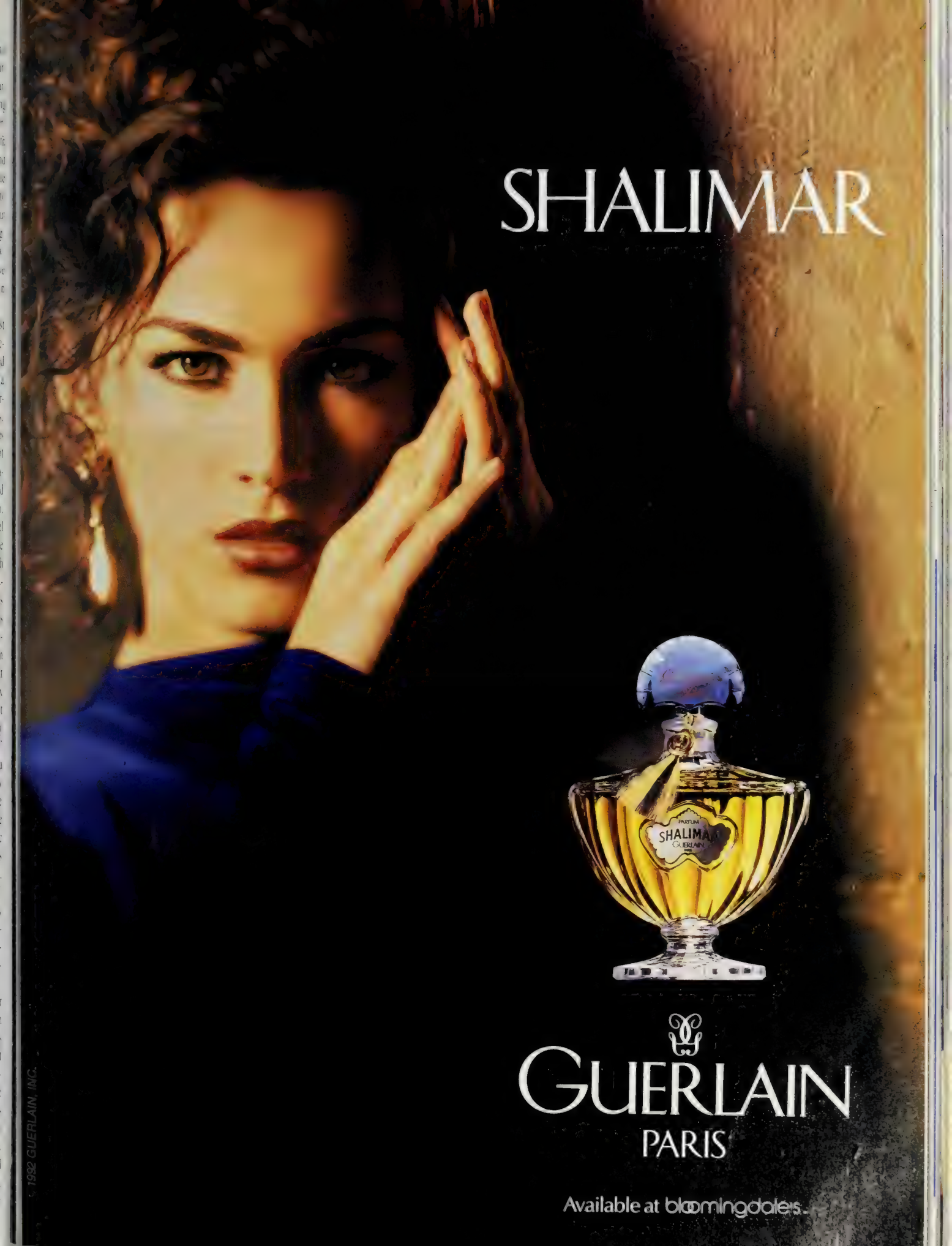
"If you don't give me the release paper I need to make the movie," he wrote Menahem Golan, "I will begin sending you body parts in the mail."

Schroeder feels Amin was merely a caricature of "every head of state on this planet," and he was amused by "how other people in power were so attracted by this movie. They *all* wanted to see it: the Shah of Iran, Mobutu. . . ." As the man who controlled the negative, Schroeder told all prospective buyers he didn't sell individual prints, only countries. As a consequence, "I sold Iran, I sold Zaire. [Gleeful laughter] But it was only for Mobutu, and only for the Shah."

With his next film, Schroeder ventured even further into the realm of taboo, adding another dimension to his already controversial reputation. Starring Ogier and the young Gérard Depardieu, *Maîtresse* offered an unflinching look at a professional dominatrix (Ogier) who ritually debases her clients with whips, boots, cages, and hammer and nail. (In the film's most, uh, memorable scene, the foreskin of a penis is nailed to a board.) The movie was fiction, but many of the clients were the real thing, recruited by prostitutes Schroeder knew. Some of these men, he says, could have financed the film "out of their own pockets."

Maîtresse was strong meat for most moviegoers (this time, Schroeder refused to make cuts), and it just covered its costs. It subsequently developed a very specific cult. (When Schroeder arrived in New York in the late seventies, he was fêted by a group of dominatrices and their slaves—to whom he was, of course, a star—with a banquet in a Japanese restaurant.) But beyond its obvious sensationalism, the movie—with its parallel stories of the "normal" love life of the dominatrix with Depardieu and her professional activities—suggests unsettling correspondences between extreme sexual practices and the masochism Schroeder believes is inherent in any love affair. "It's sex as theater, whatever," he says. "But of course for me, I always have a very healthy, joyous approach to all this." Also utilitarian. He once suggested to a female friend—who was psychically flagellating herself over an ended love affair—that it might be healthier if she compartmentalized her masochistic tendencies. "It was like, Wait, there is a solution to this and it's not therapy, but a form of sexual game playing," she says. "It's rational, and it's totally out of left field." When I ask Schroeder if he considers himself a masochist, he answers, "I hope I'm everything."

All through his career, Schroeder says, he'd been trying to make movies in America, pitching scripts and concepts that somehow never caught the eye of Hollywood. He is now slightly dismissive of his early works, arguing that the directors who were his childhood idols—such as Roberto Rossellini and Otto Preminger—didn't begin their best work until they were approaching fifty. "So I said to myself, I want to make movies, but I will be starting to really function


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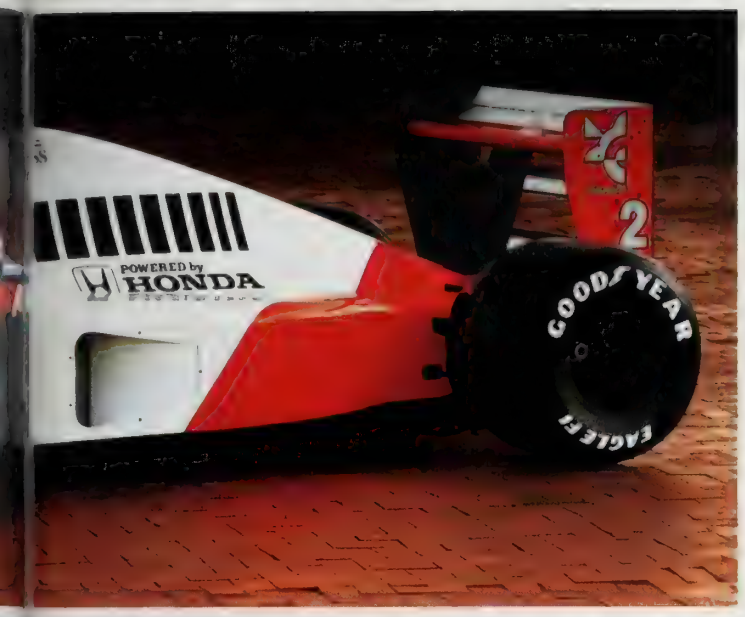
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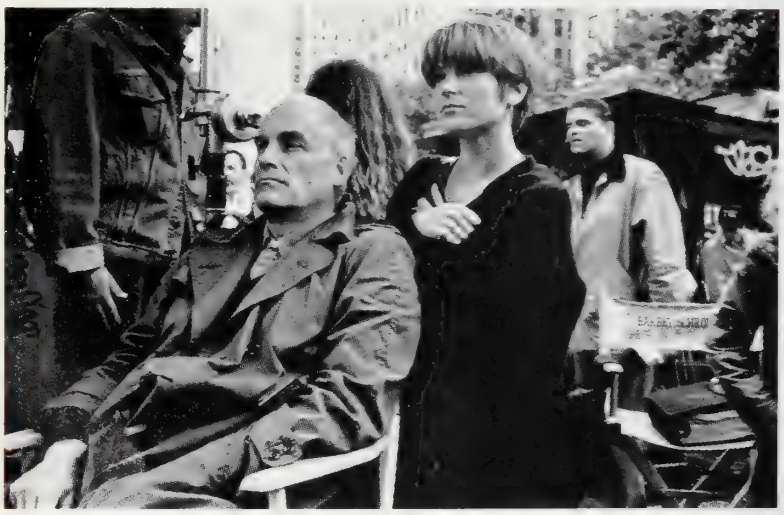
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only at that age. In the meantime, I can be more life-oriented and make a movie only every four years and live intensely my movies.''

While he was working on his documentary on Koko, a gorilla who could communicate with humans by sign language, in Northern California, he began reading the works of a man who, strangely, would help open the door to American movies for Schroeder. Charles Bukowski was a dark, feisty, and clear-voiced poet and prose writer whose salty tales of the disenfranchised and downtrodden had attracted an international cult of readers. Schroeder found in his writings a kindred sensibility and, after many rebuffs, persuaded the extremely skeptical Bukowski to produce a screenplay, a very autobiographical love story between two alcoholics which would become *Barfly*.

As always, Schroeder dove deep into his research, hanging out ''for years'' in the bar-littered blue-collar L.A. neighborhoods of Bukowski's youth, ''examining every little corner.'' He even lived briefly with the writer while he worked on the screenplay, and videotaped more than forty hours of Bukowski monologues, which, shown in brief segments, became a hit on late-night French television.

"This is the last place on earth for a film director to live," Schroeder says of Hollywood. "The values of this town are leaked onto you; they're injected in secret."



Schroeder in New York with Bridget Fonda on the set of *Single White Female*.

''In one evening, we were emptying like twelve bottles of white wine,'' says Schroeder of that time. ''I couldn't do that again, and he couldn't either.'' The two men got along well and have remained friends, although there were some interesting clashes along the way. Schroeder recalls returning home after one sodden evening with Bukowski and receiving a phone call in which the writer accused him of both flirting with his wife and drugging his wine; he would be coming over shortly, he told Schroeder, to kill him. Schroeder's response, he recalls, was '' 'Listen, I'll make it easy for you. Because if you come and kill me, you may end up in jail. So I'll write a suicide note. Then you can kill me. This is to prove I didn't put anything in your glass.' He said, 'Well, that sounds like a pretty good answer.' So he calmed down. But then we had another argument, and I told him I was going to burn down his house. And that he believed. So he got really scared.''

Barfly would take seven years to get off the ground; moneymen simply found the subject ''depressing.'' Finally, in 1986, the maverick Israeli team of Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus of the Cannon group—which was shifting from action-exploitation to art movies—agreed to take on the project, but shortly after that their company ran into deep financial troubles. Schroeder says Golan promised him that if he could come up with other financing for the film Golan would agree to release the rights to it for ''only what has been spent so far and no more.'' But when Schroeder did find a backer, an East Coast real-estate magnate, Cannon asked for an extra million, and it looked as if the deal would dissolve. ''That's the point,'' says Schroeder, ''where I became absolutely desperate.''

Susan Hoffman, then an executive with Cannon, paraphrases the letter Golan received at that time: ''Dear Menahem, I am so grateful to you for all you have done and for making my film *Barfly* possible. And I still, no matter what happens between us, want to buy you that dinner in Paris that we talked about. But you must know that this is the movie of my life. . . . And if you don't give me the release paper I need to make the movie, or make the movie, I will begin sending you body parts in the mail. Thank you so much, Barbet Schroeder.''

What followed is industry legend. Schroeder staged a ''hunger strike'' one weekend in front of the Cannon offices, ''to prepare myself mentally.'' On Monday, armed with a fine-bladed Black & Decker jigsaw (he told the salesman it was for cutting precious wood) and a local anesthetic he had stolen from a doctor who had removed his ingrown toenail, he entered the office of Alan Abrams, the Cannon lawyer (Golan was in London at the time), and turned on the jigsaw. ''The most painful part was to inject myself with this fantastic painkiller,'' explains Schroeder. ''But it gave me a lot of confidence, the fact that my finger was completely numb. And I was not going to cut a lot, just the very tip, you know. . . '' In any case, he didn't need to. The lawyer turned over the release papers. (In *Les Tricheurs*, the French film Schroeder had shot four years earlier, the film's protagonist, a gambling addict, fantasizes about severing his fingers, and actually once attempts it. When I recall this to Schroeder, he seems startled. ''Yes, he does, actually,'' he says, shaking his head. ''I had forgotten.'')

In fact, after further convolutions, Cannon wound up making *Barfly* and making money on it. Shot in thirty days for a budget of under $3 million and starring Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway, the film reaped ecstatic notices and earned its director the reputation of a man able to steer ''difficult'' actors to peak performances. After the 1990 release of *Reversal of Fortune*—which garnered an Oscar for Jeremy Irons and a nomination for Schroeder—the director was firmly entrenched on Hollywood's A

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list, with the attendant seven-figure fee. He is now a rich man, but when I saw him he was living provisionally in a small, largely unfurnished house, "like an apartment," near Culver City. The more money he has, he observes, "the more I can ignore it completely."

Today, Menahem Golan speaks fondly of Schroeder. "I want you to write that I was the one who discovered the guy," he tells me. And what about the finger incident? "I *loved* him for that, let me tell you; I loved him for that. It kind of reminds me of myself." In fact, most people who have worked with Schroeder talk about him with nearly unqualified affection, citing his loyalty, his courtesy, his sense of honor, and, above all, his eternal openness to suggestion. He is one of the rare directors who won't change a line in a script without consulting the writer. "Barbet's not interested in being the boss," says Nick Kazan, recalling the *Reversal* shooting. "From the outset, he would answer actors' questions, and then turn to me and say, 'Is that right?' and I'd say, 'Well, actually, no, it's the opposite.' And he'd say, 'Fantastic. That's even better.' There was never a flicker of resentment."

He is nonetheless quietly adamant in defending his conception of the overall movie. When stars or producers interfere with that, he says, he invokes his "magic formula": "Get another director." When Rourke insisted he sport a Hawaiian shirt and a tan for *Barfly*, Schroeder calmly, and sincerely, told him that he wouldn't be able to direct the movie in that case. For *Female*, he was granted near-total autonomy by the Guber-Peters Entertainment executives then in charge of the production, Michael Besman and Stacy Lassally. But there was one memorable clash, which those involved in it now refer to as "the Hair Affair." Schroeder claims the long-haired, blonde Lassally wanted "to dictate the hair color of the girls [who, in the film, become mirror images of each other]; she wanted them to look like her." A couple of days before production, Schroeder had Leigh's and Fonda's hair cut short and dyed red, without informing the money people of his intentions.

"We endorsed the concept 10,000 percent," says Lassally, who's now at Tri-Star. "It's just that the short hair was never mentioned. It turned out to be one of the most special buttons to the whole movie. [The argument] was just about, when does the financing company discover that? It wasn't that he was right and we were wrong: he was right; we were right; we wanted to know, and he didn't want to tell us. I don't think, to this day, that he understands that. It was the method, not the end result [that we objected to]."

Lassally praises Schroeder's conscientious involvement with all phases of the film ("He was critical in the marketing") and the fact that he "takes absolute pride in meeting his budget" (a modest—by Hollywood standards—$17 million). She adds, "He's very charming, and he understands the power in a room. He knows who to talk to. I'm sure there are examples of independent filmmakers who never quite get that." Says *Female* production designer Milena Canonero, "He's certainly not an egomaniac. But he's very Machiavellian, in a good sense; he knows how to pull the cords vis-à-vis the people that think they can manipulate him."

One evening, Bukowski accused Schroeder of flirting with his wife and drugging his wine; he would be coming over shortly, he said, to kill him.

So Schroeder will soon again be directing for Columbia, another psychological suspense film, with Meryl Streep slated to star. Before that, he had hoped to realize a long-cherished project, which echoes his pre-Hollywood roots in film: shooting a movie on location in Thailand from a script by another writer who deals lyrically with lives on the edge, the playwright John Stepling. Schroeder remains suspicious of the industry town which is Los Angeles. "This is the last place on earth for a film director to live," he says. "Not only are you out of touch with things, but slowly, slowly the values of this town are leaked onto you; they're injected in secret. And those values are extremely tricky."

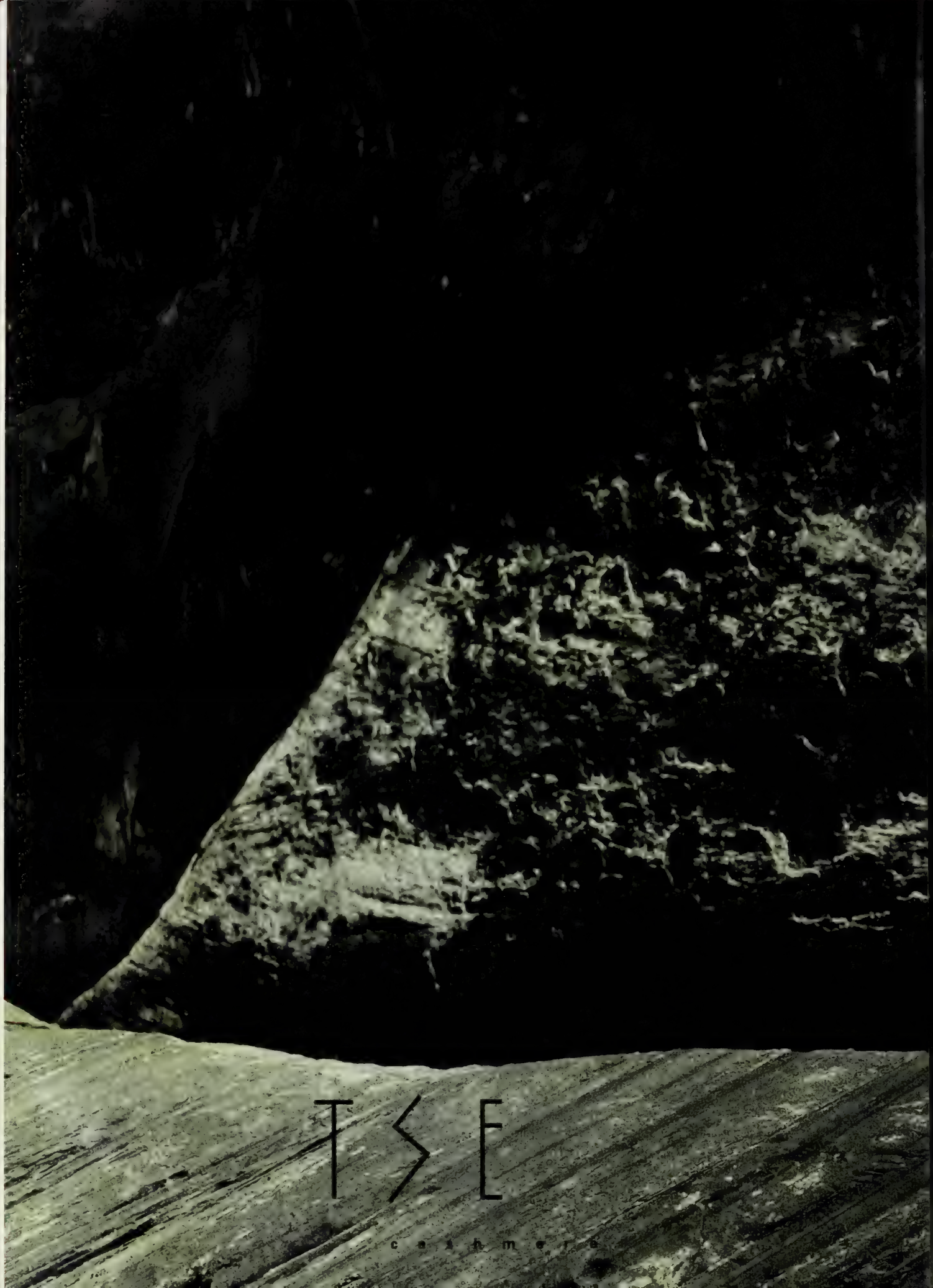
In spite of these objections, Barbet Schroeder has a prickly affection for Los Angeles and, predictably, has discovered it according to his own map of obsessions. On the day he took me driving, he showed me a lot of his favorite places. We never made it to the German antiques shop whose owner claims to possess both Eva Braun's jewels and Göring's pistol. But we did stop by the Normandie Casino—a gambling hall in the city's Gardena district which Schroeder tries to visit at least once a month. "You're going to see *faces*," he promised me. "*Fantastic* faces." The people around the gaming tables were mostly old and sunk into gamblers' hypnotic passivity, with faces as creased and stony as those of Walker Evans subjects. Schroeder circled them quietly, with the entranced, slightly voracious smile of a friendly cartoon shark.

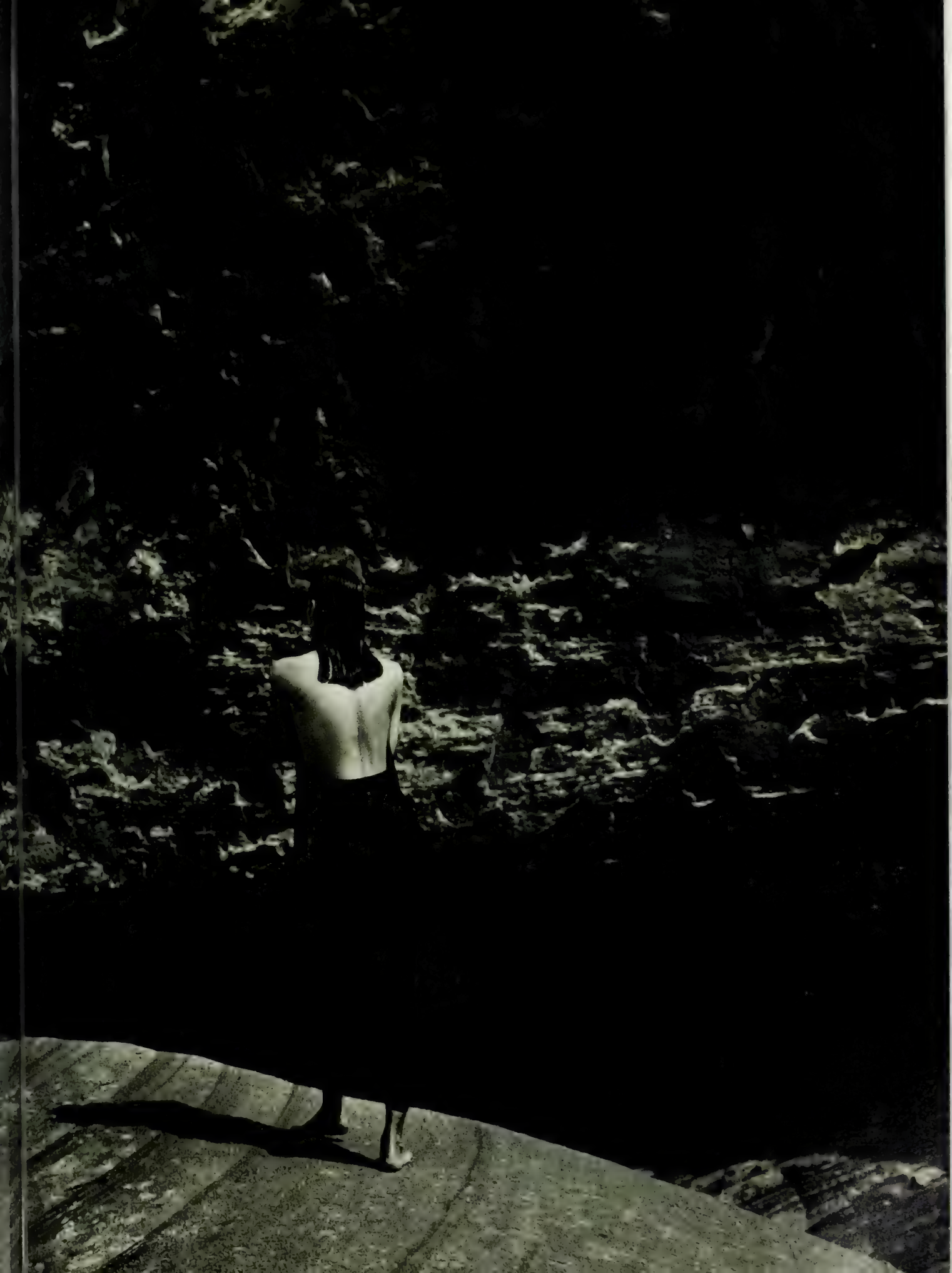
He also took me through the Hispanic neighborhoods in East Los Angeles, which remind him of his Colombian childhood. We strolled through the Mercado, a funky two-tiered structure which is part grocery store, part elaborately decorated restaurants in which mariachi bands play. ("Isn't it great? It's *insane*.") We dined at a windowless place in the neighborhood with superb Mexican-style seafood. We drove slowly through L.A.'s skid row and the area on the periphery of downtown where *Barfly* was filmed and where Bukowski once lived.

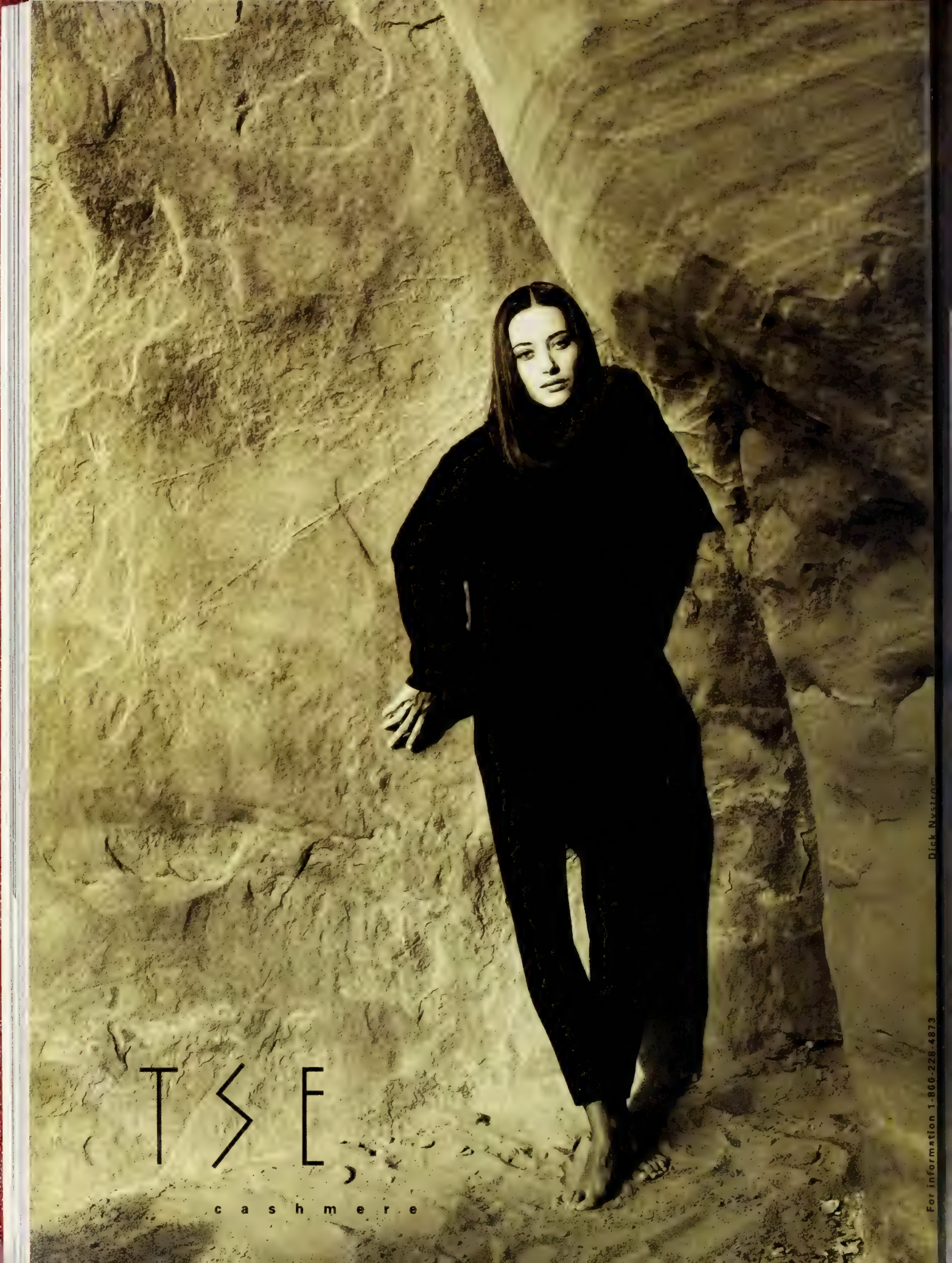
Schroeder's internal compass is well tuned, and we got lost only once—when he was hesitantly discussing his relationships with women and took a wrong turn onto the San Diego freeway. Many of the areas we visited showed ashy scars from the recent L.A. riots, an event which Schroeder tried to witness, as much as possible, firsthand. ("I love fires.") A man who is fascinated by the cult of Dionysus—and who once journeyed by horseback to a remote section of northern Afghanistan because he had heard that such rites were still practiced there—he found in the riots themselves "a lot of joy and happiness. It was like a big orgy, a big Dionysiac thing. The only problem is that in a Dionysiac context you're supposed to have a beginning and end; it's ritualized. Here the end was a horrible hangover that's going to last for many years."

I said I presumed that Dionysus was his favorite god. "Well, yes," he answered. "But I wouldn't want him to be in control of everything." He added quickly, with a nod to Greek mythology's most civilized deity, "I like Apollo to be there, too." □

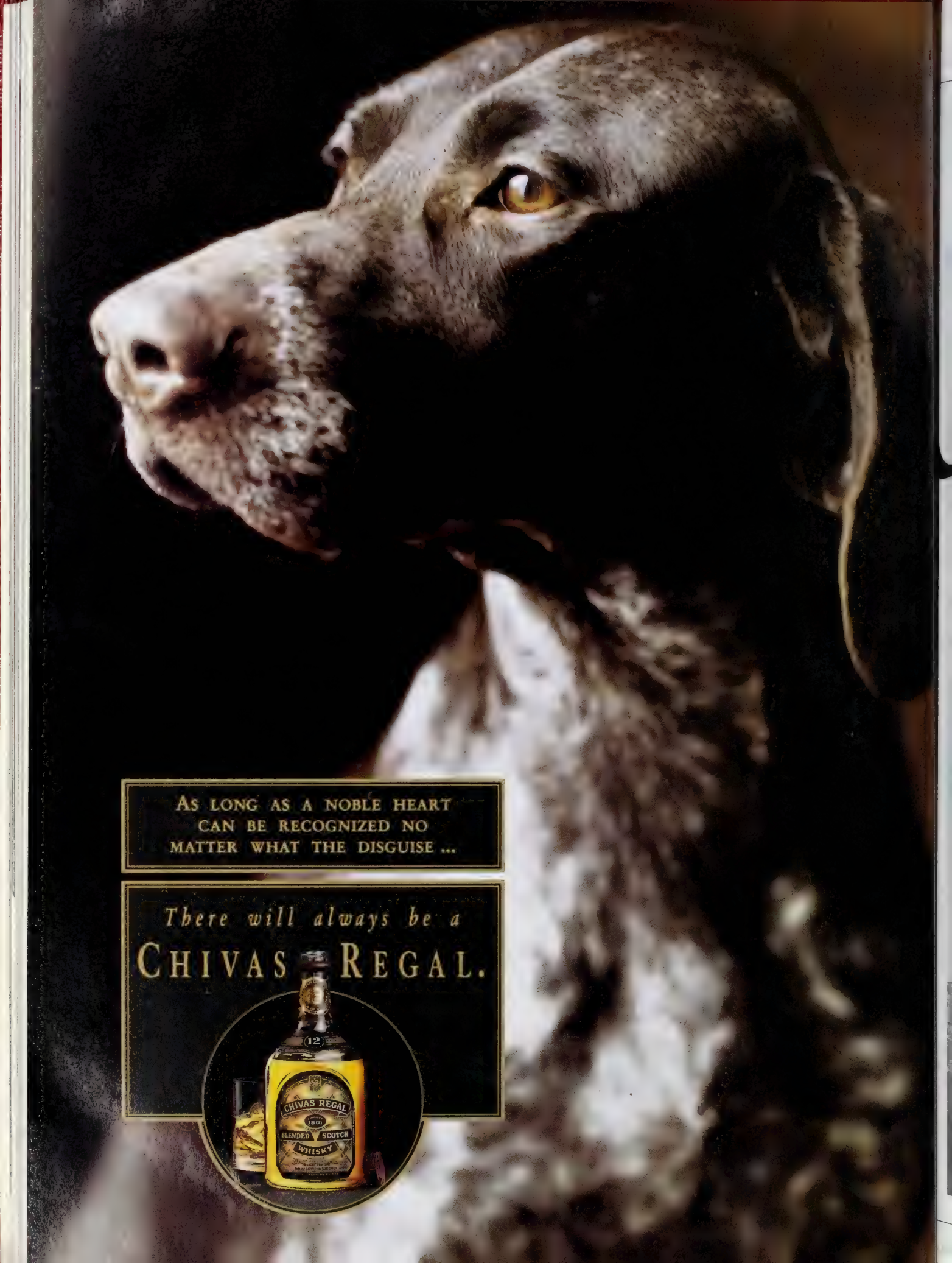

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Catch Fraser

Not just another slice of beefcake, Brendan Fraser is producing high expectations in Hollywood. While his role in *Encino Man* made him a summer stud puppy, the upcoming *School Ties*, about anti-Semitism at a posh prep school in the 1950s, should make even the sternest critics take note of his talent. Fraser projects a kind of shy-guy charm that could only belong to a Canadian who grew up relocating all over the world. "*School Ties* is about being an outsider, and we've all been in that position at some point." Arriving in L.A. fresh from Seattle, Fraser set a goal, "to try not to get another hernia from busing tables." Now, as he's poised on the brink of stardom, Fraser jokes that "I actually looked up the word 'lucrative' the other day—just to remind myself."

—KIRK HASKINS

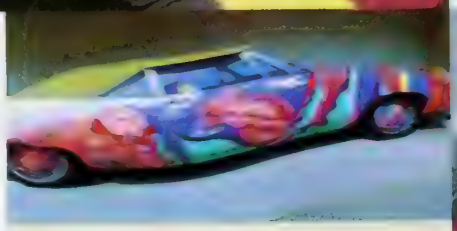
Photograph by DEWEY NICKS





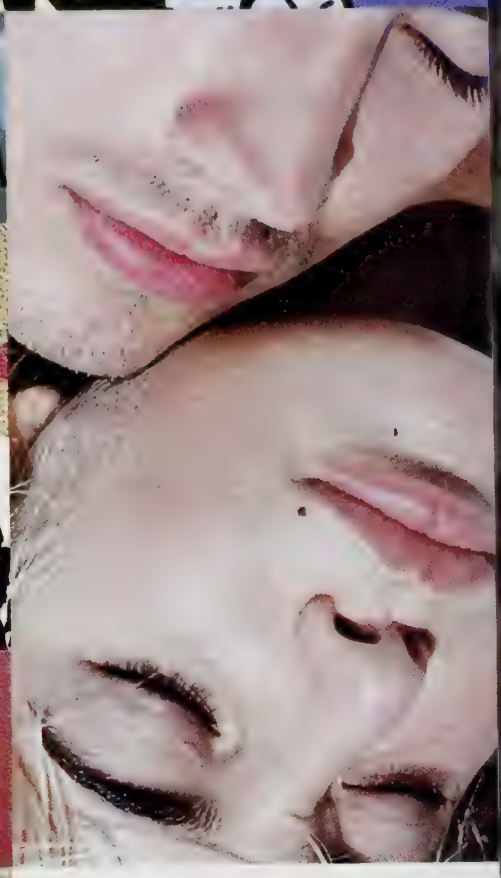






















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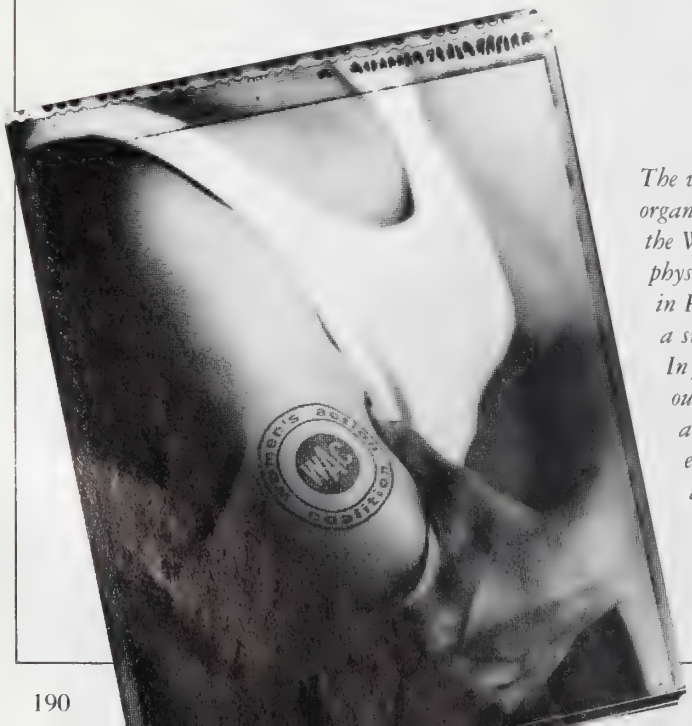
Hot Type



Darcey Steinke *Gloria Naylor* *Gregor von Rezzori* *Paul Auster* *Rosellen Brown*

A family is shattered by a crime of passion in **Rosellen Brown's** lyrical thriller, *Before and After* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Christopher Benfey** reassesses a writer's extravagant career in *The Double Life of Stephen Crane* (Knopf). A writer is faced with examining the life of the best friend he never really knew in *Leviathan* (Viking), the new novel from **Paul Auster.** The deadly pretensions of Joachim von Ribbentrop come to life in *Hitler's Diplomat* (Ticknor & Fields), by **John Weitz.** The regulars at a magical eatery tell their remarkable tales in *Bailey's Cafe* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by **Gloria Naylor.** Sculptor **Matthew Spender** reflects on the Italian legacy and spirit in *Within Tuscany* (Viking). *Suicide Blonde* (Atlantic Monthly Press), by **Darcey Steinke,** takes a provocative tour through the dark side. **Lawrence Norfolk's** *Lemprière's Dictionary* (Harmony) is a classical dissection of eighteenth-century intrigues at the East India Company. Gay Paris and the British upper crust collide in actor **Rupert Everett's** hilariously razor-edged first novel, *Hello Darling, Are You Working?* (Morrow). A futuristic Alaska and an "environmental bandit" feature in **Ken Kesey's** latest romp, *Sailor Song* (Viking). **Rudolfo Anaya** confronts the challenges facing Chicano culture in his new novel, *Alburquerque* (University of New Mexico Press). A tycoon ponders the loss of past glories in **Gregor von Rezzori's** novel *The Orient Express* (Knopf). A young female Manhattanite launches on a blackly humorous odyssey in **Tama Janowitz's** novel *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group* (Crown). **Paul West** portrays a young love set against W.W. I England in *Love's Mansion* (Random House).

WAC Attack



The women's movement is back—as WAC. A loose, fiercely democratic organization that practices visual wit and spirited confrontation, the Women's Action Coalition is outing violence against women, whether physical, economic, verbal, or legal. WACers put the ball in President Bush's court at a pro-choice rally last spring, lobbing a swarm of message-laden neon tennis balls over the White House gates. In July, hundreds gathered in New York to "WAC the worm out of the Big Apple" when Operation Rescue anti-abortion vigilantes arrived for the Democratic convention. Spurred by ACT UP's example, such high-profile members as Karen Finley and Laurie Anderson, and the dynamic Guerrilla Girls, the movement has a rallying cry that strikes a potent chord: WAC waits for no man. —KIM HERON

Up in arms: The Women's Action Coalition insignia.

Chicago (IL) : 100 East Oak Street. Houston (TX) : The Pavilion, 1800 Post Oak Road. Palm Beach (FL) : Esplanade Worth Avenue.
Hawai Honolulu : Royal Hawaiian Shopping Center. Canada Montréal (Québec) : 1320 Sherbrooke Street West. Vancouver (British Columbia) : 199 Water Street.





Height of awareness: Mountain climber Alexander Friedman.

Climbing Ivy

"Climbing is very symbolic," says Alexander Friedman, founder and director of Climb for the Cure, an AIDS fund-raising project organized by ten Princeton students who, come next June, will stage a climb up Alaska's Mount McKinley to heighten AIDS awareness. "It's like a disease because your well-being depends on those around you and upon giving all you can give every day." Friedman, twenty-one and a graduate of NOLS mountaineering instruction, has put together a board of advisers (Dr. Mathilde Krim and Senator Bill Bradley among them) and won corporate sponsorship from Time Warner and the Equitable. So far the crew has raised $70,000, with the goal of $250,000 by the time they reach McKinley's peak. "We're really targeting students," Friedman points out, "to bring awareness of AIDS to people who normally wouldn't face it." —RICKY LEE

Rose English

Rose English, the British performance-art star who appeared in New York at Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! festival this summer, makes shows which are exhilarating philosophical fun houses—Alice in Wonderland meets the Ziegfeld Follies. *Her next project is to film her piece* The Double Wedding, *in which actors slip in and out of character, props are scolded, and dancers lament their poor technique. This harks back to English's own humble beginnings as a dancer, a budding career cut short when a discourteously low ceiling collided with the head of the six-foot hoofer, cracking it open. Along with the ceiling, "a profound insight struck me: the audience was dying to laugh." Fifteen years later, she's still using her head for humor.* —ERIKA MILVY

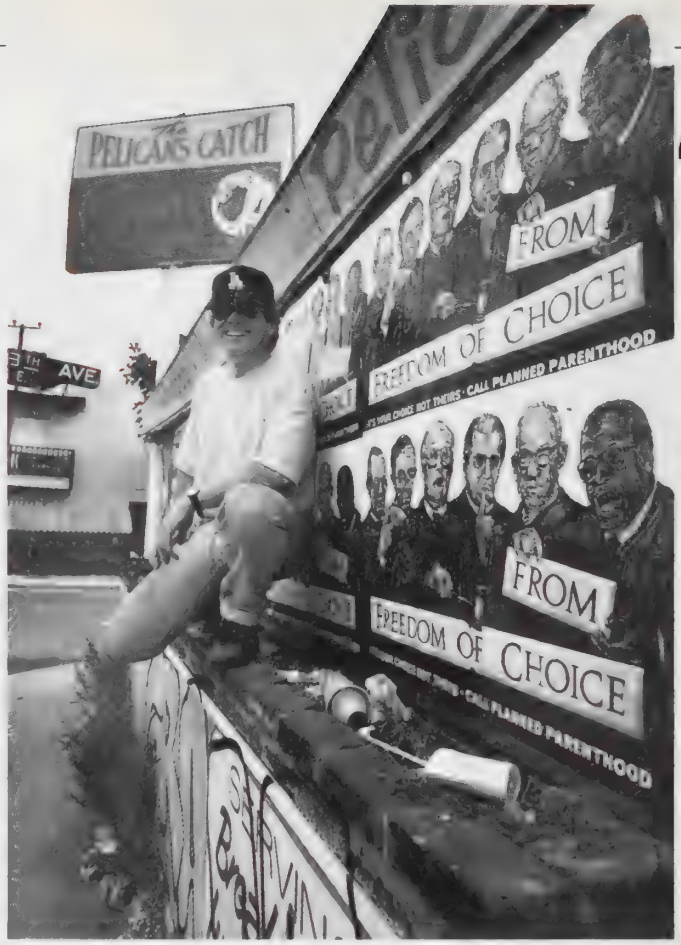


Riveting Rosie: Performance artist Rose English.


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The Offbeat Goes On

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Conal with his wall of art in Venice Beach.

"I attack politicians with the one weapon they don't have, a sense of humor," says L.A.-based guerrilla artist Robbie Conal. Since 1986, Conal and his volunteers have made more than 70,000 poster portraits of ethically clouded newsmakers in seventy-six U.S. cities. Fueled by black wit, his portraits comment on the privileges enjoyed and physiognomic wages paid by those in the nation's power elite. With the publication of his first book, Art Attack *(HarperPerennial), citizens can now muse over Conal's work at home. "Although I've got various projects in development," he says, "my only regret is that there are so many bad guys and so little time."* —KYLE RODERICK



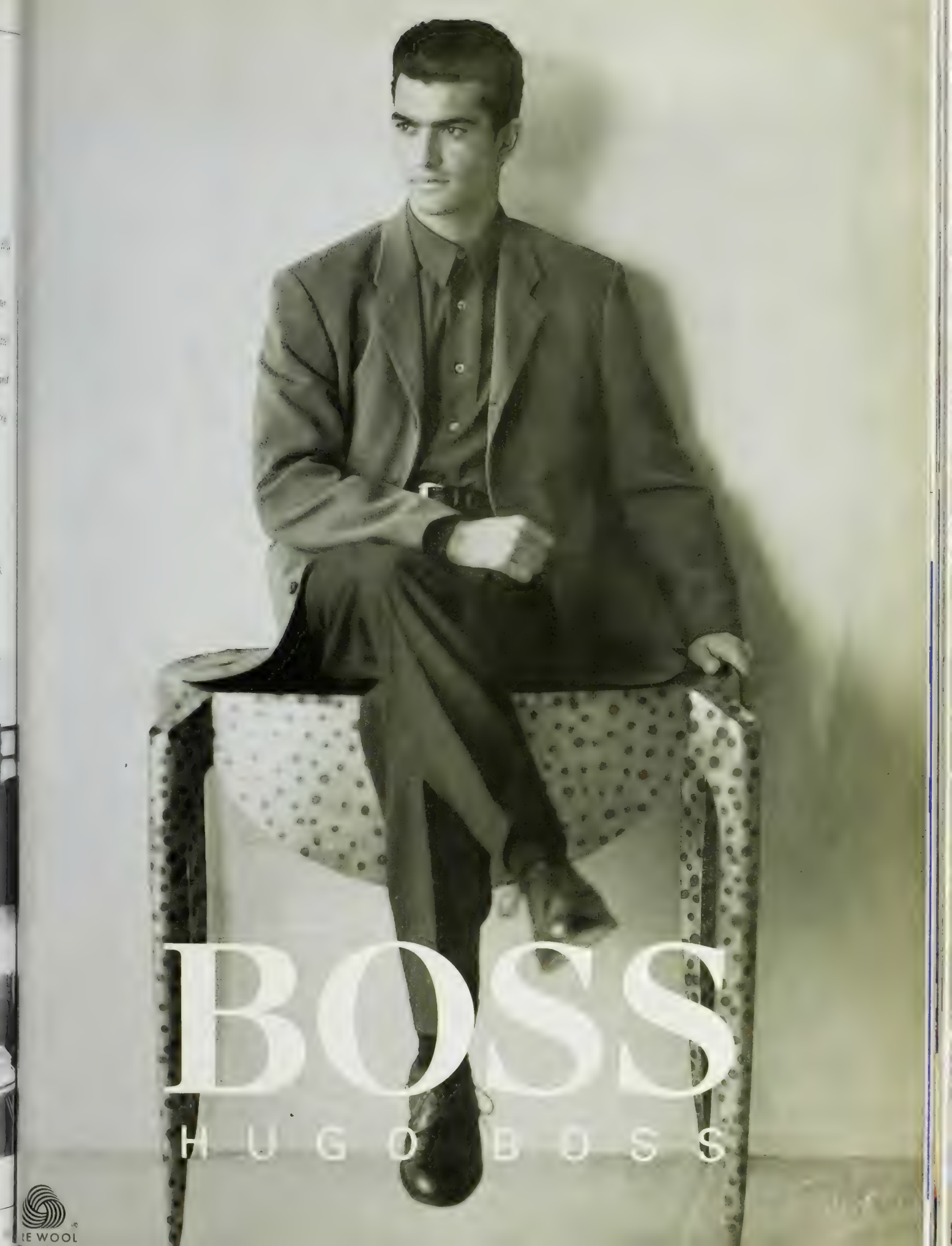


DENNIS HOPPER

Left to right: *Berman's wife, Shirley, on the cover of* Semina 4, *1959; Herms photographed by Hopper in the Malibu sixties; Herms today in his L.A. studio.*



The visionary collagist Wallace Berman was perhaps the headiest orchid in California's avant-garde hothouse. Half biker, half rabbi, he profoundly affected the poets and painters who knew him. Peter Blake put him among the immortal culturati on the Sgt. Pepper *cover, and Dennis Hopper notes, "If there was a guru, he was it." Now L.A.'s Louver Gallery is presenting facsimile editions of the nine issues of* Semina, *Berman's hand-printed arts journal. Assiduously re-created over a period of four years by George Herms, the poet and assemblagist (and an old pal of Berman's), the journals include works by such figures as Burroughs, Bukowski, and Ginsberg. Meanwhile, the Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery will mount a George Herms retrospective of more than one hundred works covering a span of thirty years.* —RICHARD MERKIN


BOSS
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All shook up: Nicolas Cage with flying Elvises from Honeymoon in Vegas.

Bizarre Nicolas

The nutty nephew of director Francis Coppola, Nicolas Cage has grown into an actor of gonzo renown. Other actors study their lines. He *lives* each role, eating a live cockroach in *Vampire's Kiss* because anything less *wouldn't be real*. His specialty is white-trash slapstick, using rockabilly body English to enliven the antics of his irresponsible runaways in *Raising Arizona*, *Zandalee*, and *Wild at Heart*, where he bopped like an Elvis imitator in snakeskin boots. His new film, *Honeymoon in Vegas*, is wall-to-wall Elvis wannabes. Cage plays a normal (for him) guy who loses fiancée Sarah Jessica Parker to crinkly James Caan in a poker game during a Vegas convention of Elvis look-alikes. The hotel lobby is a sea of sideburns. The action climax comes when Cage parachutes out of a plane with a skydiving team called the Flying Elvises. It's one of the few times in a Nic Cage film when the outside world is weirder than he is. This reality check in reverse gives him the cold shakes. —JAMES WOLCOTT

Photograph by JOSEF ASTOR

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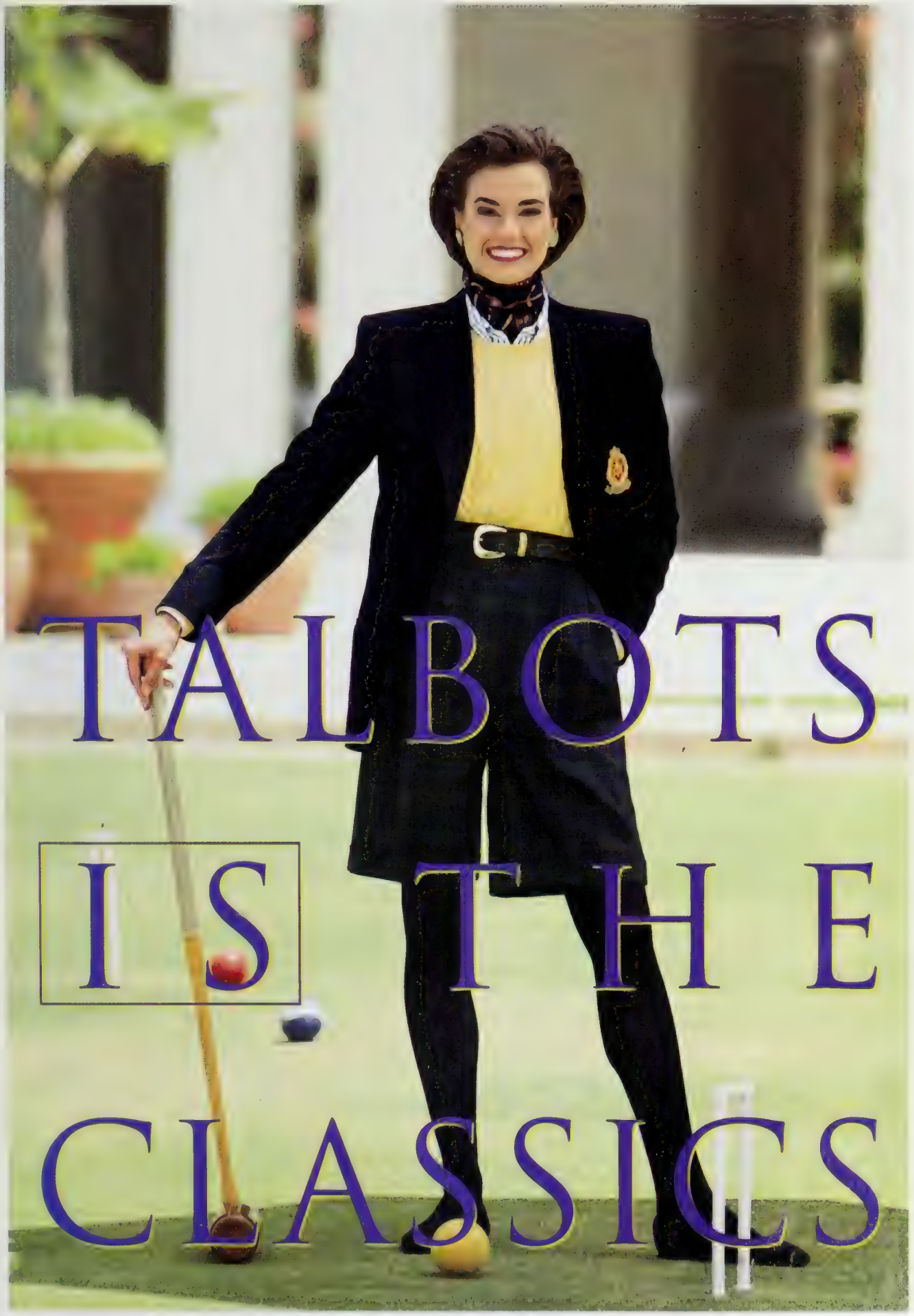




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Unger Current

The movie line of the year may well turn out to be Deborah Unger's in Christopher Crowe's sexual thriller Whispers in the Dark: *"So, my psychiatrist is fucking my boyfriend!" "It sounds like a* Geraldo *line," says Unger, who gets her first major role as Eve, a woman whose analyst topically becomes more involved in her patients' love lives than she ought to. "Eve's sadomasochistic fantasies mask a lot of anger and pain," explains the Canadian actress. "She eroticizes her degradation." Unger, mercifully, couldn't relate to any of that, but found it a stimulating challenge to play: "I like being part of the storytelling vehicle."*

—MICHAEL MUSTO



MARK ABRAHAMS

L.A. stories: Anjelica Huston lets rip.

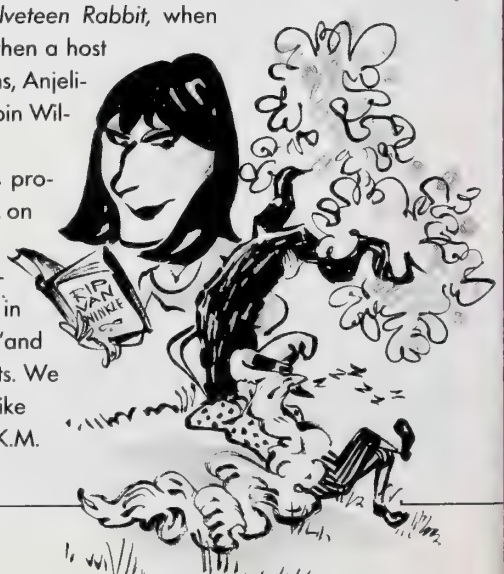
Show and Television



Tricks and treats: Penn & Teller conjure up the arts.

TV and video productions for children have too often been a wasteland of gratuitous violence, syrupy sentiment, and commercials, but now that's changing. Rabbit Ears Productions has been making quality videos of classic children's stories using strong narration that forgoes condescension. Founder Mark Sottnick had a stroke of luck with his first video, *The Velveteen Rabbit,* when Meryl Streep agreed to narrate, and since then a host of stars have joined in, including Jeremy Irons, Anjelica Huston, Jodie Foster, Jack Nicholson, Robin Williams, Sir John Gielgud, and Mel Gibson.

There is also *Behind the Scenes,* a series produced by Alice Trillin, which debuts in the U.S. on PBS this fall with hosts Penn & Teller using their zany humor to illustrate the artistic process for kids. "We've always been interested in how trickery pervades our lives," says Teller, "and academics have robbed the fun from the arts. We want kids to learn something in a cool way—like knowing how a magic trick is done." —K.M.




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YVES SAINT LAURENT

Later, when she realized how happy she had become, it surprised her to learn that tiny bags of air were at the bottom of it all.


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Musée Muse

"If someone offers you Paris, fashion, and the Louvre on a silver platter, how can you hesitate?" Only maybe if you already had New York, fashion, and the Metropolitan Museum in hand, as did Katell le Bourhis, who relinquished the post of curator at the Met's Costume Institute this spring to head Paris's new Musée des Arts de la Mode et du Textile. In describing the Musée, which formerly housed the Ministry of Finance, she explains, "I'm building this new wing in the Louvre." Actually, it was built by Napoleon I's architects to store the "imperial household." That's the silver, china—and the emperor's wardrobe. "It's a good omen," notes le Bourhis. "I'm obsessed with Napoleon I and also with clothes. Now I'm putting back the clothes. This was the destiny of the building and me. It's perfect." —JEAN NATHAN



Louvre mover: Katell le Bourhis.

Night-table Reading

Oleg Cassini *(designer):* The Norman Conquest, *by Allen Brown (Constable). "I've now read a series on the destruction of the military monastic order of the Templars. History keeps you humble."*





Erica Jong *(author):* The Change, *by Germaine Greer (Knopf). "To be inside Greer's tumultuous brain is always liberating—even when you don't agree with her."*

Dame Edna Everage *(comedienne):* The Psychic Journals of John Cheever. *"This book features the rude bits that John Cheever wouldn't include in his own journals, dictated via a medium to me, Dame Edna."*





Christopher Chadman *(choreographer):* Damon Runyon, *by Jimmy Breslin (Ticknor & Fields). "It gave me terrific insight into Runyon's affinity for his characters."*



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POLICE LINE


96
RISKO

tioned at a press conference, announced, "It's very certain" that Quayle would be retained. Just before Bush spoke, campaign political director Mary Matalin emerged from an R.N.C. crisis meeting to say, "There's nothing to it. It's from the vapors. The chances are not even negative 5 percent, not even one-tenth of one nanopercent. I don't know why it won't go away." Immediately, Quayle re-ignited the rumor by seeming to reverse completely his abortion position on *Larry King Live*. The following Sunday, July 26, shortly before serving as honorary starter for the Die Hard 500 stock-car race, Quayle blamed the persistent rumor on "our opponents, the media, and some hand-wringers."

Despite four years of hard labor at reinforcing his image, the fate of Dan Quayle can still hang by the thread of a rumor. His destiny, after all, remains painfully fragile. But this does not deter him from contemplating career advancement. Though it has always been difficult to sense his ambition because he seems so soft and malleable, it ticks loudly within him. In fact—despite the rampant rumors, continuing gaffes, and obvious obstacles—Dan Quayle is now running for the 1996 Republican presidential nomination and everyone around him knows it.

Even stray incidents from the recent past strike Republican players as part of a pattern. There was, for example, the telling moment during a contentious White House policy meeting in late 1991. With George Bush sinking in the polls, Quayle and housing secretary Jack Kemp had forged an alliance to save the drifting administration by tacking radically rightward. But the volcanic chief of staff, John Sununu, always aware of threats to his control, was watching them closely. In the middle of the meeting, according to a reliable source, Kemp was making a dissenting point about the budget when Sununu suddenly erupted: "You're an asshole," he shouted. "You're stupid. You're a fuck-up. We should fire you."

As the hot lava flowed, Quayle avoided Kemp's eyes. "Quayle didn't have the courage to weigh in," recalls a source close to Kemp. "This was a low moment." But it was also a politically advantageous moment for Quayle, who sat quietly as his ally—and chief rival for the conservative mantle—took the heat.

It was not the first time that the politics of 1996 had infiltrated and undermined their alliance, which had been cemented when Quayle turned to Kemp for help during his 1986 senatorial re-election struggle. "Kemp took Quayle under his wing," recalls the source. "It was very much a mentor relationship." But in Year One of the Bush Era their competing ambitions became apparent when they attended a meeting of Republican "Eagles," the high flyers among the big-money contributors, in Vail, Colorado. It was an informal affair held at the mansion-size ski lodge of Henry Kravis, the Wall Street speculator and G.O.P. fund-raiser. The vice president was the featured speaker, and he thanked one and all for their generous gifts. He mentioned many names of those who had benefited the party, but not that of the only Cabinet secretary in the room, his "mentor." It was "an act of pettiness," a competitive nudge, says the source, that Kemp could not miss. It was the first shot in the battle for the Republican presidential nomination in 1996; from then on, everyone's radar was humming.

"The day after the '92 election, if Bush wins or loses, it's all '96," says a Republican operative who is raring to g
According to numerous hardened Republican campaigne
few politicos beyond his close circle really seem to ca
about George Bush. The major political players, for the mo
part, are invested more in 1996 than in 1992. They feel th
if the president is re-elected there will be no opportunities f
upward mobility: the constellations of power will rema
static. The present concerns them largely as the prelude
the next drama within the G.O.P.; this year's election is t
scene setter. Many of those who wish for a Bush victo
simply want the Republicans to maintain power as the bas
for their already well-developed plans for '96. Even at t
most exclusive level of the re-election campaign, son
officials have closer ties to the hopefuls of '96 than to t
incumbent. Charles Black, for example, the former R
publican National Committee spokesman, may be a seni
adviser to the Bush-Quayle campaign, but he has alread
participated in presidential strategy meetings with h
longtime client Phil Gramm.

The 1992 campaign makes it difficult for all the potenti
1996 Republican contenders to position themselves as the
would like. Of those on the prospective list—James Bake
William Bennett, Pat Buchanan, Dick Cheney, Phil Gramm
Jack Kemp, William Weld, Pete Wilson—only Quayle ca
today play the game on the field. To wit: Senator Gramm
Texas had changed the name of his political-action commi
tee to "Gramm '96," and sent out invitations for a series
meetings and seminars at the Republican convention
Houston. According to a source close to Gramm, Marily
Quayle heard about it and "went batshit." The Bush-Quay
campaign ordered him to withdraw the invitations and r
send them after changing the name of the sponsor to the mo
generic National Republican Senatorial Committee, whic
Gramm chairs. Quayle 1, Gramm 0.

The other contenders for the Republican nomination i
1996 actually may have an objective interest in Bush's fai
ure. They fear that a second term might completely wipe o
the political capital accumulated during the Reagan era an
cast a Herbert Hoover–like pall over the G.O.P. into the ne
century. If nothing else, a Bush loss virtually obliterate
Quayle. But if Bush wins, Quayle, like all vice president
will possess the perquisites of office. He can call forth th
instinctive royalism in the Republican ranks, a belief in pr
mogeniture. And he can summon Air Force Two. "He goe
into '96 as the front-runner," says an influential Republica
operative. "Anybody who's got a jet paid for by the taxpay
ers is the front-runner. The only way to elbow his way int
the race is that jet. He needs that jet. But if Bush goes down
Quayle goes down with him. Take away that jet, you hav
someone who will be pushed to the ground. The big kids wi
stand on his head."

Anyone who doubts that Quayle is running for the Whit
House should remember this: every vice president since E
senhower's has run for president (except Spiro Agnew). Fo
Republicans, this is more than political history. Since 198
one big idea has animated the White House: that the Republi
cans will always occupy it. Whatever happens, there will b
a "lock," as many political scientists have written. Georg
Bush has inherited many things, and as vice president h

Dan Quayle: The *Vanity Fair* Poll

In the first national poll of the 1996 Republican contest for the presidential nomination, Jack Kemp and Dan Quayle have emerged as the chief rivals and are locked in a virtual dead heat. The housing secretary, with 30 percent of registered Republicans surveyed, is one point ahead of the vice president, but the margin of error in the *Vanity Fair* poll, conducted by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman on July 14, is five points.

Other contenders trail far behind. Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney is the nearest, at 10. James A. Baker III stands at 6. Baker's name identification is almost universal and his approval ratings in other polls have been consistently high, but the low level of support that Republicans give him in the *Vanity Fair* poll suggests that a leap from appointive to elective office might be perilous.

If the Republican primary of 1996 were held today, which of the following candidates would you prefer? [Asked of registered Republicans.]

Jack Kemp	30 percent
Dan Quayle	29 percent
Dick Cheney	10 percent
James Baker	6 percent
Pete Wilson	3 percent
Phil Gramm	2 percent
William Weld	0 percent
Don't know	21 percent

The attitude of the public toward Vice President Dan Quayle, as measured in the poll, reveals a great deal of ambivalence. Republicans, as expected, give him substantially higher ratings across the board. But 63 percent of all those surveyed believe he is "smarter than you'd think." And 55 percent say he is "intelligent." Most striking is the assessment by one-quarter of all respondents and more than 40 percent of Republicans that Quayle is "a future president."

Which of the following terms would you use to describe Dan Quayle?

	All	Republicans
Moral	72	87
Smarter than you'd think	63	76
Sincere	56	73
Intelligent	55	70
An embarrassment to the G.O.P.	41	34
A strong leader	25	43
A future president	25	41

Two-thirds of those polled believe that the vice president "has been unfairly treated by the media." Only 18 percent think he is "truly unintelligent." Moreover, an overwhelming 81 percent feel that his misspelling of the word "potato" was "blown out of proportion."

At the same time, the public still holds a generally unfavorable impression of the vice president. His favorable rating is only 37 percent. Forty-one percent agree he is "an embarrassment to the Republican Party." More important, 65 percent believe he would not make a good president, and fully half of Republicans agree with the negative assessment. And more than one-third of Republicans—36 percent—believe that Bush should "dump" Quayle as his running mate.

Do you think George Bush should dump Dan Quayle from the Republican ticket?

	All	Republicans
Yes	40	36
No	50	59
Don't know	10	5

Though many conservatives hold Quayle up as a yardstick of ideological purity against which they measure George Bush's shortcomings, Republicans see the president as the truer keeper of the flame of Ronald Reagan by a wide margin: 67 percent for Bush to 18 percent for Quayle. If Bush were somehow to run against Quayle, he would win in a landslide, 84 percent to 9 percent.

In the matchup with the Democratic vice-presidential candidate, Senator Al Gore, Dan Quayle suffers by comparison in every category. All respondents grant Gore more knowledge than Quayle—in foreign policy (41 to 32), domestic policy (49 to 28), understanding American youth (44 to 27) and history (39 to 25), and, barely, rock 'n' roll (26 to 24).

If Gore and Quayle were the candidates for president, Gore would beat Quayle by more than two to one. More than one-third of the Republicans would defect to vote for the Democrat.

In the upcoming election, who would you vote for for president if your only choices were Dan Quayle and Al Gore?

	All	Republicans
Dan Quayle	21	42
Al Gore	43	34
Neither/Wouldn't vote	36	24

The pressure on both men for good performances in their upcoming debate is great. Gore is anticipated to be the winner—by 56 percent of all those surveyed and even 48 percent of Republicans. Only 22 percent of all respondents see Quayle emerging as the victor. These low expectations create a possible opportunity for the vice president.

When asked if they want to see a debate between the vice-presidential wives, Marilyn Quayle and Tipper Gore, a surprisingly large number—39 percent—say they do. If such a debate were held, the expectations that exist about their husbands would be reversed. Those who look forward to the event think Mrs. Quayle would win by five points, while Republicans believe she would trounce Mrs. Gore by twenty-five points.

Quayle's crusade against "the cultural elite" has made less of an impression than his campaign for "family values." Even among Republicans, only 29 percent are convinced that "the cultural elite" is a "negative influence on our country." Yet 60 percent of all those surveyed agree that the decline of family values is "the number-one problem facing America today." Surprisingly, this number matches exactly the figure for Republicans. —S.B.

inherited the "lock." But can the key be passed on to the next generation?

In private, Quayle and his friends discuss their favorite mystery: why he was dubbed heir apparent by Bush. "He needed a guy smaller than he was and he got one," says one of the most prominent Republican political consultants close to the Bush-Quayle campaign, offering the usual explanation. Though Quayle has tried to figure out all the possible reasons, to this day he tells his intimates that he just doesn't know the answer. But, having been named the prince, he intends to make the most of it. Almost as soon as he moved into the large white brick mansion at the Naval Observatory, he said candidly, "When you get into public life and particularly when you run for the Senate, there are only two offices left. President and vice president." And once he became vice president, there was only one office left.

The idea of President Quayle strikes many voters as absurd (as the polls show). From the moment he was unveiled by George Bush four years ago when the *Cajun Queen* docked at the Republican convention in New Orleans, the public has never even accepted him as the Number Two. "Quayle is a vice president who fully lives up to the inconsequentiality of the office," observes the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. "I don't see why he can't fake it better," "Doonesbury" creator Garry Trudeau wonders.

But what makes Quayle seem so utterly unserious—his boyish tail-wagging—is the most relentless part of him. Nothing seems to dampen his perpetual enthusiasm. And Quayle's persistence is paying off with his real audience for 1996—the Republican Party. "He's slowly but surely won over Republican critics," says a well-known G.O.P. politico. "He's the only thing of substance remotely connected to the White House. And he has been an exemplary vice president on the usual indices: subservience and fealty."

Quayle started out in the customary vice-presidential role of hatchet man—a hallowed tradition extending from Richard Nixon to Spiro Agnew to George Bush himself. "He's the conservative monkey sent out to bang cymbals for Bush," says a Republican political consultant. But with his loud percussions, the vice president has become the party's minister of ideology and agent provocateur. His success in defining himself has been dependent upon Bush's inability to do the same for himself. The president plays the foil.

"Bush has abdicated so much turf that any ambitious vice president could fill it up," says a Republican operative. The vice president is orbiting around a president with unusually anti-magnetic properties. Quayle's fellow conservatives, particularly, want to spin away. "The administration finds us all bothersome, problematic, contentious," observes Representative Vin Weber, one of the most promising conservatives among the House Republicans, who is quitting Congress out of sheer frustration. "We aren't good boys and girls. They wish we would go away. George Bush doesn't understand people who just don't like to sit. I mean intellectually. Physically, of course, he's frenetic."

Bush's bureaucratic campaign reflects the candidate. "It's a campaign of process," says a G.O.P. consultant who is privy to the campaign's inner sanctum. "They worry about how many satellite feeds went out this week, as opposed to the message in them. If you say nothing, you can say nothing wrong. Any decision, big or small, gets reversed four times by the following morning." Another operative involved in the machine maintains, "It's fine logistically. It's just had horrible results." All the modern technology, tracking polls, highly paid media advisers from Madison Avenue, and looming authority of the White House cannot invent a message. A rudimentary gesture, in this context, can look like a "vision thing."

"Quayle's been doing spectacularly," enthuses Vin Weber. "He's everything that we want the Bush administration to be: he's organized, well staffed, thinking strategically, identifying a theme, carrying it forward. I'm sure the Bush people resent it. They look at Quayle—he wouldn't be anything if it weren't for Bush. Yet people tell them they have to be more *like* Quayle. I suspect it's infuriating."

To many in the right wing, Quayle is the only gravitational force in the Republican campaign. "If you compare what Quayle did on the 'cultural elite' issue with what Bush did," says Tony Blankley, the press secretary to House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich, "the president was ambiguous where Quayle has identified it and pushed it hard"—the sort of comment that has become a commonplace among conservatives.

The change in the relationship between the president and the vice president, the father and the son, has put Quayle in an awkward position. "Quayle is appreciative of the opportunity Bush has given him," says a high-ranking administration official. "He tries very hard to be loyal. I think he must have a sense of what's going on and feel frustrated." One of Quayle's closest friends, Ken Adelman, the former head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and now vice president of a conservative think tank, says that Quayle is very discreet about expressing his opinion of the president. "I don't get a sense of his real view of George Bush," Adelman admits.

But others close to Quayle reveal that he is "skeptical" about the political competence of the re-election campaign. He has disagreed with Bush's policy of not politicking, except in reactive fits and starts, before the Republican convention, when, as Bush has promised, he will be "unleashed." "It's a little bit like telling a girl you intend to ask her on a date in two months," says a disgusted source close to Quayle. "It's bizarre and frustrating." Quayle is campaigning his heart out, the source says, waiting for the real campaign to begin. Where's George?

Dan Quayle's favorite movie is *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, the misadventures of a happy-go-lucky boy who plays hooky from school. "Vroom! Vroom!" the vice president purred into the phone without identifying himself to Samuel Skinner, then secretary of transportation and now White House chief of staff, to invite him to the Indianapolis 500. "Scorecard" is the code name that his Secret Service guards have given their forty-five-year-old charge. All this, of course, fits the classic image of J. Danforth Quayle. But there's another vice president, who is not apparent to the public—not Ferris Bueller, but Liza Doolittle, an earnest, diligent pupil, struggling to be up-

lifted to a higher plane of culture.

Quayle's Henry Higgins—or Gepetto—is even younger than he is, thirty-nine-year-old William Kristol, his chief of staff. But Quayle's trust is so great for the former Harvard professor of public policy that the vice president has given Kristol almost total control over policy, politics, and persona. "Bill does two important things for Quayle," explains Vin Weber. "First, he is the vice president's think tank. He provides the intellectual framework. He does the hard work to make sure this vice president appears to be coherent and defensible. Second, he's the political strategist. He figures out how to carry it off politically."

In order to chart the vice president's political oscillations, administration officials have taken to studying the man who is Dan Quayle's brain. Respect for Kristol has allowed him to become the only member of the vice president's staff granted admission to the daily 7:30 A.M. White House senior-staff meeting. Beyond the executive branch, in the other centers of Republican power—on Capitol Hill and even in the think tanks—Kristol has become a major player. "Newt talks with Kristol with fair frequency," says Tony Blankley, Gingrich's press secretary. "With Quayle," he adds, "less so."



The relationship is symbiotic: from Kristol, Quayle gets intellectual cachet; from Quayle, Kristol gets power.

Bill Kristol: The man who is Dan Quayle's brain.

But the dependence of Quayle on Kristol is utterly straightforward. When an article on Quayle by Andrew Rosenthal in *The New York Times Magazine* described Kristol's pedagogical role, the two men read the piece together and laughed conspiratorially, according to a source who observed them. "To Quayle's credit," says Weber, "he's not threatened by someone like that. It's remarkable to find a politician with the public negatives this guy has who has that personal security. The lack of paranoia of Dan Quayle is remarkable. I reference it in terms of the relationship to Bill." The relationship is symbiotic: from Kristol, Quayle gets intellectual cachet and much-needed guidance; from Quayle, Kristol gets power—a rare opportunity for a genuine intellectual.

The excellent adventure of Dan and Bill is a story of family values. The Deke House frat rat and the A student may seem to be opposites (to Bill, "the Greeks" are Plato and Aristotle; to Dan, they are the houses on fraternity row), but they were on parallel tracks that finally curved into the same station. Both grew up in households with unusually ideological fathers, but wound up eclipsing them. Yet they are dutiful, not rebellious, sons. Through different lines of descent, they are both princes of the right.

Dan, of course, spent much of his boyhood in a house on a country-club golf course in Arizona, the scion of a publishing family dynasty in Indiana. His grandfather Eugene C. Pulliam, owner of *The Indianapolis Star*, a conservative daily, was the most influential political figure in the state. Dan's dad, James Quayle, was a card-carrying member of the John Birch Society, as well as a number of other, far more obscure sects of the far right. The founding father of the Birchers, Robert Welch, focused his followers on the schemings of "the liberal establishment"—the 1950s' right-wing term for the cultural elite. This organization of eastern "insiders" was a deeply rooted plot of amazing breadth, Welch wrote, which included that "dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy," Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In the same period when James Quayle was poring over Welch's *Blue Book*, Bill's dad, Irving Kristol, was editing *Encounter*, one of the cosmopolitan journals of the cultural elite, with headquarters in London. Irving, a striving working-class Jewish kid, began his ideological odyssey in the 1930s in the lunchroom of the City College of New York. It was there that he became a Trotskyite, believing that Stalin had betrayed the Russian Revolution and what was needed was a purer form of international Leninism. But like many others, after a flush of youthful radicalism, Irving evolved into a liberal. He became, in fact, a family member of "the New York intellectuals," the close-knit group that dominated cultural discourse in the post–World War II era. As an editor of one of the group's flagship journals, *Commentary*, Irving published articles on why the right wing was motivated by status anxiety.

By the late 1960s, however, in revulsion against the youthful counterculture, Irving shifted right. He co-founded

The Public Interest, a magazine devoted to anatomizing the inadequacies of liberalism. He found himself explaining the need for a more self-conscious conservatism to Richard Nixon in the White House. Irving was always the strategist. But he was no mere conservative; he was a neoconservative. "A neoconservative," he declared memorably, "is a liberal who has been mugged by reality." The liberal past was the crucial distinction. Neoconservatives didn't want to emulate the old right, but make it over in their own intellectual image. The old right was small-town, reactionary, xenophobic, and curmudgeonly; the neoconservatives were urban, modern, ethnic, and quick-witted.

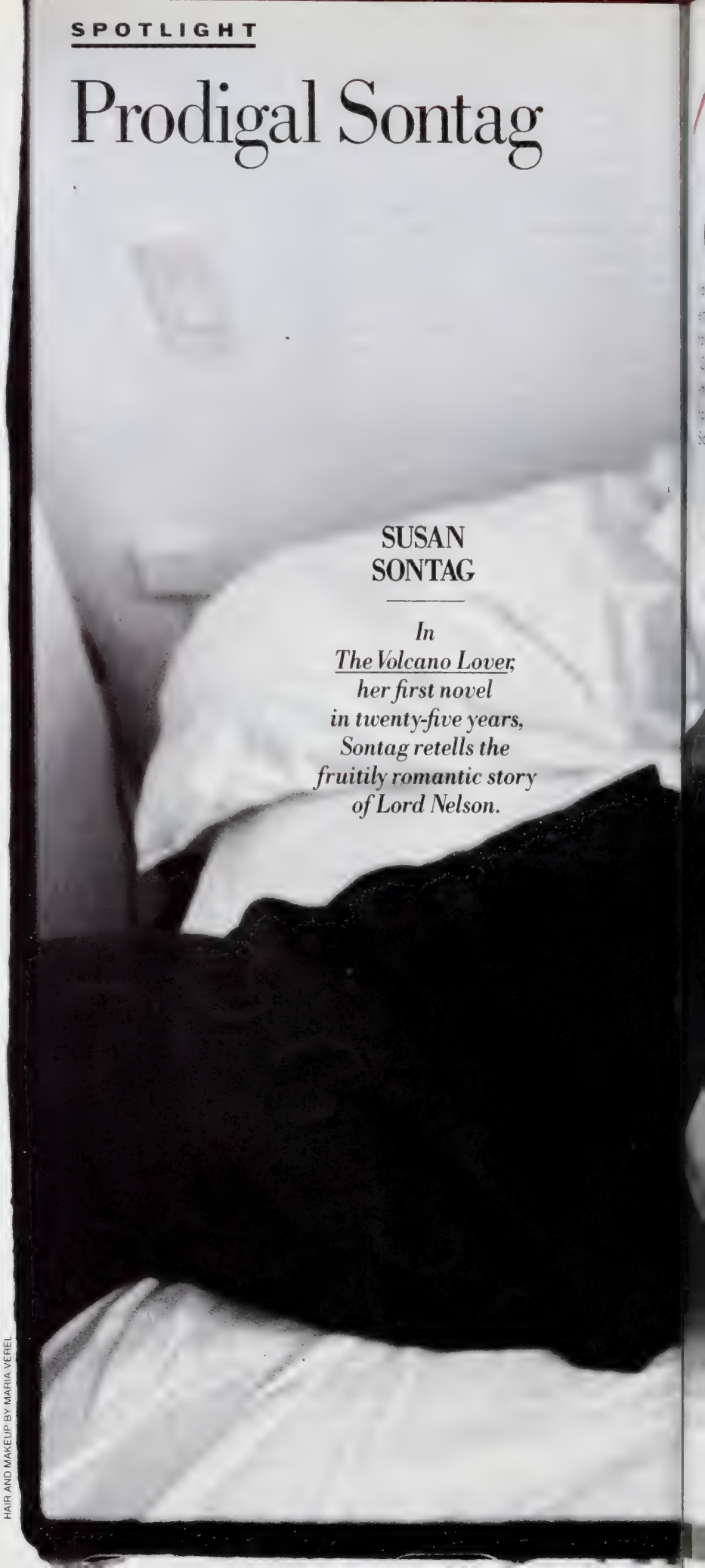
Irving became known as "the godfather" of the neoconservatives. It was more than his column in *The Wall Street Journal* that gave him such authority. He was also now a gray eminence, the gatekeeper to a network of neoconservative foundations and think tanks. The early works of supply-side economics, for example, were written with funding managed by an Irving protégé. So when he moved to Washington from New York during the Reagan administration, he was making a statement: the winding trail of the New York intellectuals, which began with Trotskyism, was culminating in Reaganism. On the day that Irving arrived, Ken Adelman, a neoconservative in the administration, invited Irving and his wife, Gertrude Himmelfarb, a highly respected historian, to dinner. The other prominent guest was the junior senator from Indiana, whom they had never met. "Gee whiz," recalls Adelman, "they carried on and on, *loved* the evening."

Two years earlier, in 1985, Irving's son, Bill, had left Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, where he was an assistant professor, to become the chief of staff to the new secretary of education, William Bennett, a controversial neoconservative. With young Kristol's keen polemical assistance, Bennett launched a crusade for "moral values" against decadent "liberal relativism."

Bill, following in his father's footsteps, was not only a neoconservative, but a Straussian—one of the most arcane and influential groupings within the conservative movement, something like the Opus Dei in the Vatican. Its acolytes hold high positions in the Justice Department *(Continued on page 287)*

SPOTLIGHT

Prodigal Sontag



HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MARIA VEREL

When lovelorn Ph.D.'s peruse the personals in *The New York Review of Books*, what they're really looking for is some incarnation of Susan Sontag: beautiful, brilliant, scholarly, provocative, signature white hair streak desirable but not required. Sontag has always been that rarity, a glamorous intellectual—so glamorous, in fact, that her influence keeps burrowing right through the sacred groves of academe to the secular wilderness beyond. It was Sontag whose "Notes on 'Camp' " first taught the world what all that downtown giggling and shrieking was about; it was Sontag who excavated the paradoxes we face when we talk about photography as an art form; and it was Sontag who wrote what remains perhaps the most trenchant story about AIDS, her elegant and devastating "The Way We Live Now."

That story alerted a lot of people to her latest move—a return to fiction. Now, in *The Volcano Lover* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), her first novel in twenty-five years, Sontag retells the fruitily romantic story of Lord Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, and the woman they both loved, Sir William's beautiful wife, Emma. Those who remember Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh panting and glowing through *That Hamilton Woman* may wonder how Sontag could dip her cool intellect into the same frothy waters. The answer: with aplomb. This may be her most rewarding book yet. The prose is overripe, even operatic, but it's also patrician, slyly ironic, studded with bits of contemporary slang. And Sontag has sewn in all sorts of hidden treasures: opera stories, grotesque legends of the Neapolitan court, Kundera-like mini-essays on the nature of beauty, love, collecting, jokes, and history, not to mention how it would have felt to party with Goethe. This party's contagious. —STEPHEN SCHIFF



Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



Deborah Voigt

Soprano

She keeps winning the prizes: the Tchaikovsky competition, the Verdi competition, the Rosa Ponselle competition, and, last February, the Richard Tucker Award. But then, Californian Deborah Voigt is just so unmistakably the real thing—a diva in the classic mold, with a warmly gorgeous and generous soprano, matched to a grandly scaled stage personality. This season she takes center stage as two of opera's lovelornest ladies, Leonora in Verdi's *Il Trovatore* and Ariadne in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

HAIR BY TREVOR BOWDEN; MAKEUP BY HELENE MACAULAY

High Notes

The future of American opera takes a bow at New York's Metropolitan, where the new season features six up-and-coming talents. Portfolio by Firooz Zahedi; text by Rupert Christiansen



Dolora Zajick

Mezzo-soprano

The name is Czech, she was born in Nevada, but her voice is pure Italian. Not since the 1950s, when legendary names such as Ebe Stignani and Giulietta Simionato tore up the stage alongside Maria Callas, has there been a dramatic mezzo-soprano stronger in impact or richer in tone than Dolora Zajick. Her portrayal of the old Gypsy Azucena in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, which she repeats at the Met this season, is bold, brave, moving, and—well, just wonderfully *loud*.



Styled by EILEEN KASOFSKY

It's hardly surprising that Vladimir Chernov's great hobby is woodworking—his baritone sounds like the finest mahogany, crafted with an impeccably smooth finish. An outstanding member of a generation of talented young singers who have flooded out of Russia since *glasnost*, he plays the mysterious Count di Luna in Verdi's *Il Trovatore* at the Met in January. Grief-stricken fathers and cloak-and-dagger roles are a specialty, but behind the gloom and doom there's a wicked sense of humor.



Vladimir Chernov

Baritone



Ruth Ann Swenson

Soprano

Floating seraphically through music which leaves other singers breathless and earthbound, Ruth Ann Swenson is the airiest of coloratura sopranos with a thrill of a trill and top notes that melt into heaven. But she's no empty-headed soubrette: Swenson's charms are saccharin-free and her intelligence razor-sharp. Having stormed Paris's Opéra Bastille as Susanna in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, she's ready to wow the Met as Adina in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Zerbinetta in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*.



Frank Lopardo

Tenor

A heady, agile highflier of a singer, Frank Lopardo is a tenor lite. No handkerchief-clutching melodrama, no strangulated top C, because it all seems to come free and easy to this lithe and witty mast of vocal aerobics. The Met has scheduled him for Tamino in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte,* Fenton in Verdi's *Falstaff,* and Idreno in Rossini' *Semiramide*—roles demanding a youthful elegance and energy which his clean-cut style can effortlessly encompass.

GROOMING BY VICTOR CALLEGARI



Patricia Schuman

Soprano

Patricia Schuman knows how to change track. irst she trained as a teacher of religious education; ıen she became a professional mezzo-soprano. Only in 1985, following vice from Marilyn Horne, did she decide that her destiny lay n the higher realm of soprano. Seven years later, she's still up there, a leader in the Mozartean field. But in October she sets out to explore new territory again, with a leading role in the let's premiere of Philip Glass's opera about Columbus, *The Voyage*.

SEE PAGE 292

KISSINGER'S WEB

He may not have been able to deal himself back into government, but the former secretary of state has kept up his influence and celebrity through his controversial consulting firm, Kissinger Associates, and his list of closely guarded—and very lucrative—clients. In an excerpt from a new book, WALTER ISAACSON reports on the business of being Henry Kissinger



SPIN DR.

Reporters interview Kissinger as he arrives with his wife, Nancy, at a Washington dinner.



January 15, 1991, the deadline that President Bush and the United Nations have set for Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait. Henry Kissinger, looking even more exasperated than usual, is stomping around his photograph-laden Park Avenue office. The world's most famous diplomat-for-hire is preparing to go to a long-scheduled meeting of Chase Manhattan's International Advisory Committee, and he's not happy. He wants instead to be available for calls from worried clients and, just as important, from television networks eager to broadcast his wisdom. "This is never to happen again," Kissinger rages as he pads the corridors. "Do you understand me?" Everyone nods gravely, although they seem unsure as to how they will henceforth make the world schedule its wars around Kissinger's corporate board meetings.

The next evening, displaying his legendary charm as he greets guests at his River House duplex on East Fifty-second Street, he plays a different role, that of a star in Manhattan's galaxy of jet-setters, media celebrities, and socialites. The pretext for the dinner is the wedding anniversary of Hollywood agent Swifty Lazar and his wife, Mary. Barbara Walters is among the three dozen guests, as are Barbara Howar, Barry Diller, novelist Larry McMurtry, investment banker Felix Rohatyn, and his wife, Liz. The guests and venue alone are enough to give the gathering a buzz, but there is an added reason for excitement: everyone has just heard the bulletins that the war against Iraq has begun. The first floor of the apartment, with its grand views of the East River, has no television, so dinner is delayed as guests troop upstairs to a bedroom. While flicking from station to station with the remote control, Kissinger delivers a rumbling commentary.

As he nears his seventieth birthday, with his aura and energy undiminished but his hope of re-entering high office faded, Kissinger's life has settled into a swirl of dinner parties and business trips and weekends in the Connecticut countryside, a glittering twilight in the vortex of Manhattan's world of power and high fashion. His life remains tightly scheduled, from dawn until midnight, months in advance. He still radiates nervous energy and an edge of impatience as he bustles about with retainers in his wake. Too driven and too overexposed to gain the mantle of a wise elder statesman, he appears to have found just the right balance of business activity, media stardom, and jet-set socializing to keep his adrenaline at the hum he enjoys.

Kissinger's predecessors, such as Dean Rusk, William P. Rogers, and even Dean Acheson, slipped back into private life with the pretense of enjoying the unassuming style that is the luxury of people who have already achieved great stature. Not Kissinger. Unlike any other previous secretary of state—indeed, unlike even any past president—he has been able, by dint of his own dedicated efforts and his larger-than-life personality, to remain a celebrity. In one of the most amazing gravity-defying feats in the American media age, he has maintained his heightened aura long after his successors could re-enter restaurants unnoticed.



CHINESE LAUNDRY

Kissinger meets with Chinese president Yang Shangkun in November 1989, six months after the Tiananmen massacre.

Although he enjoys and even cultivates this celebrity status, Kissinger shrouds his business dealings in secrecy, which serves to make them only more controversial and intriguing. Earlier this year, *60 Minutes* tried to link his consulting firm, Kissinger Associates, to everything from Iraqi arms deals to conflicts of interest regarding investments in China. Kissinger, who bristles at any intrusion into his business affairs, claims the report was provoked because he forgot to invite executive producer Don Hewitt to a reception that Kissinger organized following the funeral of CBS chairman William Paley. (Hewitt denies this.)

In fact, Kissinger's dealings make a compelling story: with his ability to juggle the roles of media commentator, corporate consultant, and unofficial government adviser, he has become the world's premier private power player, purveying insights and access for millions of dollars a year.

Such success in the private sector was not what Kissinger had in mind when he left office in 1977. He would have been dismayed to know at the outset of the Carter administration that two successive Republican presidents would follow without calling him back to public office.

One possible path back to power that intrigued Kissinger as he settled into his New York exile was running for the Senate. His friend Jacob Javits was up for reelection in 1980; he would be seventy-six at the time and was

Kissinger is the world's premier private power player



in poor health. Kissinger's name naturally came up as a replacement.

The electricity that Kissinger generated was on display at a party fund-raising dinner in Manhattan featuring Gerald Ford. The former secretary of state overshadowed the former president. Fat-cat businessmen unabashedly asked Kissinger for his autograph, and the wives asked their husbands to please find a way to introduce them. "Kissinger is catnip in New York politics these days," wrote David Broder in *The Washington Post*.

Yet Kissinger was not a natural pol. That night he left the fund-raiser early to have his own private dinner with West German foreign minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. Publicly, he made it clear he would not run if Javits wanted to seek a fifth term. Privately, he worried about living on the $60,000 salary of a senator. And his wife, Nancy, indicated that her reaction to his entering politics would fall somewhere between becoming a Democrat and seeking a divorce.

Kissinger asked Felix Rohatyn to put together a dinner to discuss the possibility of the race. Why, Kissinger was asked, would you want to be a senator? "I have ten years of capital left to my reputation," he replied. "Each year it will diminish. I need a platform." One participant brought up a newly published book by William Shawcross on Kissinger's role in the destruction of Cambodia, noting that it would bedevil him in a campaign. Kissinger erupted. "It's a tissue of lies!" he said, hitting the table. His thin skin, the group realized, would be a major hindrance.

In the end, Javits decided to run, Kissinger decided he would not, and Alfonse D'Amato became the next senator.

Later that year, at the Republican convention in Detroit, Kissinger was involved in an audacious set of political negotiations—never before fully revealed—that almost resulted in a restructuring of the American presidency and, though this was one of the touchiest points of contention, his own return to power. Nominee Ronald Reagan was casting around for a running mate and began toying with the notion of a dream ticket: former president Ford might be persuaded to accept the vice-presidential slot. Ford had previously rejected the idea, but on the second day of the convention he met with Reagan and agreed to reconsider. The one thing he wanted, Ford said, was a guarantee that his job would have meaningful responsibilities.

Kissinger got a call from William Casey, who was Reagan's campaign director, inviting him up to the Reagan staff suite. When Kissinger arrived, he found Casey and Reagan's other top aides, Edwin Meese and Michael Deaver. They wanted Kissinger to persuade Ford to join the ticket. Kissinger, who had a genuine affection for Ford, was excited to be asked for help by his old conservative tormentors and enticed by the prospect of an arrangement that could call him back into power.

Shortly before midnight, Kissinger went up to Ford's suite, where the former president was meeting with a couple of political aides and economist Alan Greenspan. Kissinger expressed doubts that a power-sharing plan between a president and vice president could work, but he prevailed upon Ford's sense of patriotism to get him to consider it. The nation, indeed the entire free world, was facing a dire situation, he said. If the Democrats were not defeated, disaster would ensue. After the meeting had been going on for an hour, Ford got up and asked Kissinger to come with him to a bedroom, where the two could talk privately. "But, Henry, it won't work," he said. Kissinger replied again that the country needed him.

From the outset, the role that Kissinger would get to play in the new administration was a sticking point. Reagan simply did not trust him, did not like him, and thought he was too soft on the Russians. The conservative ex-actor was an ideologue who saw simple truths where Kissinger saw nuances.

Aware of the animosity he engendered, Kissinger told Ford that no "personalities or names" should keep the deal from being done. But Ford made it clear that he wanted Kissinger to become secretary of state again. "I decided," Ford recalls, "that if I was going to be on the ticket, I was going to insist pretty strongly that Henry be secretary of state. I told Henry that was one of the things we were going to negotiate."

On Wednesday, as rumors of the possible dream ticket began rippling across the convention floor, Ford autho-

purveying insights and access for millions of dollars.

Kissinger's negotiations between Ford and Reagan almost resulted in a restructuring of the American presidency.



ADVISE AND CONSENT

Kissinger and Nixon confer in Key Biscayne, June 1973. Nixon was to meet with Brezhnev the next day.





POWER SHIFT

Gerald Ford admired his secretary of state (*above*), but George Bush was chilly.

rized Kissinger and three other advisers to meet with Reagan's top aides and see if a deal could be struck. Together they produced a two-page treaty that would, in essence, have made Ford the chief operating officer in the White House, with supervisory authority over the National Security Council and its domestic-side counterparts. Reagan would remain as chairman and chief executive officer, with final decision-making authority. Kissinger pronounced the paper "not unreasonable."

Late that afternoon, Ford called and asked if he could come see Reagan. He had decided it was time to press the Kissinger issue. "Ron, I'm making a sacrifice here," he said when he arrived. "And now I'm asking you to make a sacrifice. I want you to appoint Henry Kissinger as secretary of state."

Reagan was blunt and, Ford later recalled, rather annoyed. This was going beyond the bounds of what he had expected. "Jerry, I know all of Kissinger's strong points," Reagan told Ford. "I would use him a lot, but not as secretary of state. I've been all over this country the last several years, and Kissinger carries a lot of baggage. I couldn't accept that."

"I was pretty insistent," Ford recalls. "But Reagan wouldn't commit to it." After less than fifteen minutes of conversation with Reagan, Ford left to go back to his room and mull the matter over.

But the magic had gone from what was, as most participants admitted in retrospect, a somewhat wild notion. The Kissinger issue had pricked the balloon and spared the nation a rather unpromising effort to restructure the executive branch. That evening, Ford went on television to ruminate publicly about what Walter Cronkite called "a co-presidency." Impatiently, Reagan called Ford and said he needed a decision that night. An hour or so later, Ford came by to say he had decided against joining the ticket.

Reagan wasted little time making his next phone call. George Bush was sitting in his hotel room a few blocks away, dejected, watching the drama unfold on television and drinking a Stroh's beer. When the phone rang, his campaign manager, James Baker, picked it up. "Who's calling?" he said. "Governor Reagan" was the answer. Bush braced for the bad news. Word had reached him that the Reagan-Ford deal was set. Then, suddenly, his tense face broke into a grin. Waving his arms at his wife, Barbara, and Baker, he flashed them a thumbs-up sign. "I'd be honored," he said into the phone. "Very honored."

One small legacy of the misbegotten Ford affair was that it would enter the back of Bush's mind as another little reason to be cool toward Kissinger. Though *(Continued on page 279)*



DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

Henry Kissinger at his River House apartment in Manhattan.

Photograph by ELLIOTT ERWITT

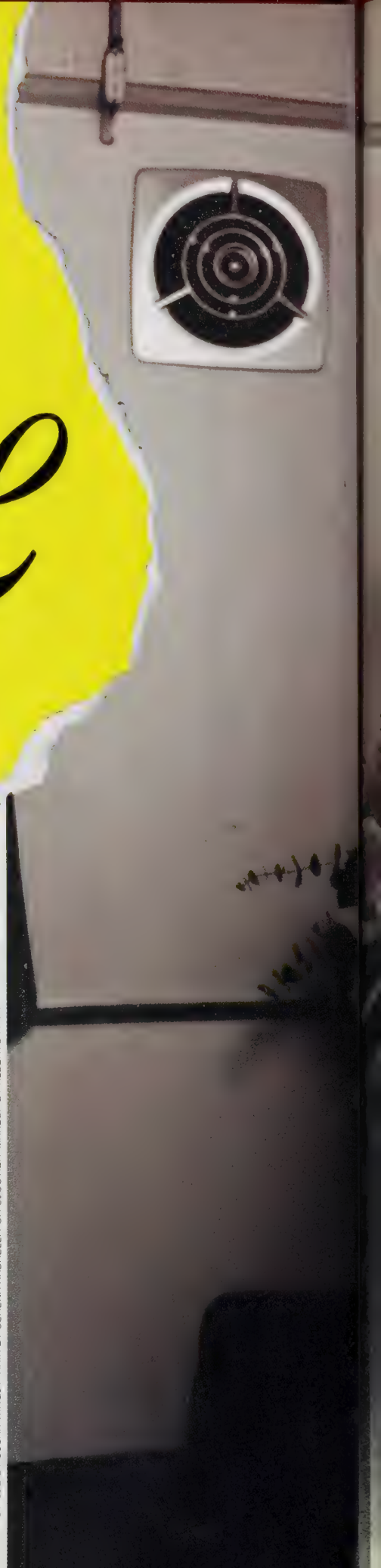
Strange Love

Are Courtney Love, lead diva of the postpunk band Hole, and her husband, Nirvana heartthrob Kurt Cobain, the grunge John and Yoko? Or the next Sid and Nancy? LYNN HIRSCHBERG reports

Courtney Love is late. She's nearly always late, and not just ten, fifteen minutes late, but usually more like an hour past the time she's said she'll be someplace. She's late for band rehearsals, she was late when she used to strip, she was even an hour late for a meeting with a record-company executive who wanted to sign her band, Hole. Courtney assumes that people will wait. She assumes that they will forgive her as they stare at the clock and stare at the door and wonder where the hell she is. And they do forgive her. Until they can't stand it anymore and then they get mad, fed up, and move on. But by that time Courtney is gone—she's off keeping someone else waiting.

When she does show up, she *shows up*. When you're an hour late, you can really make an entrance. She's tall and big-boned and her shoulder-length hair is cut like a mop and dyed yellow-blond. The dark roots show on purpose—nothing about Courtney is an accident—and today she's attached a plastic hair clip in the shape of a bow to a few strands.

"It was a bad time to get pregnant," says Love, "and that appealed to me. Besides, we need new friends."



STYLED BY SUSAN WINGET HAIR BY SERENA RADAELLI FOR CLOUTIER MAKEUP BY ALBERTO FAVA

Photograph by MICHEL COMTE



She's wearing black stockings with runs in them, a vintage dress that's a size too small, and a pair of black clogs. Her skin, which has been heavily Pan-Caked and powdered to cover an outbreak of acne, is pasty-white, and her lips are painted bright red. She has beautiful round blue-green eyes, which she has carefully made up, but the focus is on her mouth. She's all lipstick.

And talk. From the moment Courtney sits down at a table in City, a restaurant near her home in Los Angeles, the verbal pyrotechnics begin. You get the sense that she has a monologue going twenty-four hours a day and that sometimes she includes others. When she's not talking, she doesn't seem to be listening exactly but, rather, *absorbing:* Who is this person? What is his context? What can I learn/get from him? are the thoughts coursing through her brain. With Courtney, it's not so much scheming as it is focus. She has always known what she wanted and what she wanted was to be a star. More precisely, Courtney always thought she *was* a star. She was just waiting for everyone else to wake up.

It looks as if, after a few false starts—an acting career that didn't quite take, some stints in other bands that didn't work out—Courtney is having her moment. She and Hole were just signed to a million-dollar record deal; she is married to Kurt Cobain, the lead singer of Nirvana, and within the realm of the alternative-music scene, Courtney is now regarded as a train-wreck personality: she may be awful, but you can't take your eyes off her.

Her timing is excellent: in the wake of the huge success of Nirvana, an extremely talented rock band from Seattle that surprised everyone in the industry by selling (so far) seven million records worldwide, there has been a frenzy to sign other bands in the punk-grunge-underground mode. The music ranges from almost pop to loud thrashing—the only real unifying link is that most of the bands are on independent labels and appeal to college audiences. "No one can get a seat on a plane to Seattle or Portland now," says Ed Rosenblatt, president of Geffen Records, Nirvana's label. "Every flight is booked by A&R people out to find the next Nirvana."

Last August, Hole, which is much more extreme and less melodic than Nirvana, released *Pretty on the Inside* on Caroline Records, an independent that is a subsidiary of Virgin. The record is intensely difficult to listen to—Courtney's singing is a mix of shouting, screeching, and rasping—but her songwriting, which has been compared to Joni Mitchell's, is powerful. " 'Pretty on the Inside,' " writes Elizabeth Wurtzel in *The New Yorker,* "is such a cacophony—full of such grating, abrasive, and unpleasant sludges of noise—that very few people are likely to get through it once, let alone give it the repeated listenings it needs for you to discover that it's probably the most compelling album to have been released in 1991."

Courtney's postfeminist stance (she has the power—she just wants to be loved) echoes throughout her songs. Her chosen topics—rape and abortion, to name two—are extremely provocative. "Slit me open and suck my scars," she sings about sex. "Don't worry baby, you will never stink so bad again," she intones about a botched abortion. In her strongest song, "Doll Parts," she turns introspective: "I want to be the girl with the most cake / He only loves those things because he loves to see them break / I think it's all true—I am beyond fake / Someday you will ache like I ache."

Even before Nirvana's massive success, Hole was lumped with Babes in Toyland, L7, the Nymphs, and other female-led underground groups. Although these bands were quite different from one another, and wildly competitive, they were all dubbed "foxcore." And when Nirvana's album *Nevermind* started to sell like mad, the so-called foxcore bands suddenly seemed commercially viable. "There's a pre-Nirvana record-industry perception of this kind of music," says Gary Gersh, the Geffen Records A&R person who signed Nirvana. "And there's a post-Nirvana record-industry perspective. But if you're out there and trying to sign the next Nirvana, you're chasing your tail. The game is not finding the next Nirvana, because there won't be a next Nirvana."

It is somehow appropriate that Madonna's new company, Maverick, was the first to be interested in signing Courtney Love to a major record deal. In mid-1991, Guy Oseary, an enthusiastic nineteen-year-old who was working for Madonna and her manager, Freddy De Mann, at their then unnamed company, told his bosses about Hole. He also contacted Courtney's lawyer, Rosemary Carroll, and Hole-mania began. "Courtney had been orchestrating this game plan from the beginning," says Carroll. "She was always very aware of the business, of her place in the business."

Courtney claims she never wanted to sign with Maverick. "Freddy would have me riding on elephants," she says. "They don't know what I am. For them, I'm a visual, *period.*" Madonna's presence worried her even more: she did not want to share the spotlight with the premier blonde goddess of the last decade. "Madonna's interest in me was kind of like Dracula's interest in his latest victim."

But Courtney, who is nothing if not shrewd, knew that one offer could spur other offers. Besides, she had another ace to play: by late '91 she was dating Kurt Cobain. When Hole went to England, she wasn't shy about either Madonna's interest or her new boyfriend. She gave lots of interviews and the notoriously fickle British music magazines, who adored her grunge-rock sound and her torn thirties tea dresses, proclaimed her their new genius. "The British tabloids called me 'leggy' and 'stunning,' " she recalls. "The best article was about Madonna. It had a really big picture of me as a blonde and a really small picture of her as a brunette. I cut that one out."

For his part, Oseary, who saw Courtney and Hole as his private find, was shocked. "The stories in the English press went, 'Madonna doesn't have AIDS and she wants to sign Hole,' " he recalls, sounding rather exasperated. "From then on, it was 'Madonna's Hole,' 'Madonna's Hole.' Suddenly, we're just *one* of the bidders. At Hole's next show, thirteen A&R people were there!"

So it began—the first-ever bidding war over an unsigned female band. (In the record business, independent labels are not considered contenders—until you're on a major label you're unsigned.) It wasn't clear whether or not most of the bidders liked, or even knew, Hole's music—it was the magic combination of Madonna's interest, Kurt Cobain's interest, and the strength of Courtney's personality. In any case, Clive Davis, president of Arista Records, reportedly offered

Madonna's interest in me was kind of like Dracula's interest in his latest victim," says Love.

a million dollars to sign the band. Rick Rubin, head of Def American, was interested, but he and Courtney clashed when they met. She had similar difficulties with Jeff Ayeroff at Virgin. "Now, Kurt," she exclaims, "is able to go into Capitol, go into a meeting, decide he doesn't like it halfway through, walk out on the guys mid-sentence, and everyone goes, 'There goes Kurt. He's so moody. Nirvana's great.' But I go in and spend three hours with Jeff Ayeroff and tell him more about punk rock than he ever knew. I give him quality time, but, I'm sorry, I don't want to be on his label and he gets a boner about it and calls me a bitch."

In the end, she signed with Gary Gersh at Geffen, the same label as Nirvana. "We didn't make the deal because she is married to Kurt Cobain," says Ed Rosenblatt. "But it is a little weird. Hole is a band who we happen to believe in and, oh, by the way, she's married to. . ."

Courtney's deal, worth around a million dollars, is bigger and better than her husband's. She and Carroll insisted on that. "I got excellent, excellent contractual things," she boasts. "I made them pull out Nirvana's contract, and everything on there, I wanted more. I'm up to half a million for my publishing rights and I'm still walking. If those sexist assholes want to think that me and Kurt write songs together, they can come forward with a little more." She pauses. "No matter what label I'm on, I'm going to be his wife," she says. "I'm enough of a person to transcend that."

Probably. But in the circles she travels in, Kurt Cobain is regarded as a holy man. Courtney, meanwhile, is viewed by many as a charismatic opportunist. There have been rampant reports about the couple's drug problems, and many believe she introduced Cobain to heroin. They are expecting a baby this month, and even the most tolerant industry insiders fear for the health of the child. "It is appalling to think that she would be taking drugs when she knew she was pregnant," says one close friend. "We're all worried about that baby."

"Courtney and Kurt are the nineties, much more talented version of Sid and Nancy," says one executive. "She's going to be famous and he already is, but unless something happens, they're going to self-destruct. I know they're both going to be big stars. I just don't want to be a part of it."

Courtney has heard all this before and, in a perverse way, she thrives on it. "I heard a rumor that Madonna and I were shooting heroin together," she says *(Continued on page 296)*



Love, who pursued Cobain relentlessly, finally got him to tie the knot in Hawaii last February. "He's supposed to be married to a model and he's married to *me*."



Matisse's *Large Reclining Nude/ The Pink Nude (Nu Rose)*, 1935, oil on canvas, 26 in. by 36½ in.

If a certain *joie de vivre* is lacking in contemporary art, it positively explodes from the canvases of two early modern masters of the pleasure principle, Matisse and Magritte. MARK STEVENS anticipates New York's two hottest fall shows

ART'S DESIRE

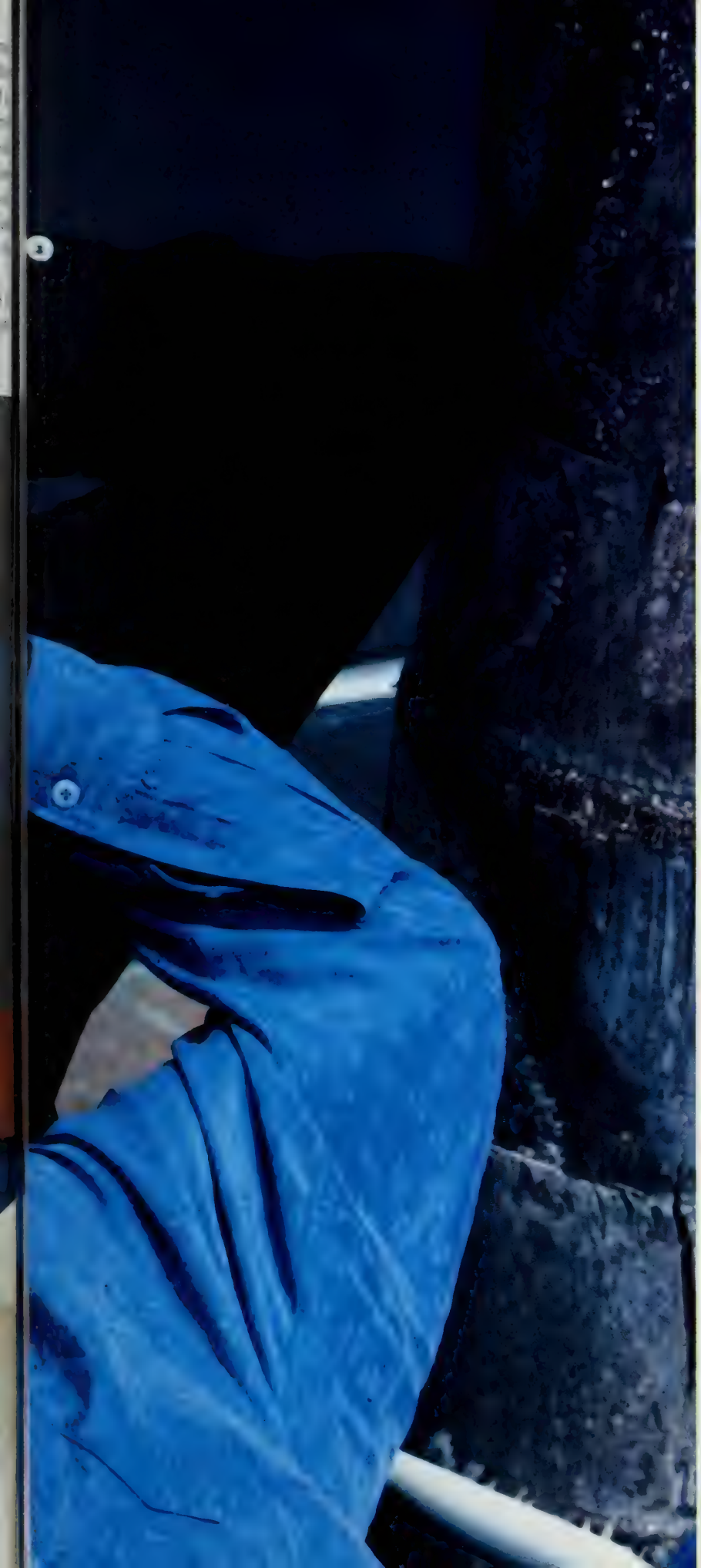


A great retrospective can refresh the present while commemorating the past. The exhibitions in New York this fall of two essential modernists—Henri Matisse at the Museum of Modern Art, René Magritte at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—do exactly that. In painting today, all too often there is no serious faith in pleasure, no capacity for intelligent joy. Art is didactic, puritanical, obsessed with the errors of sex and forgetful of its pleasures. In other words, we stand in need of a great pagan soul.

Supremely intelligent, an artist of classical reach and austerity, Matisse endowed his pagan reveries with transcendent force. His best pictures suggest paradise regained. The flesh in *Nu Rose* (1935) is as delightful as a bowl of fruit; it *is* fruit, in the way that flesh was fruit before the Fall. The slow sweep of the curves, the blissful stretch of belly, recall the languor of the idyll. At the same time, the dramatic cocking of knee and elbow adds erotic verve. A witty side of the painting is that the figure's head matters so little. It has become just another aspect of the flesh, a kind of afterthought.

If Matisse recalls the body to joy, Magritte restores to jaded taste a feeling for the marvelous. Contemporary art,





The Bernini of L.A.

Mexican-born sculptor Robert Graham has unexpectedly become L.A.'s Renaissance man for the nineties, with public works, private commissions, and even an urban-revitalization plan for his home base, Venice Beach. And with total synergy, he's also married to Hollywood's newly emergent power, Anjelica Huston.

AMY FINE COLLINS reports

HAIR BY TEDDY ANTOLIN FOR VISAGES STYLE; MAKEUP BY CAROL SHAW FOR CLOUTIER

Photographs by HELMUT NEWTON

It's a late-May dusk in Los Angeles, and sculptor Robert Graham, a large and graceful man with a wavy mane of silver-shot hair, is settling into the banquette of a nearly empty Venice Beach restaurant for an early dinner. He will not linger long, as he is eager to keep an appointment with his fiancée, Anjelica Huston, whom he will marry over Memorial Day weekend. Graham speaks so softly—his words seem more like cognition than conversation—that I repeatedly lean closer to hear him. Suddenly a woman at a nearby table disrupts the café's tranquillity by demanding that Graham be asked to extinguish his Havana cigar—probably his sixth of the day. But the restaurant's proprietor does not heed her request. Venice is Graham's turf. He is one of its most visible denizens, and everyone in the funky beachfront community—from maître d's to cops—knows that wherever their sculptor-in-residence goes, a trail of pungent cigar smoke will surely follow. Earlier, Graham showed me the architectural model for his arcaded, Venetian-style studio/house complex, which in another two years will rise—like a New World Doge's Palace—fifty-five feet high on Windward Avenue. (Huston has not yet decided whether she will abandon her Beverly Glen house, forty-five minutes away, to live there full-time with him.) Like all the projects the sculptor takes on, it's a dizzyingly ambitious scheme. In the fashion of a Gothic cathedral, it will be a work involving a number of artists and craftsmen collaborating over an undetermined period of time. Graham expects the building to do more to revitalize the community than any official urban-renewal plan.

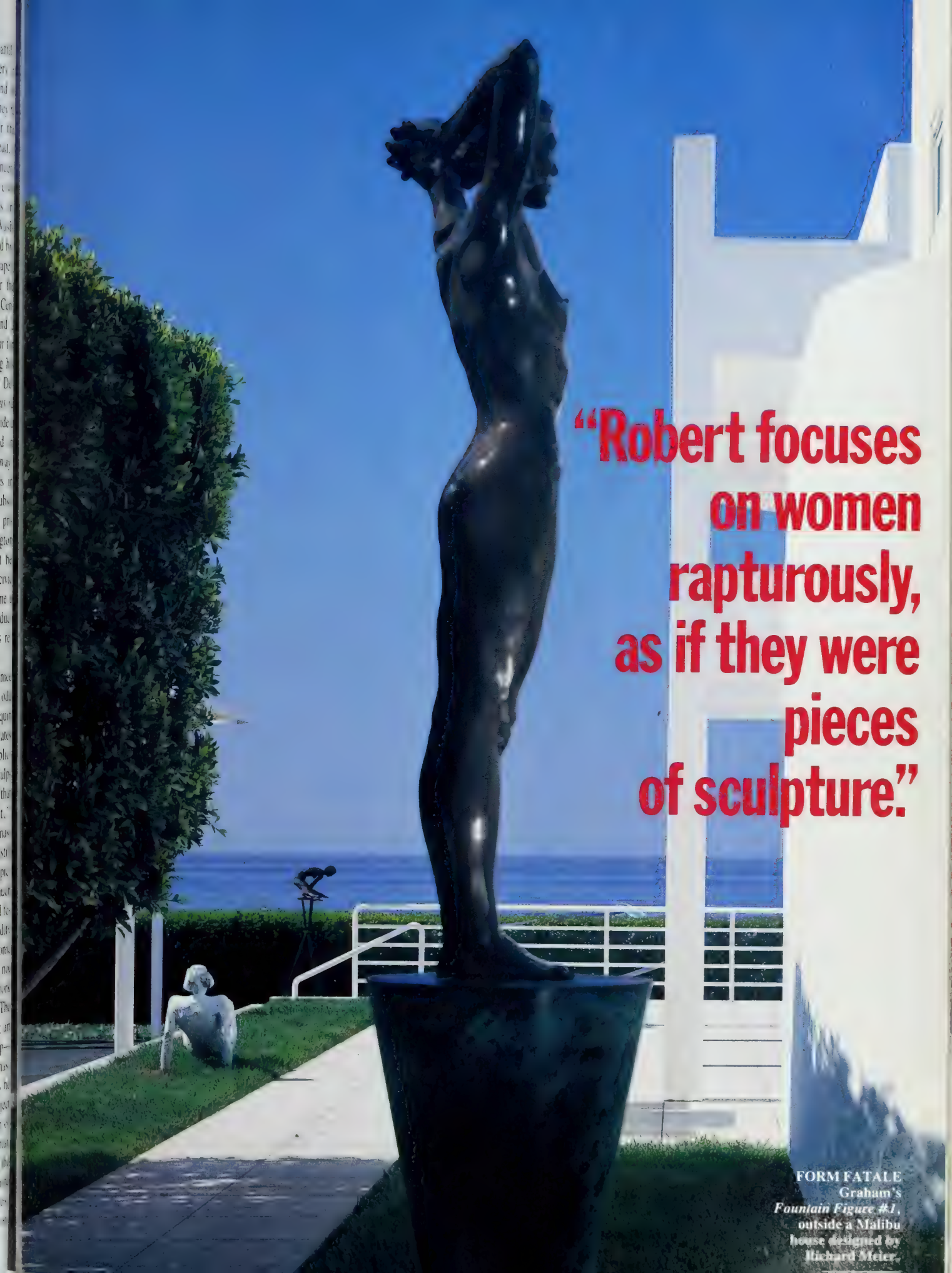
Though he presides like a padrone over Venice—and over the L.A. art scene—Graham still seems a bit of an anomaly here. Not only is he smoking an aggressively thick cigar, he is dining on sanguine roast beef, which he delicately wraps in a corn tortilla, and is drinking tequila. He is dressed in a refined variation of California-casual attire—a white shirt open at the neck and putty-colored chinos held up by an alligator belt. A brooding Mexican-American in a land renowned for blonds and bimbos, he is inward, dark, and guarded. Even his anatomical makeup is incongruous. As Huston tells me the next day, "he has large, manly shoulders, but fine, beautiful hands."

They are sculptor's hands, of course, accustomed to modeling in clay or wax the supple surfaces of the nude female body. Which leads to another paradox about Graham: when hardly a single other respected artist is working in a representational style, he persists in making realistic, figurative sculptures—contemporary idols—using the painstaking technique of bronze casting. In the context of Julian Schnabel's hulking fecal sculptures, Richard Serra's menacing Minimalist monuments, and Claes Oldenburg's goofy overgrown Pop objects, his naturalistic, miraculously skillful nudes look so old-fashioned they seem subversive. He is a Rodin, a Donatello, an academic *après la lettre*—and he's good enough to get away with it. What's more, Graham, who represents himself in L.A. and is affiliated with the Robert Miller Gallery in New York, avoids the usual round of gallery and museum shows. "They're senseless displays of wares for the trade," he says dismissively. Instead, a latter-day Saint-Gaudens, he concentrates on huge, time-consuming civic works. His ongoing commissions include an F.D.R. monument for Washington (begun in 1972, and delayed by, among other things, reels of red tape), the Duke Ellington Memorial for the northeast entrance of Manhattan's Central Park (conceived in 1979), and a formidable *Feathered Serpent* for the city of San Jose. Among his completed public works are Detroit's *Monument to Joe Louis* (a gargantuan fist suspended inside a schematic pyramid, unveiled in 1986) and the Olympic Gateway, erected for the 1984 Games in L.A. Despite such ample subsidies as the $1 million raised privately for the Duke Ellington piece, Graham insists that he makes no money on these civic sculptures. But he has become a rich man by selling the reductions, recasts, and fragments related to the commissions.



ROYAL WEDDING
Huston and Graham at their May nuptials at the Bel-Air hotel in Los Angeles.

In Graham's rambling Venice studio—where there are more odd body parts than in a mannequin factory—the sculptor expatiates on the purpose of his public-minded art. "The outdoor sculptures become living things that people really think about," Graham says. "Museums emasculate art. Busloads of people still go by the gateway and take pictures." (This may have as much to do with the titanic male and female figures' full frontal nudity as with the monument's iconic potency.) "An artist's authorship is not important," he continues. "A work takes on its own, separate life. The modernist notion of an artist making art for himself is an aberration, a blip—bullshit. . . . Picasso was a greedy, masturbatory little child." Graham says he chooses the human body as his subject because "everything is an extension of it—architecture, tools. Even the human spirit has to have the cocoon of the body—think of Jesus Christ." Behind his tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, Graham, outwardly placid, seems con-



FORM FATALE Graham's *Fountain Figure #1*, outside a Malibu house designed by Richard Meier.



VENETIAN CLASS Graham presides like a patrone over Venice Beach. It is his turf.

"Bob is the last of the Mohicans. He's



ontemporary shaman."

stantly to be watching, alert to minutiae and generalities alike, taking in more than he will ever let out. Whatever the thoughts flickering behind those vigilant eyes, most will remain unspoken. Graham's artist friend Ed Moses says, "Bob is the last of the Mohicans. He's a contemporary shaman. He knows how to cross that boundary between magician and magic man. A magician manipulates the eye, tricks, dazzles. A magic man understands the essence of art—the transformation of the human condition."

Graham has undergone some major transformations himself since, as a child of mixed Scottish, English, and Incaic parentage in Mexico City, he started sculpting toys in Plasticine. His father died early, and he was brought up by what he calls "three mothers"—his real mother, his aunt, and his grandmother. His unusual childhood has all the elements of the traditional tales invented by the ancients to explain the genius of great men. It's an upbringing that also recalls the myth of Bacchus, who, abandoned by his father, Zeus, was nurtured by a group of adoring nymphs. Graham himself evokes the bewildered little boy in Fellini's *8½*, who is encircled by towering women. Mystics of the Rosicrucian order, his mother and aunt relocated to San Jose when he was twelve to work at one of the occult group's headquarters. With no siblings to interfere, Graham fashioned his own little world in clay. "A lot of artists felt a solitariness growing up, or were displaced from their own country," Huston notes, comparing Graham to her father, legendary film director John Huston. (Graham's cigars also remind her of her father. "I could always tell where he'd been in a hotel by the scent of his cigar smoke," she says.) Doted on by the "three mothers," Graham says he "was very spoiled. I was always making things simply because I was allowed. I got away with it. They never made me feel peculiar about it."

All these benevolent feminine attentions left Graham with "a passion for and awe of women. As a man I prefer the female form, so I prefer it as a sculptor. It's the most basic thing. Everything boils down to being a man or woman and how one responds to the accident of gender." His response to that accident was *(Continued on page 274)*

SMART TARTT

Every so often a first-novelist leaps out of the fray and into the literary spotlight. But unlike the apocalyptic eighties generation, Donna Tartt recalls a more romantic tradition: a privately idiosyncratic T. S. Eliot freak with a southern-gothic past who this month publishes her hotly awaited highbrow chiller, *The Secret History*. JAMES KAPLAN reports

Donna Tartt, who is going to be very famous very soon—conceivably the moment you read this—also happens to be exceedingly small. Teeny, even. "I'm the exact same size as Lolita," she says. "Do you remember that poem from the novel?" She recites,

Wanted, wanted: Dolores Haze
Her dream-gray gaze never flinches.
Ninety pounds is all she weighs
With a height of sixty inches.

We're sitting over a country breakfast in Smitty's, a homey café in Oxford, Mississippi—site of the university, Ole Miss, and hometown of another Mississippi writer, name of Faulkner. Who may have won a Nobel, but whose books never, in his lifetime, made anything like the commercial splash Donna Tartt has already made with her first novel, *The Secret History*, published this month by Knopf.

Tartt taps her Marlboro Gold on the ashtray. She is a kind of girl-boy-woman in her lineaments, with lunar-pale skin, spooky light-green eyes, a good-size triangular nose, a high, pixieish voice. With her Norma Desmond sunglasses propped on her dark bobbed hair, her striped boy's shirt and shorts from Gap Kids (the only store whose ready-to-wear fits her), and her ever-present cigarette, she is, somehow, a character of her own fictive creation: a precocious sprite from a Cunard Line cruise ship, circa 1920-something. A Wise Child out of Salinger.

"I know a *ton* of poetry by heart," Tartt says, when I comment on her recital of the Nabokov rhyme. It's true. She has an alarming ability to simply break into passages, short or long, from her favorite writing. She quotes, freely and naturally, from Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Newman, Buddha, and Plato—as well as David Byrne of Talking Heads and Jonathan Richman of the Modern Lovers. And many others.

"When I was a little kid, first thing I memorized were really long poems by

Photograph by DEWEY NICKS



SWEET TARTT
Donna and her dog, Pongo.

A. A. Milne," she says. "Then I went through a Kipling phase. I could say 'Gunga Din' for you. Then I went into sort of a Shakespeare phase, when I was about in sixth grade. In high school, I loved loved *loved* Edgar Allan Poe. Still love him. I could say 'Annabel Lee' for you now. I used to know even some of the shorter *stories* by heart. 'The Tell-Tale Heart'—I used to be able to *say* that.

"I *still* memorize poems," she says. "I know 'The Waste Land' by heart. 'Prufrock.' Yeats is good. I know a lot of poems in French by heart. A lot of Dante. That's just something that has always come easily to me. I also know all these things that I was *made* to learn. I'm sort of this *horrible repository* of doggerel verse."

Donna Tartt seems, in many ways, a figure from another decade: a small, hard-drinking, southern writer, a Catholic convert, witheringly smart, with an occluded past, sadness among the magnolias. Wasn't that Flannery? Or Carson? Or Truman, or Tennessee? Surely not a figure from the post-MTV generation. Yet here she is, not yet thirty, coming out of obscurity in Greenwich Village—where she lives with a cockatiel, Horace, and a pug, Pongo (and no television)—into supernova-hood, weighing in among the serious contenders. For *The Secret History* is, amid its vast entertainingness, an extremely serious book: a book whose very essence is the survival of formality in a formality-starved era.

It's commercially serious, too. In early 1989, Tartt's Bennington classmate and friend Bret Easton Ellis introduced her and her project (it was three-quarters done; she had an outline for the rest) to his agent, ICM honcho Amanda Urban. This was more than a favor: Ellis had been reading the novel, as it progressed, for six years, since he and Tartt were in their second year at college. He thought she had the goods. So did Urban. "She said, 'My God, it's incredibly well written—I can't stop turning the pages,' " Ellis recalls.

Urban accepted Tartt as an unsigned client; two years later, with the completed (866-page) manuscript in hand, Urban was able to whip up a bidding frenzy among several publishing houses. The winner, Knopf, paid $450,000 for the book (which it made back almost immediately, and then again, in foreign sales). Shortly thereafter, Alan Pakula's Pakula Productions paid another large sum for the privilege of attempting to turn the book into a motion picture. This is a book that was on boil long before it even hit the stores: so great was the demand for five-hundred-page advance reader's editions of *The Secret History* that Knopf had to print an unprecedented second run.

What's all the fuss? This: *The Secret History* is about a small, singular cadre of classics students at Vermont's Hampden College (a tiny ultra-liberal, ultra-artistic school not unlike Bennington) who, for the strangest of possible reasons, slay a stranger, and then one of their own. It is a huge, mesmerizing, galloping read, pleasurably devoured in a few evenings: a book which, unlike the vast preponderance of page-turners—or, for that matter, the vast preponderance of first novels—is gorgeously written, relentlessly erudite, and persistently (and quite anachronistically) high-minded. It is (the strangeness compounds) a murder mystery in which the two killings (and all sex scenes) take place offstage, and in which the only mystery is *why*—the who, what, when, where, and how all being known virtually from the word go. "*The snow in the mountains was melting and Bunny had been dead for several weeks before we came to understand the gravity of our situation.*" Thus—deadpan, chockablock with beauty and portent—one of the classic first sentences of our vehemently anti-classical time.

But then, Donna Tartt is more than mildly fixated on things classical. As good a place to begin as any is the fact that she has a largish obsession, bordering on the cultic, with T. S. Eliot. The ringleader and chief malefactor in *The Secret History,* an eerily grave polymath called Henry Winter, comes from Eliot's hometown, St. Louis, has the same first name as Old Tom's brother, wears tiny, old-fashioned steel-rimmed glasses and "dark English suits and carrie[s] an umbrella (a bizarre sight in Hampden) and. . .walk[s] stiffly through the throngs of hippies and beatniks and preppies and punks with the self-conscious formality of an old ballerina."

Tartt's answering-machine message is the Man Himself, reading, solemnly, from "The Waste Land": "I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring. / Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone, / Tell her I bring the horoscope myself: / One must be so careful these days."

Indeed. Like Eliot, and like another idol, J. D. Salinger, Tartt is not at all averse to interest in her work. Period. When it comes to the perky, personal, prying tone of our time, her reservations are grave. The title of her book is not without autobiographical meaning. Her skittishness about being interviewed is formidable. But as Bret Easton Ellis (the co-dedicatee of *The Secret History*) will later tell me, with the rueful tone of One Who Knows, "You can't be Salinger and be represented by ICM."

One can do one's best, however.

Grenada, Mississippi, sits astride the Yalobusha River at the eastern fringe of the Delta, a sleepy, sunstruck southern town like many other southern towns, with a dead railroad depot (Illinois Central), a moribund square (where the Confederate monument still stands), and, outside of what used to be the center of things, two miles of new strip lined with bright prefab despair. Off the strip, time moves like molasses: children play in the dirt, big rusting Fords sit under carports, the kudzu creeps. In June, the air is like a hot sponge; the radio plays seventies rock and commercials for boll-weevil poison. Grenada is a town of small distinction, Mississippi-generic. It has produced a Miss Teen U.S.A. Mr. Borden, of Borden's milk, used to keep his polo ponies here. There was a yellow-fever epidemic in the nineteenth century. The Old Families die out or move on, or stay and gather moss. One of them, the Boushés, produced Donna Tartt's mother; her father's people were newer blood.

Don Tartt was an upwardly mobile small-town operator who went from working in a grocery store to owning a freeway service station to becoming a successful local politician. At one point he was president of the Grenada County Board of Supervisors. He and his wife, Taylor, a secretary for much of the time

they were married, stayed together for two decades—on the evidence, not happy ones. They produced two daughters; the elder showed unsettling signs of precocity.

At an age when most girls her age were reading *Misty of Chincoteague*, Donna Tartt idolized Heinrich Schliemann, genius linguist and excavator of Troy. "When I was little," she says, "my grandmother gave me this book about archaeology, which was my favorite thing in the world. It was *not* a child's book. When I graduated from high school, one of the girls I had been in kindergarten with had a tape—her mother had brought a tape recorder to our kindergarten graduation. At Miss Doty's Kindergarten for Girls. They made us all stand and say what we wanted to be when we grew up. And when it was my turn, it was exactly my voice, except it was much higher-pitched. And I said, 'My name is Donna Louise Tartt, and when *I* grow up, *I* should like to be an ar-chae-ologist.' I was the only child that said *should*—all the other children said *would*. It was starting even then. Child is father to the man."

Memphis, a hundred miles north, may have been the big city, but Oxford, only half that distance away, was her beacon, especially during her adolescent years, when her insatiable hunger for learning had exhausted the resources of the Elizabeth Jones Library. Oxford had a good bookstore, and after shopping for shoes with her mother at Neilson's, she would pursue her self-education. She read and read, and listened.

"Something I think you're very conscious of growing up in the South is people who speak correctly and people who don't," she says. "George Orwell said, 'Englishmen are all branded on the tongue.' It's the same for southerners. I grew up around people who had wonderful, mellifluous voices; there's also that twangy cracker accent. And then you were also aware of black English. And the fourth thing that I was sort of *hyper*-aware of was—my mother read to me a lot when I was a little girl. The first book she ever read to me was *The Wind in the Willows*, which I still like. I read a lot of English children's books. And I was very conscious of the fact that Rat and Mole didn't talk the way that my mother talked, or that our housekeeper talked, or that my friends at school talked. I thought literature was English. Books seemed to speak to me in English accents."

She wrote her first poem at age five, lying on her stomach in front of the TV; she had to wait eight more years to be published, with a sonnet in a Mississippi literary review. By the time she was in high school, she was churning out the words in a promiscuous frenzy, winning prizes for her essays on patriotism and the dangers of alcohol, writing short stories about death. Then came college.

"Fall of '81 I came here, seventeen years old, looked like I was about twelve," she says. "And acted like I was about twelve. Went through rush my first week, and pledged. It was what you did, and I did it."

We're driving slowly among the neo-Colonial brick piles and live oaks and wide lawns of Ole Miss, where, surrealistically enough, hundreds upon hundreds of identically T-shirted nymphets twirl, march, and chant in sweetly hortatory voices: Mid-South Cheerleading Camp is in session. Which, surrealistically enough, Donna Tartt seems to have once attended.

We have decided to trespass in the sacred precincts, the plush powder-blue fastness of the Delta Rho chapter of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority at Ole Miss: Kappa House, stronghold of Southern Womanhood, inviolable and pristine. This being summer, the place is cleared out. We tiptoe and whisper nevertheless, surrounded by the rustling presences of the Debbies and Tammies and Vonda Sues, the big blonde sunny girls born to marry Rhetts and Trents and live by the golf course and raise flocks of blond children and forever hold dear the Kappa ideal (*The Kappa is not an intruder upon life. / But rather an inner presence who seems to softly and naturally emerge . . .*). This is where Donna Tartt once stuffed the Sunshine Box—which her fellow Kappas would fill with sayings on scraps of paper, epigrams dear to their hopeful hearts, apothegms of uplift, treasured mots about life and lemons and lemonade—with vile sayings by Nietzsche and Sartre. "God is dead. . . . And we have killed him." "Hell is other people."

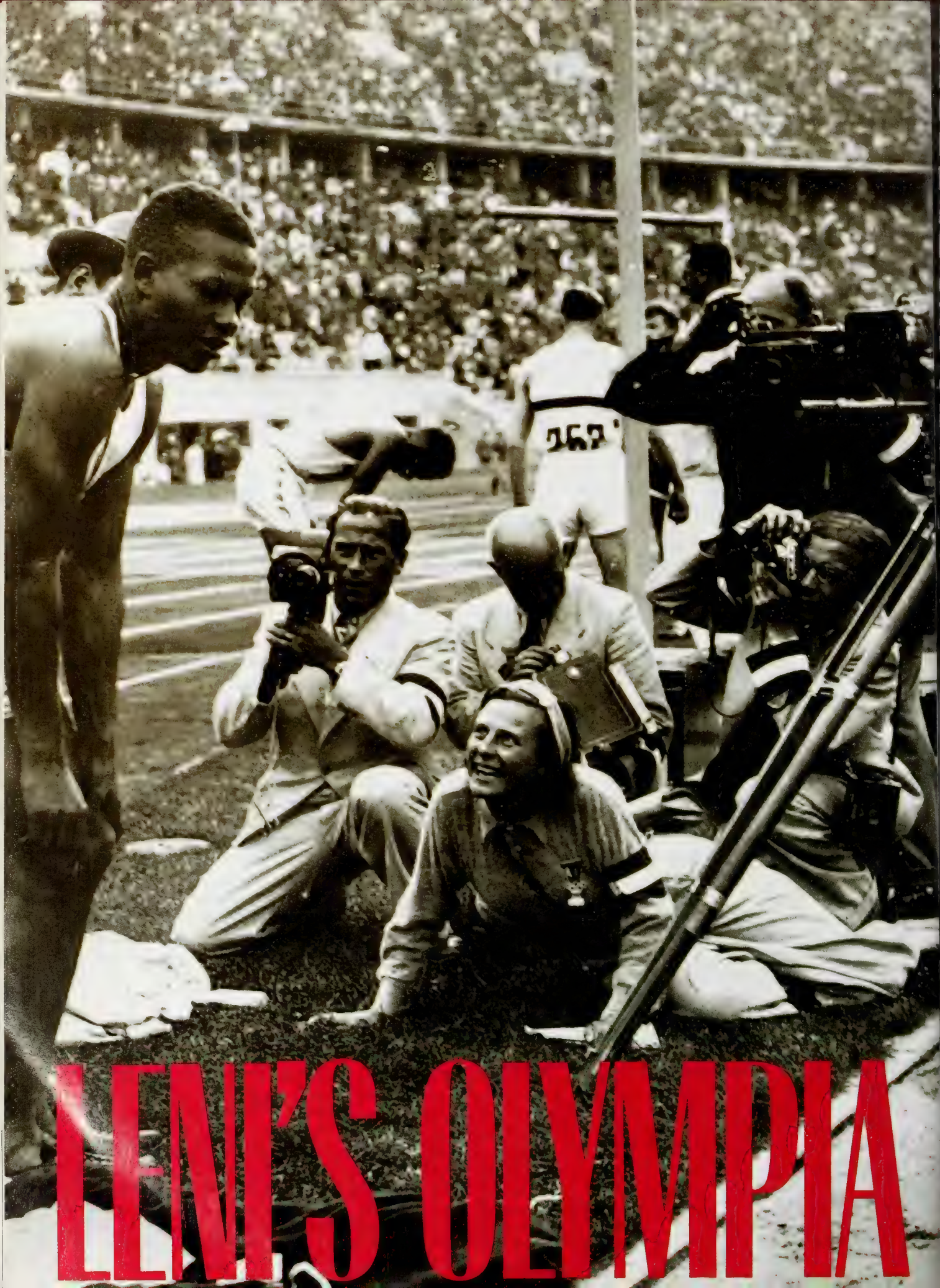
"Everybody knew it was me," Tartt says as we sneak up from the Kappa basement. "There was this dire meeting—they told me I had to confess, 'on your honor as a woman.' " (Did she? "Of course not," she replies indignantly.)

She laughs. "Here I was, this small, dark, thoughtful person among all these towering happy blondes. I mean, if you didn't dress up like Scarlett O'Hara to go to biology class, you were a total oddball. And I was. They were embarrassed by me. Their boyfriends would see me sitting around reading Ezra Pound cantos in the rain, and ask who this person was. And they'd have to grit their teeth and say, '*Oh, she's a pledge*.'

"I remember my first couple of weeks, eating in the Union by myself, reading Nietzsche. I was so happy. Not lonely. There were forty people in my graduating class in high school, and I had known them since kindergarten. You never saw anybody that you hadn't known your whole life—didn't know their whole family history. So it was very exhilarating to come here—you'd see people you didn't know, and they didn't know you.

"It seemed *(Continued on page 276)*

Dionysus appeared to the celebrants. Certain sexual acts took place. And then, a murder.



LENI'S OLYMPIA

She might have been another Dietrich. Or even a Fritz Lang. Instead, Leni Riefenstahl became notorious as the Aryan muse handpicked by Hitler to document his Fascist vision in *Triumph of the Will*. What was behind her pact with the Devil? In Germany, STEPHEN SCHIFF talked to Riefenstahl, now ninety, on the eve of the English publication of her memoirs



Riefenstahl at home near Munich and, *opposite*, filming American gold medalist Archie Williams during the 1936 Games in Berlin, for her documentary *Olympia*.

Photographs by HELMUT NEWTON

He descends from the clouds like Apollo, while the populace of the medieval city below visibly thirsts for him. For a moment, we glimpse his face —modest, gentle, serenely appreciative—and then his saluting hand, which glows mysteriously; he's like a benign sorcerer, cupping the sunlight in his palm. As his car parades past the rapturous throngs, a Baroque statue gazes in wonderment; a cat in a window turns to greet him; a mother breaks from the crowd to present the child in her arms, and, as the masses exult, the child beams and salutes. He vanishes into one of the ancient stone buildings, but the crowd won't have it—they're mad for him, desperate. And eventually he appears on a balcony above them, nodding sagely, allowing himself, just this once, to drink in the adulation—more for the sake of his idolaters than for his own.

He is, of course, Adolf Hitler; the setting is Nuremberg; and the film is *Triumph of the Will,* perhaps the most



"If I had said I had slept with Hitler, or he kissed me

potent and chilling documentary ever made, a record of the 1934 Nazi Party rally whose ecstatic depiction of absolute power—of what absolute power *looks* like—ranks among the most influential visions this century has produced. The film's hero has been dead for nearly fifty years. But the woman he hired to make it is not only alive and well, she's improbably hale. When Leni Riefenstahl descends the stairs of her modern prefab home in a woodsy suburb of Munich, she's wearing black filigreed tights, high heels, and a purple silk blouse. Very Dietrich. Her hair is dyed a canary blond, and her wide eyes flash vampishly. At the foot of the stairs, she greets me, cocks her hip, and bursts into chatter about the undersea wonders she photographed just last month while scuba-diving in the Maldives. "It was for me more than diving," she says in her dense German accent, "more than making film of water creatures. If you see this world, you are very close to creation; if you see the small things there, how it all fits together in nature, the silence—you hear nothing, *ja?*—it's fantastic. Fantastic." Her eyes blaze. It's very hard to remember that

Leni's beauty—and her reputation as the *Führer*'s favorite—was renowned by the time this 1939 photograph was taken.



or something, maybe it would have been better for me."





efenstahl (far right) at Berlin soirée in 1928 with ster sirens Marlene Dietrich d Anna May Wong. *pposite page*, with Hitler d Goebbels in Berlin 1937; Riefenstahl has id the photograph as staged by itler to counter ories that Goebbels spised her.

"If the Communists had won, Riefenstahl would have made films for Stalin. No doubt about it."

"I started photographing only because I couldn't make films anymore. Otherwise, I would make film, film, film."

on August 22 Leni Riefenstahl will be ninety years old.

"You just can't think of Leni as, you know, a substitute grandmother," says a young male friend. "It's impossible. You actually get caught up in her sexuality, and she's so captivating that you start thinking things you shouldn't be thinking."

That may be going a bit far, but Riefenstahl at ninety is amazingly flirty and sensual. In fact, her supernal vigor is almost too apt: it fits too well with her long-standing image as a sexy Third Reich she-wolf, the Brunhild in jodhpurs whom Hitler allegedly (and probably apocryphally) called "the perfect example of German womanhood."

Riefenstahl has always been almost comically German: fanatically well organized, nature-loving, athletic, mystical. Her movies—especially the two documentary features that have secured her place in film history—remain impressive not just for their ominous beauty and grandeur but because they were such enormous logistical feats, requiring dozens of cameramen, years of editing, the strategic skills of a general. Critics like Siegfried Kracauer, Lotte Eisner, and Susan Sontag came to view them as the sulfurous flower of the Fascist aesthetic—and went on to condemn Riefenstahl herself as Hitler's pawn, a knowing propagandist who somehow got away with the sort of iniquity the Nuremberg criminals paid for with their lives. *Triumph of the Will* glorified the way a rabble of golden youths could be marshaled into vast geometric ranks, the way raw animal power could be disciplined into submission and then cloaked in empyreal mist. *Olympia*, Riefenstahl's masterly record of the 1936 Berlin Olympics, celebrated striving and grit and flawless bodies twisting against the sky. After the war, when her association with Hitler made it impossible for her to pursue her filmmaking career, she turned to photography, and, during the sixties and seventies, her magnificent pictures of the godlike Nuba tribe of Sudan emphasized their statuesque physiques, their love of fierce militaristic competition—all of which drew further accusations of Fascism. Whatever one called it, Riefenstahl's art was about the rigorous pursuit of an almost inhuman perfection. And so was her life. She was forever off on some heroic quest—mountain climbing, skiing, exploring Africa, deep-sea diving. It was as though nothing on earth, not even time, could oppose her ferocious will.

In 1946 the screenwriter Budd Schulberg wrote a rabid *Saturday Evening Post* article about her entitled "Nazi Pin-Up Girl," and one can well imagine generations of slavering fantasists, German and American alike, mooning over the tabloid vision of Riefenstahl as some creamy Aryan dominatrix, snapping her riding crop and bidding her troops to the brink. Over the years, one also heard hideous stories about her—about how she stood by dispassionately and watched a massacre of civilians during Germany's invasion of Poland, about how she was Hitler's mistress, or Goebbels's mistress, or both. As myth, in fact, Leni Riefenstahl is nearly perfect. To her critics, she's a living object lesson, a symptom of the malignancy that might once again bloom in our midst if we were ever to drop our guard.

There's just one problem. The evidence supporting these tales of Riefenstahl's outrages is consistently flimsy or spurious; the evidence disputing them is, at the very least, far more detailed, and in many instances it's substantiated by documents, eyewitnesses, and court testimony. Riefenstahl never was Hitler's mistress, nor Goebbels's (after several failed attempts at seduction, the propaganda minister became her most implacable enemy). And while those civilians in Poland were being massacred Riefenstahl was apparently protesting to the German general Reichenau about his soldiers' mistreatment of Polish prisoners—and about how her indignation had almost gotten her shot. Whether one views her as an evil genius or a narcissistic naïf, she is certainly among the most widely slandered figures of the century.

Which is why the appearance in English of her memoirs, published in Britain this month by Quartet Books (they have not yet found an American publisher), is something of an event. Riefenstahl has been threatening to clobber the world with this mighty tome practically from the moment the war ended, and though the tome itself finally proves too tumid by half, in some ways it was worth the wait: there's valuable material here for film scholars, for African specialists (her exploits among the Nuba are recounted at great length), and especially for anyone who wants a cutaway view of Hitler's Germany from a fresh, if somewhat bizarre, angle—the angle of an ambitious young artist trying to manipulate the *Führer* faster than he could manipulate her.

For better or worse, though, the book is also Riefenstahl's testimony for the defense. It includes endless litanies of the libels against her and the lawsuits that resulted (they number more than fifty), and you can't help noting that she has won every suit she's brought—except one. In 1985, a documentary by the German filmmaker Nina Gladitz showed that during the making of her last movie, *Tiefland*, Riefenstahl used Gypsies from the Maxglan prison camp as extras—Gypsies who eventually wound up in Auschwitz. Although the court ordered Gladitz to excise passages of the film asserting that Riefenstahl made "empty promises" to the Gypsies about keeping them out of Auschwitz (she almost certainly had no idea of their fate), the rest of the film—including damning interviews with surviving Gypsies—was cleared for broadcast. Riefenstahl insists that Maxglan was at the time not a prison camp but a reception center for the indigent, and that she treated the Gypsies very well indeed.

"They make lies," she says with a protracted sigh. "Look, for me it would be much easier if after the war I had said, 'Oh yes, I have done this and that and I'm very sorry; I feel guilty.' If I



"Risks don't exist for me. I'm not afraid."

had said I had slept with Hitler, or he kissed me or something, maybe it would have been better for me, and I would have got a lot of money, too."

Not that she's destitute. We are sitting across from each other at her sunny dining-room table; the floors are white marble, the furniture is leather and rattan, there are African knickknacks placed tastefully here and there, and on the wall hangs a fancy clock with an annoying ding. Riefenstahl's conversational style, bolstered as it is by her drill-bit gaze and her huge, coaxing smile, is so intense that it's easy to forget all the people running around in the background—the secretaries scurrying, fetching documents to support Riefenstahl's version of her history, the phones buzzing, the legal and financial abscesses being lanced just out of view. It wasn't always this way. "When I first met her, in 1972," says Claus Offerman, an American translator and historian who helps her with English-language correspondence, "she was living from hand to mouth. She didn't even have a bed; she had a mattress on the floor." That was before the success of her two remarkable photography books *The Last of the Nuba* and *The People of Kau*. The house we're sitting in, with its big picture windows and its gently sloping yard, might be called the house the Nuba built.

Suddenly she reaches across the table and grabs my hand. "It's so horrible, the artists and the people in industry who were a hundred percent for Hitler, and then after the war they said, 'No, we hated him.' Like Austria. 'No, we hated it, we were forced to do it.' I am the only one who has said, 'Yes, I was in the beginning an admirer of his. I did believe in him.' At the end of the war, when I found out the things he has done, I hated this, and from this moment I started to hate him. Really, I had the feeling at the end of the war that if I had a knife I would kill him. But only at that time—before, not." She shakes her head and stares down at the table. "Because I told the truth, I have suffered. You are young. You can't understand how many lies can be written."

Yet Riefenstahl can't claim true innocence, either. Indeed, the facts in her case raise questions that are far more complex and fascinating than the myth. For the real Third Reich was not so much a nation of jackbooted fiends, but of variations on Leni Riefenstahl—people who found a way to live, work, and even flourish amid the most monstrous society this century has produced. Were they themselves monsters? Were they blind? If the phenomenon that Hannah Arendt called "the banality of evil" could produce an Adolf Eichmann, what was it that produced a Leni Riefenstahl? If she was Hitler's favorite filmmaker, does she share in his guilt? And if she made a great film that celebrated a great evil, was she definitively a part of that evil? What do we ask—what *should* we ask—of a Leni Riefenstahl?

"Look, my dear," she says. "The time was so different that it is impossible to speak of it if you were not there. Can you understand that you were living in a country that was very poor, almost kaput, with six million people out of work? It was horrible in Berlin."

Indeed it was. The Germany that brought Hitler to power in 1933 was wracked by hyperinflation, economic depression, and the lingering demoralization that followed defeat in World War I. "When I first saw Hitler speak," she says, "before he came to power, he had a very strong aura. Very strong. Only people who saw him then can understand it. I didn't believe in what he promised, that all people would work and so on, but later I saw it happen. The people found work; they were happy."

During the first four years of his regime, Hitler murdered hundreds of his former allies, put Germany on a war footing, pulled out of the League of Nations, destroyed the country's labor unions, and unleashed the beginnings of the anti-Semitic program that would eventually culminate in the Final Solution. But he also revolutionized the German highway system, launched innovative anti-pollution measures, improved the country's working conditions, initiated a Utopian city-planning program, raised health standards, reduced infant mortality, chipped away at German class barriers, and rejuvenated the ecor omy. As the American historian Joh Toland wrote, "If Hitler had died i 1937, on the fourth anniversary of hi coming to power. . .he would undoubt edly have gone down as one of th greatest figures in German history."

"All people loved Hitler at tha time," Riefenstahl claims. "And all th diplomats came from America and fror everywhere to see the new Germany Even in Nuremberg in 1934 they wer all happy to see Hitler." But after th rest of the world stopped loving him Riefenstahl's ardency continued. I 1940, following Hitler's invasion o France, she sent him a telegram that read "With indescribable joy, deeply move and in fervent gratitude, we experienc with you, my *Führer*, your own and Ger many's greatest victory, the arrival o German troops in Paris. . ."

Yet now she tells me, "I thought like many people, that he would be th guarantee of peace."

She shrugs—but it's bigger than shrug: her arm makes a sweeping arc o helplessness and disappointment. Rie fenstahl's gestures are grand, dramatic like a silent-movie star's; her eyes ofter go moist as they search the middle dis tance, and she dips in and out of the most fervent emotion at the drop of hat. In her memoirs, she writes of faint ing spells, psychosomatic breakdowns and bouts of public weeping, and ever watching her discuss the day's business with her loyal minions, you feel as though she's tossing on stormy seas Strong though she is, panic and desper ation are never very far away. Nearly every conversation begins with a com plaint or a crisis or a vast insoluble di lemma (the chapters of her memoirs bear such titles as "Endless Difficul ties," "Turbulent Weeks," "A Disas trous Accident," "A Difficult Year"), and she often requires soothing before she can settle into her usual concentrat ed hum.

At once masterful and terribly needy Riefenstahl has the kind of vulnerability that addicts people to her, that draws them in and makes them feel they're serving a worthy cause. Here in her house, there's only one topic to discuss,

JOAN D
212-371-8250
Where?

Geena's Sheen

(Continued from page 208) in McCook, Nebraska, and there is a portrait of Mr. Woody, a toothpick with heart-shaped hands, on the package. "Most people just want to *see* the celebrity," Leno continues, "and if they don't really say anything, that's fine. But I always like people who feel that, if they are going to be on, then they should bring something—like, Here's some cake, or something. You're not going to eat it, but it's nice if people bring it. So whenever Geena's on, she always brings something to the show. It's always a comedy bit. . . either a story or an invention. It makes the show more show-and-tell. So if you came from another country and you'd never seen her before and you didn't know who she was, you'd go, 'Oh, she's funny!' A lot of times, you have movie stars on, and if you'd never heard of them before, you go, 'Why is this person famous in America?' "

Geena Davis is less famous in America for her giddiness than for her guts. She was blasted into our cultural consciousness when, in *Thelma & Louise*, her co-star, Susan Sarandon, as Louise, pulled out a gun and blew a hole in the man who was attempting to rape Davis's character, Thelma. This act of feminist rage repulsed as many as it delighted. *Time* had Davis and Sarandon on the cover not because the film was such a success (in fact, *Thelma & Louise* made a rather modest amount of money in Hollywood terms) but because the story quite literally en*gendered* controversy. Many men, and quite a few women, were angered because they felt the title characters, who go on a shoot-'em-up robbery spree across the American Southwest, had been co-opted by the very behavior the movie is railing against, which can result in a kind of machismo-cake. Others, however, saw the film as a feminist affirmation too long needed in American cinema.

"I had read the script early on and thought it was one of the best screenplays I had ever read," says Davis's most recent producer, Laura Ziskin, who also cowrote the story for *Hero*. Ziskin is one of the busiest producers in Hollywood, which has remained over the decades predominantly a boys' club. Her films include *Pretty Woman, What About Bob?, No Way Out, D.O.A., Everybody's All-American, Murphy's Romance*, and *Pair-a-Dice*, Kevin Costner's next project. "I didn't have enough foresight to say, 'Oh God, this is really going to shake people up from a feminist point of view,' " says Ziskin. "I just thought it was a great story. I think that when women read stories about women they think, Oh, yeah, right, of course. They don't think it's so mind-boggling. I can't figure out the people that it angered. I just don't understand that, other than anything that isn't just sort of *oatmeal* will anger *somebody*. I think it may have had something to do with the fact that it was a story about these women who were violated and they reacted. They weren't passive. They took control of their lives."

Penny Marshall, who directed Davis in *League* and has become the premier female director in Hollywood, can't understand the anger the film generated, either. "I just thought it was a good movie," she says. "I found it entertaining and full of great acting and great direction. That's all I go by. I don't get involved in what other people *think*."

"I think the controversy was just nonsense," says Janet Maslin. "The film never had a hostile political edge to it. It really played as a wonderful story of how these two women changed, and Geena Davis should certainly get a lot of credit for that."

Susan Faludi, the author of *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, has this to say: "It was not just a movie about strong women; other films have had strong women in them—women who defend the family farm or protect their children. It was a film in which women were strong in their own autonomy, which is a new concept for Hollywood. Yet the reaction to the film is as important as the film itself, because it pointed up the willful, intentional misinterpretation of feminism that is now going on."

Ironically, Davis's first film role, in *Tootsie*, was a kind of sexual sight gag: Dustin Hoffman, disguised as a woman, discovered the classic ingenue wearing only a bra and panties in her soap-opera dressing room. She is unapologetic about the role, and even claims that to this day working with Hoffman and director Sydney Pollack remains the paradigm of professionalism she adheres to in her career. Indeed, Davis has always been comfortable with her sexual appeal, but she is also quite aware of how her feminist politics must do a perplexing pas de deux with her role as a six-foot cinematic sex symbol. "I've always wanted to play characters that weren't just dressing in a movie," she insists. "I wanted to be involved in the action or have something interesting going on, but most women's parts are not that. They are just there to be sexy or set dressing or the victim. It's always something that I'm thinking about. It's not that it's a responsibility that I need to take, but I do. I want to help there be movies that won't make women feel violated through seeing them. There are so many movies that make me feel sick, to see how women are portrayed and how it contributes to the misogyny of our culture with these images of women. There are so few movies where women get to come out feeling the way guys feel when they see whatever it is they see."

Davis is working to solve these problems, not only in the roles that she accepts but also in the roles that she is now capable of creating in her own company, Genial Pictures, located on the Twentieth Century Fox lot. Though she has about twelve projects in development, only one, *Bigmalion*, a Shavian takeoff set in Botswana, is on the verge of happening. Davis was the first star that Joe Roth, Fox's chairman, signed to a production deal after he joined the company several years ago. "You have a feeling about people," claims Roth, "and I just felt like she was going to be the goods, the real thing. It's a combination of her beauty and her brains and her size and her agility. How many women have that sort of odd wit and are sexy at the same time?"

"When I saw how women reacted after seeing *Thelma & Louise*," Davis says, "it wasn't like they ordinarily do, in a mall, when they say, 'Oh, well, I really liked your work.' They'd say, 'That movie! I loved it! It changed my life! My friend and I now call each other Thelma and Louise!' I thought, My God! There are really not movies like that for women. In fact, there seem to be this whole rash of movies now where the whole goal is to incite the audience to scream, 'Kill the bitch!' I don't want to be a part of that. I'm careful. Even the parts I take, I want to be really aware of not demeaning women by what I do. Stephen Frears is very funny and teases people all the time. When we were filming *Hero*, if I said, 'I don't think my character should do such and such,' he'd go, 'Oh, is that a part of your *politics?*' . . . So then every time we were going to shoot something, he'd say, 'Oh, God! Let's get our *feminist icon* out here!' "

"I thought maybe I could persuade her to marry me, or maybe I could seduce her," Frears says in explaining the reasoning behind casting Davis as Gale Gayley, the television reporter she portrays in *Hero*. He had originally wanted Davis for the Annette Bening role in *The Grifters*, but Davis admits her "instincts" did not allow her to accept his offer. Trying to pin down the director as to why he

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Geena's Sheen

subsequently chose her to embody his vision of that distinctly American breed of woman the Female Newscaster proves quite difficult. "She's like those women should be. She's sort of magnificent. She's so . . . well, *American*," Frears mumbles after a long pause. "That's what's so nice about her. She's got long legs and that big American face. I wanted a woman who could sit *on* a desk and not behind one."

"Be careful," I warn. "In an article about a woman you rightly tease about being a feminist icon, you're sounding a bit sexist."

"Shamelessly," Frears says with a sigh. "I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. . . . Well, blimey! You're asking me a serious question, and I think my reasons are probably more frivolous than yours. . . . It's just infatuation on my part yet again. Every time I make a film, I become infatuated with someone new. . . . Geena's just so bright and sparky and vivacious. If I say *too* much, then Michelle [Pfeiffer, who starred in his *Dangerous Liaisons*] will get cross. I better keep my mouth shut."

A social comedy about misidentification and modern culture's reliance on media images, *Hero* is a kind of parable for our paralyzed, unheroic times. Davis's television reporter falls for a con man, played by Andy Garcia, who takes credit for rescuing her and her fellow passengers from a plane crash, when in fact it is Dustin Hoffman's character, a lowly thief facing jail time for larceny, who has spontaneously rescued the survivors. Producer Laura Ziskin came up with the idea for the story with her co-writer, Alvin Sargent, while watching the 1988 presidential primaries and becoming intrigued by television's power to create an identity instantly from a single act or image. They then assigned the screenplay to David Peoples, whose credits include the latest Clint Eastwood Western, *Unforgiven*, as well as *Blade Runner* and the upcoming *Pair-a-Dice*. "We were in England working on the script, and we were talking about who the girl should be," says Ziskin. "You know how you sit in a room and you throw out this name and that name. We said, 'Geena Davis.' Then we all said, 'Yes!' It felt absolutely right. Ironically, Stephen told me that she said a week or so ago that this was her first *adult* role. I know what she means, because she's playing this Kate Hepburn-y kind of career woman, which is something, now that I reflect on it, that she hasn't played. The other thing is that she is very intelligent, which was a requirement of the role, but yet she has—and I mean this in the best sense of the word—*vulnerability*. Geena is very centered. There's a very private part of her, which in a way is what is so wonderful to watch up on the screen, because what is withheld is as interesting as what is presented, and must hold your attention as much. . . . I just went to see *A League of Their Own*, and I was sitting there thinking that it is really time for Geena to get out of the ensemble. I'm thrilled she did it, but she can also do what I call the really classical leading roles. She can be the absolute centerpiece of a movie, where the movie is about *her*, and not about Bill Hurt, like in *Accidental Tourist*, or about Thelma *and* Louise, or about the baseball team, or even in our movie, where it's about the interaction of these three characters. What's going to be really exciting is when she does a movie and it's about the character that *she* plays."

Audiences may not have to wait much longer. Davis has been signed to play the aviatrix Beryl Markham in Michael Thomas's screen adaptation of *West with the Night*, to be directed by Roger Donaldson, with Sydney Pollack as executive producer. Approximately two-thirds of the money has been raised, and if it is possible to start shooting by October, she will go to Africa to film it. If not, the rainy season may force filming to be postponed until next year. Nothing signifies Davis's arrival at star status in Hollywood so much as her signing for the Markham role. It is the kind of big biographical vehicle that in the eighties would have been offered to Meryl Streep and in the seventies to Jane Fonda.

"Those are the trickiest roles. I'm suspicious of vehicles, whether they're for men or women," says Lawrence Kasdan, the screenwriter and director who guided Davis to her best-supporting-actress Academy Award for her portrayal of dog trainer Muriel Pritchett in *The Accidental Tourist*. "I think the people who have done really well are the people who have gone with the script and the director and tried to be in good movies all the time. You see it in Nicholson. You see it in Hoffman. People who have had longevity and people who are doing well now are the ones who have gone with the *movie*. It's really dangerous when you become the element that makes a movie happen. You have to be careful. Of course, that's not to say her Markham movie won't be a great movie, but those kinds of movies haven't always served the people involved in them." Kasdan goes on to praise Davis's talent and attempts to explain its radarlike quality. "She creates a space around her and has an enormous authority. She's like a lot of the peop with whom I've worked in that it is i possible for them to lie. It's just absolut ly impossible for them to do the che thing, so there is an enormous sense integrity. In addition, Geena has a uniq *air* about her. She creates a kind of au that is uniquely her own. Her timing unlike anyone else's."

"She's terrific," agrees Penny Ma shall. "But I must say everybody *League* was terrific. We had a pretty lov maintenance cast. Geena is so playful- *and such a good sport*."

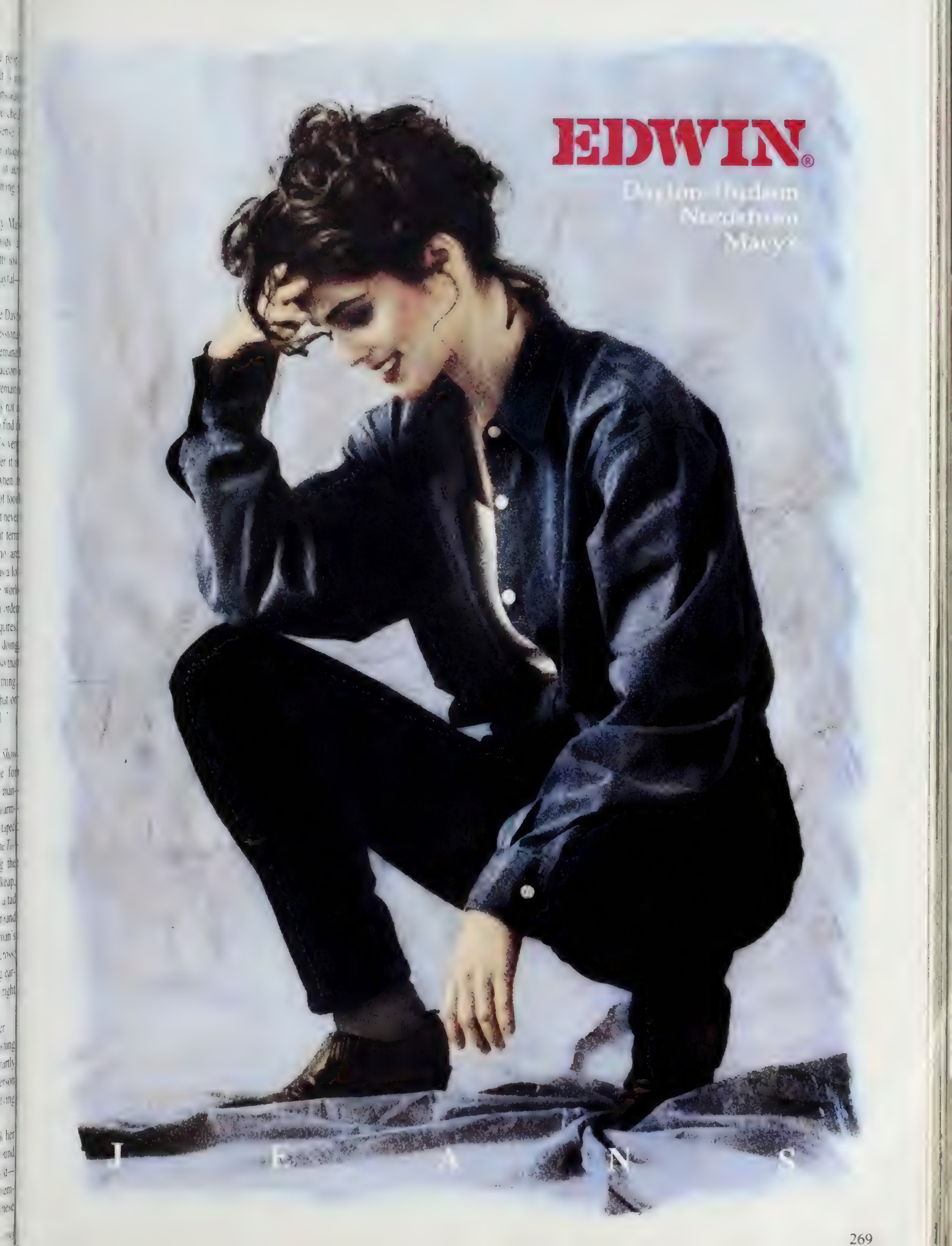
Tom Hanks, who plays opposite Dav in *League*, marvels at her profession sportsmanship. "She makes no deman whatsoever, and is extremely accon plished at the same time that she remain very calm," he tells me. "There's not lot of groping around and trying to find and make it work with Geena. It's ver fluid with her. She's done whatever it she does in order to prepare, so when comes time to do it, you just sort of loo at each other and blow through it. It neve seems like work. You can use that ter that there are other actresses who ar 'easy to work with,' but that just has a lo to do with their personalities. The wor itself can actually be quite hard, in orde to get that natural feeling that it require It honestly seems like Geena isn't doin anything, and that rubs off on you, so tha you don't feel like *you're* doing anything What you get is a natural byplay that o the big screen works incredibly well."

On the day before her *Tonight Sho* appearance, Davis meets me fo lunch in Beverly Hills. Wearing a man tailored Armani suit, she strikes an alarm ingly handsome figure. She has just tape an interview with Joe Garagiola of the *To day* show, to be broadcast during th opening week of *League*, so her makeup applied for television lights, appears a ta too heavy in California sunshine. Aroun her neck, resting on the chest of her man' white T-shirt, is an ornate jeweled cross from her left ear dangles a matching ear ring. The three holes pierced in her righ earlobe, however, are empty.

"You've lost an earring," I tell her.

"I only wore one," she says, flashing me her killer-watt smile, then smartly comments on herself in that third-perso way movie stars have of objectifying themselves: "That's how hip she is!"

We order Mexican soup, and I ask he about her innate fashion sense. "I found all this stuff I did when I was a kid— sketches I made of dresses. I hadn't remembered this about myself. There are all these


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crazy designs for clothes—page after page of books filled with them." This year at the Oscars—after years of being praised for her glamorous appearance—Davis was ridiculed for her choice of a leg-revealing dress she had helped design, which seemed to consist of nothing more than an overeager train. "I loved it! It was my favorite one! For one thing, people want you to fail. When you're the one to watch, you're set up. That's America. That's what it is all about. I was prepared for that. I only care if I like it. Plus, it was also like, Fuck you! It was a daring kind of dress. It was the most extreme one I'd worn. The riskiest. . . . The thing about it is this: it's such a small example, but it's sort of this metaphor for our society, in that there's this trend toward conservatism. But who wants to be conservative? Who wants to be safe? I don't. I really don't. I want to express myself and feel free, and not hamper myself by *fear*. I've done that enough. I don't want to do that anymore. I don't want to worry about what people are going to label me as. I do feel like it's emblematic of this other thing going on in our culture. But if you risk nothing, then you risk everything. I really feel like that. I think that life is all about taking risks, even if it's something as silly as a dress."

After the Mexican soup, which contained chunks of chicken breast, Davis takes out her trusty toothpicks. "I've always been so self-conscious about having something between my teeth," she explains. "I used to not want to eat with somebody I didn't know in case I would get lettuce in my teeth and then they would hate me. I need a lot of analysis about this—about having black things in your teeth. Then I realized I didn't have to worry about it. I'd just carry toothpicks! Plus, it makes me look kind of tough. I should do it with a match and look like Stallone!"

Though she is being facetious, Davis has, in fact, been in therapy on and off for years, and is currently seeing a female shrink. "The concept that you have to be unhealthy to be creative is not true," she insists. "And if it is, then I frankly choose health. It's more important to me. I think a lot of people in this business do believe that you have to be kind of tortured—you know, there's no such thing as a genius without the tortured part. I don't think that's necessarily true. . . . I'm striving toward health. It's the best part of my life: leading a conscious life. I can still use all that stuff. It's not like I lose it if I become healthier about some aspect of my life. I still have been somewhere else, so I can still be in touch with it. As I change and evolve as a person, I like to reflect that in my parts. Parts that are more like what I'm working toward appeal to me more. I don't want to be where I've been. I wouldn't want to play, for instance, a character the way Thelma starts out. I wouldn't want to play a part like that that doesn't end up like she ends up."

What? *Dead?*

Davis lets loose with one of her regular bursts of laughter, a guffaw free of goofiness. "No," she insists, "not dead. *Empowered!*"

Since she's back on her feminist track, I ask if, like other actresses in Hollywood, she has given in to the worship of youth.

"Fuck it," she good-naturedly fumes. "That's another thing I refuse to be afraid of or buy into. It's based on nonsense, as far as I'm concerned. It's just this cultural perception that women are not fabulous and sexually attractive when they get older. I've heard so many women say men look great when they get old but women don't. That's not true. That's just something we've made up. We've decided that it's true. We can just as easily decide the opposite. Women are fabulous when they have some wrinkles and some experience."

So is she saying she will never have plastic surgery?

"I don't know," she says. "The last thing I want to become is stiff. I feel like I see that happening with a lot of women when they get older. They get plastic surgery and they just get *slightly desperate*. There is just so much pressure on women to retain their youthfulness, instead of gracefully aging. So I don't want to. But I guess I couldn't say 100 percent that I wouldn't. If I saw something that could be vastly improved and I had the money and the time and the inclination, I could see that happening. But you know, Susan [Sarandon] looks fabulous. And so many women older than her look fabulous and are easy with it. Somebody like Gena Rowlands is so cool to me. She seems so comfortable with herself. I'd like to be like that."

The waiter arrives. I settle on the grilled swordfish, but Davis decides to take a *risk* and order the pasta made with dried cranberries. Laughing, she leans in close to my tape recorder. "True to her roots, she ordered the cranberries," she recites in that third-person mode. "Always the Cape Cod girl!"

Geena Davis grew up in Massachusetts. Her father was a civil engineer, and her mother worked as a teacher's assistant. (Her one brother is a geotechnical engineer, living in Las Vegas.) Davis was always tall, which heightened her natural shyness. "I don't think childhood is everything it's cracked up to be," she says. "Some people have this idyllic vision of childhood as this innocent, wonderful time, or it's this time when you're a free spirit. I don't think that's true; I think it's stressful. And kids are cruel. . . . Childhood is a very insecure time. My parents get upset when I talk like this, but it's not about them. It's just about the state of childhood. . . . I must have felt unusual as a child, and ashamed of that, because the last thing a kid wants to be is unusual. That must have been a big source of the discomfort that I felt. I don't want to make it seem like I had this bad childhood, or that childhood is a bad thing. But there does seem to be a trend to glamorize childhood as this only perfect time, and it's been my experience that adulthood has been preferable. I just think that people think of childhood as this extraordinary time of freedom, but it's not that. Being an adult is free, because you're responsible for yourself now. You get to make your own decisions. That's freedom: being in charge of yourself."

After graduating from Boston University, Davis moved to New York. Her bohemian spirit drew her to SoHo, then the Manhattan mecca for artistic types, where she lived on Thompson Street between Prince and Spring streets and worked as a waitress around the corner at the WPA Restaurant. Later, while working sporadically as a model for the Zoli agency, she got a job as a salesclerk at Ann Taylor but was so bored by the experience that she hopped up into the window one day and drew a crowd by pretending to be one of the mannequins. This led to other jobs in other display windows, where she posed in her eerily still way—a quality that has translated into her screen performances, which are renowned for a quirky, quiet centeredness.

She hates it, however, when reviewers and writers use the word "kooky" to describe her or her characters. "Let's analyze a little bit," she says. "I read articles where I seem all defensive about this, and I go, *Aaaaghh,* why don't I just blow my brains out? O.K., *Beetlejuice*. That's a weird movie, but the way Alec Baldwin and I approached that whole thing, in spite of the fact that we were dead, was that we were real straight and put out by all this weird stuff going on around us. In *Earth Girls Are Easy,* I'm the earthling! *The Fly:* it could be about AIDS or cancer; that's definitely how I looked at it—the person you love is deteriorating before your eyes. Now, that's a movie that peo-

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ple often lump into a list of kooky things, because, well, my lover was a fly. But my character was pretty straight in that. I was the center of the storm in that movie. But I can see where people get it from, because I've been in very unusual movies. Just having a fly and an alien as lovers is unusual. But I've never approached my characters feeling as if they are kooky. Even in *The Accidental Tourist,* it's always driven me insane, the adjective they put before dog trainer: Geena, who played the *wacky* dog trainer!''

In the early 1980s she moved to Los Angeles, where she quickly landed two television jobs. The first was as Dabney Coleman's research assistant in the short-lived sitcom *Buffalo Bill,* the other as the title character in the shorter-lived *Sara,* in which she played a San Francisco lawyer, a kind of Mary Tyler Less-is-Moore.

As her professional career was gaining an up-and-down momentum, so was her private life. Her *Fly* co-star, Jeff Goldblum, became Davis's second husband, but they divorced after three years of marriage, right after the release of *Thelma & Louise.* (Her first marriage, at the age of twenty-four, to Manhattan restaurateur Richard Emmolo, lasted less than two years.) Davis met Goldblum in Yugoslavia when they were filming their first off-beat movie together, *Transylvania 6-5000.* Ed Begley Jr., a longtime friend of Goldblum's, was also in the movie, and he introduced them during dailies, with the image of Davis as a vampire floating in front of them. At first they were wary of each other, but both knew instantly that they were a perfect match—in height (he's six feet four) as well as in their bravely askew approach to life. They had already become lovers when they made David Cronenberg's *The Fly,* and their genuine regard for each other helped to soften Cronenberg's harsh take on the sci-fi story.

Their divorce was painful for both of them, and neither will discuss it, though Davis does admit that they are able to be friends and even to go to a movie together once in a while. In fact, as is so often the case, their divorce was probably more thought-out than their wedding. True to their hipper-than-thou status in Hollywood, they had one of those ridiculously de rigueur spur-of-the-moment Vegas weddings in a kitschy chapel.

Does Davis feel like a failure after two unsuccessful attempts at matrimony? ''Yeah! I felt like, Let me go for the record! Now that I've been married twice, let me go for *eight* times or something. But no, I didn't feel like a failure. It certainly was traumatic both times, and very sad. But I don't think that I felt personally like I'm a failure. I felt certainly that the thing failed. It didn't make me feel worthless as a partner. It's all very educational. I just try to look at each experience as important. I try to take away from every marriage...''—she stops herself, laughs at what she's about to say, and changes her voice to one that is high-pitched with self-importance—''a little grain of wisdom that I can bring to the next one!''

How about children? Davis is in her mid-thirties, and must make a decision soon. ''I really want to have kids. But will I have to be married to do it? That I'm not so concerned about. Maybe I *won't* be married now—just to piss off Dan Quayle.''

Though many in Hollywood gossip about her relationship with security expert Gavin De Becker, others insist he is frequently by her side simply because of his line of work. She states when asked about him, ''Let's just say I'm single.'' Discussing private matters makes Davis nervous, but because of her joyous confessional scene with Sarandon in *Thelma & Louise* after her character experiences her first orgasm with the young robber, played by Brad Pitt, I have to ask her when she herself experienced the joy of sex for the first time. The loopy laughter that filled that scene erupts at the audacity of my question. ''How old was I when I got *laid?*'' she says, hooting. ''Oh, good, now my mother will read this. She'll finally know. Thank you. I wouldn't care if 200 million people in America read about my sexual practices in *Vanity Fair,* but not my parents!''

''All right, when did you experience your first orgasm? That could be different from the first time you got laid, couldn't it?''

Her laughter grows louder even than Thelma's. ''Let's put it this way: I had my first boyfriend when I was eighteen. I was a late...ah...*bloomer,* as far as that goes. I was very tall and felt very awkward. My senior year I was a foreign-exchange student in Sweden. People say, 'Why did you pick Sweden?' It was for the sex.''

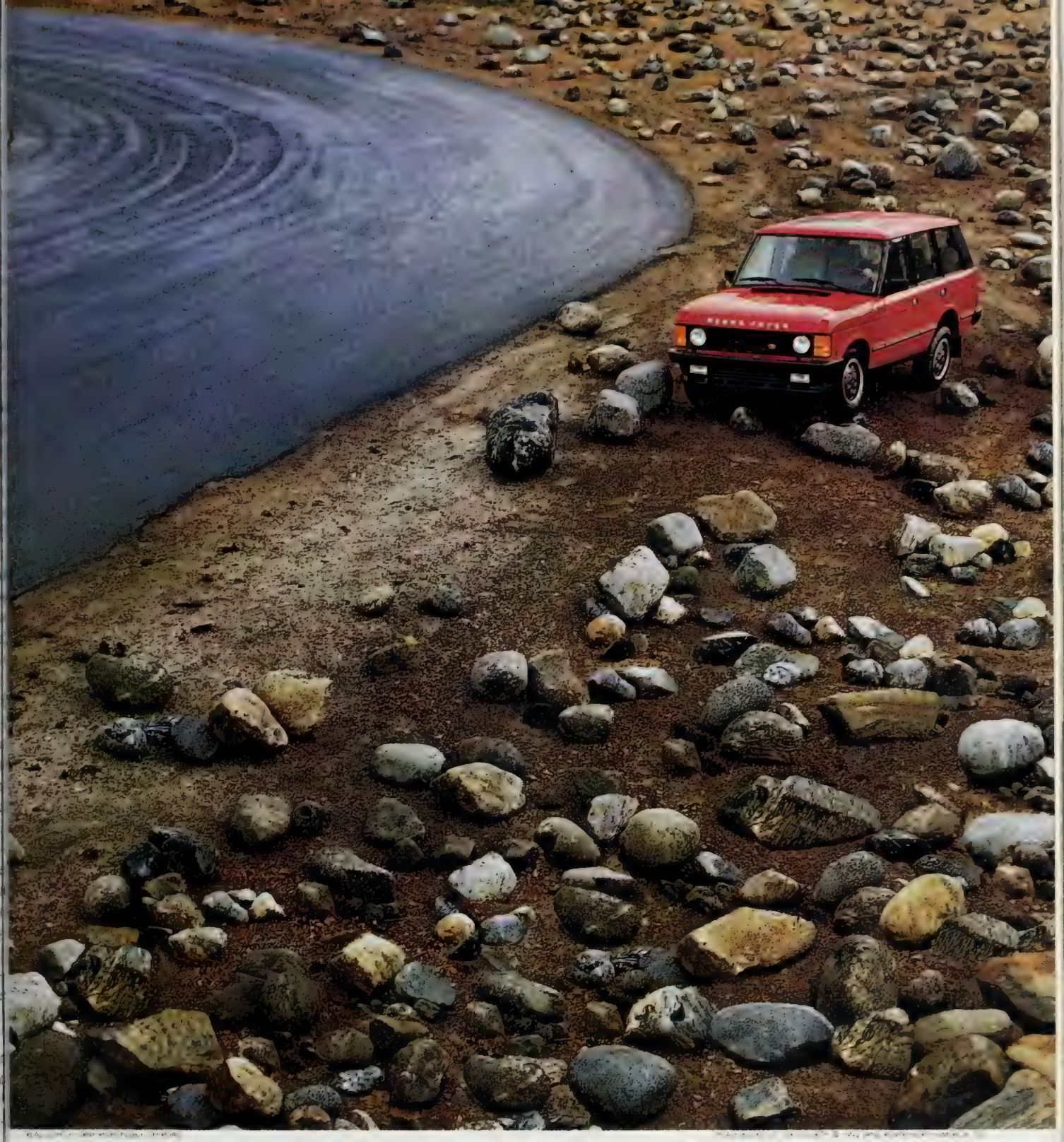
''Do you think if Thelma and Louise had not driven off that cliff,'' I tease her, ''that they would have eventually ended up having sex together themselves?''

''Jeez! Who knows?'' Davis tries to imagine the scene. ''Let's just say she was getting into a very experimental phase of her life. I don't think there was too muc she would have been hesitant to try.''

After her *Tonight Show* taping, Dav and I ride around awhile in the ba of her limo. She stretches her thirty-si inch legs the length of the backseat a rambles on about her latest concern ''When the guy came in before Jay Le tonight, he had some title somebody h bestowed upon me from some magazi somewhere,'' she says, pulling the coll of her leather motorcycle jacket up arou her neck and slumping down into the sea ''I can't even remember now. Queen Something or Other. They said, 'We going to call you that, is that O.K.?' A I said, 'I really rather you didn't.' I thi there is an obsession in our culture to t and label people something. There some urge to define what people ar They want to wrap you up. We really b lieve that there are certain traits you can have if you already have others. You can contradict yourself. You have to be blac or white. Nobody wants to live in the gra areas or the very, very colorful areas. B that's how I want to be. I don't want t put a label on myself, and I don't like when other people do. On the other hand it sort of makes me get defensive, which don't want to be. I want to have this att tude: Go ahead and think whatever yo want. This is just me. You can figure out. It's not my job to sell America o who I am. My job is to be in movies, an I am hopeful that people like my work I'm not running for office. I'm not Clin ton. I don't know what I hope peopl reading this think about me. I guess would be nice if they liked me, but it's no my goal. What would it gain me if the actually thought, Oh, she's not kooky she's actually very somber. What's bet ter? What would it get me? People hav begun to scrutinize actors a lot more ...Everything we do gets examined.' Davis turns from me and attempts to pee through the limo's smoked glass—not a the sunset, but at Sunset Boulevard ''Plus,'' she says, sighing, ''is being ec centric supposed to be bad?''

She fiddles with the Ray Ban sunglass es she now holds in her lacy lap, and study her gargantuan beauty. ''You're wearing *two* earrings today,'' I tell her wondering if she's worried about appear ing too normal.

''I did that for you. Leather and ear rings: another contradiction!'' she ex claims, laughing and adjusting her motor cycle jacket. ''This Geena Davis,'' this Geena Davis says, ''she's just a walking contradiction!'' □



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The Bernini of L.A.

(Continued from page 247) to evolve into not only a sculptor of meticulously observed nude females but also a womanizer. Twice married, he became notorious after his last divorce for the succession of beautiful, usually blonde conquests—some of them his models—he squired about town. "He wraps himself up in women, focuses on them rapturously, as if they were pieces of sculpture," says an observer, who describes one former girlfriend as "an amazing-looking thing in short leather—a Brigitte Nielsen type." But, says his friend artist Billy Al Bengston, "he always has good, gentlemanly breakups." "His first wife remains one of Bob's major fans," adds Ed Moses. Graham says, "I'm bringing nothing from my other relationships to this marriage. It's going to be my last. I've had enough practice to get it right this time."

Nubile girls were the subject of his art from the start. His first L.A. show, held in 1966 at the Nicholas Wilder Gallery, featured miniature "jokey tableaux," says L.A. *Times* art critic William Wilson, "of beautiful nude chickies in narcissistic poses." Rendered in flesh-tinted wax and encased in Plexiglas boxes, these portable, pocket-size sex dolls were—except for their scale—so uncannily lifelike they sported tan lines and wigs made from the hair of Wilder's Afghan hound. Graham persevered with what he calls his "adolescent work" during a stint in London, but, back in California in the early seventies, he made the decision to start casting in bronze. "He told me everyone looked at his wax figures as if they were toys," Wilson says. "But bronze had been taken seriously for centuries. He hooked himself up to the great Western tradition of sculpture."

Patrons Marcia and Frederick Weisman provided him with his first commission in bronze, *Dance Door,* completed in 1978 (and since given to the L.A. County Music Center). Mrs. Weisman, Norton Simon's sister, adored Graham's work so much that when she died last fall she was buried with a tiny sculpture—a dramatic illustration of the fact that collectors do not part readily with Graham's work. They're more likely to donate it than sell it. "Bob's things never come up on the resale market," says dealer Robert Miller.

During the eighties, Graham unexpectedly flowered into the Bernini of L.A. Today, everywhere you turn there are fountains, gardens, columns, even a house of his design. And like the seventeenth-century virtuoso who so indelibly altered the appearance of Rome, Graham is a flourishing entrepreneur who ably manages a large workshop of about a dozen employees—including his driver, Nick. "Bob's too distracted by his own thinking to drive himself," Huston says. "Without his luxuries it would be impossible for him to do what he does." For an artist, he sticks to a surprisingly conventional schedule, arriving most mornings at his Venice studio by nine A.M. Huston says he "wakes up champing at the bit. He can't wait to get to work." Graham laughs when I tell him he maintains shopkeepers' hours. "Yes, and I sell the best magical amulets around."

Nick takes me on a Graham tour of the city—a drive that amounts to a viewing of the Seven Wonders of L.A. There's Venice's Doumani House, a handsome cubic *Gesamtkunstwerk* orchestrated by Graham. It is home not only to Roy and Carol Doumani but also to Graham's sculptures, cabinetry by Billy Al Bengston, furniture by Larry Bell, a stained-glass door by David Novros, and mosaics by Joanna Pousette-Dart. Then there's the lyrical Weisman *Dance Door;* the monolithic, totemic *Retrospective Column* in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; the acrobatic fountain figures in Wells Fargo Court; the agile, Degas-esque girls of the *Dance Columns* in the U.C.L.A. sculpture garden. And more—the Bunker Hill Steps, where his *Source Figure* fountain was installed in late June. Finally, there's the heroic Olympic Gateway.

In 1989, Graham retreated from sculpture and began to draw relentlessly—an activity that recalls Michelangelo's exhortation to a young apprentice: "Draw, Antonio, draw, Antonio, draw and don't waste time!" When the sculptor finally returned to his medium, critic Wilson, dealer Miller, and L.A. County Museum senior curator Maurice Tuchman all detected a subtle but powerful change in his work. "For the first time I was utterly knocked over by its warmth, wit, and humanity," Wilson says. He cites the recent *Source Figure*—a spellbinding portrayal of a goddesslike black woman cupping her hands above her loins—as evidence of the artist's metamorphosis. "It's an extraordinary work of twentieth-century sculpture—destined to wind up in the history books." Back in New York, I go to see a cast of the *Source Figure,* displayed in the dining room of Robert Miller's Upper East Side maisonette. Remarkably, the statue holds its own among the dealer's impressive sculpture collection, which includes Roman heads of Apollo and Tiberius, Rodin's *Age of Bronze,* and a colossal Canova bust of Napoleon. Less than a week later, Miller informs me that a midwestern collector has purchased the *Source Figure* right out of the dealer's dining room, for around $200,000.

Graham's character, along with his art, has undergone an evolution lately. "He's become a Renaissance man, capable of doing anything," Wilson says. "Sculpture, drawing, photography, architecture. For the F.D.R. monument he's taught himself to do bas-reliefs. He used to be a cool, monosyllabic Venice artist. Now he's courteous, and capable of the most erudite conversation. He couldn't have done that five or ten years ago. People are saying, 'What is this marvelous thing that has happened to Bob? It must be Anjelica.' I don't know if the relationship uncorked the whole thing or the other way around. But it certainly embodies the new Bob Graham." Over cocktails in the statue-dotted, functional living room of his Venice house—a former bank building—Graham allows, "I'm in a good place emotionally now. I have comfort, support."

The relationship also seems to have enabled Huston to come into her own. "The big difference between Bob and Jack Nicholson is. . .everything," says Billy Al Bengston. "They're both tough taskmasters, but Bob is much, much more supportive." As if her acting career were not enough to satisfy her, Huston has suddenly emerged as a political force as well. Two and a half weeks before her wedding, while George Bush is in town, Huston is on the podium addressing a "Heal L.A." rally, and helping to lead a peaceful protest march from Century City to Beverly Hills. "She's never gotten politically involved in this way before," says Huston's best friend, writer Joan Juliet Buck. "It comes from a kind of confidence you only get when you feel complete." Her auburn hair and lushly fringed eyes shining, Huston echoes both her fiancé's and her friend's words. "We have a connection. He gives me comfort, support. It's a very basic thing, but very difficult to find. It makes it easier to go about the rest of your life and work." Her calm radiance, which seems to glow throughout the Beverly Hills Hotel's Polo Lounge, stands in distinct contrast to the forced hilarity at a nearby table. It makes her wince, but she keeps her composure.

The mastermind, or "fairy godmother," to use Huston's words, behind the match was record executive turned art dealer Earl McGrath, famous for his star-packed gallery openings; he was also best


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The Bernini of L.A.

man at the wedding. "It was gay-parade weekend two years ago," Huston reminisces. "Earl asked Bob to pick me up to take me to his house for dinner, because he knew it would be hard to park the car. After dinner we went up to Earl's roof to watch fireworks." McGrath says, "He had been going out with a lot of young girls who weren't right for him. One girlfriend, beautiful and blonde in a boring way, had 'done him wrong'—she ran off with Ed Moses's son. When he told me, I said, 'Get someone closer to your own age.' I gave him a big talk about Anjelica. I told him, 'She's smart, funny, interesting. She has a career of her own; she's mature.' I knew it would take off. Even physically it seemed right. They're both tall and dark. They look good together. Now he's more focused on his work. Before, he was distracted, always making plans to go out."

Huston adds, "When we first met, we had a tremendous amount to say to one another. We talked so intensely, so passionately, waiters wouldn't come near us. We both had been smarting from previous painful relationships. We unloaded a lot of garbage on the floor." Graham says, "I was attracted to her immediately." A year and a half later, they became engaged in Ireland. He gave her two silver-and-lapis ceremonial daggers (he's an expert knife thrower), a "ceremonial ring," and "a real ring to wear"—a Brazilian sapphire set in gold—all designed by a German jeweler friend. Even though, according to Buck, as a little girl her friend used to play constantly at being a bride, as an adult, Huston says "the subject of marriage had always given me a sense of panic. But I've not had any doubts about marrying Bob. I trust him. I feel protected when I'm with him. He has beautiful manners. Even after two years he still lights my cigarette and pulls out my chair. He's courtly, serene—but with a trace of Mexican wildness."

This trait set the tone of the wedding celebration, held in a tent pitched on the site of Graham's new studio. A salsa band played all night, while Brazilian dancers in mirrored bikinis and a skinny androgyne in a grass skirt performed for about four hundred guests. The party spilled over to the restaurant across the yard, 72 Market Street, where three more bands—including the all-girl Blue Bonnets—played. The wedding ceremony, which had taken place earlier that day at the Bel-Air hotel, was a more subdued affair. It was so private not one paparazzo showed up. The wedding party, which included, among others, Billy Al Bengston, Ed Moses, and Graham's son, Steven, as ushers, and Jerry Hall, Michelle Philips, and Sabrina Guinness as bridesmaids, was "almost bigger than the congregation," said Joan Juliet Buck, the maid of honor. Huston, wearing what Buck described as "a blinding-white dress—the whitest thing anyone had ever seen," was given away by her brother Tony.

Huston and Graham's mutual respect is founded partly on the awe they feel for each other's work. "After watching Anjelica act, I'll ask her, 'How did you do that?' " Graham says, beaming. "And she'll reply, 'Do what?' " Huston admires Graham's "tremendous concentration and extraordinary powers of observation," but she has never watched hi work. "He's very private about it. wouldn't dream of it. It would be li walking onto someone else's film set. Nor has she, a consummately statuesqu woman, ever modeled for him. "He never asked me. It's a long, arduous pr cess. His models faint, I hear." Graha who customarily works for years on a sing sculpture, simply says, "I haven't know her long enough for her to be a model." H is, however, putting together an album photos of Huston, taken from a video made of her—in effect, two-dimensio color versions of the single-figure bas-re liefs he's currently experimenting wit And clustering around the base of the co umn supporting his *Source Figure* a several bronze crabs—symbols of the se and of life's origins, but also Huston's as trological sign.

Buck, who threw an engagement part for the couple last year, recounts, "It wa totally obvious from the way Anjelica firs spoke about Bob that he was not jus someone in her life. He was *it*. Anjelic introduced Kathleen Tynan and me (we'r both single) to Bob when we were all i Italy in September 1990. Afterward Kathleen said to me, 'My God, she look so beautiful.' And I agreed: 'Yes, sh looks so happy.' And Kathleen added 'But not in that tense, brittle way whe it's simply a hot affair.' And we ex claimed, in unison, 'No, it's True Love! And then we both burst into tears!"

Buck pauses and reflects. "Bob's go that dancing elegance. Even in his tinies figures you see the essence of some los perfection. But thanks to him, it's no lost. Because he's doing it right here right now." □

Smart Tartt

(Continued from page 251) like it would be a good thing to work on *The Daily Mississippian*. I didn't really have very much in the way of newspaper articles to submit, so I gave in some short stories. And the fellow called me back into his office and said, 'These are great! These are wonderful!' And 'How old are you? Did you write these by yourself?' It was raining. And I reached in my pocket and got out this pack of Lucky Strikes. It was like, 'Oh my God—where did you *come* from?'

"They said, 'We can't hire you to be on the paper, but this is still really good.' So I said thank you, and went off to sit in the Union by myself, and I was happy again. But without my knowing it, the guy at the paper had given a copy of one of my stories to Willie Morris. And I was in a bar at the Holiday Inn, and Willie came up to me and gave me his hand and said, 'Are you Donna Tartt?' And I said yes. And he said, 'My name is Willie Morris, and I think you're a genius.' "

Morris—former editor of *Harper's* and New York literary darling, author of *North Toward Home* and several other autobiographical books—is part of the third wave of Mississippi writers, Faulkner and Eudora Welty representing the first and second. If the state has always been desperately poor economically, it has been loaded literarily. And Donna Tartt is a new wave all by herself.

"On the one hand she was immensely grown-up; on the other hand she was a child," says Morris, then writer-in-residence at Ole Miss. "It was a very attractive combination. She was very elfin. Kind of a sufferer—I had the impression she wasn't very happy back at home in Grenada. And just *riven* with sensibility. An amazing writer. I was always so impressed by her powerful and evocative use of language—it got to me right off."

"Willie told me she was very good, and, man, she sure was," says fellow third-waver Barry Hannah, who admitted Tartt, as a freshman, to his graduate short-story course. "She was *way* out ahead of

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ll those graduate students." Hannah and are sitting in the courtyard of an Oxford ar, a college hangout. Drink in one hand, Marlboro in the other, Tartt is at the other nd of the table, being talked to by an ntense man in a yellow suit and yellow olf hat. If she looked twelve then, she ooks perhaps sixteen now. At the same me, she seems infinitely older than the ollege kids around us.

Inside the bar, the band crashes and ooms; out here, the big frat boys and londe coeds, their shining faces as un-omplex as the music, pack the terrace, miling. Overhead, the purple-brown sky rupts periodically with the most amazing eat lightning I've ever seen: gigantic, re-culate, like something out of a particu-arly unsubtle horror movie. Mississippi ummer. "People call me a star-mak-r," the handsome gray-haired Hannah ays, sipping his tonic. "Shit, Donna ade herself."

Later on, Tartt and I inch our way out f the packed bar, shouldering through the rush as the amplifiers, louder than loud, nperil our eardrums. We find ourselves utdoors. Suddenly she grabs my arm and reaks into a run, pulling me along, printing down the sidewalk as if her life epended on it. At first I don't under-tand, but then I see: this is, pure and sim-le, escape. The silent lightning carpets he sky.

The Secret History's narrator, Richard Papen, hails from the fictional and eadly Plano, California—"drive-ins, act homes, waves of heat rising from the lacktop"—where his father runs a gas tation and his mother is a secretary. Tartt s highly guarded (to say the least) about ny relationship between the novel and er own life, but there is surely common round between her own vision of an or-ately southern girlhood amid colorful lderly aunts and wisteria-twined old ouses, and Richard's accounts of star-ng at TV and being bored in flat Plano. One can only speculate on how it felt to rrive from Mississippi in Bennington, irca 1982, as Tartt did, after having ansferred from Ole Miss at the urging of Willie Morris and others. "Hampden Col-ge, Hampden, Vermont," her book's rotagonist intones. "Even the name had n austere Anglican cadence, to my ear at ast, which yearned hopelessly for En-land and was dead to the sweet dark ythms of little mission towns."

Richard wants to continue his studies in ancient Greek, but is told that the one man who teaches the subject—Julian Morrow, a brilliant aesthete with a possibly checkered past, once an intimate of Eliot and Pound and Orwell and Sara Murphy—is a haughty eccentric who has only five students and will accept no more. And in fact he turns Papen down for his Greek class. But then, with a Horatio Alger–esque feat of intellectual pluck, Richard impresses some of Morrow's students with his knowledge of the subject, and is accepted into the fold.

And what a fold it is! Morrow's one demand is simple: that the new student take every course with him. This is not so much a class as a cult. But who, exactly, is the leader?

His students—if they were any mark of his tutelage—were imposing enough, and different as they all were they shared a certain coolness, a cruel, mannered charm which was not modern in the least but had a strange cold breath of the ancient world: they were magnificent creatures, such eyes, such hands, such looks—*sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.* I envied them, and found them attractive; moreover this strange quality, far from being natural, gave every indication of having been intensely cultivated. . . . Studied or not, I wanted to be like them. It was heady to think that these qualities were acquired ones and that, perhaps, this was the way I might learn them.

There is the aforementioned Henry Winter; the beautiful (and very close) southern twins Charles and Camilla Macaulay; the rich, thin, elegant neurasthenic Francis Abernathy. And then there is the doomed Bunny, Edmund Corcoran, a big "sloppy blond boy, rosy-cheeked and gum-chewing, with a relentlessly cheery demeanor" and a loud, honking voice with a Locust Valley–lockjaw upper-crust accent. Bunny is the sole nonintellectual in the bunch—in the end, in a way, this is why he is singled out and dispensed with—but otherwise he fits right in. They are all of them, Julian included, fabulous monsters: a very catalogue of Waspocratic quirk, with their pressed white shirts and dark suits and tea drinking and euchre playing and constant smoking and drinking, their insistence on using fountain pens and tossing off conversational sallies in classical Greek. They're something, this crowd—something out of Edward Gorey. There is about them more than a smack of the between-wars, oh-so-U, Fascist-friendly British elite, Sir Oswald Mosley and the lost Mitford sisters and their like. Not to mention Leopold and Loeb, and the bloody-toothed English schoolboys of *Lord of the Flies*. And Richard, the outlander, is their mascot and greatest admirer.

But these people do more than drink tea. Richard's admiration turns to worried awe when he learns that some members of the group, obsessed with divine madness and the losing of self, have had a bacchanal. Not just an orgy, mind you, in the sloppy post-Roman sense, but an actual mystic rite, complete with hymns, holy objects, and, at last, a sacred trance: "Torches, dizziness, singing. Wolves howling around us and a bull bellowing in the dark. The river ran white . . . the moon waxing and waning, clouds rushing across the sky. Vines grew from the ground so fast they twined up the trees like snakes." God, in the form of Dionysus, appeared to the celebrants. Certain sexual acts took place. And then, the *pièce de résistance*, a murder. The group, finally, has become as close as close can be: united in blood.

It is Donna Tartt's ability to make us believe, utterly, in all this—at the moment of sacred insanity, we are at one with the celebrants. We would follow her tumbling, mellifluous prose anywhere. The best writers are necromancers, levitation their specialty. But it is human nature to think of mirrors and wires even at the moment of enchantment: where did these people come from?

"Hampden is *not* Bennington," Donna Tartt tells me, and it's tempting to believe her. We're walking around the Bennington campus on a cool gray day between terms, and even though there is about the place a certain flat creepiness consonant with the atmosphere of *The Secret History*, it's hard to reconcile it with the rapturous New England richness Richard Papen drinks in with all his senses. Bennington is tatty around the edges. First opened during the Depression, the school has never gotten out from behind the fiscal eight ball, despite the highest tuition costs in the country.

But it has never lacked for vitality—or decadence. Bennington in the early to mid-1980s was a pinnacle of something, a kind of omphalos of refined depravity, money and drugs and hormones and scholarship (formal and very much otherwise) all mingling in a supersophisticated soup. Bret Ellis, who published *Less than Zero* after his third year at Bennington, becoming world-famous even as he flunked his courses, memorializes the milieu in his second novel, *The Rules of Attraction*. The school color is, of course, black. And who else but Eric Fischl would be right for designing the school pamphlet: " 'Some of the chic jet-setting nihilistic Eurotrash who live off-campus, nude, standing around with dogs and fish. Welcome to Camden College—You'll Never Be Bored.' "

This isn't Hampden College. But even in the tiny real-life society of Bennington

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(five hundred students) there were sets and cliques and worlds apart, worlds through which the elfin, brilliant transfer student from Mississippi moved with ease. "I had lots of friends here," Tartt says. "I was one of the few people that kind of traversed boundaries."

"She was very headstrong, and very together," Bret Ellis recalls. "There was a lot of opportunity at Bennington for almost *Sybil*-like self-transformation. You'd see some girl from Darien, with her Ralph Lauren blouse and her hair in a blond bob—by midterm she'd have shaved her head and be shooting up. Donna was one of the few people there who was *really* exotic, in that she pretty much stayed the same. I remember seeing her at a Fling into Spring party, where everybody else was in black, in her seersucker suit, with a cigarette and a gin and tonic.

"Her room was a little bit of a salon. She and I, Jill Eisenstadt. Two writers named Mark Shaw and Orianne Smith. Donna gave what were supposed to be teas, but she had this little cabinet with liquor in it. We'd get totally shitfaced. Donna is the only person I know who can drink me under the table. I mean, she's this tiny person, and I'm really big, but at the end of an evening I'll be tap-dancing in the street and yodeling, and she'll be exactly the way she was at the beginning, not even slurring her words."

"Of all the people I knew well at Bennington, I knew least about her," another former classmate recalls. "She was very put-together, very controlled. One year at the end of term, a bunch of us had been up all night for days; I remember she calmed us all down by reading aloud from P. G. Wodehouse. And Donna was always *dressed*. She wore what was appropriate for the hour of the day. She dressed for dinner. She liked well-tailored boys' suits. If you went to her room at four A.M.—she was an insomniac—you'd find her sitting at her desk, smoking a cigarette, wearing a perfectly pressed white shirt buttoned to the top, collar studs, trousers with a knife crease."

"She was sort of a star early on—she was a big influence on me," says the novelist Jill Eisenstadt. "There was a lot of awful writing at Bennington, but Donna's stories were very sophisticated, very mysterious, very structurally sound. She was the only person I knew who'd studied Greek and Latin, who'd read all of Proust."

"When her stories came in, nobody could say anything," Bret Ellis says. "They were flawless. People would check out literary magazines to see if she'd cribbed them from someplace. It was this very decorative hothouse prose—frilly, piss-elegant, but even if you didn't like it, very impressive. The stories always ended in death. There was one about a rich southern couple arguing as they were getting dressed for a party. There was this great one called 'The Goldfish,' about a little boy who ran away from home and drowned in a lake."

Tartt began writing the novel that would become *The Secret History* in her second year at Bennington. She began showing it to Ellis almost at once. "I don't know if any of this would've happened without Bret," she says now. "I started seeing it around 1983," Ellis says. "It wasn't much different at all from the way it is today."

Then, as now, the story centered on a small group of overrefined classics students; only then no one had any doubts about the book's sources. Early on at Bennington, Tartt had fallen in with a small clique of literature students that clustered around Claude Fredericks, a brilliant but odd teacher who admitted few people to his classes. "I wanted to take Greek from him, but he turned me down," Jill Eisenstadt says, raising an eerie echo of *The Secret History*. "I always thought if you *wanted* to take Greek, why should anyone turn you down? I don't think he liked women."

Like Fredericks, the group was exceedingly well-tailored—a startling eccentricity at Bennington, where even the children of the super-rich wore the rattiest jeans and T-shirts. Tartt was the only female in the group. Soon her friends noticed she'd exchanged skirts and dresses for trousers, and begun getting her hair cut boy-style. She also developed an intense friendship with Paul McGloin—a tall, thin, pale upperclassman with a dry, sarcastic wit, a dazzling facility for languages, and a partiality for dark suits, who reminded one classmate of a quieter William S. Burroughs.

The group kept very much to themselves. An encyclopedia entry about Bennington notes, "A close relationship between students and faculty is encouraged." Some would say this understates the case. The school has always had a hothouse atmosphere, and tutorials are the rule. "Cliques grow up around certain teachers, and the mentor relationships get very intense," an alumnus says. "*Very* intense. There was definitely an air of Svengali about Fredericks—it seemed to go beyond even what was normal for Bennington."

No one is suggesting human sacrifice took place. But friends noticed the change in Tartt—who was a wonderful storyteller, but famously closemouthed when it came to her own life—and wondered whether the novel was somehow a key.

"The only really tense moment she and I ever had was in this writing tutorial where she'd brought the novel," Bret Ellis says. "It was just me and Donna and one other girl. At that point I'd read the first eighty to ninety pages of *The Secret History*. I thought it was beautifully written; I only had one criticism. I said 'Here's this guy, the narrator, a freshman at college, and he has no sort of sexual feeling, no desire at all. It just doesn't seem realistic.' She gave me the stoniest look I ever got. I almost wilted into my chair.

"And you couldn't say anything about Claude Fredericks in front of her," Ellis adds. "It'd be the end of the evening."

Ellis, who took one course with Fredericks and failed, paid an esoteric tribute both to the strange coterie and Tartt's nascent novel in *The Rules of Attraction*, referring, en passant, to "that weird group of Classics majors stand[ing] by [at a party], looking like undertakers," and "that weird Classics group . . . probably roaming the countryside sacrificing farmers and performing pagan rituals." How far was his tongue in cheek? It's always hard to tell with Ellis.

As for Tartt's relationship with McGloin, "I never did get a handle on it—it didn't seem right to ask," says a friend. "They were very, very private people. The kind of people who would invite you into the drawing room, but never upstairs."

Donna Tartt has her own secret history. Her childhood in Grenada should not, must not, be talked about. Bennington places, but no Bennington people, may be associated with her book. McGloin may not be spoken to. The novel itself is a thicket of literary references and inside jokes: the narrator's surname is the same as that of the Weimar Republic chancellor who knuckled under to the Nazis; Bunny, whose real name is Edmund, has the same nickname as literary critic Edmund Wilson. The hotel where Henry and Camilla go off together, the Albemarle, has the same name as the English Channel hotel where T. S. Eliot, recuperating from a nervous breakdown, revised "The Waste Land." What does this mean? Perhaps we shouldn't overinterpret—but then, maybe

ve shouldn't underinterpret, either. When, leased with my discovery, I point out the Albemarle correspondence to Tartt, she rows chilly. "I have nothing to say about hat," she says.

The Secret History is co-dedicated to Bret Ellis and to Paul McGloin, "muse nd Maecenas. . . the dearest friend I can ver hope to have in this world." Some ay that Tartt and McGloin shared lodgngs, in Boston and New York, after her raduation from Bennington, and that he upported her while she finished her ook. "After I graduated from college, I ved with a friend who didn't make me ay rent" is all she will say. "My mother vas helpful. I was in Boston, then I was n New York. I worked at a bookstore alled the Avenue Victor Hugo for three nonths, in Boston. Then in New York I vorked as an assistant to a painting teachr at Parsons. I was the monitor, and I elped him in his classes."

Was the accommodating friend McGloin, who went to Harvard Law School fter graduating from Bennington, and who is now a member of a Manhattan aw firm? She won't tell. The one thing he allows is "Paul was very good on loughs of despond." Of which there appear to have been several. Even though Tartt's preternaturally graceful writing tyle seems to have been with her almost rom the beginning, there were times when the structural challenges—not to nention the demands on her energy—of onstructing such a huge novel almost deeated her. "There were nights I thought, I've just wasted my life," she says.

The reward of her travail is a wonderment of a book, anachronistically rich with both intellectual and narrative wallop. As Bret Ellis puts it, mildly, "Bennington is so tolerant of any type of behavior, it seems odd that anyone who went there could write *The Secret History*. It's a much more traditional view of the novel than you'd think would come from there." Certainly more traditional than *Less than Zero*. Yet apparently Ellis's early criticism of asexuality in Tartt's book took hold, however it may have stung, for in subsequent drafts the absence magically became a subterranean presence. "I mean, this is basically a novel about repressed sexuality," she says. "There's sex all in the book, but it's really pressed down. And that's basically the plot—it's like a water pipe with weak spots, and it'll kind of *explode* in different places. But it's very *controlled*.

"It's a way of giving events back their power that have been cheapened by overuse," she says. "Because these are the most powerful things we have—there's nothing more powerful. And we sap their power every day. You know, it's better to kind of keep them in reserve for when you really need them. Well, not necessarily *better*. But it's a way of looking at things."

No one looks at things the way she does. To make an actual bacchanal come to life, with real force, in this day and age—and at a place like Bennington, which seems to have been one continuous bacchanal—is no small achievement. And Henry Winter is one of the most chilling characters in recent memory. Does it matter whom he's based on, and what that person is to the author? And why, Donna Tartt seems to be asking—most anachronistically—should her private life be brought into it at all?

We're driving down a dark back road in Bennington, and I suddenly wonder how fame and wealth will take her. "I'm like Huck Finn," she says. "I can be perfectly happy on no money at all. Now that I have money, my life has changed not a bit. Everybody's expecting me to buy a condo, make investments. I don't care about any of that. I like ephemera—books, clothes. Food. That's all." I ask, musingly, if she ever intends to settle down and have a family. She shakes her head firmly. "*Je ne vais jamais me marier,*" she says.

Suddenly she spots, with delight, a whirling flock of goldfinches. "Look at these goldfinches—do you see?" she cries. "Goldfinches are the *greatest* little birds, because they build their nests in the spring, a long time after all the other birds do. They're the last to settle down—they just fly around and they're happy for a long time, and just sing and play. And only when it's *insanely* late in the year, they kind of break down and build their nests. I love goldfinches," she sighs, huddling tinily in the big car seat. "They're my favorite bird."

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Continued from page 228) it had not been is scheme, Kissinger had seemed just a ttle too eager to get Ford rather than Bush on the 1980 Republican ticket.

Reagan's appointment of Alexander Haig as secretary of state had the effect of keeping Kissinger at a distance; Kissinger was contemptuous of his former ide's shallow mind. But soon Haig self-nmolated and was forced out.

Replacing him was George Shultz, a an Kissinger admired. In public, Kissiner had said that Shultz was the type of erson he would trust to lead the nation in mes of crisis. Yet in private he could not efrain from denigrating him, especially vhen his Middle East peace efforts bogged own. As usual, the information traveled. Kissinger's insults were soon buzzing around Washington, and Shultz heard them. Coldly furious, he curtailed his courtesy of keeping Kissinger abreast of each new initiative. Kissinger never fully learned that the way he bad-mouthed people behind their backs—it was like an addiction—inevitably got him into trouble.

Surprisingly, Kissinger found that most of his disagreements with Reagan's policies were from the right. Reagan had entered office critical of the arms-control process for merely *limiting* rather than *reducing* missiles. The Soviets decided to call what looked like a bluff and accept real reductions. The result was an agreement, known as the "Zero Option," to remove all medium-range nuclear missiles from Europe. Kissinger was dismayed, and said so forcefully in his newspaper columns; he had been an advocate of the Euromissiles ever since he began propounding his theories about "limited nuclear wars" in the 1950s. Even more horrifying was Reagan's willingness, at the 1986 Reykjavík summit, to accept Gorbachev's vision of eliminating all nuclear weapons from the face of the earth and to embrace the Gorbomania sweeping Washington.

Kissinger's criticisms were sincere, but his increasingly conservative public posturing sprang from a mix of motivations. Among them was his desire—which seemed at times as desperate as it was doomed—to conquer the hearts and minds of the Reaganite right. In addition to his natural yearning to win over all critics, he realized that it was the true believers on the right rather than his old academic colleagues on the left who had the power to

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prevent him from serving in another Republican administration. With an eagerness that struck his more moderate friends as unseemly, even craven, he courted the conservatives with all eight cylinders of charm.

It was a difficult task. The die-hard Movement Conservatives had been his foes since the early days of détente. But it was not just Kissinger's policy positions that they objected to. They were also put off by his style and even his background. At its core, the Reagan Revolution had a populist, often resentful tinge. Most of its activists espoused an America First blend of isolationism and unilateralism, and they mistrusted internationalist gobbledygook about such things as the Atlantic Alliance. The revolution's bogeymen were members of the East Coast establishment, the Rockefellers, the media and banking elite—in other words, all of Kissinger's patrons.

The lure of elective office again enticed Kissinger in 1986, when New York State Republican leaders sounded him out about the possibility of running against Mario Cuomo for governor. Kissinger as a senator would have made sense; but to most observers the notion of him as a governor, milking cows at state fairs and wrestling with legislators over highway funds, was ridiculous. Many Republican leaders felt the same, but they were desperate to find someone to take on Cuomo. "The Republican Party is scraping the top of the barrel," said political consultant David Garth. Kissinger finally abandoned the idea.

In the race for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination, there were two candidates who would likely have brought Kissinger back from the wilderness: Senator Robert Dole and Congressman Jack Kemp, both of whom were secure in their conservative credentials and in need of foreign-policy expertise. Unfortunately for Kissinger, George Bush was the opposite.

More significantly, he did not like Kissinger very much. Bush's aides recalled an incident when he was ambassador to the United Nations and Kissinger was withholding information at a meeting; Bush stalked out in anger, muttering, "I don't have to take this shit." In Bush's studiously polite campaign autobiography, Kissinger was one of the few people who got needled; Bush complained that as envoy to Beijing and to the U.N. he had been cut out of policy-making by Kissinger, and he described in a mildly mocking tone one of Kissinger's imperial visits to China.

The new president and his secretary of state, James Baker, were Texas-style pragmatists with little feel for what Bush dismissively called "the vision thing." Kissinger, who had geostrategic visions galore, was not their sort.

Evidence of this came early, just after Bush's inauguration in 1989, when Baker subtly humiliated Kissinger over an idea he had proposed that would become known derisively as "Yalta II." The notion behind Kissinger's plan was that a tacit "framework of accommodation" would be hatched—preferably by a secret envoy such as himself—in which Moscow would agree to allow liberalization in Eastern Europe, and in return the U.S. would agree not to exploit these changes in a way that would threaten Russian security, such as by trying to lure Moscow's allies out of the Warsaw Pact.

It was the ultimate in Kissingerian diplomacy: a sweeping private deal based on spheres of influence that would lead to unabashed détente between the Russians and the Americans. The scheme raised the specter of Yalta, the 1945 summit where, according to conservative demonology, Roosevelt sold out Eastern Europe to Stalin. But Kissinger felt that, on the contrary, his plan would lead to "the reversal of Yalta, not the revival of Yalta."

Kissinger suggested this package plan to President-elect Bush and Baker at a private meeting in December 1988. Bush seemed interested, and he authorized Kissinger to broach the idea with Soviet president Gorbachev. When Kissinger explained the plan at a private meeting with Gorbachev in January 1989, the Soviet leader leaned forward and inquired whether it was a device to get the Soviets to reveal their ultimate intentions in Eastern Europe. Kissinger replied that there was no hidden agenda. Gorbachev designated Kissinger's old back-channel partner, Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, to serve as a conduit with Kissinger for future talks.

But Baker was not eager to encourage a grand diplomatic gambit that would be handled by Kissinger rather than himself. With the effortless air of a skeet shooter, he sent the idea floating into the sky, eyed it with wry interest, and then casually blasted it away in an interview with *The New York Times*. "I think that it is worthy of consideration because it is a novel approach," Baker said of the Kissinger plan, distorting it slightly. Then he proceeded to suggest that there was a major problem with the idea: it was not necessary. Favorable trends were already under way in Eastern Europe, "so why not let the process move forward for the time being?"

Kissinger felt angry and betrayed. At a Trilateral Commission meeting in Paris, h vented his fury at the secretary of stat "Baker has developed a new art form," h told some of the participants. "He defend a proposal I didn't make, then says he wa interested in it in purely intellectual terms then rejects it on the grounds that it will giv away Eastern Europe to the Soviets."

There were, however, plenty of flaw in Kissinger's scheme. It assumed that th Americans and Soviets still had the clou to negotiate matters affecting the fate o their allies. More importantly, Baker turned out to be right: the Soviet satellite got their freedom without any securit concessions by the West. If a grand new Yalta compromise had been reached, it might have actually preserved the Warsaw Pact's power.

From the Yalta II incident on, Kissin ger's relations with Bush and Baker wer chilly. Although they occasionally woul meet with him, there was no effort to involv him in the administration's momentou decisions as the Soviet empire crumbled.

Cut off from the main players, Kissin ger eventually found himself in an odd couple relationship with Vice Presiden Dan Quayle, whom he coached for hi 1988 debate with Lloyd Bentsen and court ed thereafter. Quayle was invited to a din ner Kissinger hosted in September 1990 a his River House apartment. As usual, Kis singer invited a mix of his business an media friends. Laurence Tisch of CBS wa there and Thomas Murphy of ABC, inves tor Warren Buffet and insurance magnat Maurice Greenberg, Jim Hoge of the New York *Daily News* and Lester Crystal of *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*.

What struck many of the guests wa how incongruous Kissinger and Quayle seemed together, how little they had in common. A question would be raised Quayle would stumble around like a C student searching for a safe response, then Kissinger would supply the correct an swer. But it was a relationship based on reciprocal needs. To Quayle, Kissinger could provide the heft and substance that seemed so missing in the vice president's vacant visage. And to Kissinger, Quayle offered a link to conservatives—and a chance, perhaps, to be influential some day in the future.

In July 1982, after it was clear that Rea gan was never going to make him sec retary of state, Kissinger activated his nascent consultant business, Kissinger Associates. With no legal training and lit tle financial acumen, he decided not to follow the usual revolving-door practice of going to a law firm or bank. So he set

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himself up as a statesman-for-hire, one who would, for a hefty fee, purvey strategic advice to private corporations, undertake diplomatic assignments for them, and serve as a personal national-security adviser to their chairmen.

With $350,000 lent to him by Goldman Sachs and a consortium of three other banks, Kissinger opened an office on Park Avenue at Fifty-first Street in Manhattan and another on Eighteenth and K streets in Washington. The loans were for five years; by the end of the second year, he repaid them in full. His annual revenues reached $5 million by 1987, and today they are more than double that.

To be the first associate in Kissinger Associates, he tapped his longtime deputy, former national-security adviser Brent Scowcroft, who was doing some private consulting work of his own in Washington. Although Scowcroft kept his own private clients in Washington, he would make close to $300,000 a year from Kissinger Associates by the time Bush asked him to return as national-security adviser in 1989. The other principal was Lawrence Eagleburger, who was lured aboard after serving as undersecretary of state. Uncowed by Kissinger, jovial and likable, he helped build the firm into a major enterprise. In 1988, his final year with the company before joining the Bush administration, he made $674,000 in salary and more than $240,000 in severance payments.

In addition there was Alan Stoga, low-key and good-natured, who was referred to by Kissinger and his clients simply as "the economist." After Eagleburger and Scowcroft left in 1989 to rejoin the government, Kissinger hired L. Paul "Jerry" Bremer, who had been his personal aide in the State Department, then the chief anti-terrorism official during the Reagan administration. In addition, William D. Rogers, a lawyer and former undersecretary of state (not to be confused with former secretary William P. Rogers), began working in the Washington office on a part-time basis.

By the early 1990s, Kissinger Associates had more than two dozen corporations as clients, about two-thirds of them American. The list was a closely guarded secret, and the contract with Kissinger Associates barred either side from revealing the relationship. Yet from proxy statements, other financial forms, government-disclosure requirements, interviews, and the tendency of businessmen to talk about their relationship with Kissinger, it is possible to come up with a list of the major clients that had contracts or arrangements with Kissinger or his firm in the late 1980s and early 1990s:

—American Express and its subsidiary Shearson Lehman Brothers.

American International Group, the insurance underwriter.

—Anheuser-Busch, brewers of Budweiser and other beers.

—ASEA Brown Boveri, a Swiss-Swedish engineering and manufacturing firm.

Atlantic Richfield (ARCO), the oil company.

—Banca Nazionale del Lavoro (B.N.L.), a Rome-based bank that, it was later revealed, made illegal loans to Iraq.

—Bell Telephone Manufacturing of Belgium.

—Chase Manhattan Bank.

—Coca-Cola.

—Continental Grain, a privately held grain company.

—Daewoo, a South Korean manufacturing and shipbuilding conglomerate.

—Fiat, the Italian automobile company.

—Fluor, a global engineering and construction company.

—Freeport-McMoRan, a Louisiana-based oil-gas-mineral company.

—GTE, the Connecticut-based telecommunications company.

—H. J. Heinz, the food-product conglomerate.

—Hollinger, a Canada-based global newspaper company.

—Hunt Oil, a Texas-based firm.

—L. M. Ericsson, a Swedish telecommunications company.

—Merck, the pharmaceutical giant.

—Midland Bank, a British retail bank.

—Revlon, the international cosmetics company.

—S. G. Warburg, the British investment bank.

—Skandinaviska Enskilda Banken, a Stockholm-based bank.

—Trust Company of the West, a California-based investment-management firm.

—Union Carbide, the chemical and plastics conglomerate.

—Volvo, the Swedish automobile company.

Kissinger Associates is not listed in the directory of the steel-and-glass Park Avenue office tower that houses its headquarters. A visitor getting off the elevator at the correct floor finds a sparse waiting area with a receptionist behind a Plexiglas window. There is no name on the door.

When Henry Kissinger is in, the office buzzes with a mixture of low-level terror and excitement. The former secretary of state is not one to sit quietly at his desk. Instead, he tends to pace around, wander in and out of colleagues' offices, demand clarifications of various decision memos in his folders, glance warily at his future schedules, and then reject them all as completely unacceptable. In between, he proclaims certain things, some global ar others trivial, to be total outrages. T staff he is burdened with, he growls, surely some cruel punishment inflicted vengeful gods. Then, just as suddenly, tosses out an incisive compliment or su gestion about a project in the works.

Yet such tantrums are leavened by undercurrent of humor, a shared realiz tion that it is partly an act. With a distracte air, Kissinger jumps from flashes of ang to praise, from weary resignation to sel deprecating jokes. His staff has learned cope. When he is out of the office an telephones in, his call is put through on special extension so everyone can react soon as they see that light blinking. Th office security system has a monitor wit a camera trained on the elevator bank; th staffers watch it whenever he leaves, an they let loose an audible all-clear sigh soon as it shows the doors closing behin him. There is a sense of indulgence times, as if they are dealing with an ex ceedingly gifted but temperamental child

The typical annual retainer for Kissin ger's services is $200,000, with specia projects costing an additional $100,000 so per month—plus expenses. For tha corporate clients generally receive a fu briefing on world events two or three time a year. These are given orally. Nothing put on paper. Kissinger has no desire to se his perceptions Xeroxed, passed around and referred to months later.

Each briefing is tailored to the firm particular interests, but it does not involv specific investment advice. The view usually medium-range: what to expect i the European Community or Russia or In donesia in the next five to ten years. addition, Kissinger is available for regula telephone consultations. As the war agains Iraq erupted in 1991, five or six calls fro major clients came in each day asking fo insights. In such cases, the advice sough generally has little business connection Corporate executives are not immune t the ego kick that comes from being able t say, "Well, I talked to Henry this morn ing and he feels . . ."

In fact, part of what Kissinger Asso ciates has to sell is the famous name an rumbling accent. An executive who has t make a tough foreign-investment decisio can feel safer if, when presenting the pla to his board, he can talk about the break fast he had with Kissinger on the subject "If something goes wrong in one of the countries where we've made an invest ment," explains one corporate executive "I know that we will not look negligent i we'd discussed the situation with Henry beforehand."

Kissinger recoils at the notion that he ometimes serves as a glorified fixer, but least one-quarter of his project work is itting through bureaucratic problems that ients face in foreign countries. This of- n involves making a few well-placed hone calls to friends in top government ositions.

Increasingly during the speculative boom ars of the 1980s, Kissinger sought to anch into the field of putting together als. As he watched his investment- nker friends such as Peter Peterson rake millions in percentage fees on big als, Kissinger came to realize that this as how the real money was made. Kent ssociates, a subsidiary of Kissinger As- ciates named after the town his country ome is near, was formed partly for that rpose, and Alan Batkin, an investment nker with Shearson Lehman Brothers, as hired in 1990.

Commercial acumen, however, is not a ominent component of Kissinger's intel- ct, and the business of deal-making, al- ady in decline when he became in- lved, did not become a major part of his rk. "Just because he's a genius," says aurice Greenberg, chairman of Ameri- n International Group, "doesn't mean has a feel for commerce or the makings an investment banker."

There is one area of deal-making that still fers promise: the privatization of govern- ent-owned enterprises—telephone sys- ns, banks, heavy industries, transporta- n systems—as countries around the world ove toward market-oriented economies. ecause American banks are nervous about aking loans directly to Third World gov- nments, these countries increasingly rely selling equity in state-owned business- to foreign investors. "Privatization is e most important new trend," says Rob- Day, the chairman of Trust Company the West, "and Henry is perfectly ised to be at the fore. There is no one in e world today who has the personal con- cts in so many governments and can lp work out privatization deals."

Day has been particularly active in pur- ing privatization deals in Mexico, Ven- uela, Chile, and elsewhere in Latin nerica. His company, a privately held set-management fund group, handled 0 billion worth of investments for four ndred institutional and private clients in 90. That year, T.C.W. decided it want- to put the money together to buy a ma- share in the Mexican telephone system, lmex. With Kissinger's help, T.C.W. ned forces with GTE, which also hap- ned to be a Kissinger client, and with lefónica de España. Although the bid was not successful, T.C.W. and GTE pur- sued other privatization ventures in Latin America. Last December, for example, a GTE-led consortium paid $1.9 billion for a 40 percent stake in Venezuela's phone company.

Kissinger gives T.C.W. regular brief- ings on the political climate of Mexico. But he also does something no other con- sultant can do: provide instant access to the top. In March 1990, while in Acapul- co on vacation, Kissinger arranged a quick trip with Day to Mexico City. They flew in Day's corporate jet, had a break- fast meeting with the finance minister, and in the course of the day met with ev- ery other major Cabinet officer. That eve- ning, they went to a reception thrown for Kissinger by the American ambassador, John Negroponte, who had once been a member of Kissinger's White House staff. On hand were eighty of Mexico's top po- litical and business leaders.

In addition, Kissinger has traveled with Day to Japan and China. "Wherever Hen- ry goes, everyone wants to meet with him," says Day, a tan and fit Californian with an easygoing verve. "This guy is larger than life. It's like traveling with someone who is still a secretary of state. And there's a reason: he works at it."

A business relationship with Kissinger often brings with it a social component. When Day went to New York early last year, for example, Henry and Nancy Kis- singer held a small dinner in his honor with a dozen or so of their most social friends. Among the guests were Ahmet and Mica Ertegün, Sid and Mercedes Bass, and Oscar de la Renta and his wife, Annette.

Maurice Greenberg, known as "Hank," has also become both a client and a social friend. A wiry and tightly wound man with a good sense of humor and a secure smile, Greenberg built American Interna- tional Group into the leading U.S.-based international insurance company, with half of its income from foreign sources. In 1987, he made Kissinger the chairman of his International Advisory Group and be- gan retaining him to handle three or four projects a year for the company. "Henry hasn't lost the spellbinding mystique he had when he was secretary of state," Greenberg says. "He gets immediate re- spect wherever he goes."

One case Kissinger handled for A.I.G. involved Argentina's state-owned insur- ance company, which decided in the 1980s to get into the international reinsurance business. Among the policies it bought up were some that had been issued by A.I.G. But the insurance market went into a bad cycle, the Argentinean state company be- gan losing money, and in 1987 it quit pay- ing off claims, which left A.I.G. holding the bag. Greenberg turned to Kissinger to bring about a resolution.

On a trip to Argentina, Kissinger met with the finance minister to figure out what could be done. What impressed Greenberg was not simply that Kissinger could open doors—though the ease with which he got an appointment with the fi- nance minister was impressive—but also that he studied the details of the problem and worked on ways it could be mediated. "He helped bring both parties off their fixed position," Greenberg says. While the matter was being discussed, Green- berg traveled to Argentina with Kissinger, where the former secretary of state was an honored guest at the inauguration of Presi- dent Carlos Menem.

In November 1989, Greenberg took a trip through Asia with Kissinger that showed the value of his relationships. Their first stop was in Malaysia, whose prime minister, Mahathir Bin Mohamad, had been a student in Kissinger's interna- tional seminar at Harvard. Next they went to Singapore, where Kissinger's close friend Lee Kwuan Yew, the prime minister from 1959 to 1990, hosted a private lunch and then a large reception for him. The trip ended with a visit to Beijing, the first by Kissinger since the Tiananmen Square crackdown that June. Deng Xiaoping, the supreme ruler, threw a well-publicized inti- mate lunch for Kissinger and Greenberg in the Great Hall of the People. "Henry's image and influence in China is such that just by the fact that you're with him there's a nice rub-off effect," Greenberg says.

Another close client is Freeport-McMo- Ran chairman James Moffett, an exuber- ant executive with the wildcat confidence of a man who has spent more than twenty years creating one of the world's most im- pressive sulfur, gold, copper, oil, and gas exploration companies. Bold, unvar- nished, and optimistic, with few of the troubles that are spawned by excessive re- flectiveness, Moffett (who likes to be called Jim Bob) is Kissinger's opposite. But he understands how much help Kis- singer can be to a company with global aspirations. He consequently has made Freeport-McMoRan one of Kissinger's most lucrative clients: in 1989, it paid his firm a $200,000 retainer and $600,000 in fees, plus it promised a commission of at least 2 percent on future capital investments made on the basis of its advice that year. In addition, Kissinger makes more than $30,000 annually in director's compensa- tion for his service on the company's board.

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Moffett is the type of executive who likes having Kissinger around simply for the joy of hearing him hold forth. So on the eve of the company's January 1991 board meeting, he took over Moran's Riverfront Restaurant on the edge of New Orleans' French Quarter, had a big square table placed in the middle, and invited the Freeport-McMoRan board and top executives to eat oysters Rockefeller and shrimp rémoulade while Kissinger expounded on the impending war with Iraq.

Moffett also likes to use Kissinger for political and risk assessments, which are the core services that Kissinger Associates offers. For example, Freeport-McMoRan's biggest venture is a gold and copper mine in Indonesia. In 1991, the company got a thirty-year permit to work the mine, which would require an investment of at least $550 million. Before completing the deal, Moffett asked Kissinger to provide an analysis of the political future in Indonesia for the next ten to twenty years.

"When you're making a commitment of half a billion dollars," Moffett says, "a few hundred thou for a consultant who knows his way around the place is nothing." And if a revolution ever hits Indonesia and the mines are nationalized, Freeport-McMoRan's stockholders will have a hard time accusing their chairman of being reckless. (Nor, for that matter, could they hold Kissinger liable; under his contract, the company indemnifies him and holds him harmless for any bad advice he gives.)

When Gerald Ford was planning to retire from the board of American Express, he recommended Kissinger be made a director. "A lot of you fellows may not like Henry," Ford argued, "and he may be controversial in this country, but he is not controversial abroad. He knows people and can get doors open and can get things done." Another director demurred, noting that "a company as big and sophisticated as American Express doesn't need anyone to open doors for it." A few other board members argued that Kissinger might be too radioactive. But Kissinger was elected, and the firm's chairman, James Robinson, became one of his biggest fans.

The fee the company pays Kissinger Associates fluctuates, but for 1989 it included a $100,000 retainer for advising Robinson on international affairs plus $200,000 as a consultant to Shearson Lehman Brothers, the company's investment-banking subsidiary. In addition, Kissinger personally received $120,000 for making speeches and appearances at company functions and $48,000 for his work as a member of the American Express board.

"Henry has an incredible capacity to stay current," says Robinson. Before leaving on a major trip, Kissinger usually calls Robinson to see if there are any issues to be explored in the countries he plans to visit. Sometimes Robinson cites a specific problem or two. For example, American Express was seeking a license for its banking subsidiary to do business in Hungary. When Kissinger traveled there, he raised the issue with the new government and stressed that the American Express Bank should get priority because it would also serve to build the country's tourism industry.

In addition to his consulting business, Kissinger serves on various corporate boards, including American Express, R. H. Macy, Hollinger, Union Pacific, Continental Grain, CBS, Revlon, Freeport-McMoRan, and Trust Company of the West, as well as on the international advisory committees of Chase Manhattan Bank and A.I.G. The standard annual compensation for each board position is about $40,000, which amounts to more than $300,000 in additional income. Added to that is his income from giving speeches. His average fee is about $30,000; he generally makes more than a hundred speeches a year, about half for charity, the other half for a fee. So his income from speaking approaches $1.5 million a year.

Kissinger's annual income thus is as high as $7 million. Kissinger once ribbed Peter Peterson about how much money the investment banker must be making. Peterson replied with an I'll-show-you-mine wager: he would guess Kissinger's income, and if he was wrong by more than 20 percent, he would be willing to tell Kissinger his own. When Kissinger agreed to this rather odd game, Peterson made his guess about Kissinger's annual earnings: $7.5 million. Kissinger smiled, tacitly assenting that the guess was close to correct.

Nothing that Kissinger does as a consultant is illegal. In fact, his activities are generally more pristine than what is common practice in Washington. But like his foreign policy, Kissinger's world as a businessman is filled with linkages, and they form an interesting case study of the standards of public, business, and journalistic conflicts of interest.

Kissinger is part of an old if not particularly venerable breed: top officials who leave government and then find themselves paid handsomely by clients who value not just their minds and talents but also their clout and Rolodexes. Some make it seem more respectable by doing it under the thin guise of being a lawyer. Others come right out and call themselves lobbyists and consultants. Some influence peddlers attempt to be elegantly discreet such as Clark Clifford; others do not, such as Michael Deaver. There is no clear line between what is acceptable and what is not. Rather, it is a matter of degree, discretion, and style.

Countless stabs at revising the Ethics in Government Act have produced a few principles for what is considered proper in this game: the longer you wait after leaving office, the better; and it is best not to lobby those you once worked with. By these standards, Kissinger displays a respectable propriety. Until he had been out of office for four years, he refrained from joining any corporate boards or pursuing his own business. Unlike most eager Deaver consultants, he provides his clients with substantive expertise rather than merely with connections or introductions. In addition, he never does any domestic lobbying, does not represent any foreign governments, nor does he deal with the White House, State Department, or Congress on behalf of clients.

The primary potential conflict that Kissinger faces comes from his work as a television commentator and a columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. He argues that it is "absurd" to think that he would tailor his opinions to suit his clients' financial interests, and there is no evidence that he ever does. Yet it is reasonable to believe that his thoughts on some issues are influenced by listening to the strong opinions of people who pay him quite well. In addition, consciously or subconsciously, his journalistic comments on some foreign leaders could be influenced by his desire to have a cozy relationship with them.

Take, for example, Kissinger's columns on Mexico and its debt problem. The issue is of specific concern to companies that Kissinger advised. In 1989, the Chase Manhattan Bank added $1.15 billion to its reserve fund to cover its Third World debt, and its former chairman David Rockefeller and his successor, Willard Butcher, have been active in urging Washington to help on the issue. Similarly, the American Express Bank had more than $2 billion of Latin-American debt at the end of 1986. Chairman Robinson publicly advocated the creation of an International Institute of Development and Debt, which would provide debt relief so that developing nations could trade and prosper. Kissinger read over drafts of Robinson's

lan and made numerous suggestions.

In his role as a press pundit and as an nformal adviser to top U.S. officials, issinger initially urged the banks to re- uce their Latin-American debt claims, ien urged the government to do the ime. In addition, his commentary about lexico and its leaders was exceedingly mpathetic, which served to enhance the ivored treatment he got when he traveled iere with his clients.

For example, shortly after Carlos Sali- as was elected president of Mexico in 988, Kissinger wrote a column praising im and urging the U.S. to help end his ebt problem. "Salinas's liberal econom- policy can be sustained only by growth. ut the Mexican economy cannot grow so ng as debt service consumes more than x percent of the Gross Domestic Prod- ct." The burden should not fall solely on ie banks that made the loans. "Some of ie burden of relief must be borne by editor governments, including the Unit- d States," Kissinger wrote. He even pro- eeded to plug an "innovative proposal" long these lines by "James Robinson of merican Express," without mentioning iat he was a client.

The next year, Kissinger wrote a col- mn about the request made by major Lat- -American nations for a summit to dis- uss "their increasingly intractable debt roblem." Kissinger argued, "It is an in- itation the incoming Bush Administra- on should accept." Again, he insisted iat the burden should be on govern- ients, not the banks. "Most of them have one to the limit of what profit-making or- anizations can absorb," he wrote. "They ave been generally innovative in design- ig financing schemes." And just this ast May, Kissinger wrote a column urg- ig Congress to authorize more than $300 illion "for forgiveness of Latin Ameri- a's official debt." He also lavished praise n the "remarkable" Mexican govern- ient and its "extraordinary" efforts to- ard the privatization of state-owned in- ustries, without noting that he was paid y companies, such as T.C.W., seeking a ole in such efforts.

Kissinger's opinions were sincere; he eld most of them even before his paying ients began pushing these causes, and ome even ran counter to their interests. ut his analysis was probably affected by ie strong opinions of Rockefeller, utcher, Robinson, and Day. "His iews have influenced my thinking," ys Robinson, "and I like to think my views have had a modest impact on his."

An even clearer and more controversial case of intertwined interests involved China. On the evening after the Tiananmen Square crackdown in June 1989, ABC News sent a Minicam crew to Kent to interview its paid consultant live on the news. "What should America do, Dr. Kissinger?" asked Peter Jennings. Emphasizing the importance of maintaining good relations with China, Kissinger argued, "I wouldn't do any sanctions." Throughout the summer, he continued to advocate these positions during appearances on ABC, with which he had a $100,000-per-year contract.

In his newspaper columns, Kissinger likewise argued strongly against sanctions. Although he wrote that he was "shocked by the brutality," he stressed that this was an internal matter, that Deng should be praised as a real reformer, and that the stakes in maintaining good relations with China "could not be higher."

Later that summer he went further in a column that denounced Congress for voting sanctions on China "in reaction to events entirely within its domestic jurisdiction." Although he again expressed dismay at the brutality, he added, "No government in the world would have tolerated having the main square of its capital occupied for eight weeks by tens of thousands of demonstrators." Whatever Americans feel personally about what happened, he said, "China remains too important for America's national security to risk the relationship on the emotions of the moment."

At the time, although the viewers of ABC or the readers of his column did not know it, Kissinger's involvement with the Deng regime in China was extensive. He had gone there in 1987 with Robert Day of T.C.W. Early in 1988, he had set up an impressive itinerary for a meeting in Beijing of Chase's International Advisory Committee, during which he and David Rockefeller met with Deng. He had helped Atlantic Richfield negotiate a deal to market oil it had discovered in China. He had worked with ITT to arrange for it to hold a board meeting in Beijing. He had provided advice and introductions for H. J. Heinz executives who were trying to set up a baby-food facility there. He was negotiating with the Chinese government on behalf of Freeport-McMoRan, which was trying (unsuccessfully) to work out an arrangement for digging major coal and copper mines there. And A.I.G., whose international advisory board he chaired, was building an office tower in Shanghai.

Kissinger's most ambitious scheme for dealing with China was a limited investment partnership he established called China Ventures. Officially launched in December 1988, six months before the Tiananmen crackdown, the company was set up to enable a group of top American corporations to invest in new enterprises and joint ventures in China. Kissinger was chief executive and general partner of China Ventures. For that, he was to receive management fees that could have totaled more than $1 million per year plus 20 percent of any profits that the partnership made after paying an 8 percent return on investors' capital.

The list of corporations making investments was secret, but most were Kissinger clients. Among the big investors: American Express, Freeport-McMoRan, American International Group, Trust Company of the West, H. J. Heinz, and Coca-Cola. The total pool they created for investments was $75 million. American Express, for example, committed $10 million to the investment kitty and in 1989 paid $200,000 to Kissinger in management fees. Freeport-McMoRan, whose commitment was $3.3 million, paid $66,667 in management fees.

China Ventures never got off the ground. First of all, it suffered from Kissinger's limitations in the field of venture capitalism. Most of the proposed projects did not make much economic sense. In the case of the Freeport-McMoRan mining project, the Chinese wanted to retain control. A plan to manufacture textiles near Shanghai, said Greenberg, "was really too small to make much sense, a waste of everybody's time."

More significantly, the events in Tiananmen Square, and the ensuing outcry for sanctions, caused the partners to put the venture on hold. No investments were consummated, the committed capital was never called, and by the end of 1990 the partnership was formally dissolved. All of the investment money was returned.

Kissinger insists that it is wrong to charge that he had any business conflicts in publicly urging the U.S. to maintain good relations with China, "because the fact is China Ventures never made any investments." However, if the American reaction to Tiananmen had been mild, as Kissinger urged, China Ventures would have proceeded, and Kissinger might have made a lot of money. In addition, Kissinger represented quite a few other business interests in China, and he was profiting from his good relationship with the Deng regime. Thus he in fact had a stake in Deng's survival. Indeed, the potential conflict was discussed within his firm,

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and there was great relief that China Ventures folded, so that it would no longer be a public issue.

When John Fialka of *The Wall Street Journal* revealed the existence of China Ventures in September 1989, Kissinger was asked about it during an appearance on *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*. It was outrageous, he replied, to insinuate that financial considerations had prompted him to defend the Chinese regime. Congressman Stephen Solarz, a liberal Democrat, came to Kissinger's defense, sort of. I am sure finances played no part, the congressman said; Dr. Kissinger has always defended oppressive dictatorships whether or not he had a financial stake in them. Winston Lord, Kissinger's longtime aide, who had been ambassador to China, had a falling out with Kissinger over his defense of Deng. But like Solarz he said of Kissinger, "If he didn't have a cent of commercial interest in China, he would have taken the same position."

In November 1989, Kissinger decided to take a highly visible trip to China to signify that, at least in his personal view, the time for ostracism was over. Joining him was Maurice Greenberg, one of the principals in the now dormant China Ventures. At a small luncheon given for Kissinger and his guests by Deng in the Great Hall of the People, Tiananmen Square was raised. Deng talked about the Cultural Revolution, when he was purged and radicals threw his son out of a window and crippled him. The point of Deng's tale, Kissinger surmised, was that he felt he had faced another incipient revolution that past June, and that, like Kissinger, he had been taught by life to value order and authority.

Upon his return, Kissinger was invited for dinner at the White House, where he briefed Bush, Baker, and Scowcroft. The U.S. would have to make a gesture, he said, if relations were ever to be restored. He explained how paranoid the Chinese were about outsiders who attempted to meddle in their domestic affairs. The Chinese had broken with the Soviets over the same sort of issue thirty years earlier.

What Bush decided to do made Kissinger seem even more influential than he was: he dispatched Scowcroft and Eagleburger, Kissinger's two former business associates and N.S.C.-staff colleagues, on a secret trip to China to toast Deng and repair the breach. Kissinger did not know of the plans beforehand, and he was flabbergasted when he found out. He realized that it would look as if he had been an unseen force behind the decision.

Kissinger's intertwined web of commentary, inside influence, and business connections remained in good shape. In February 1990, he gave a dinner at his River House apartment for the Chinese ambassador to the U.S. Some of his business clients were there, along with such media celebrities as Barbara Walters. In his toast, Kissinger noted that Americans do not fully understand China's proud tradition of resisting foreign meddling. As the party was ending, the ambassador huddled with Kissinger in the entry hall and expressed his worry about a resolution favoring sanctions that was being debated in Congress. As one of his business associates watched, Kissinger pulled out his black leather notepad and jotted down "Call Brent." There is no evidence that he ever did. But it was the type of little gesture that could impress almost anyone, from a Chinese ambassador to a C.E.O.

"If I had known then what I know now, I wouldn't have wanted him on that broadcast, plain and simple," Peter Jennings says about his interview with Kissinger the evening after Tiananmen. On the other hand, his overlapping business, journalistic, and government interests make him a more informed analyst.

As with so many of his actions while in government, the problem with these overlapping interests is exacerbated by Kissinger's penchant for secrecy. Sunlight can be a good disinfectant; if he would disclose his client interests, readers and viewers could weigh them as they saw fit. Even if he does not wish to reveal the names of specific clients, he could at least note in general terms, when relevant, that he has given advice to clients who have a stake in the subject at hand. Being open about potential conflicts would not magically make them go away, but it would be the best policy for earning trust—which is what good journalism, like good business relationships and good government, is based upon.

When Kissinger sits down each year to budget his personal finances with the help of Robert Day, they often assume that the amount he will make from speaking fees will begin to decline, that his fame and drawing power will surely diminish. But so far this has not occurred. As if by magical suspension, his celebrity remains as high as ever, far above that of almost any other world figure.

How does Kissinger keep his celebrity so high? Mainly by working at it. Like a trouper to the limelight, he is drawn to the television camera, and news producers find him an irresistible jewel for their shows. He even agreed to do the weather reports one day for *CBS This Morning*, having confided to anchor Paula Zahn that prognosticating about meteorological rather than geopolitical trends was a secret ambition. "If you live anywhere between Egypt, Pennsylvania, and Lebanon, New Hampshire, I perceive peaceful weather for you," he intoned. The regular forecaster, Mark McEwen, joked about how he feared that Kissinger would take his job.

In working to maintain his image, Kissinger continues to be obsessed with converting his enemies, a trait he displayed back in the late 1960s when he would invite anti-war protesters into the White House and try to explain himself. He is drawn to his critics with the mixture of insecurity and ego that comes from growing up feeling both smarter than everyone else and more persecuted. After Kissinger sided with a campaign to block the construction of a large office complex on Manhattan's Columbus Circle, he ran into the developer, Mortimer Zuckerman, and told him, "You know, I'm only doing this to appease my liberal friends."

Likewise, he commiserated with his old friend Peter Peterson about the problems that led to his resignation from Lehman Brothers; when journalist Ken Auletta wrote an unflattering account of Peterson's role, Kissinger sent him a note praising his reporting. He also complimented editor Harold Evans on his book about his struggles with the newspaper magnate Rupert Murdoch, then later told Murdoch that he disagreed with Evans's thesis about the proper relationship between editor and publisher. Some of these stories may be exaggerated in the retelling, but there are so many of them precisely because Kissinger has never realized how the retelling process works.

This desire to court approval from a wide swath of people, a common enough human trait but one that has been more pronounced in Kissinger, leads his friends to suggest that the attainment of great power and wealth has not dispelled the sense of vulnerability that dwells inside the refugee from Germany. Despite the aura of grandeur that he studiously projects, he is deeply sensitive to criticism, obsessed with his enemies, and paranoid about many of his friends.

"He has always had a harder time feeling totally secure on a human level than he has on an intellectual one," says Peter Glenville, the refined British director who is Kissinger's occasional traveling companion. "The word 'insecure' is usually a put-down, but I mean it as a deep compli-

ient when I say of Henry that deep down here are parts of him that are still insecure fter all these years. There is a great personal vulnerability there, as well as a reat strength of character."

Some of their Washington friends tend to disparage the new, rather glitzy crowd hat now forms the social world of the Kissingers. "Up in New York, Nancy seems to ke to dine with her dressmakers," says amed Washington matron Susan Mary Alop, referring to people such as Oscar de la Renta. "I find them to be very nice people, ut they really aren't my sort."

Most of the old friends blame Nancy or choosing a social life that revolves round the sort of people pictured in *Vomen's Wear Daily*. In fact, her husand is the one who seems to enjoy the omfort and fun that come from hanging round international jet-setters. Whether it e Hollywood or Manhattan or Paris, he njoys a certain frisson when among the ich and socially prominent.

But the crowd that the Kissingers gather around themselves is more diverse than the gossip columns make it seem. The full range was on display at his sixty-ninth birthday party this May. At four round tables in their blue-lacquered and gold trimmed River House dining room, the Kissingers hosted an eclectic mix of forty or so close friends. Guests included Barbara Walters, Laurence Tisch, Mort Zuckerman, Bette and Winston Lord, Abe and Casey Ribicoff, Robert and Georgette Mosbacher, Henry Kravis and Carolyne Roehm. Rupert Murdoch was there, along with Harold Evans. So was Faye Wattleton, then head of Planned Parenthood, and Brooke Astor, the doyenne of old New York society.

If there is anything missing from Kissinger's twilight, it is that, both socially and professionally, his world is now filled more with show than with substance. Every now and then, in a humorous pang of self-reflection, he refers to his new social circle as "the bratty rich." With most of these friends, he lacks a soulful or intellectual connection, and their frivolity remains somewhat alien. Still, the parties are glamorous and the trips are grand and the camaraderie is comforting.

Likewise, his business success lacks some of the satisfaction to be found in more substantive statecraft: making Indonesia safe for Freeport McMoRan is not quite as fulfilling as making the world safe for China. Still, it allows him to fly around the globe in private planes playing diplomat and foreign-affairs adviser, the things he likes to do best.

Napoleon once said of Metternich that he confused policy with intrigue. Kissinger is a master at both, but as with Metternich, Kissinger's political and business policies reflect the complexities of his personality—his brilliance, his secretiveness, his odd mixture of ego and insecurity, and his instinctive feel for linkages and patterns. These traits have helped make him both the premier star and also one of the most controversial figures in each realm he has sought to conquer, from academia and government to business and jet-set society. □

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Continued from page 216) and the White House, they wrote the speeches of Clarence Thomas, and they sway internal arguments n conservative think tanks that often become the subjects of public policy. Former State Department official Francis Fukuyama, who wrote *The End of History and he Last Man,* is an influential Straussian.

Leo Strauss was a virtually unknown German émigré philosopher at the University of Chicago. In several books of dense bstraction published in the late 1950s, he xplained that the corruption of Western ivilization began with the turn away from lassical Greek philosophy in the Renaissance. By a close reading of philosophical exts, Straussians believe they can discern soteric meanings that give them special nsight into the ancient verities. The rulrs, who are necessary to the maintenance f public order, lack this knowledge—but an be instructed to follow the right path. he highest calling of the Straussian in olitics is as the tutor. "It's not inconsisent with the Straussian vision to leave the olitical-science department at Harvard nd materialize as a policy operator in Vashington," says Dinesh D'Souza, the uthor of *Illiberal Education,* who is enconced along with Irving Kristol at the merican Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank.

The conservative elite sees its mission as the overthrow of "the liberal establishment"; its cause is nothing less than morality versus amorality. Irving Kristol summarized the case in a 1976 article, explaining that neoconservatives "believe that the individual who is abruptly 'liberated' from the sovereignty of traditional values will soon find himself experiencing the vertigo and despair of nihilism." This lofty, even superior Straussian tone was not removed from realpolitik: behind the rhetoric lies the old-left sense of power plays, now deployed on the right.

Revealing his genetic code, Bill Kristol explained the approach in a 1985 article in the Heritage Foundation's *Policy Review* on how three Reaganites (including his boss, Bennett) had succeeded in government: "To the degree they have governed successfully . . . it is because they have tried to govern strategically. This means first of all having certain fundamental objectives. . . . One implication of this perspective is that the political executive ought not to be afraid of publicity—or controversy." Four years before he signed on as Dan Quayle's brain, Bill had programmed his mode of attack.

Bill also laid out Quayle's credo in a 1987 review of Allan Bloom's neo-Straussian best-seller, *The Closing of the American Mind,* in *The Wall Street Journal.* Bill, echoing Irving, praised Bloom's attack as "a fierce and fundamental attack on the establishment"—the "cultural establishment." What is needed to overcome what Bloom called America's "easygoing nihilism" is an assertion of traditional values. Thus Quayle's higher rationalization had been prepared while he was still mouthing campaign slogans in Terre Haute.

Senator Quayle was elected in the Reagan upsurge of 1980 along with a host of other conservatives. He surrounded himself with neoconservative advisers. Quayle genuinely liked the high-flown intellectual talk of the policy experts and ideologues, which was exotic and heady. To him, this was how Washington differed from Indiana. Quayle started out with neocon defense wonks who brought him into contact with like-minded ideologues in other fields. Ken Adelman was always suggesting books to read (heavy on the biographies of Churchill and George Marshall), and the junior senator was eager to show that he had read them. There is "a chirpiness" to him, says Adelman. Quayle is the Deke who is fascinated by the wonks.

"The vice president ribs me about New York and Harvard," says Kristol, who is

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the pluperfect wonk in nondescript blue suits and short hair. Kristol lives in suburban McLean, Virginia, with his wife and three children, who attend the same school that Quayle's kids attended when Quayle lived in the neighborhood. Unlike neoconservative militants such as Elliott Abrams, who has refused to shake the hands of those he disagrees with, Kristol is a congenial fellow who enjoys talking to people of all political stripes. This makes him much more effective in his role.

Within the Bush administration, those who pay careful attention ponder the Quayle that is being sculpted by Kristol. Is there something smart about Quayle that can attract smart people? Or is he an ideologue who has been captured by more adept ideologues? And are they more loyal to the ideology than to the man? Who or what is the real Dan Quayle?

The cannier members of the executive branch report attending meetings with the vice president and then reading accounts by various conservative columnists, who are known to rely upon Bill Kristol as a source, that frequently bear only a skeletal resemblance to what actually occurred. In one observer's view, Quayle comes off as a far more ideological figure than he really is. Lately, Quayle has been appearing in print as a tough, uncompromising critic of the inept Bush apparatus. "Quayle is never as harsh as he is in the Kristol version," says a high-ranking administration official who has been at many of these meetings. "It's also not true that Quayle is unwilling to compromise." One longtime Kristol-watcher observes that he is "a natural debunker and critic, not a promoter"—and the Quayle that is projected tends to be the same.

The popular image of Quayle does not reflect that he is intellectually inquisitive and knowledgeable about many aspects of public policy. But this also is not the full picture. The sense of manipulation behind the scenes makes it hard for even the most acute and intimate observers to gauge what's authentic about him and what's not. "I think he's a serious person," says the high official. "I'd give him the benefit of the doubt. But I can't prove it."

"I see your son is trying to make Quayle smarter," a friend remarked to Irving Kristol near the beginning of the Bush administration.

"I fear that's a losing proposition," Irving replied. "He's trying to make him more *cultured*."

Ever since he was elected vice president, Dan Quayle has eagerly anticipated the 1992 campaign. The 1988 affair was a nightmare from which he's still trying to awake. "The object this time," says Adelman, "is to have people comment on what a difference four years makes."

The image of Quayle was set in cement in the two weeks after the G.O.P. convention where he was nominated. "It was the worst out-of-control press situation I've ever seen," says a Republican operative who was assigned to help handle the nominee. But Quayle was being so obviously overhandled that he felt compelled at one point to proclaim, "I don't want anybody to say, 'Here's what some campaign aide said about that.' You ask me, and I'll give you the answer. . . . There's not going to be any more handler stories because I'm the handler. . . . I'm Dr. Spin!" Then came the debate in which, as almost every commentator remarked, he resembled a deer frozen in the glare of onrushing headlights. "I am the future," Quayle had told a campaign crowd. "But his confidence was shaken," says a Republican politico who saw him up close. "You could see it in his eyes."

His tough-minded wife, Marilyn, who had always been his supreme handler, was very bitter. "You shake hands," she had told her husband in his first campaign for Congress. "I'll do the rest." But even she was helpless to protect her husband in 1988. For years afterward her hatred of the press was overt. When her staff once tried to quiet down a noisy bunch of news photographers, she was overheard muttering, "What you need is a blowtorch." In a speech at the National Press Club, intended to solve her problem with the media, she presented herself as a warrior-queen: "I put on my armor to do battle for my family." According to a source close to them, the Quayles seethed over the treatment of Bill Clinton by the media during his primary run—which they thought wasn't nearly as vicious as the gauntlet they had run. Clinton, they feel, wriggled away because the liberal-elite press was biased in his favor, as it had been biased against Dan.

For four years, the president's staff has waited for Quayle to gain *gravitas*. They dreamed his hair would turn gray, lending him the tinge of statesmanship. But Bush always identified with his protégé. According to Senator Alan Simpson, Bush conveyed his empathy to his understudy: "Take [out] the word 'Quayle' and insert the word 'Bush' wherever it appears, and that's the crap I took for eight years. Wimp. Sycophant. Lap dog. Poop. Lightweight. Boob. Squirrel. Asshole. George Bush." For Quayle, perseverance became his credo and readiness his task: "The word that describes the office of the vice president is, 'be prepared.' "

The first real breakthrough in the rehabilitation of the image of Dan Quayle was the publication in January 1992 of a seven-part series in *The Washington Post* by David Broder and Bob Woodward. The distinguished columnist and the renowned investigative reporter presented a mostly glowing profile of a man who had become a "player" as the effective chairman of the president's Competitiveness and Space councils. "If all journalism were as thorough as that," says vice-presidential press secretary David Beckwith approvingly, "the First Amendment would be in very good shape indeed." The series was read by the Quayle camp as a hopeful augury. The coming campaign, it seemed, would not be like 1988.

But the script for a smooth run in 1992 had been nearly upset before Quayle got on the trail, when he was unexpectedly haunted by an incident that took place in an Oklahoma jail during the 1988 campaign.

A few weeks before the election, Brett Kimberlin, an inmate at the El Reno Federal Correctional Institution serving a fifty-one-year prison term on drug and explosives charges, claimed that he had sold Dan Quayle marijuana when he was attending Indiana University Law School. Reporters learned of Kimberlin's charge, and so many requested interviews that a week before Election Day '88, prison authorities scheduled a press conference. As he later admitted, a Bush-Quayle campaign aide complained to the Justice Department's director of public affairs, who then called the Bureau of Prisons. That night, under orders from the bureau, Kimberlin was clamped into a solitary-confinement cell—without access to a phone. When he was removed from isolation, Kimberlin attempted to hold another press conference; again, he was tossed into solitary. He was finally released a week after the election, whereupon the U.S. Parole Commission added five years to the tentative date he would be eligible for parole. Throughout, Quayle denied Kimberlin's allegations, and the Bush-Quayle campaign later denied having interfered with the Bureau of Prisons.

Three years later, Quayle's putative

Dreyfus found his unlikely Zola in Garry rudeau, the illustrator who draws 'Doonesbury.'' For two weeks in early November 1991 the cartoon strip featured he details of Kimberlin's case, including is charge that the Drug Enforcement gency has a secret file on Dan Quayle. he White House learned about the strips rom friendly press sources, and before he first in the series appeared the D.E.A. le on the vice president was selectively eaked to *The Indianapolis Star*, the Quayle-family-owned newspaper. The naterial that surfaced consisted solely of nsubstantiated allegations. And the vice resident went on the offensive against he cartoonist. ''It is well known that Garry Trudeau has a personal vendetta gainst me,'' Quayle railed. Beckwith, he former *Time*-magazine correspondent rned flack, claimed that Quayle was be- ng smeared: ''This is outrageous. It's new low for 'Doonesbury.' '' Dozens f newspapers editorialized against Tru- eau, and about twenty-five refused to un the strip.

For Trudeau, the point is not the harges but what he sees as the suppres- ion of Kimberlin. ''The spin operation vas a huge success,'' says Trudeau. 'But the story has been kept alive.'' Ar- old & Porter, the prestigious Washington aw firm, has taken Kimberlin's case on a ro bono basis, and there is pressure uilding for congressional hearings on the onduct of the Department of Justice—be- ore the election. ''The message I'm send- ng to Dan Quayle,'' says Trudeau, ''is hat Brett Kimberlin is still in prison. And om all the evidence we've seen, he's ill in prison because Dan Quayle is vice resident. I think it's an outrage. You could ery easily make the case that he's a genu- he political prisoner.''

In mid-October, as the campaign gets hite-hot, Trudeau may throw on more indling: a new series of strips on Quayle nd Kimberlin. Though he has not yet rawn the strips, he hints at one direction e might take with a question he hopes is osed during a vice-presidential debate. 'Here's what Gore should ask him,'' says rudeau. '' 'Mr. Vice President, you ave said on several occasions that you ave never taken drugs and never been at party where they had been used. Could ou explain how you arrived at your con- ressional-campaign call for the decrimi- alization of marijuana?' ''

At the beginning of the 1992 campaign, Dan Quayle was given a longer leash than ever before. Bush's decision o recuse himself from partisan politics until the Republican convention gave Quayle the enormous opportunity he had been waiting for. The president, according to several White House insiders, even gave him license to develop his own strategy without approval stamped on every speech. For about two months, May and June, Quayle held center stage.

On May 19, following the riots in Los Angeles, Quayle used a previously scheduled speech in San Francisco to offer his explanation of their cause: ''the poverty of values.'' This much was standard conservative patter. ''I wouldn't overinterpret,'' advises Kristol when asked for analysis of its sources. ''What the vice president said is what an awful lot of people have said. It's consistent with a Straussian view, but not dependent on it.'' But then Quayle veered into a place Leo Strauss had never imagined: Toontown. ''It doesn't help matters,'' he opined, ''when prime-time TV has Murphy Brown—a character who supposedly epitomizes today's intelligent, highly paid professional women—mocking the importance of fathers by bearing a child alone and calling it just another 'life-style choice.' ''

When news of Quayle's attack on a sitcom character reached the White House, the response was not enthusiastic. ''Nervous Nellies'' is how a source in the Quayle camp disdainfully describes the Bush circle's reaction. Presidential press secretary Marlin Fitzwater, who had not been forewarned about the Murphy Brown reference, instinctively went into a damage-control mode. Bush wasn't sure whether he was for or against what Quayle had said. ''We underestimated the reaction,'' says a source close to Quayle. ''I would guess Kristol understood how it would play,'' says a source close to Bush.

On the flight back to Washington, the Quayle team and the Bush team argued on the phones whether or not they had a fiasco on their hands. Quayle's intent had been to rouse the conservative base, but within the Bush campaign there was nail-biting uncertainty about whether the resulting polarization was helpful or destructive. ''It was one of those little feeding frenzies they have in the White House, a little confusion there,'' says a Quayle-ite. ''So far it has not reflected well on Bush,'' says a member of Bush's inner circle. Yet Beckwith was unfazed: ''It may not be appropriate for a president to take on a sitcom character like Murphy Brown, but it may be appropriate for a vice president.''

Quayle's rival as conservative standard-bearer also rose in the wake of the L.A. riots. For a moment, Jack Kemp, the only member of the administration with policy ideas for the urban crisis, was extracted from the deep freeze by Bush. The housing secretary was strapped into a seat on Air Force One next to the president. When they landed, they toured the charred ruins of South-Central L.A. together. But almost immediately after returning to Washington, Kemp was shunted aside again. About this treatment, Quayle said nothing. ''I'm Indiana Jones in the Temple of Doom,'' remarks Kemp. Snakes all around.

Just when the Murphy Brown controversy began to fade, Quayle aggressively raised another one. On June 9, he attacked the distribution of condoms in school, homosexual parents, and sex education in elementary schools. The source of these assaults on traditional values was the nefarious ''cultural elite'': ''They'll try to mock us in newsrooms, sitcom studios, and faculty lounges across America. . . . I wear their scorn as a badge of honor.'' This broader attack positioned the incumbent administration as the populist defenders against an entrenched elite, winning more approval within the White House than had the one on the popular Murphy Brown.

By this point, however, Bush was under siege by someone with no pretensions to ''the cultural elite.'' According to a well-placed administration source, the tensest meeting in the White House since the Russian coup took place in early June to meet the crisis. All the president's men sat grimly as they tried to develop a war plan to counter the threat that filled George Bush with overwhelming dread: Ross Perot. ''Why isn't anyone taking him on?'' pleaded the president, scanning the meeting attended by veterans of successful Republican campaigns past. Who will rid me of this troublesome billionaire? There was no answer.

''If somebody doesn't take him on, *I'm* going to,'' Bush exclaimed. No, no, no, went up the cry from his top handlers, who feared the president might lose his aura of presidentiality. But what if the monstrous Perot kept getting bigger? There was no answer.

The Bush high command left the meeting without having taken any decision, or devised any strategy. They simply continued their fearful watch of the polls. Finger-pointing tore at the campaign from the inside. Some Republican political consultants blamed Bush himself. ''Perot's a creation of the noncampaign, the silent strategy,'' complained one. ''Don't en-

Dan's Big Plan

gage anyone and they'll go away." The most insistent calls for a frontal assault on Perot came from the office of the vice president. "Of course Perot is a creature of our failures," said a source close to Quayle. "It's really our failure to articulate an agenda that fueled a Perot candidacy." Short of offering such an agenda, however, what was to be done? The instinct of the Republican politicos was to go negative. But the Bush team fretted that if the president assailed the upstart he would be tarnished.

The next day Marilyn Quayle hurled herself at the target without warning. Perot, she charged, "thinks he can just buy" the White House. The undeclared candidate descended from the sky blue onto the muddy playing field: Bush and Quayle, he shot back, were "hiding behind their women." The vice president joined the fray. Perot, he blasted in a carefully crafted speech, was a "temperamental tycoon" with "contempt for the Constitution." The collision highlighted an essential division of labor in the Bush-Quayle campaign: Bush wringing his hands and Quayle picking up the cudgel.

The Number Two's volley helped accelerate the press exposés of the Texas legend. Perot's momentum skidded to a stop; his juggernaut stood immobile on the tracks. "This is a time when a vice president can be extremely helpful," said Beckwith gleefully. A month later, Perot announced he would not run.

Within the Quayle camp, after the barrage against Perot, it seemed at last that Kristol's strategy was working. Republican consultants began to argue that Quayle was blazing an ideological trail that Bush eventually would have to follow. "Sooner or later, Bush will get the message," said a G.O.P. operative with ties to the campaign. "Slowly but inexorably we are going to move to a kick-'em-in-the-nuts ideological campaign."

Not incidentally, the organizations that Quayle addressed—the Southern Baptist Convention, the National Right to Life group, the Federalist Society—are influential conservative constituencies for a 1996 campaign. "Quayle's people were building a little bit of confidence," says a presidential assistant. Finally, the wretched experience of 1988 was beginning to recede.

Then . . . disaster.

The day had begun well, with a speech decrying liberalism at the receptive Manhattan Institute, a neocon think tank. After lunch, Quayle was driven across the Hudson River for what Beckwith called "really just a photo opportunity." The vice president was brought to a spelling bee at the Luis Muñoz-Rivera Elementary School in Trenton, New Jersey. Sitting on a stool, he was asked to think of a sentence using the word "president." He quickly answered: "The president always tells the vice president what to do."

But the bell had not rung, the class was not over. As twelve-year-old William Figueroa spelled a word on the blackboard, the vice president looked down at the flash card he'd been given. All he wanted to do was follow the script; unfortunately, it had not been written by Bill Kristol. "Add one little bit on the end," he instructed. The boy guessed what the vice president wanted: POTATOE. The photographers snapped away.

The news of his schoolroom humiliation flashed around the world. He must have wished that, like Ferris Bueller, he had taken the day off. "I knew he was wrong, really," offered William Figueroa, who was invited to appear on *Late Night with David Letterman*. "He's the vice president and I couldn't argue with him with all the people there. So I just put an *e* on."

Overnight, on Capitol Hill bumper stickers (BUSH-QUAYL) and buttons (JUST SAY NOE) appeared. In Little Rock, at Clinton headquarters, a sign was posted: QUAYLE'S A BOZOE. On the walls of Manhattan, billboards advertised Kenneth Cole shoes with a picture of a grinning Quayle: DON'T FORGET TO VOT. And on the night that Bill Clinton was nominated for president, the Democratic convention was opened by little Billy Figueroa leading the delegates assembled in Madison Square Garden in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Back in the Old Executive Office Building, Beckwith replayed a tape of the incident over and over again, at least ten times. Marilyn went on CNN to pour out her bitterness: "Dan can give five speeches a day for twenty-five months, never make a mistake. He makes one mistake, it's aired and aired and aired and aired." "It's a sad thing," says a member of Bush's inner circle. "He accidentally did himself almost irreparable, devastating harm. It was all so fragile." All that work since 1988 seemed to be for naught; Quayle had lost it on a vowel.

"A staff can do only so much," says a source close to Quayle. "You can help put him in the right position, introduce him to the right people, but in the en[d] that's relatively modest assistance. Wh[en] the guy does it, at a meeting at the Whit[e] House or on the Hill, he does it on h[is] own. Either he does or he doesn't." A Republican official who knows th[e] vice president well is blunter: "Quayl[e] hasn't transformed himself. He's jus[t] three years older." Another Quayle-it[e] pins the problem not on Quayle but o[n] his faltering boss: "There is a limit t[o] how much difference any vice presider[t] can make. One does one's best. He['s] just not the main man."

The way some Republican official[s] and operatives tell it, Bush and Quayl[e] are like millstones wrapped around eac[h] other's necks, linked with iron chains. For the last four years, the dumping of Quayle has been a recurrent subject. But if Bush were to replace him it would be an implicit admission of faulty judgment. And the conservatives, who see Quayle as the only substantive value in Bush, might be terminally alienated. "Quayle is helping to hold Bush's conservative support," says Tony Blankley. "To dump Quayle would be to put the second silver bullet into that support. Bush would look less decisive going back on the man he chose. He would seem cynical and calculated. It would play on all his worst image problems."

Clinton's selection of Al Gore as his running mate, sharply posing the generational contrast, has made Quayle's youth even more important to Bush than it was in 1988, when Quayle faced off against the venerable Lloyd Bentsen. "Bush was a lame duck the moment he announced his candidacy for a second term," says an important G.O.P. operative. "Quayle is an odd duck, but not a lame duck." George Bush and Dan Quayle, it seems, have no choice but to stand as a ticket. Inside the White House, talk of dumping Quayle has melted in the growing intensity of the battle. "Can't talk now," says a scurrying Quayle aide. "Gotta think of something nasty to say about Gore."

Soon Quayle will be in another vice-presidential debate, desperate to erase the infamy of his last performance. "Have you thought about it?" Gore was asked by his political consultant and longtime friend Robert Squier. "So I told him," says Squier, " 'Here's what it's going to be like. Quayle walks on the stage. You walk on the stage. Quayle looks at the audience. You look at the audience. Quayle looks at you. And you turn on your headlights.' " □

Leni Riefenstahl

(*Continued from page 261*) trading called *Black Cargo*. That film, too, would fall through, but while researching it Riefenstahl came across a magazine photograph that intrigued her. It showed a pair of tribal wrestlers; they looked genuinely wild and beautiful and strange. By 1962 Riefenstahl had arranged the first of seven expeditions she would eventually make to visit the Nuba—to live among them, study their ways, and, of course, photograph them.

The Nuba might have been invented for Riefenstahl—they were naked, athletic, artistic, free. "These people had nothing," she recalls. "They had the earth, a little bit of water, no money, no iron, and what they ate is only barley and oats. But they were happy, and their life was fantastic. And this was the happiest time of my life. It was so fantastic that I wanted to stay with them always." Later, when her photographs appeared, a great many people found the idea of Riefenstahl living among the Nuba—especially the Nuba men—almost as fascinating as the Nuba themselves.

Riefenstahl giggles and claps her hand to her chest. "No, no," she says, "for me the Nuba men are like big, happy children. I was sleeping together with them in a hut, but there was nothing erotic about it, not a little bit. Tribal people have a very strong feeling about the difference between young women and women who are not young—not just the Nuba, the Masai too. And they saw that I was not a young woman, so they were not interested in that way. And for me, all of my feeling is for art. I want to see, and if I see, I want to make a photograph—not other feelings."

The Nuba books rescued Riefenstahl from poverty, but they couldn't rescue the Nuba themselves from the encroachments of civilization. Under the influence of Muslim governments and Western tourists (perhaps attracted by Riefenstahl's books), the Nuba gave up their proud nudity and took to wearing whatever rags they could come by. As their culture dissipated, so did her interest. Besides, she now had a new passion. On vacation in the Kenyan seaport of Malindi during the early seventies, she discovered snorkeling, and the glimpse it gave her of the underwater world made her once again "want to see." She told her scuba-diving instructor that she was fifty-one—which would have made her the oldest participant in the course if it had been true. But it wasn't. When Leni Riefenstahl received her diving certificate, she was seventy-one years old.

"I am happy now that I had such a long life," she says, "because at the end of my life I have seen the fantastic world under water. And I want to live more now, to make an underwater film." Except for some pain from an old hip injury, her health is good; one can easily envision her chugging into the next millennium. "I have never had fear of dying," she says. "No, on the contrary, but I would like to die when my work is finished. The reason I haven't died in the past was always people who need me, like Horst; he needs me very much. What will he do when I am gone? We are so different. I am active, he is passive. And he doesn't like risk. Risks don't exist for me. You have to try. I'm not afraid."

Horst thinks she should be. Now, in keeping us supplied with caffeine and carbohydrates, he has an ulterior motive: he's watching over Riefenstahl. She doesn't give many interviews, and if he had his way, she'd give none at all. "Leni is convinced that if people only know her she'll have no more problems," says a friend. "But Horst has written off everybody, and he thinks, Don't talk to anybody, because they're all against you and they will destroy you." Now his ears have perked up because we've left off discussing the happy Nuba and the little fishes. We've taken up the most dangerous subject in the Riefenstahl canon. We're talking about her relationship with Adolf Hitler.

Riefenstahl says she first set eyes on Hitler in February 1932, when "on the spur of the moment" she attended a speech he gave at the Berlin Sports Palace. In her memoirs she writes that watching him left her feeling "quite paralyzed. Although there was a great deal in his speech that I didn't understand, I was still fascinated, and I sensed that the audience was in bondage to this man." She discussed the experience with a Jewish friend, Manfred George, then an editor of the Berlin evening newspaper *Tempo* (and later editor in chief of the German-Jewish newspaper *Aufbau* in New York). George thought Hitler was "a genius—but dangerous," and Riefenstahl decided she wanted to meet him. She wrote him a letter, and though she says she had little hope of a reply, she may be being disingenuous. For by that time Leni Riefenstahl was one of the most attractive and celebrated women in Berlin.

Born Helene Berta Amalie Riefenstahl in 1902, she was the daughter of a well-to-do Berlin businessman who owned a large heating and ventilation company. A cultivated man with a passion for the theater, Alfred Riefenstahl nevertheless had no intention of seeing his daughter follow the artistic inclinations that her mother indulged. Leni's passions were nature, fairy tales (her favorite reading, even at the late age of fifteen, was a magazine called *Fairy Tale World*), and the ballet; unbeknownst to her father, she began taking dancing lessons at sixteen. By the time she was twenty-one, her free-form, Isadora Duncan–style dance performances had made her a star throughout Middle Europe, even attracting the attention of the great theater director Max Reinhardt, who wanted her to play the eponymous Amazon queen in Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 play, *Penthesilea*.

But in 1924 a dance injury—and a chance trip to a local movie theater—led her to seek out the film director Dr. Arnold Fanck, whose specialty was mountain pictures, movies in which the real star was the Alpine scenery against which Fanck's actors struggled like so many squirming specks. A meeting with Riefenstahl turned his head; he conceived a film called *The Holy Mountain* for her, and she threw herself into it with her usual impulsiveness. Like almost everything else in her life, climbing and skiing came easily to her; her facility at slipping among the rocks even led one disapproving critic to dub her *diese ölige Ziege*—"this oily mountain goat." But *The Holy Mountain* was a hit, and so were the next few films she made under Fanck's aegis. The mountain goat had become a movie star.

Riefenstahl was more ambitious than anyone knew. She had watched Fanck carefully over the years, had even manned the camera for him, and now she felt ready to direct a mountain film of her own. Yet her mystical and somewhat childish sensibility, fed by the lingering love of fairy tales, led her away from Fanck's ruddy-cheeked realism; she wanted to make the kind of moony Alpine fantasia Fanck would only cluck at. Taking her cue from an old Dolomite legend, Riefenstahl directed *The Blue Light*, in which she played the ineffable mountain girl Junta, a village outcast who alone knows the secret of the mysterious light that glows atop Monte Cristallo whenever the moon is full. On the face of it, the movie was downright silly, but Riefenstahl's visual gift was undeniable; she adopted Fanck's glaciers and clouds and, using innovative filtering techniques, created an authentically legendary shimmer, not unlike the atmospheric mists that haunt such

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The set design on the Demi Moore cover (August 1992) was by Natalie Zimmerman and the location was the Hollywood Athletic Club

Leni Riefenstahl

German Expressionist masterpieces as Fritz Lang's Nibelungen saga. The world took note. *The Blue Light* was a modest hit in Germany and a big hit abroad—it ran for months in New York's Times Square—and it won the Silver Medal at the 1932 Venice Biennale.

Among its admirers was the rising National Socialist Party leader Adolf Hitler, who, according to Riefenstahl, had once told his adjutant Wilhelm Brückner, "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen in a film was Riefenstahl's dance on the sea in *The Holy Mountain*." When he received the fan letter she wrote him after his Berlin speech, Hitler sent for her, and they took a stroll on the beach near Wilhelmshaven, while Brückner and another adjutant, Julius Schaub, crept along at a safe distance behind them.

According to Riefenstahl's memoirs, Hitler praised *The Blue Light* and then told her, "Once we come to power you must make my films." Riefenstahl says she protested that "I will never make prescribed films. I don't have the knack for it—I have to have a very personal relationship with my subject matter. Otherwise I can't be creative." Besides, she added, "I have no interest whatsoever in politics; I could never be a member of your party." According to Riefenstahl, Hitler took these outbursts rather benignly, even when Riefenstahl told him, "You have racial prejudices. If I had been born an Indian or a Jew you wouldn't even speak to me, so how can I work for someone who makes such distinctions among people?" That remark may sound improbable, but then, so does the reply Riefenstahl claims Hitler made: "I wish the people around me would be as uninhibited as you."

That night, Hitler invited Riefenstahl to dinner and told her how pleasant it was to have her there, since "no woman had ever been present at any such function." Some sources suggest that Riefenstahl may have tantalized Hitler with some dancing, but she herself is silent on the matter. In any case, after the meal, she and Hitler took another walk, and this time he carried on a monologue about Wagner and King Ludwig of Bavaria, and, mostly, about his own mission to save Germany. Then, Riefenstahl writes, "he halted, looked at me, slowly put his arms around me, and drew me to him. I had certainly not wished for such a development. . . . Then I saw him raise his hands beseechingly: 'How can I love a woman until I have completed my task?' Bewildered, I made no reply and still without exchanging a word, we walked back to the inn; there, somewhat distantly, he said, 'Good night.' I felt that I had offended him and regretted that I had come in the first place."

Riefenstahl's description fits what we know of Hitler's erotic life. Although he enjoyed the company of women—and never had any difficulty attracting it—most historians now agree that he was probably impotent, and that, in the words of his biographer Joachim Fest, "his fear of all undignified attitudes" made him anxious about being publicly linked with a woman. The love of his life was undoubtedly his niece, Geli Raubal, who died, an apparent suicide, in 1931; Eva Braun, who became his occasional mistress in 1929, was probably his steady girlfriend from 1931 until their double suicide in 1945. More than one historian has theorized that Hitler's most vital erotic relationship was with the masses who followed and adored him. As Fest points out, he frequently compared them to "woman" and once called them his "only bride." "The sound recordings of the period," Fest writes, "clearly convey the peculiarly obscene, copulatory character of [the] mass meetings." The writer René Schickele even described Hitler's speeches as being "like sex murders."

Stiff and repressed though he was, there's little doubt that Hitler found Riefenstahl attractive; there's also little doubt that his "type" ran to women who were less independent, more submissive and compliant. But what did Riefenstahl think of Hitler? Was he attractive to her?

"The contrary," she says with a dismissive wave of her hand. "People say women liked him, but for me, no. When I saw him before I met him, in photos, I thought, This is an ugly man, ugly, an ugly person. If you spoke with him, he was not ugly. But to me not a little bit sexy." She giggles. "If he were, then naturally I would have been his lover. If he would have been sexy, then Eva Braun would never have existed." A huge laugh. "That's for sure—no problem."

One tends to think that Riefenstahl and her countrymen were seduced by Hitler's indefatigable speechifying, by the stormy melodrama he brought to the podium, not to mention the nationalistic passions he aroused. But there was something else, too. To Riefenstahl, Hitler resembled nothing so much as a holy man, a selfless, purehearted guru.

"He lived very modestly," she says. "He was not a little bit corrupt. His rooms were like the rooms of a simple soldier,

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ot rich in any way. So we thought he was very unusual person. He was very riendly and very polite to his guests—ery—and also a very hypnotic presence. Ie had a special aura, like an energy you ould feel. It was funny; after you spoke vith him, you felt better. He gave you itality. There was a feeling that he was ery moral, and after you talked to him, ou were happy or stronger, and you had ie feeling that he was a very good man, lways better than the people he was talkng to. During a lunch, he would be peaking about the problems with the utobahn or some projects, and people vould say, 'It's impossible,' and he would lways point out the way that it would be ossible. He seemed to know more than verybody else."

Hitler's presence obviously enthralled iefenstahl, but can her claims to have een uninterested in politics—and even bysmally ignorant of it—be taken seriusly? "You must understand how it as," she says. "In these times, no raio, no television, no information, no NN. We only knew what we were told. rtists like Leni, we didn't even read the ewspaper. I only read to see who was laying in the theater and which painter as showing. I didn't even know the ames of who was in the government."

In the spring of 1933, during the first lurry of anti-Semitic persecutions (inluding the notorious book burning in erlin), Riefenstahl was out of the coun-y, filming *S.O.S. Iceberg*, the last picure she would make with Fanck. When he returned in June, many of her Jewish riends had fled, and Riefenstahl claims he was aghast. "I tried to ask Hitler bout it," she says, "but he wouldn't disuss it. If I was more powerful to Hitler, aybe I would have done more. But noody could change his mind; it was imossible. And I never thought it would get orse. I thought it was a short, momenary fear, and it would pass. We all ought this."

The infamous "Kristallnacht" of Noember 1938, during which storm troopers demolished nearly two hundred synaogues, burned Jewish neighborhoods, estroyed shops, and killed ninety-one ews outright, took place when Riefentahl was in the United States. Naïvely naware of how decisively world opinion ad turned against the Reich, she had one to America to promote *Olympia* and rrange for its distribution there. But she as snubbed and heckled practically everywhere she went. Reporters peppered her with questions about what was happening in Germany, and she told them, apparently in good faith, that the reports of killing and burning were all lies. When she returned to Germany, she says, she began asking questions.

"And then, I did not hear about Kristallnacht the way you heard in America. It was told to me very differently—as it appeared in the German press, not as it appeared in the foreign press. The German press, of course, emphasized the murder of [Legation Secretary] Ernst vom Rath in Paris, by a Jew. [This was the incident that gave Hitler the pretext he sought for calling Germans to avenge the "assaults of world Jewry."] And the press stated that there was not an order for the plundering and desecration. I met Anny Winter, Hitler's housekeeper, and she and the adjutant Brückner told me that Hitler was enraged at this Kristallnacht, because while he was away from Berlin Goebbels had given the order. And then the adjutant told me that Hitler couldn't do anything against Goebbels. Couldn't stop him. So it looks different. It looks very, very different. In my eyes, Hitler was not the man who did it, because he didn't want it, and he didn't want Jews to have to wear the Jewish star, either. It was Goebbels. Hitler was anti-Semitic also, but he was too clever to commit these international outrages. So I thought Hitler would stop them."

She pauses, spreads her hands on the table, and, looking down at them, sighs. What she has just told me has left me speechless; it seems impossible, beyond justification. Could anyone have been so credulous?

Riefenstahl claims that she first heard of the death camps when she herself was imprisoned by the Allies after the war. "And in my cell," she says, "was Hitler's older secretary, Fräulein [Johanna] Wolf. She had been Hitler's secretary since '21 or '22, and she almost went insane when she heard about what was done to the Jews. I remember she said, 'It can't be true, it isn't true.' And with the other secretary, [Christa] Schröder, it was the same. Hitler's own secretaries knew nothing about it, even though they saw him every day. So how could we know anything?"

Claus Offerman, who has talked extensively with Schröder, confirms that story, and he also mentions another illuminating tale, the one about the late Henriette von Schirach, a member of Hitler's inner circle who had known the *Führer* since her childhood. The wife of Baldur von Schirach, leader of the Hitler Youth, she was the daughter of Heinrich Hoffmann, Hitler's photographer and one of his closest confidants. By all accounts, she was a spirited, headstrong young woman, and Hitler doted on her. But on Good Friday 1943 she stormed into a party at Obersalzberg, Hitler's mountain getaway. She had just been in Amsterdam and had seen something that shocked and frightened her: Jews wearing yellow stars were being herded through the streets.

Offerman, who befriended Schirach in the years before her death, says, "Henriette really thought that Hitler didn't know about this. People like Goebbels and Himmler were evil people who would do anything, but Hitler, no. Henriette said, 'Herr Hitler, have you heard about this? It's terrible. You have to do something.' And Hitler's face turned to stone. Conversation stopped. You didn't confront Hitler with problems at Obersalzberg. You talked about films and theater and trivia, you didn't talk politics. So Hitler's adjutant Brückner told her she had to leave immediately—she was accustomed to staying overnight. And that was the last time she saw Hitler. After that, she was banned from the court."

Riefenstahl was never as much a part of the inner circle as Schirach; still, her obliviousness of what was happening in Germany seems extraordinary—that is, unless one considers that she, like so many other Germans prospering under the Third Reich, was blind probably because she didn't want to see. By 1934, after all, Riefenstahl found herself in a position unique in all Germany. Without quite acknowledging it, she had made a pact with the Devil.

As Riefenstahl tells it, during the summer of 1933 Hitler had asked her to "be in charge of the artistic aspect of the German cinema," working under Propaganda Minister Goebbels. Since Goebbels had already made several attempts to seduce her—and had been sharply rebuffed—she was horrified at the thought of working with him. Besides, what she really wanted to do was continue her career as an actress; she still wanted to play Kleist's Amazon queen, Penthesilea. Though perturbed by her refusal, Hitler nevertheless let it pass.

But in August he summoned her to the Reich Chancellery to ask her how preparations were going for another film, her record of the upcoming Nazi Party rally in Nuremberg. According to her memoirs, this was the first she had heard of it; Goebbels had failed to deliver the assignment. Three days before the rally, Riefenstahl allowed Hitler to browbeat her into

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accepting the job, and eventually, with the help of the cameramen Walter Frentz and Sepp Allgeier, she managed to cobble together a one-hour short called *Victory of Faith*. Hitler was apparently pleased with it; he asked Riefenstahl to do the same thing for the next party rally in 1934.

Somehow Riefenstahl didn't take that request seriously. Instead, she went to Spain and spent six months directing her new pet project, *Tiefland*, based on the Eugen D'Albert opera. But when she returned to Berlin in August 1934, she met again with Hitler, who fairly snarled at her; according to her memoirs, his words were "You can and will do this project."

Riefenstahl claims she still resisted, protesting that she knew nothing about the party, that she couldn't tell the SA from the SS, that she wouldn't know who was speaking or which leaders to focus on, and, besides, Goebbels hated her and would be sure to interfere. About that, she was certainly correct: Goebbels wanted anyone but Riefenstahl to make the film, since he had under his supervision scores of film-industry pros who were party members and hence much more likely to knuckle under to his demands. But Hitler was convinced he'd made the right choice. "Abandoning my resistance," Riefenstahl writes, "I ventured to make one last request: 'I'll try it. But I can do it only if I can be free after completing this project and do not have to make any more films to order. That must be my reward.' " Hitler promised that after the 1934 party-rally film—*Triumph of the Will*—she could do anything she wanted.

In the end, he was as good as his word. Although Goebbels contrived obstacles to *Triumph* and later to *Olympia*, both films were enormous successes; *Triumph* won not only Germany's National Film Prize in 1935 but also the Gold Medal at the 1936 Venice Biennale and the International Grand Prize at the 1937 Paris World Exposition. *Olympia* won at Venice, too, in 1938; its closest competition was *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Meanwhile, Hitler acted as a buffer between Riefenstahl and Goebbels; he placed her under the supervision of his deputy Rudolf Hess, making her the only filmmaker in Germany who didn't have to answer to Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry. Riefenstahl responded by pursuing her own dreamy projects, *Penthesilea*, which fell apart when the war broke out, and *Tiefland*, whose production she managed to extend throughout the fighting. "My suspicion," says her sometime cameraman Henry Jaworsky, "was that she managed to make *Tiefland* take so long so that she wouldn't have to direct documentaries during the war."

Of the filmmakers who remained in Germany after Hitler's rise to power, Riefenstahl was certainly the most talented, and there's no doubt that she could have found work elsewhere. I ask her now if she regrets staying, and, perhaps surprisingly, she answers with a vigorous nod. "Yes," she says, "very much. Because it was too hard, my life after the war. My love for my work is so strong that if you take it away I can't be happy anymore. It's like a fish. You take him out of the water and you put him on the sand. So he struggles: he can't die, he has to live, but he can't swim more. So naturally I regret—very, very much. Because I have had so many ideas for films and I still have so many scripts and interesting ideas, but I couldn't do them."

For a moment she looks disconsolate, but then she grasps my hand again. "I have a guardian angel," she says. "I believe this. Because even when things were bad, always I received ideas. After the war, when everybody was boycotting me and I could make no more films, I had two very important experiences that helped me get over my destiny. One was finding the Nuba, and the second was the underwater world, because for me this made me close to nature, and nature is my religion."

There *is* something devotional about the striking underwater photos she's now published in three volumes. In fact, all her work shares a kind of sacramental awe, somewhere between the religious and the voyeuristic, as though Riefenstahl had pulled back a curtain allowing the viewer to peek at something esoteric and miraculous and strange. Even a ceremony as hideously secular as a Nazi Party rally becomes a kind of Black Sabbath in her hands. I tell her that *Triumph of the Will* reminds me of a ritual, with the god Hitler descending from the clouds and the light forming halos around his head, and she bursts into laughter. "Really!" she says. "I never thought of this. I never for one minute had the idea to make Hitler big or great, not a little bit."

But that's impossible, I tell her. Even if you weren't a party member, you were certainly enthralled with Hitler; you used low-angle shots to make him look taller and more magnificent; you put tracks around him so that your cameramen could move slowly past, making him seem monumental and immobile, like a statue. Sh
laughs again. "No, no, no, my dear," sh
says, and her mirth appears genuine.
only thought, What can I do with this ma
terial? My only idea was how can w
make it interesting—not boring. If it
Hitler or if it was another person,
doesn't matter, only to make the cam
erawork interesting. For me it's not beau
tiful; for me it's just a document." De
void of aesthetic quality? "I had n
chance to *be* aesthetic. Hitler doesn't loo
beautiful, he can't look beautiful, he
not beautiful. In *Olympia*, where is th
beautiful? It is only a document. Peopl
told me, 'Why do you make the *Olympi*
people so beautiful?' Tell me, how could
make athletes beautiful? How could
make the Nuba beautiful? I am not God
They *are* beautiful."

This is sophistry, of course. Riefenstah
is dodging bullets that I haven't even fire
yet; what she's trying to say is that *Olym
pia* and *Triumph of the Will* are disinter
ested records of events, beholden to n
one and propaganda-free.

Of course, *Olympia* is anything but dis
interested. Rapt and dramatic and some
times rather corny, it's a virtual dictionary
of filmmaking technique, a mother lod
that other documentarians have neve
fully mined. Still, critics who have tried to
find propaganda or ideology in it have
never made a convincing case; the movie's
American champions are lauded as force
fully as its Germans, and if the film has
star, it's not some Aryan paragon but th
black American athlete Jesse Owens.

Triumph of the Will, however, is anoth
er matter. The movie is not only propa
ganda but propaganda of the most powerfu
sort: gorgeously composed, edited with
surging momentum previously matched
only by Eisenstein, arranged and lit with
an unerring eye for majesty and dyna
mism, appallingly inventive.

In short, *Triumph* is a masterpiece, but
a strangely superficial masterpiece—it's
all form and no content. Stripped of the
associations we bring to it—the instant re
actions we have to the sight of swastikas
and stiff-armed salutes and the *Führer's*
mustache—*Triumph* has a potency that's
somewhat generic; even we who are re
volted by what it celebrates can find our
selves caught up in its mood. That mood
—part cultic, part military, part summer
camp—may be characteristic of Nazism,
but it cannot itself be called Nazi. *Tri
umph* doesn't traffic in racial caricatures
or anti-Semitic polemics or odes to Ger
man expansionism; most of the speech
making in it is dully inspirational (Hitler
does make mention of having "the best

lood," and a snippet from the notorious ulius Streicher refers to racial issues, but nly obliquely). And though the shots of oyish approval and joy among the young arty members certainly mark the film as ro-Nazi, they could as easily have been arshaled in support of, say, the United tates Marine Corps. *Triumph* is visually xpressive without being ideologically exressive. The only clear idea in it is the nity of the Reich behind Riefenstahl's eified patron. Hitler needed to purvey at image of unity because he had just estroyed his rivals for the party leaderhip in a bloody purge. Riefenstahl, meanhile, needed a Hitler who was absolutely command; only he could guarantee her utonomy. If Riefenstahl was selling anyhing in *Triumph,* it was not Nazism but e face and form of Adolf Hitler. And ehind Hitler, Reifenstahl was selling herelf, the heroic artist, the power behind e power, the genius who could capture nd command not only these marching, rinning masses but also the very man ho controlled them. The more she transgured Hitler, the more she transfigured erself.

In fact, the party leaders never wanted e film she decided to make: she cut out lmost all their speeches; she skipped cerin hallowed events completely; she gave e army itself such short shrift that, under ressure, she made up for it the next year ith a short called *Day of Freedom—Our rmy,* whose only purpose was to show ff the Wehrmacht's specialized skills. ould Riefenstahl ever have brought herelf to make a *Triumph of the Will* that *asn't* horrifically stirring, that didn't turn ull, sweaty crowds into so much burished machinery, that didn't transform urk into mystery and chaos into drama nd demagogues into gods? As Jaworsky uts it, "In 1932, there was a conflict in ermany between the Communists and e Nazis, and the Nazis won. But if the ommunists had won, Riefenstahl would ave made films for Stalin. No doubt bout it."

All of which brings us back to the old questions. The year is 1933 or '35 or 39: what do we ask of Leni Riefenstahl? hat at the very least she protest against litler's racist policies? This she claims e did. That she try to help those of her iends who were victimized? This she efinitely did, though probably not to the egree she might have. And what else? o we ask that she endeavor to learn more an what the Nazis chose to publicize? his she certainly did not do. Do we ask at she fulminate against the government, demonstrate, write editorials, organize protests? Perhaps, but those were options for a hero, and Riefenstahl was no hero.

Of course, many other directors and actors and writers and cinematographers left Germany entirely. For them, the decision was almost obvious: under Goebbels's thumb they were unemployable, or subject to severe censorship, or forced to undertake projects they had no interest in, or, finally, in mortal danger. For Riefenstahl, however, leaving Germany would have been an act of almost unparalleled moral heroism. After all, she wasn't Jewish, wasn't poor, wasn't Communist, wasn't finding it hard to get work. On the contrary, she was the only artist in the Reich who enjoyed such independence, and, moreover, an artist whose work was peculiarly in keeping with the spirit of mystic aspiration that had driven Hitler since his youth—and which now drove all of Germany.

"I never thought to leave," Riefenstahl has said. Of course not. Her mother lived in Germany, and so did her brother (who would die on the front lines); by the time of the war she had fallen in love with her future husband, who was fighting in Murmansk; she certainly wasn't going to abandon him. Besides, Riefenstahl's only thought was for her own personal apotheosis. To give up the Germany that seemed to be furthering that apotheosis for parts unknown would have required a degree of conscience she never aspired to—and certainly never had.

Does that make her morally deficient? Probably we would all like to think that in similar circumstances we would have been more selfless, more sensitive, more heroic. But does it make her a Nazi? No. Even during the Götterdämmerung of the Third Reich, the final days of the war, when Hitler's inner circle were in their bunker and the world they had created was crumbling around them—even then, Riefenstahl was pursuing her art, desperately filming her melodramatic trifle *Tiefland,* virtually ignoring the apocalypse that was swallowing her sponsors alive. In those days, real Nazis were weeping and gnashing their teeth, pretending to themselves that victory was still possible, turning into instant Resistance fighters, committing suicide. Leni was just being Leni.

Now she wants me to accompany her downstairs, to where her film-editing equipment is, and her slide collections, and the new video gizmos that Akio Morita, the head of Sony, gave her free of charge. Here, too, are her famous archives. We're talking about art, about aesthetics, really, and I sense her wariness: she can smell the question about Fascist aesthetics a mile away. So I ask her something simpler: what makes her want to take a picture? "Something excites me," she replies. "Even underwater, when I see a little sea-slug branch, I say, 'Horst, I want to get that.' And when I get home, I'm very excited, and I want to look, I want to see that picture. Not for publication, or fame or money—I'm interested for myself." As she talks, I hear in her voice the same excited hush one senses in her films and photographs, the sensation of the curtain being drawn back to reveal something privileged and thrilling.

"I think a photo is good when it has a very calm background," she says, "and not normal light, special light: you see some shadow, maybe only in the eyes or something. And there must be a good spatial relationship of the objects to the frame—a good composition. The composition is the most important. I want it always balanced; I want harmony. There's no rule, no laws; it is just coming in me. I often have the feeling that something is guiding me, inside—I don't know what, but I get ideas. Look! Look! These are my archives."

Suddenly, the extent of her obsession becomes hilariously clear: every shard and remnant of her career has been carefully preserved, categorized, labeled, and stored on shelf upon shelf, in box upon box. "The gray box is for German correspondence," she explains. "Red is America and foreign countries, and my private is white. The blue is special projects. And here, these five books, this is copyright problems. This yellow is press clips for my films and books. Here, this is all the documents I worked from when I made my memoirs—on this I worked for five years. And here are the denazification documents. And here, the black..." The black? "The black is all the court cases." By now she's breathless with excitement.

We look at slides, slides of Nuba wrestlers, slides of gaudy fish, slides of naked Japanese yakuza with tattoos all over their bodies—"Look, even the penis is tattooed," she whispers. "See how painful this must be, but something about it is very artistic. It's very beautiful." And now I see an opening: does she, I ask, want to take pictures only of beautiful things? She stops for a moment and stares at me. And her answer, when it finally comes, is lucid and even a little frightening.

"At first, when I heard about this Fascist aesthetics," she says, "I never in my life had thought about this. I read

Leni Riefenstahl

this, and I didn't know what they meant. But if I take pictures of you, some of my photos will be better than other ones, and the one where I think I see your character, maybe that one is the best. And so it is with everything I see. What is more beautiful is what I prefer to show, because it makes me happy. It gives me the strength to live. So if I see underwater fishes—if I see a red fish, a blue fish, a gray fish, I prefer the red and the blue fish, and not the gray fish."

Which gives me pause. A society that treasures the red and blue fish but eliminates the gray fish is a Fascist society. And when a man who thinks of himself as an artist, as Hitler did, tries to create a society that is a perfect work of art, as Hitler did, the result is an unfathomable horror. But when I look at Riefenstahl's slides, it occurs to me that perhaps, like many a first-rate artist, she doesn't really know what she's doing; she knows only how to do it. An art that eliminates the gray is not just Fascist art, it's kitsch: sentimental, anodyne, ignorant of real experience. Here, in Riefenstahl's photos of dusty Nuba men clambering naked in the dirt, or proud, scarred women ecstatically choosing their mates, here there are enough shades of gray to plunge any viewer into the authentic mysteries, of earth and sex and passion and community and survival.

I glance over at Riefenstahl; her face looks young and rapt. She is staring at her own photos, and her expression has become lascivious, almost demonic. It's not as though the slides are her art; it's as though they are her prey. Then she notices my gaze, straightens, and shoots me a merry look. She's about to dazzle me.

"So," she says. "So I am like this. Ninety-nine percent of my life is being an artist. Even when I was a dance student, I was going in the streets like so—" And suddenly she begins dancing in her tights, kicking her legs high in the air, and making orchestra-conducting swoops with her arms. "I lived only for that," she giggles. "I was only—" She kicks and kicks, and then stops, letting her shoulders droop, a huge grin on her face.

"Same when I was beginning with Fanck," she says, panting a little, "and he told me how to see what a good photo was, and from then on, whenever I went anywhere, I would be in a room and all I would be thinking was, What is there in this room that would make a good photo? So now, I'm only happy when I am here in my cutting room, seeing my underwater videos."

Her voice drops; it's almost a whisper. "It is so exciting," she says. "I am not hungry. I don't eat. I don't drink. I want to see, that's all. This is my life. I want to see." □

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(Continued from page 233) rather gleefully, lighting up a cigarette. "I've heard I had live sex onstage and that I'm H.I.V.-positive."

Courtney laughs. None of these statements is true, although the live-sex thing is a very persistent rumor. "Now," she continues, balancing her cigarette on the edge of the ashtray, "I get a chance to prove myself. And if I do, I do. If I don't—*hey*, I married a rich man!"

She drags for dramatic effect. She's joking and, then again, she isn't. Audacity is one of the keys to her charm. "You know, I just can't find makeup that stays on in the summer," she says, abruptly changing the subject. Courtney stamps out her cigarette, rummages through her purse, and heads off to the bathroom.

"Only about a quarter of what Courtney says is true," says Kat Bjelland, the leader of Babes in Toyland. "But nobody usually bothers to decipher which are the lies. She's all about image. And that's interesting. Irritating, but interesting."

When it comes to biographical information, Courtney is hard to track. She says she was born in San Francisco in 1966 (that date seems off—she is probably older than twenty-six, although not much), her father was involved with the Grateful Dead, and her mother, who was from a wealthy family, was a follower of various gurus. (She no longer speaks to her father, and her mother, who has married several times since, is closer to Courtney's four half-siblings, one of whom is a Rhodes scholar.)

Courtney hated school and moved around quite a lot: from boarding school in New Zealand to a Quaker school in Australia to where she ended up—Oregon. At twelve, she stole a Kiss T-shirt from Woolworth's and was sent to a juvenile detention center. "To be quite honest," she recalls, "I got into it. I was very semiotic about my delinquency. I studied it. I learned a lot. I'd grown up with no discipline and I learned a lot about denial. It did not have an adverse effect on me."

After three years, around 1981, she was out and living on a small trust fund. She had pretty much decided that music would be her world. She also began stripping—an occupation that has, off and on, supported her for most of her adult life. "I didn't want to sell drugs," she explains. "I didn't want to steal cars. I didn't want to be a prostitute. So I stripped.

"And I was fat then," she continues. "You can be fat and strip. I'd strip at Jumbo's Clown Room. Or I'd work in the day at the Seventh Veil. I didn't have a gimmick. I see girls now who are trying to be alternative. They won't make a dime. You've got to have white pumps, pink bikini, fuckin' hairpiece, pink lipstick. Gold and tan and white. If you even try and slip a little of yourself in there you won't make any money."

Through the classifieds in a punk fanzine called *Maximum Rock N Roll*, Courtney had begun corresponding with Jennifer Finch, a kindred spirit who was living in L.A. "I came and visited her," Courtney says, "and entered the glamorous world of 'extra' work."

Jennifer had been working part-time as punk-rock color on TV shows like *Quincy* and *CHiPs*, and she brought Courtney along. "I met a lot of people through that," she says. One of those people was Alex Cox, who was about to direct *Sid and Nancy*. "All the punk-rock extras went up for parts in *Sid and Nancy*," Courtney recalls. "He met me and he put his arm around me and said the most subversive thing he could think of was foisting me on the world. That was back when I was really overweight, too. But I wasn't scared. I wanted to act ever since Tatum O'Neal won the Oscar."

She was cast as Nancy Spungen's best friend, and then Cox wrote *Straight to Hell*, an incomprehensible spaghetti Western, for her. There were rumors that the two were lovers, but Courtney vehemently denies any romantic involvement. "I was sexless," she says. "People say we were a couple because that's how they explain his interest in me. During that time, I did not sleep with anybody. I was fat and when you're fat you can't call the shots. It's not you with the power."

Following *Straight to Hell*, Courtney de-

ided to (briefly) abandon her musical aspi ations and concentrate on acting. She took he $20,000 that she'd been paid, moved ut of Jennifer's house, rented an apartnent, and bought a pink Chanel suit. She vas taking the bus—she still doesn't know ow to drive, despite having lived in L.A. or ten years—but she was well dressed.

"I didn't quite pull it off," she says. 'A friend went to a party and told Jennier, 'Courtney was wearing Chanel and he had a glass of champagne in her hand, ut her makeup was exactly the same.' It vasn't quite right. I had this publicist who vas obsessed with Madonna and obsessed vith me and she decided to make me into a tar. I just couldn't pull it off. I'd get zits."

It occurred to Courtney that you could ave acne and still be a rock star, so she noved back to Portland, slimmed down, nd started singing in bands, including aith No More, which has gone on to tour vith Guns N' Roses and Metallica. She net Kat Bjelland, and in '84 or '85, Courtney and Jennifer and Kat moved to an Francisco and started a band called ugar Baby Doll. "We wore pinafores nd played twelve-string Rickenbackers," he says. "It was a disaster." It wasn't a unk band—Sugar Baby Doll was softer, weeter. "Jennifer and I were not into t," recalls Kat. "We wanted to play unk rock. Courtney thought we were cra-y. She hated punk then."

In the alternative world, integrity and redentials are everything—and Courtney s viewed by most as a late convert to the vorld of punk. "I was New Wave more han hard-core," she admits. "I thought he whole punk scene was really ugly and nglamorous and I needed it to be glamorus. I'm into it now, but back then I'd go o Black Flag [a seminal L.A. punk band] hows and refuse to go in. It was just all hese boys killing each other."

After the San Francisco debacle, she noved to Minneapolis and played briefly vith Kat's new band, Babes in Toyland. Jennifer was back in L.A., forming her and, L7.) She and Kat clashed, and she vent to Alaska to strip. Then she moved o Portland briefly, and by 1989 she was ack in Los Angeles. "I just couldn't take anywhere else," she explains. "Minnepolis was so fucking unpretentious. Evryone has a flannel collection and is in a and named after a welding instrument."

She put an ad in the *Recycler* ("I want o start a band. My influences are Big Black, Stooges, Sonic Youth and Fleetwood Mac") and stripped to pay the rent. "I worked at Star Strip," she says. "The irls in that place are superconstructed. hey're a little classy. Three of them had fucked Axl [Rose]." Soon she put together Hole and started to rehearse in earnest.

"The first time I saw her onstage she was dressed like a soiled debutante," says Rosemary Carroll, Courtney's lawyer. "Her dress was ripped and she was a mess except for a perfectly pressed huge pink bow on the back of her dress. She was riveting to watch. Courtney had a presence and a power that was fascinating."

Hole played around L.A., but they weren't discovered until they went to England in late 1991. Courtney may have been jumping on the foxcore/alternative-band wagon in America (although she would claim otherwise), but in England she was perceived as an original. With her dirty baby-doll dresses and dark kinky songs, she was the U.K. music-press pinup of choice. "I thought they'd be terrified of me," she says. "This loud American woman. But it *worked!* We sold a lot of records."

And they came back to a buzz in the States. By then, she was together with Kurt and the Madonna thing happened and everything was falling into place. "It wasn't surprising," Courtney says. "I mean, *I* wasn't surprised. I always knew."

It's about seven P.M. on a balmy night in early summer and Courtney is knocking on the door of her apartment. She has lost her key or forgot her key or can't find her key. Whatever. "KU-RT," she singsongs. "Come to the door."

After a short wait, he opens it. "Where's your key?" he asks, looking as if he's just woken up. Kurt is wearing pajama bottoms, is bare-chested, and has a sparkly beaded bracelet on his wrist. He is small and very thin and has pale-white skin. His hair, which he's dyed red and purple in the past, is now blond, and his eyes are very blue. His face is quite beautiful, almost delicate. Where Courtney projects strength, Kurt seems fragile. He looks as if he might break.

"God, it's hot in here," Courtney says, marching into the apartment. Kurt explains that he's turned the heat on—it feels around a hundred degrees in the living room. "I'm still cold," he says, slumping into an overstuffed armchair. He looks exhausted.

Their home, in the Fairfax area of L.A., is sparsely furnished. There are guitars in their open cases on the floor, and a Buddhist altar has been set up against one wall. Dead flowers sit in a vase next to a pair of those see-through body-anatomy dolls. In fact, there are dolls everywhere: infant dolls with china heads that Kurt is using in the next Nirvana video, a plastic doll that he found while on tour, and many, many toy monkeys. Painted on the fireplace, which is covered with candy hearts and heart-shaped candy boxes, are the scrawled words MY BEST FRIEND. "We had a fight last night," explains Courtney. "So I wrote that to remind him."

She continues the apartment tour, showing off a drawing that Kurt's sister did, a photo of him at six with a drum, another doll, whose head is cracked open. In the kitchen, Courtney has taped lists all over the cabinets. "Kurt's ex-girlfriend made these," she says. "I found them when I went through his stuff." She reads aloud from one: "1. Good Morning! 2. Will you fill up my car with unleaded gas. 3. Sweep kitchen floor. 4. Clean tub. 5. Go to Kmart. 6. Get one dollar in quarters." This last one seems to crack her up. "He never did any of that stuff."

The phone rings. Kurt has disappeared into the bedroom, and Courtney goes to answer it. "Hi, Dave," she says. It is Dave Grohl, the drummer in Nirvana. The band has been on hiatus for a few months and Dave is calling from Washington, D.C. "I'll go get him," Courtney says, sounding more than slightly perturbed. She puts down the receiver. "Just call me Yoko Love," she says. "*KU-RT.*" Kurt curls up with the phone, and Courtney plops down on a legless sofa. She is wearing a green flowered dress that's ripped along the bodice so that her bra is exposed. "They all hate me," she says. "Everyone just fucking hates my guts."

This may be true. Since Courtney and Kurt's courtship began last year, she has reportedly antagonized Grohl and Chris Novoselic, the other two members of Nirvana. "Courtney always has a hidden agenda," says someone close to the band. "And Kurt doesn't. He's definitely being led."

While it's difficult to determine Courtney's ulterior motive with regard to Kurt, she does have mini-feuds galore. Her major complaint in terms of Nirvana seems to be with Novoselic's wife, Shelli. Courtney's gripe is vague—something about Shelli's making Kurt sleep in the hallway of their house. "I wouldn't let her come to my wedding," Courtney says.

She definitely relishes her position as Mrs. Kurt Cobain. It was one of her goals, not something she left up to fate. The couple first met eight or so years ago in Portland. "Back then," she recalls, "we didn't have an emotion towards each other. It was, like, 'Are you coming over to my house?' 'Are you going to get it up?' 'Fuck you.' That sort of thing."

By the time they met again, Kurt was a star and Courtney was much less casual in her approach. She realized that, when it comes to romance, aggressive behavior can

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be very appealing. "People say, 'How did she get Kurt?' " says one friend. "Well, she *asked*. And she wouldn't take no for an answer."

Courtney pursued him for months—got his number, called him, told interviewers that she had a crush on him. She even resorted to religion. "Courtney chanted for the coolest guy in rock 'n' roll—which, to her mind, was Kurt—to be her boyfriend," says Jimmy Boyle, a friend who works for Def American. Finally, she persuaded an eager-to-please prospective manager to give her tickets (plane and concert) to a Nirvana show in Chicago.

"I was there in Chicago when they consummated their relationship," says Danny Goldberg, senior V.P. at Polygram and Nirvana's (and now Hole's) manager. "We chatted for a while and Courtney worked her way into the other room, where Kurt was. I didn't see sparks, but they did go home together. That was in early October. They were married in February."

It wasn't really quite that simple. Initially, Kurt had his doubts. Reportedly, he had been too busy recording and then touring with Nirvana to focus much on romance. "Kurt is very smart," says one friend, "but he's shy. A lot of people mistake that shyness for a lack of confidence, but he does know his own mind. When Courtney showed up I think he was attracted to her flamboyance. She was very sexual and I think she just took him over. He went on TV and said she was the best fuck in the world."

Still, there were problems. "He thought I was too demanding, attention-wise," Courtney says matter-of-factly. "He thought I was obnoxious. I had to go out of my way to impress him."

By the time he proposed ("I just knew he should ask me if he had any brains at all"), she was pregnant. The wedding was in Hawaii: Kurt, who once planned to wear a dress, wore pajamas, and Courtney wore "a white diaphanous item that had dry rot. It had been Frances Farmer's in a movie." She signed a pre-nuptial agreement (her idea) and they did not go on a honeymoon. "Life is like a perennial honeymoon right now," she says. "I get to go to the bank machine every day."

All this would be perfect, except for the drugs. Twenty different sources throughout the record industry maintain that the Cobains have been heavily into heroin. Earlier this year, Kurt told *Rolling Stone* that he was not taking heroin, but Courtney presents another, extremely disturbing picture. "We went on a binge," she says, referring to a period last January when Nirvana was in New York to appear on *Saturday Night Live*. "We did a lot of drugs. We got pills and then we went down to Alphabet City and Kurt wore a hat, I wore a hat, and we copped some dope. Then we got high and went to *S.N.L.* After that, I did heroin for a couple of months."

"It was horrible," recalls a business associate who was traveling with them at the time. "Courtney was pregnant and she was shooting up. Kurt was throwing up on people in the cab. They were both out of it."

Courtney has a long history with drugs. She loves Percodans ("They make me vacuum"), and has dabbled with heroin off and on since she was eighteen, once even snorting it in Room 101 of the Chelsea Hotel, where Nancy Spungen died. Reportedly, Kurt didn't do much more than drink until he met Courtney. "He tried to be an alcoholic for a long time," she says. "But it didn't sit right with him."

After their New York binge, it was suggested to Courtney that she have an abortion. She refused and, reportedly, had a battery of tests that indicated the fetus was fine. "She wanted to get off drugs," says Boyle. "I brought her herbs to ease the kick, so she wouldn't freak out so badly. I was bringing stuff over to her house every day because it's a whacked-out thing to do to a kid."

According to several sources, Courtney and Kurt went to separate detox hospitals in March. "After a few days, she left and went and got him," says one insider. "They never went back."

Whether or not they are using now is not clear. "It's a sick scene in that apartment," says a close friend. "But, lately, Courtney's been asking for help."

She is definite about one thing: she wants the baby. And so does Kurt. In the living room is a painting he made using the sonogram of the fetus as a centerpiece. They know it's a girl and have picked out a name: Frances Bean Cobain.

"Kurt's the right person to have a baby with," Courtney continues. "We have money. I can have a nanny. The whole feminine experience of pregnancy and birth—I'm not into it on that level. But it was a bad time to get pregnant and that appealed to me." She smiles. "Besides, we need new friends."

This is a sly reference to Kurt's phone call, which is winding down. "Dave is upset," Kurt says after hanging up. "So," Courtney says, "what do you want to do? Why don't you start a new band without Chris?" Kurt pauses. He looks upset. "But I want Dave," he says. "He's the best fucking drummer I know."

They are both silent a few minutes. Kurt looks so tired he seems to be asleep with his eyes open. Courtney suggests they go out to buy cigarettes. "Will I get hassled?" says Kurt, who, due to the popularity of Nirvana's videos, is recognized everywhere. "Get used to it!" says Courtney. He shrugs—it doesn't look as if he wants to move an inch, much less mile into the world. "You're such a grump," she says. It's frustrating—you marry a millionaire rock god and all he wants to do is stay home and mope. "We never do anything," Courtney whines. "We never do anything fun." Kurt is silent. "O.K.," he says finally. "Where are the car keys?" As Courtney searches for them, Kurt heads off to the bedroom to put on a shirt. "You know, he drives really well," she says as she hunts through a pile of stuff. "He likes safety."

There's just been an earthquake—6.1 on the Richter scale—but Courtney and Kurt don't notice. They are too busy shopping. Kurt is excited—this store, American Rag, which is huge and specializes in authentic vintage clothes mixed with clothes that are new but appear to be vintage, has an enormous collection of used jeans in very small sizes. He is making his way through the rack very, very slowly. "I got him to wear boxers," Courtney says, helping him to find his size. "You can't believe how tacky he was. He wore bikinis. Colored. Just a tacky thing."

She gets impatient and heads off to inspect a rack of dresses. She is very specific about style. She tries to achieve what she terms the "*Kinder*-whore look," which seems to mean either ripped dresses from the thirties or one-size-too-small velvet dresses from the sixties. Her hair and makeup remain consistent: white skin, red lips, blond hair with black roots. "It's a good look," she explains. "It's sexy, but you can sit down and say, 'I read Camille Paglia.' "

Courtney is extremely possessive about this style statement—she is currently in a war with her erstwhile friend Kat Bjelland because of a borrowed velvet dress. Or, at least, that's what started it.

"Kat has stolen a lot from me," she says, hitting on one of her very favorite themes. "Dresses. Lyrics. Riffs. Guitars. Shoes. She even went after Kurt. That was the last straw. Because I put up with the lyric stealing. And I put up with her going to England first in a dress that I loaned her. Now I can't wear those fucking dresses in England anymore."

Kat isn't Courtney's only target—she's convinced that nearly everyone in the mu-



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BANANA REPUBLIC

Dame Sybil Thorndike

Vanity Fair
October 1934



Before Vanessa Redgrave, before Sir Ian McKellen, Dame Sybil Thorndike, the Fabian feminist pacifist, set the stage for activist actors. The woman who created George Bernard Shaw's revolutionary Saint Joan and Emlyn Williams's liberating Miss Moffat became England's most topical tragedienne as the tormented queen Hecuba in a 1919 Old Vic production of Euripides's *The Trojan Women*. London audiences, still reeling from W.W. I, were stunned as she wailed to fallen Troy, "Would you be wise, you cities, fly from war." After that, striking drama's most relevant notes—particularly in the Greek tragedies—became a passion for Thorndike. Ariane Mnouchkine, the iconoclastic French stage director, also knows the power of the classics. Her company, the Théâtre du Soleil, bears Greek gifts to a rare foreign appearance in Montreal this month—and is planning its New York debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—with a monumental production of *Les Atrides*. The four-play cycle of Euripides's *Iphigenia in Aulis* and Aeschylus's "Oresteia" trilogy is devoted to the perilous House of Atreus—that most troubled of all royal families.

Photograph by CECIL BEATON

October

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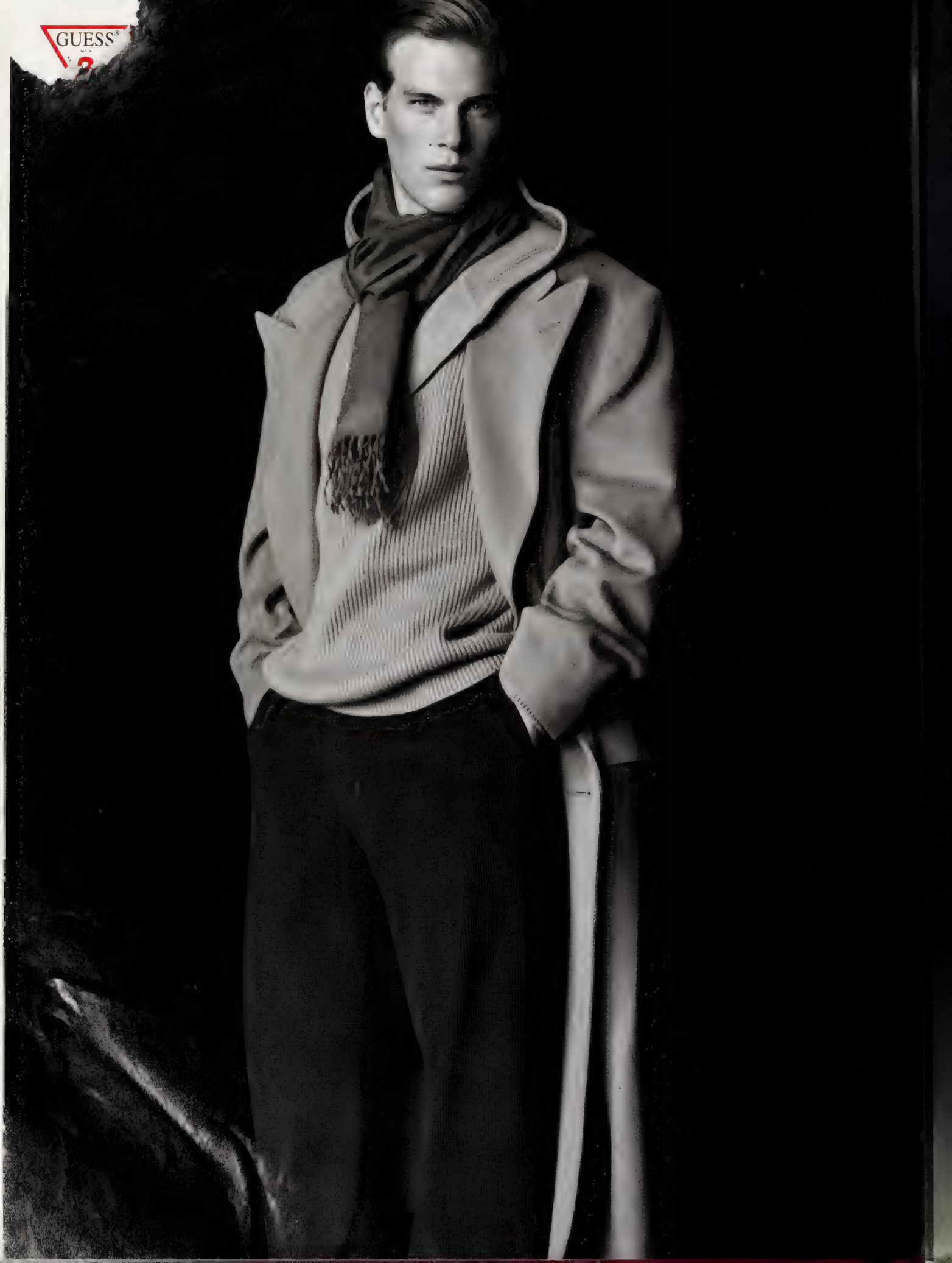
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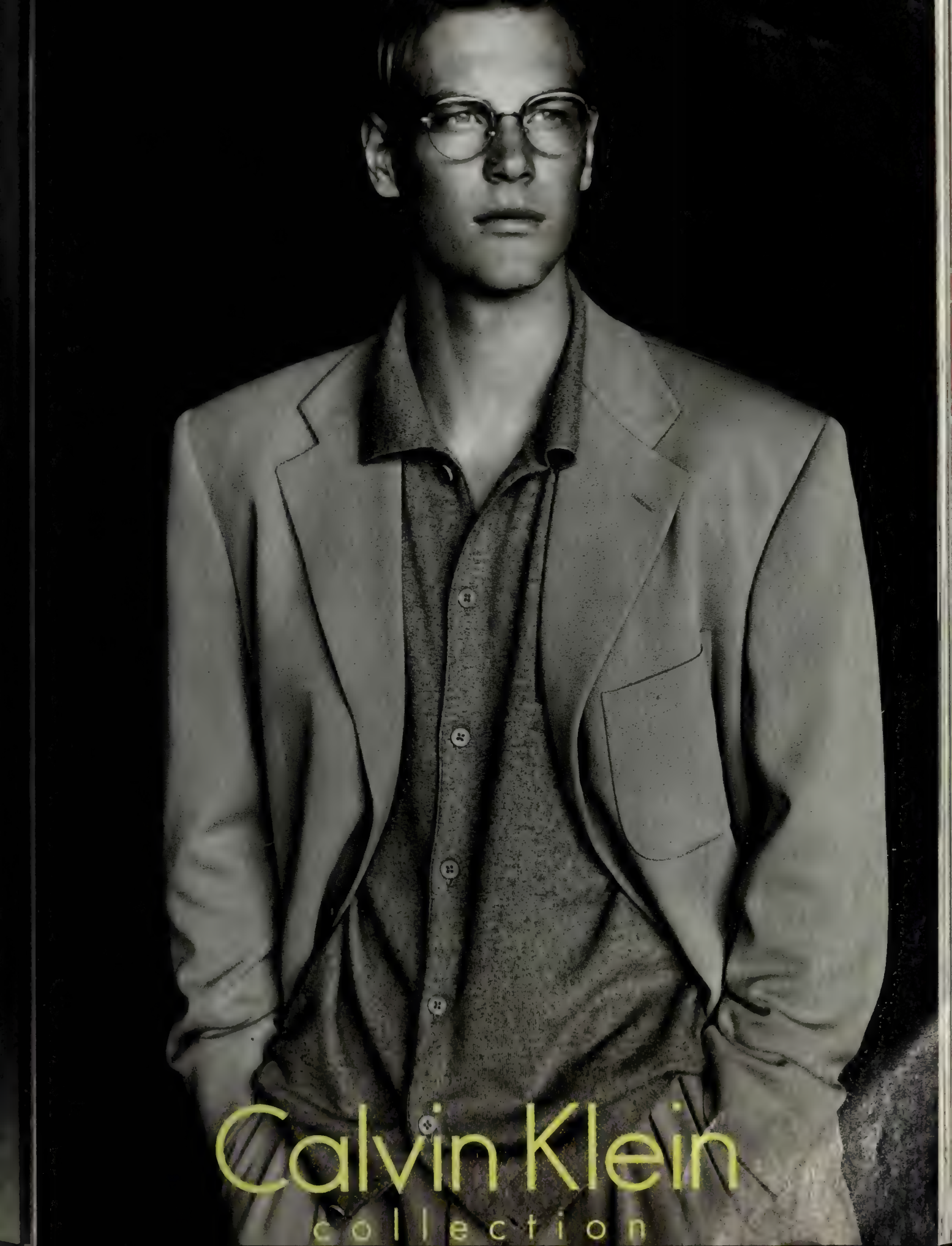
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Friends in need. page 214.



Defending the realm. page 244.



King Henryk. page 220.

Features

Madonna in Wonderland: Madonna's newest release? *Sex*. It's a sealed book of her sexual fantasies, with photos by Steven Meisel. Maureen Orth sits down with the star and gingerly thumbs through it **204**

His Master's Voice: Yes, it means a lot to George Bush to have Jim Baker on board. Baker, though, is anything but happy. Marjorie Williams finds out why **214**

Me Tarzan. You Lane: Diane Lane and Christopher Lambert aren't in *every* upcoming film, but it suddenly seems that way. Photograph by Firooz Zahedi **218**

The Savior of Calumet: To friends he's clever, to enemies he's a braggart. Henryk de Kwiatkowski—the mogul who now owns Calumet Farm—is a riddle, unraveled here by Bob Colacello. Photographs by Helmut Newton **220**

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Magnificent Obsession: Toronto-based real-estate giant Olympia & York crashed spectacularly this year, toppling the mysterious Reichmann brothers in the process. Anthony Bianco sifts through the rubble **236**

River Men: Brad Pitt, Craig Sheffer, and Tom Skerritt in the screen version of *A River Runs Through It,* Norman Maclean's lyrical fly-fishing classic. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz **242**

God Save the Queen! It's not easy being Queen, but Elizabeth, after 40 years, makes it look that way. Robert K. Massie reports **244**

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Contributors

Anthony Bianco is working on a book about the collapse of the Reichmann family's real-estate dynasty, the subject of his piece in this issue.

Marie Brenner is working on a memoir of her South Texas childhood.

Craig Brown writes weekly columns for *The Times of London*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Independent on Sunday*, and *Private Eye*. His collection of *Private Eye* diaries, *Rear Columns*, will be out this fall from Bantam in the U.K.

Bob Colacello covers the international social and cultural scene for *V.F.*

Peter Collier is the author, with David Horowitz, of *The Kennedys: An American Drama* and *The Fords: An American Epic*.

Amy Fine Collins, a contributing editor of *HG*, regularly reports on art, design, and fashion.

Zoë Heller is a staff writer for London's *The Independent on Sunday*.

Thomas Hoving, the author of numerous books and articles, is the president of Hoving Associates, a museum and cultural-affairs consulting firm.

George Kalogerakis, who joins *V.F.* as a contributing editor this month, will be writing the lead essay in the "Vanities" section each month. Formerly a writer and editor at *Spy*, he has written for *Vogue*, *Esquire*, and *The New York Observer*.

Robert K. Massie is the author of *Nicholas and Alexandra* and the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Peter the Great*. His most recent book, *Dreadnought*, will be out this month in paperback from Ballantine.

Maureen Orth got the very first look at Madonna's hot and controversial new book, *Sex*, for her cover piece this month. "Anyone who thinks that Madonna was softening her image in *A League of Their Own*," says Orth, "will be shocked out of their whips and chains by *Sex*."

Kevin Sessums is writing a novel, *Porterhouse*, to be published by Random House.

Michael Shnayerson, a *V.F.* senior editor overseeing the newly expanded "Vanities" section, is writing a book about electric cars for Random House.

Marjorie Williams, a *V.F.* contributing editor, covered political topics and the women's movement for *The Washington Post*.



Robert K. Massie on the life of Queen Elizabeth II, page 244.



Marie Brenner reports on the implosion of the Perot campaign, page 74.



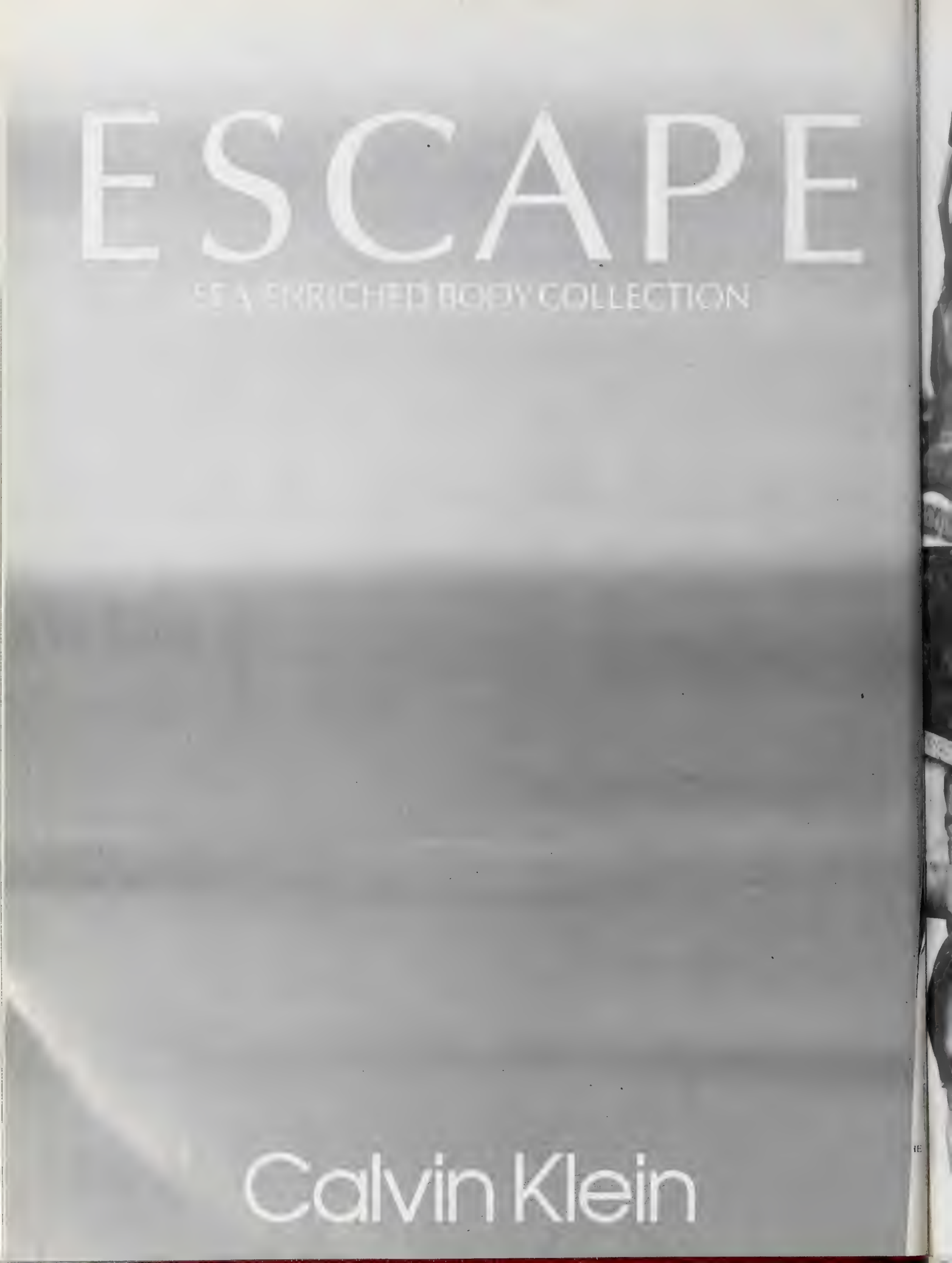
Michael Shnayerson on writer and AIDS activist Larry Kramer's latest works, page 228.



Maureen Orth on Madonna's erotica. page 204.

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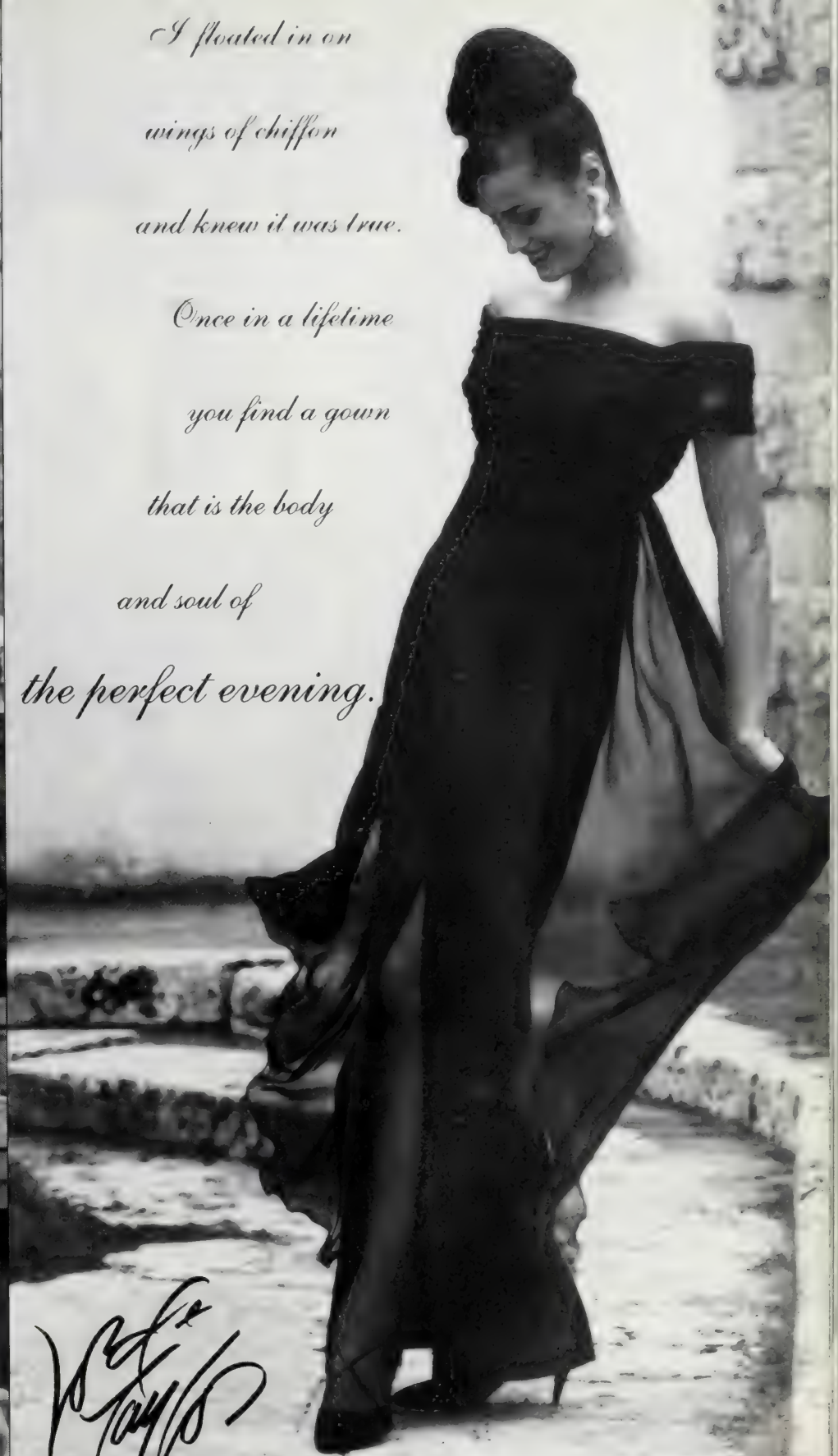
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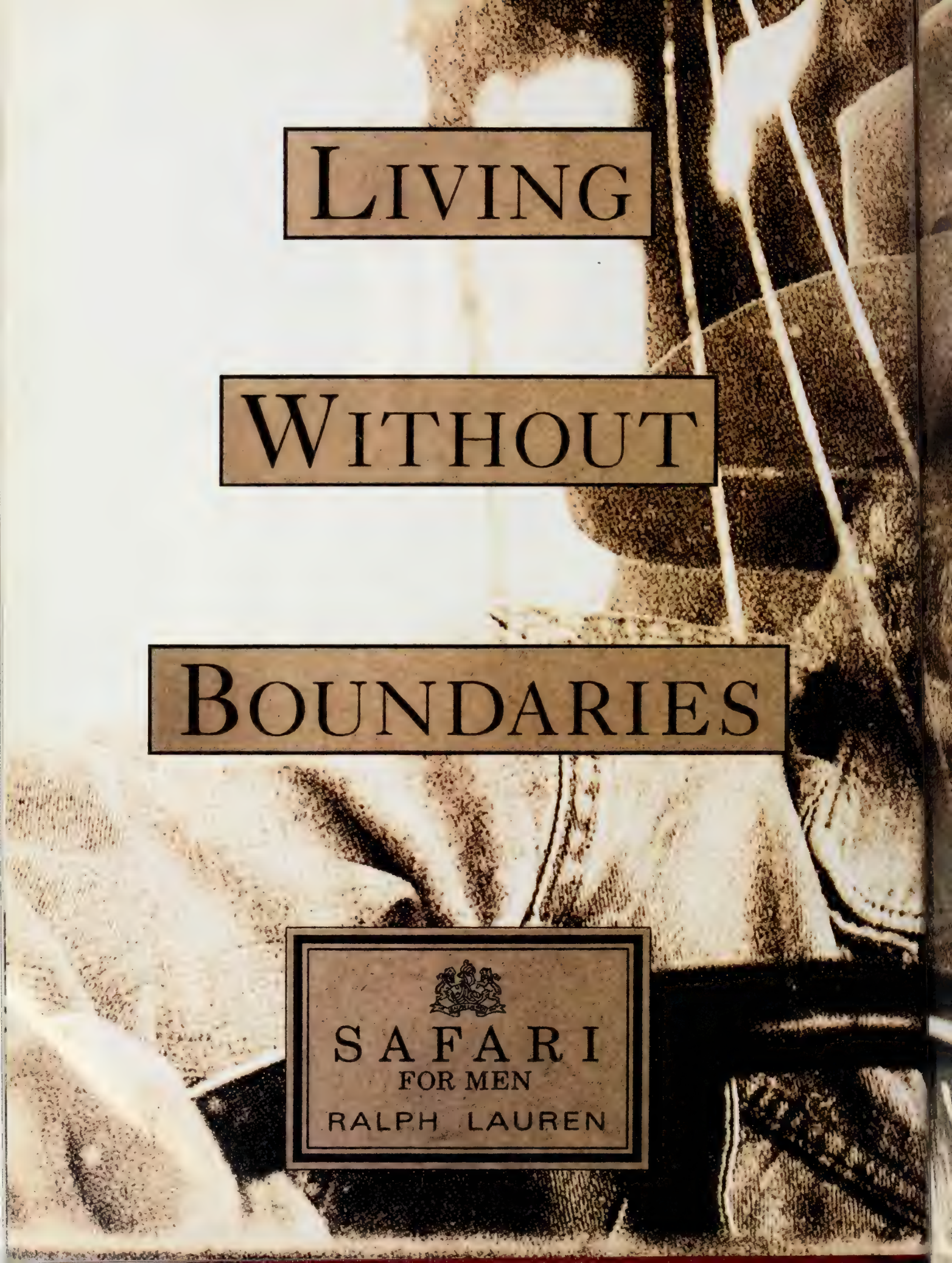
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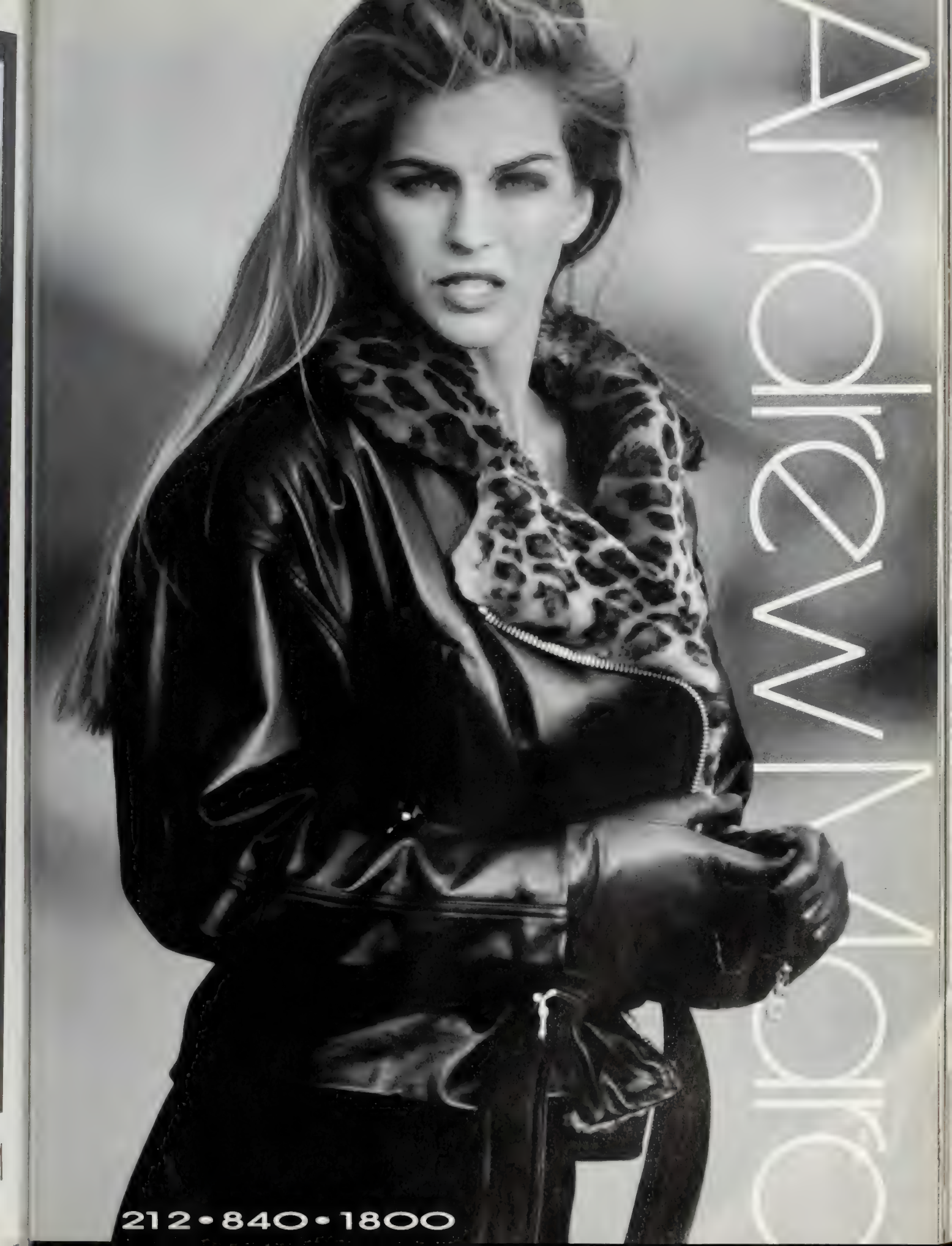

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Letters

READERS BITE BACK



The Mother of Us All

Marjorie Williams's portrayal of Barbara Bush ["Barbara's Backlash," August] was, for the most part, the picture of a lady who grew up in an earlier time, with different standards and different rules about what marriage should be. It was also a fairly accurate look at someone who is sensitive about her appearance, protective of her family, thoughtful about her place in the world, strong in her convictions, and a perfect complement to her husband. How very human that makes her seem!

Where Williams attempted to make her seem inhuman, in our opinion, was in her dealings with her staff. Perhaps it is not strange that the only people who felt compelled to discuss her "difficult," "demanding," "autocratic," and scary tendencies were those who would not allow their names to be printed.

We knew someone who very much enjoyed working for Barbara Bush for more than eight years, beginning in the vice president's residence. Our aunt was a volunteer, along with many others, paid and unpaid, who worked for Mr. and Mrs. Bush for a decade and found them to be warm, caring, and appreciative. She was treated like family even though she was only part of the secretarial staff, and though she had to leave her job due to a serious illness, our aunt was still included in the annual staff parties and received lovely notes from Mrs. Bush. When she succumbed to the illness this year, Barbara Bush took time from a hectic schedule of campaigning and of planning her daughter's wedding to write a personal letter of condolence to our family.

Our experience has been of a woman largely different from the one described. She has been represented to us as nothing less than a nice lady. After all, who would volunteer for eight years to work for a tyrant?

JOANNE R. BOBO
Fullerton, California
LYNNE M. REITER
Brea, California

We have all known for years that George Bush is a wimp. What confounds me is that your article assumes that the country is in love with Barbara. Nothing could be further from the truth. At least Nancy Reagan didn't camouflage her bitchiness with a mask of "everyone's mother."

SUSAN ELSON
Miami Beach, Florida

Of course Barbara Bush is tougher than Nancy Reagan; that is why she is beloved by her husband and children and many grandchildren. Being a politician's wife (especially a Republican's wife) isn't for sissies. In my view, she's everything any woman should strive to be.

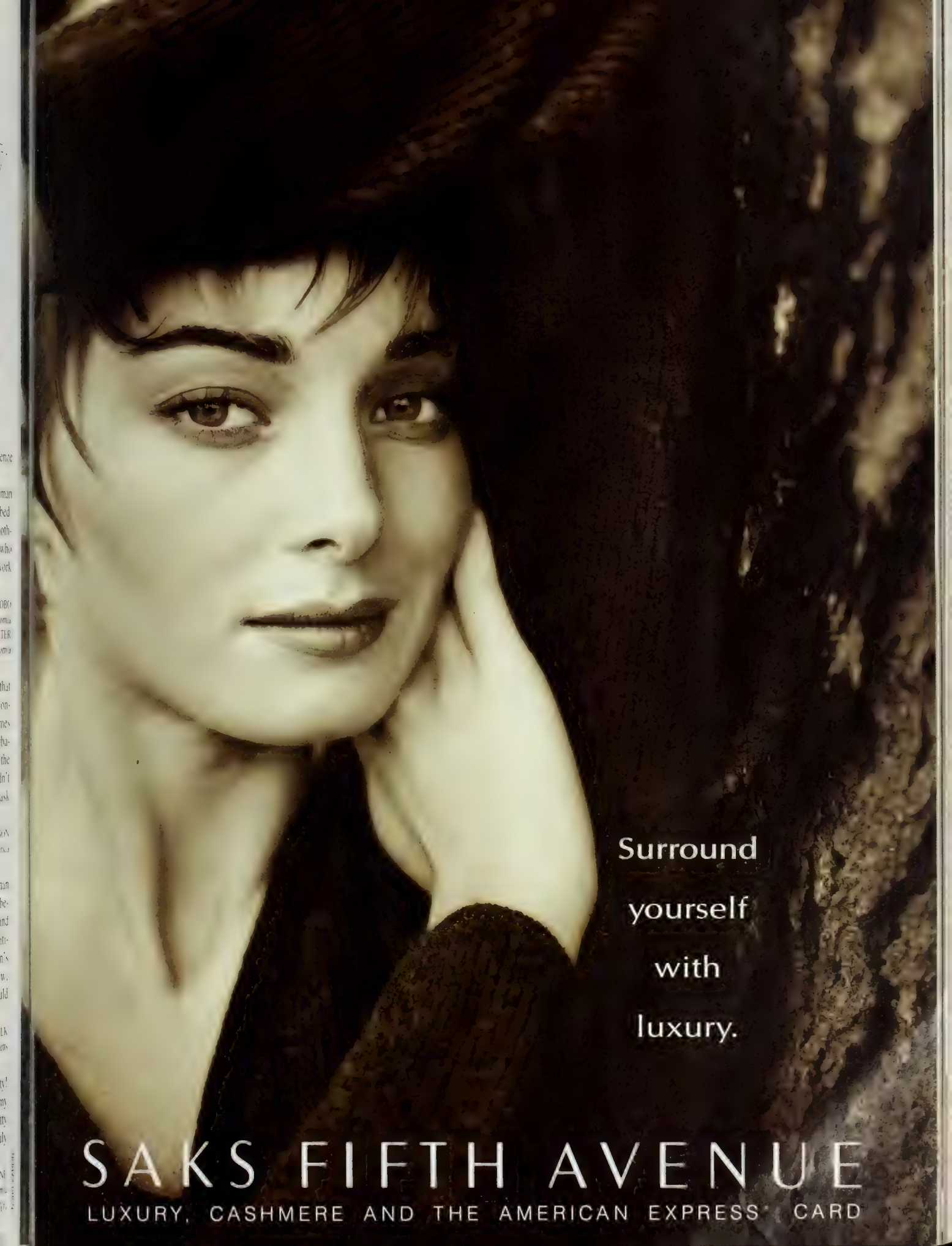
MARTHA SILK
Randolph, Massachusetts

Youth and beauty! Youth and beauty! The battle cry of our age. But as my mother used to say, "Pretty is as pretty does." To me, Barbara Bush is a truly pretty woman.

ANDERSON STONE
Glendale, California

(Continued on page 40)

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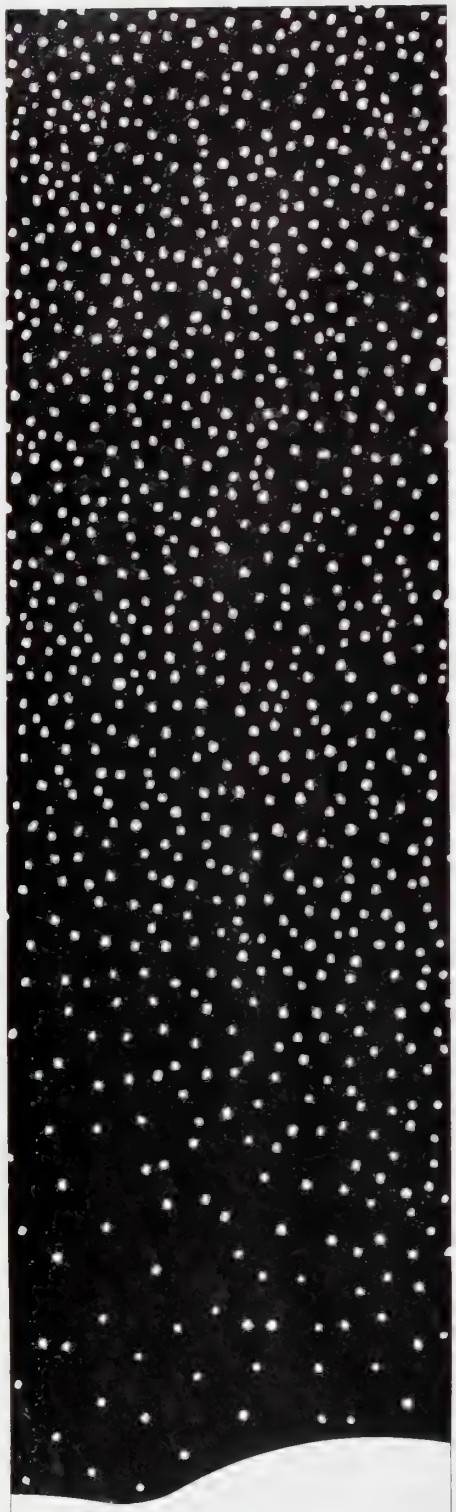


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Letters

(Continued from page 32)

Bad old Barbara Bush—how dare she have a strong personality, say what she thinks, be loyal to her family, jealously protect her privacy, and exercise good manners too, in between casting flinty stares with those cruel eyes that are painfully distended from Graves' disease? The next time my mother comments on the condition of my hair or my weight, instead of thinking that she is showing interest or concern or just being her outspoken self, I will know she's being judgmental, domineering, caustic, and sarcastic. An old bitch like that Barbara Bush.

KATHLEEN F. GOODWIN
Covington, Virginia

I would much prefer to vote for a man who is in an equal partnership with his wife than for a man who hides behind his wife. Hillary Clinton is a very strong and intelligent woman who supports her husband and still has her own thoughts and voices her opinions.

VANESSA DELANY
Sioux City, Iowa

Barbara Bush is the type of role model that young women in this country need. Like Rosalynn Carter, she is a dedicated wife and mother, she's smart, strong, and suave, and she's nobody's fool. I have nothing but respect for and pride in our First Lady. As the saying goes, "Behind every successful man stands a woman."

KATHLEEN HERRINGTON
Phoenix, Arizona

School Daze

I have just read "Chris and Benno's Excellent Adventure," by Jesse Kornbluth [August], and I think Chris Whittle's media adviser should be congratulated. I have personally never, over such a short period of time, done such a complete turnaround in my opinion of a person. Blessed are those who believe, as Whittle does, in a future for America, and a furtherance of goals through education. May America's social, economic, and educational systems all survive the difficult times we are going through, and identify such men as Benno Schmidt and Chris Whittle as heroes.

CAROLYN NEHORAI
London, England

Kornbluth's contention that Benno Schmidt is "an honorable careerist who responded to mid-life twinges of idealism" rings damnably hollow to the Yale community. President Schmidt consistently displayed an aversion to the ethos of idealism during his tenure in New Haven. The president of a university must make it clear that less tangible goals such as reasoned discourse and the advancement of the human mind are more important than bulging coffers and shiny buildings. President Schmidt's reign, with its exaggerated emphasis on physical plant and fund-raising, is the greatest factor in Yale's current malaise. Students and faculty are better off without him. The unfolding of time will prove that Benno Schmidt is nothing more than a cardboard glamour boy for Chris Whittle's latest get-rich-quick scheme.

GREG TANANBAUM
Yale Class of '93
New Haven, Connecticut

Jesse Kornbluth writes, "Whittle wants parents to pay him to admit their children to his schools and then 'volunteer' their time as teachers' aides so he can make a profit"—as if this were an absurd idea. Aside from the idea of making a profit, it is not as absurd as it might sound. In fact, parochial schools across America employ or encourage the same sort of involvement from parents. In addition to paying yearly tuition, some parents spend time on fund-raisers or even work as aides in the classroom.

If Whittle and Schmidt feel that they can effectively educate kids and get the parents involved *and* turn a profit—FANTASTIC! They certainly couldn't do a worse job than is currently being done.

SONYA PARKER
San Diego, California

The delivery of educational services in America is controlled by a tight, elite, bureaucratic monopoly, the status of which is guaranteed by the government. Because parents and nonparents alike are forced through taxation to pay for an ineffective, inefficient service that a relatively small proportion of the population utilizes, the educrats can continue to dominate the system, entrenching further their own interests, all in the name of doing the best thing for the children.

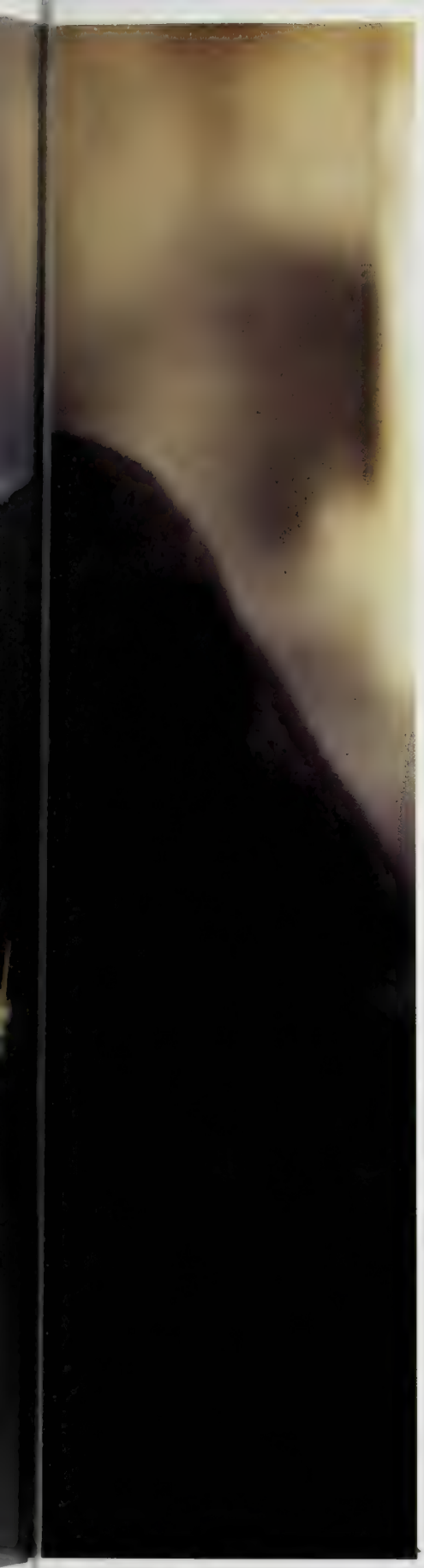
The only way to improve the delivery of educational services is to introduce a large dose of competition into the system. Although I am personally opposed to vouchers because of their obvious requirement of continued governmental involvement, I believe that private and privatized schools such as those proposed by Whittle are definitely a step in the right direction. We need to adopt a doctrine of *(Continued on page 46)*


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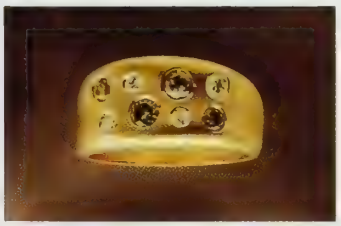
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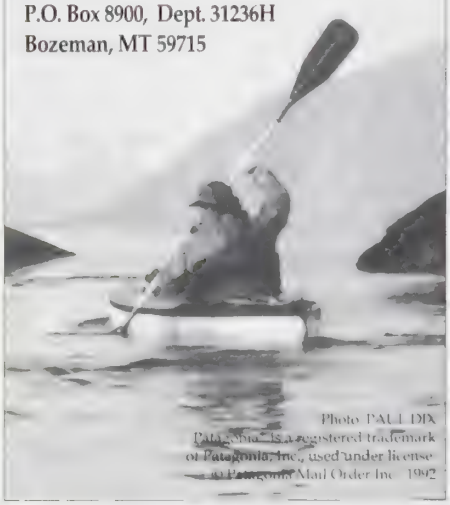
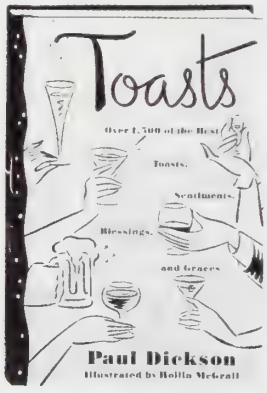


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Letters

(Continued from page 40) separation of education and state for the same reason we insist on the separation of church and state. The alternative is merely the further demise of the intellect of our youth, a process unfortunately coming of age through the rapid decline of all things governmental, especially government-run schools.

SALLY MOORE
Cincinnati, Ohio

Painted Lady

I loved Demi Moore on the August cover. I didn't think she could top *last* August's cover, but she did.

MARLA ALVATHER
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Demi Moore naked on your cover once again. This brings to mind Lenny Bruce's remark that some women insist on wearing see-through clothes—and you don't wanna.

DON McLEAN
Camden, Maine

Congratulations! You have shown the White House and the Pentagon the right way to do a great cover-up.

FRANKLIN W. Y. LIU
Boston, Massachusetts

Demi Moore is a legend in her own mind.

BETSY JAMES
Roswell, Georgia

Movie stars create mythology which other members of society study, compare themselves to, measure their own achievements by. In Jennet Conant's "Demi's Body Language," Demi Moore suggests that any woman can have it all. A lot of hardworking women believe it and don't know why they feel so inadequate when they come up short. The answer is, they are comparing themselves to something that isn't real. A myth. There are choices to be made. Even Demi Moore must make them, despite her enormous support group. When she works out for three hours a day, takes meetings, etc., she has lost that time with her children. This is a choice she has made. In the end, she has what she wants—she does not have it all.

COLLEEN SURNOW
London, England

Demi Moore is a client of ours, and we were distressed and concerned over a number of extreme exaggerations in Jennet Conant's article. To say that Ms. Moore has six assistants is ludicrous on the face of it. She has one, who is well known in the industry. It is unfortunate that your writer would confuse an assistant with hairdressers, makeup artists, and wardrobe aides who are hired by a film studio during production on a film. They are not in Ms. Moore's employ; they are salaried employees of the studio. Ms. Moore also has a nanny for her children, which is essential for anyone who works the long hours that film production requires. Needless to say, the writer's reference to her nanny as "plump" was not only appalling, it was cruel.

We'd also like you and your readers to know that Bruce Willis does not have and has never had "twenty-two" assistants. Unfortunately, your writer's perception of Mr. Willis's career position is equally ill-informed and ludicrous.

Finally, as for Ms. Moore's dyeing her hair blond for *The Butcher's Wife* without prior notification, this is downright untrue. The look of any actor in a film is carefully designed and discussed among studio executives, producers, and the director weeks prior to production. Ms. Moore would never have taken such a step until she had the complete support and approval of the filmmakers.

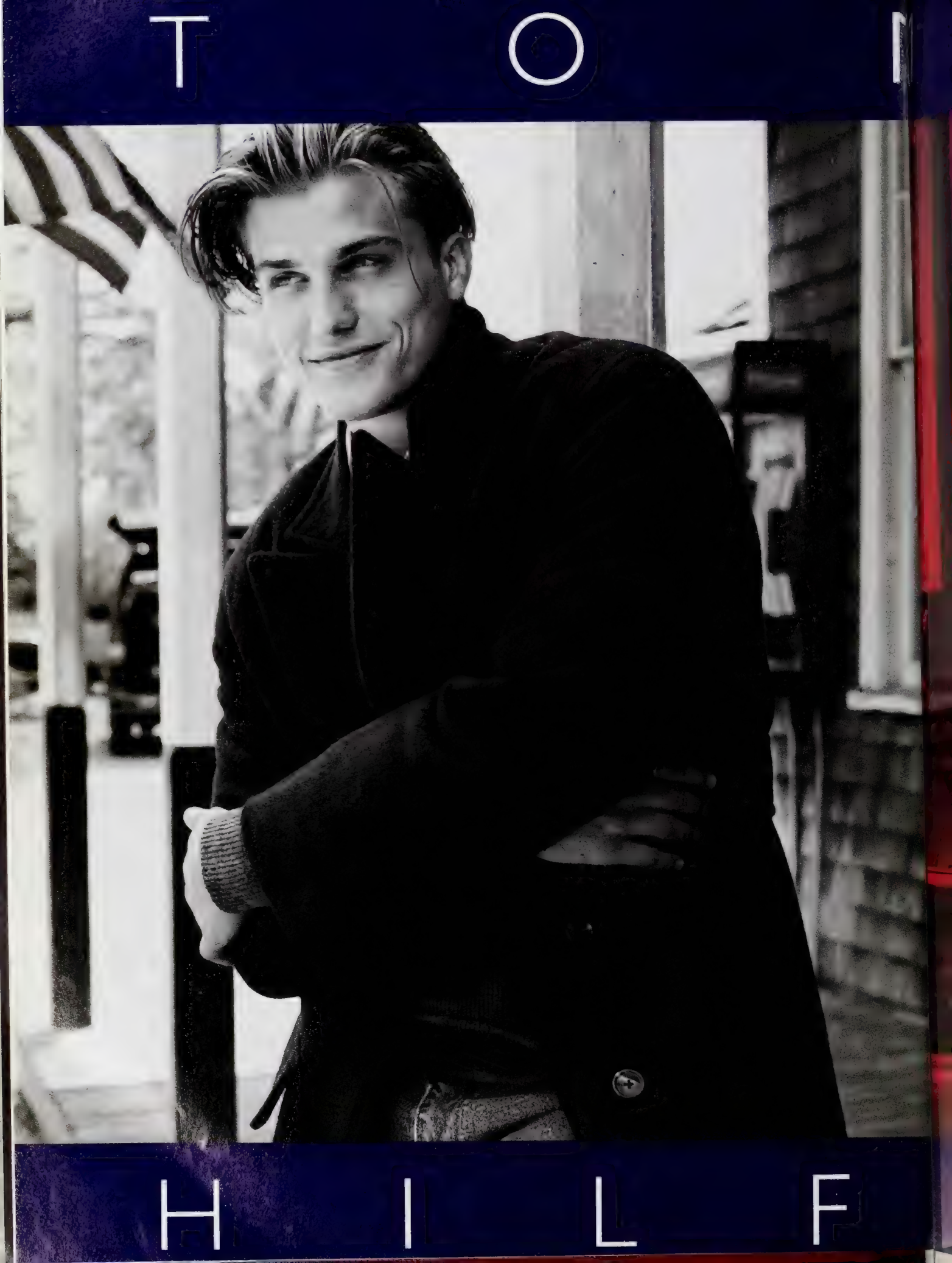
PAT KINGSLEY
PMK Public Relations
Los Angeles, California

JENNET CONANT REPLIES: I appreciate that Ms. Kingsley is not disputing the fact that Ms. Moore took an entourage of six with her to Deauville on a European press tour. I did indeed explain in the article that the six assistants were, in addition to her own assistant and a nanny, hair, makeup, and wardrobe people, as well as a personal bodyguard. During our taped interview, Ms. Moore explained to me that she has her own assistant and that assistant has a full-time assistant. Ms. Moore went on to say she was planning to hire an additional assistant.

The information concerning Bruce Willis's entourage of 22 on the set of Billy Bathgate *came directly from a Disney producer who was familiar with the details of Mr. Willis's contract, and I still have no reason to doubt his word. He told me, "Bruce Willis wanted to do* Billy Bathgate, *and he asked for his 22 people."*

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, Vanity Fair, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.


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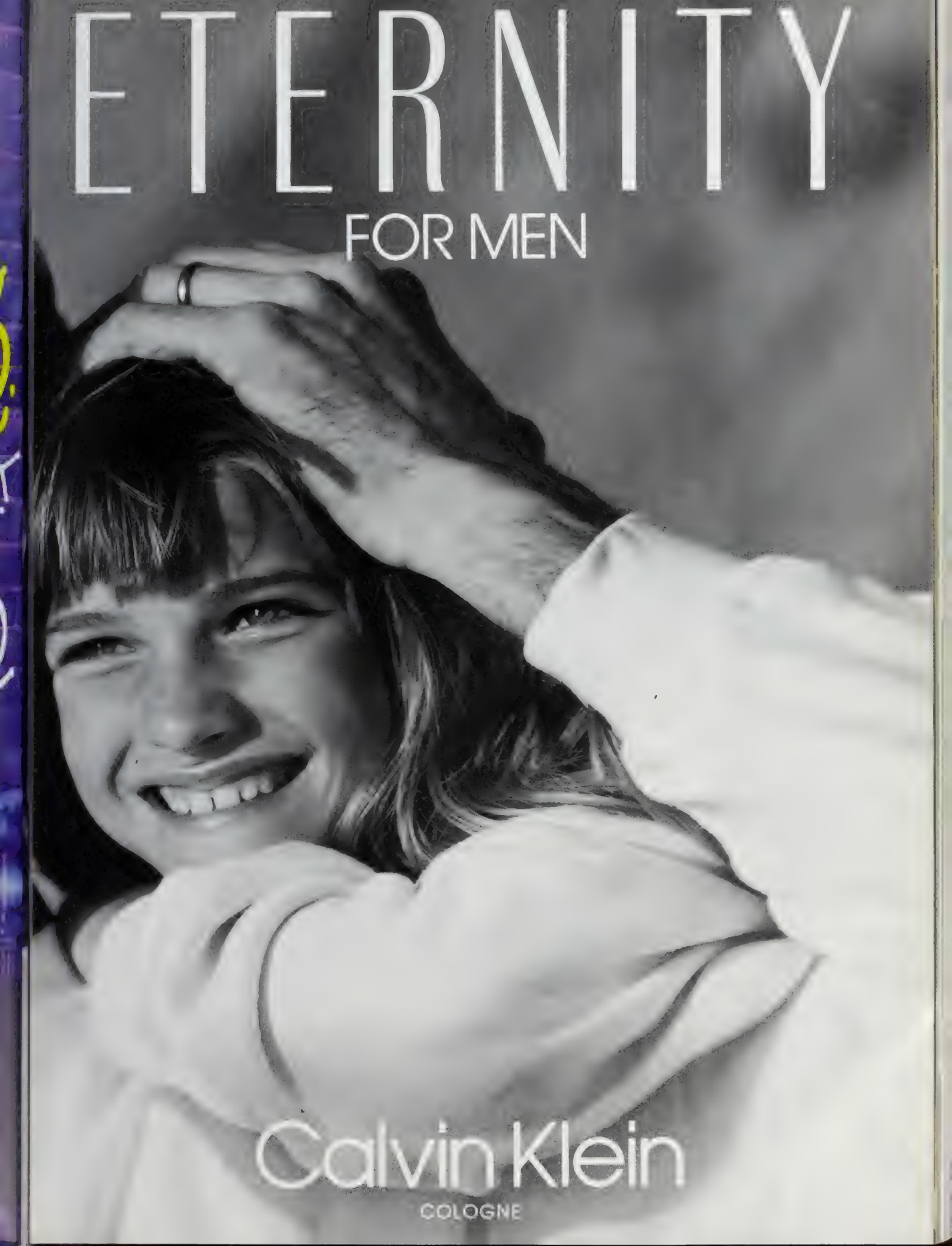

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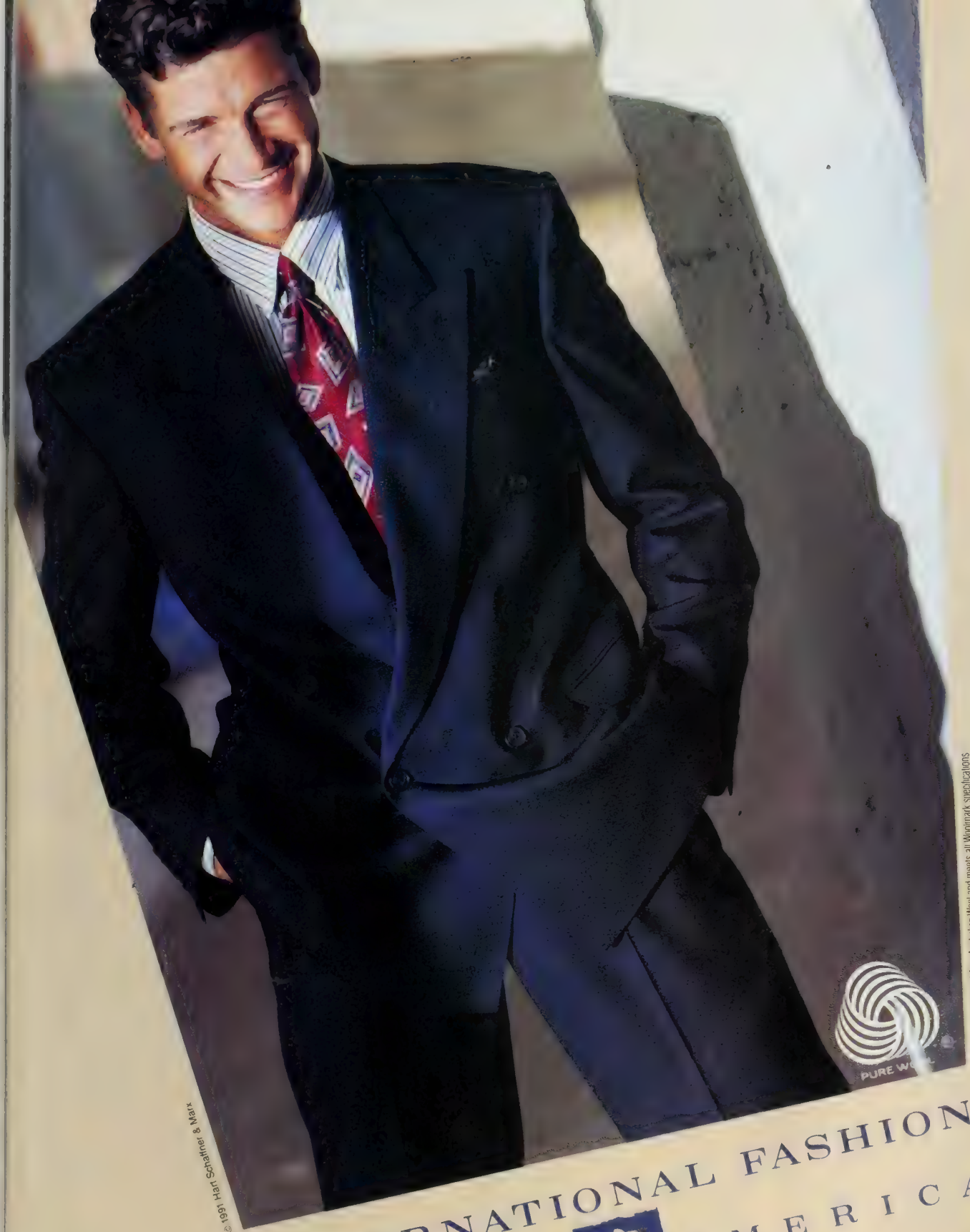


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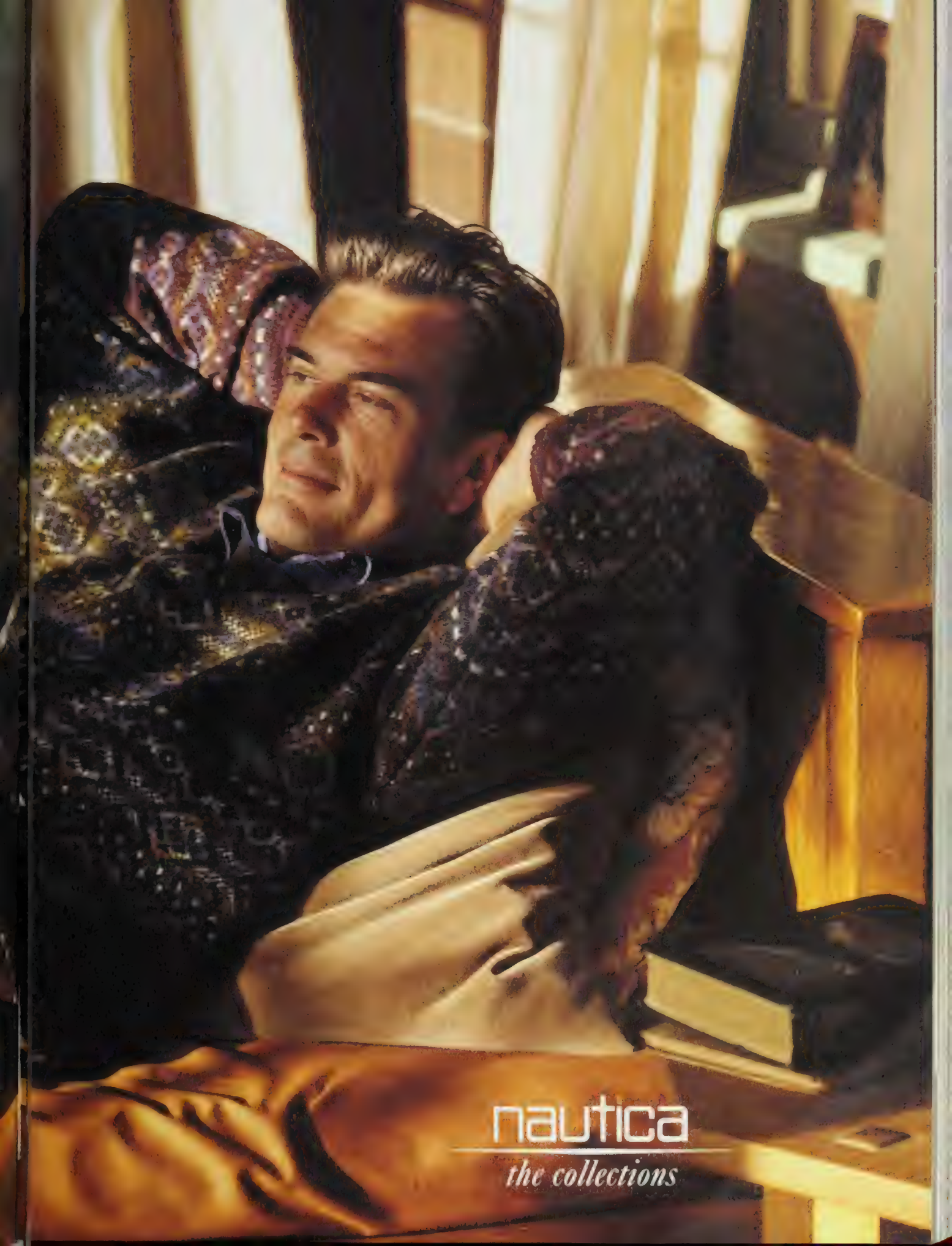
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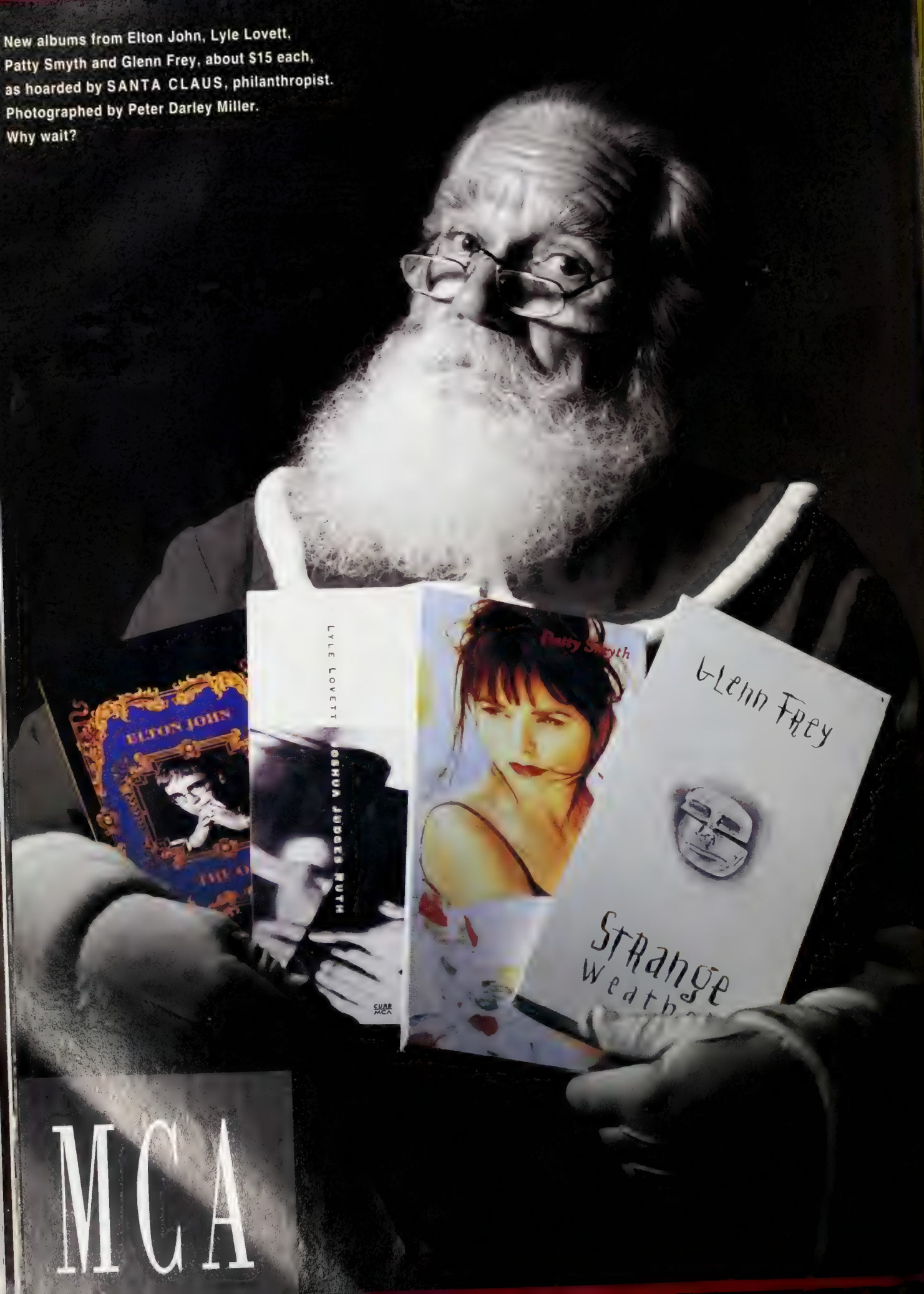
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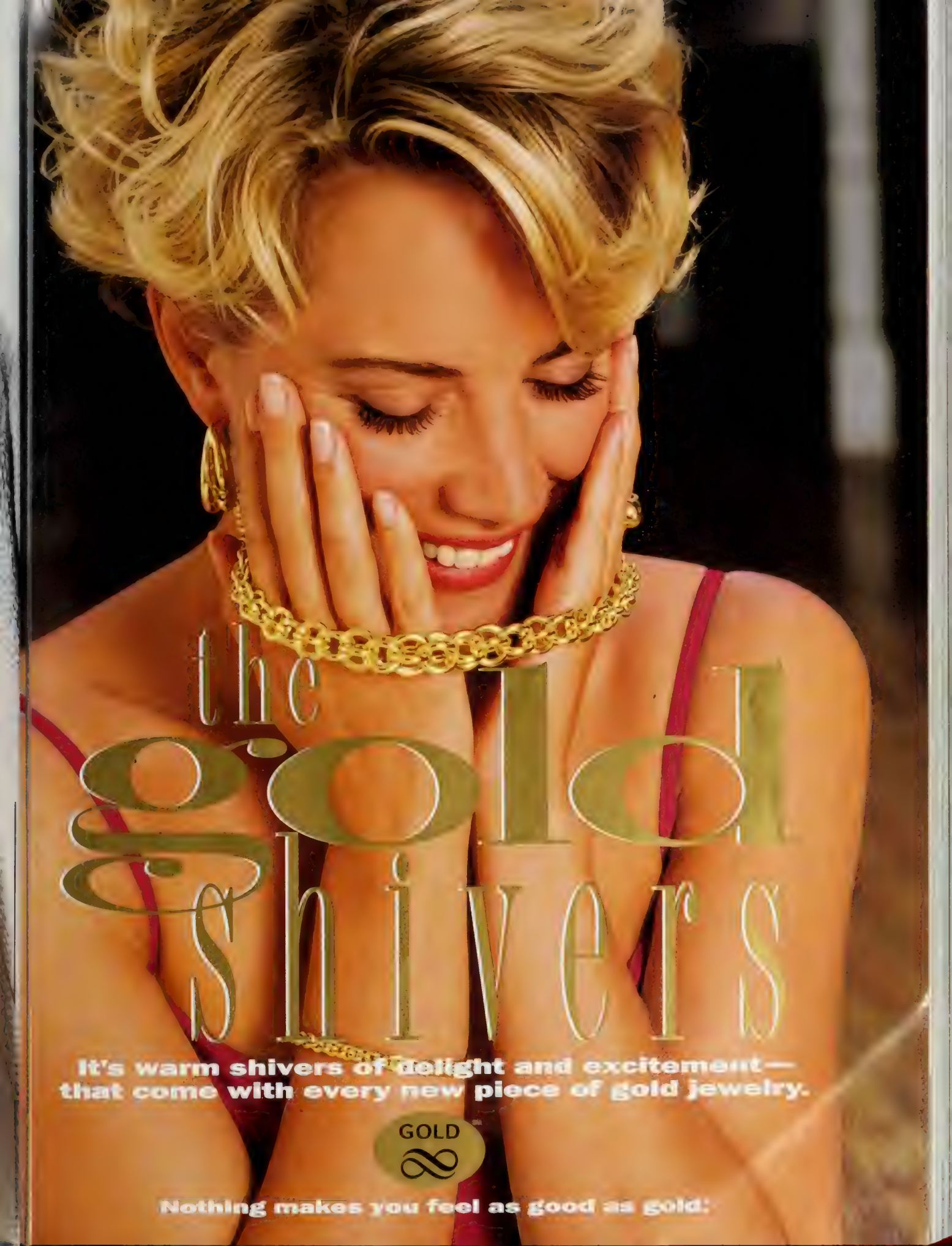
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When Ross Perot suddenly quit the presidential race on July 16, his staff was in disarray. Something had obviously happened, but what?

PEROT'S FINAL DAYS

Paranoia and second-guessing, electronic passkeys, shredders— not a recipe for a happy presidential campaign. And as the end neared for Ross Perot, it got even nastier

BY MARIE BRENNER

A few moments after Ed Rollins told his staff he had resigned as campaign director for Ross Perot's short, weird race for the presidency, the central work area of Perot's national headquarters in Dallas filled with security people. "It was like they came out of the woodwork," recalled Charlie Leonard, Rollins's deputy. Robert Barkin, a communications consultant, who was attempting to hold a meeting with several senior members of the staff that afternoon in mid-July, later remembered, "Ed's assistant burst into the meeting, saying, 'These guys want to see everything that is in Ed's computers.' " When Liz Maas, a press spokeswoman, returned to her desk, she found a man with short-cropped hair in a white shirt carrying a walkie-talkie, turning off her computer. "I said to him, 'What are you doing?' and he said, 'I'm logging you off. . . . You no longer have access to this computer.' "

Maas, hired only eight days earlier, had once been the deputy campaign manager for Pete du Pont's presidential effort in New Hampshire. "I said, 'What the hell is going on here?' and someone said, 'Everyone is fired!' It turned out that I was not one of the ones fired, but they were literally disconnecting people's computers and telephones! If you called in, you could not even get voice mail. I had hundreds of reporters calling me for comment! It was like we were in a hermetically sealed building and all of a sudden the gates came down. It was frightening."

"I have orders to turn off the computer," one guard told Charlie Leonard. "Get the fuck out of here," Leonard answered, then ran down the hall toward Tom Luce's office. Luce, Perot's lawyer and chairman of the Perot Petition Committee, was well liked by the campaign staff. "Tom, this is an outrage!" Leonard told him. "Who's in charge?" Luce asked, according to Leonard, and immediately began working the phones to put a stop to the security people's tactics. By this time the office was in chaos. For a few minutes, all of the campaign staff's worst fears about Ross Perot appeared to be confirmed. Unaware that Luce had called off the security guards, another of the political professionals, Joe Canzeri, who had worked for Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan, flew into a rage. "They're boarding the buses for Buchenwald. They're taking us to Buchenwald!" Canzeri announced as he marched up and down the halls. "Joe lost it," one staff member said.

A few feet away, appearing to watch everything from behind his glass office wall, James Squires, whom Perot had brought to Dallas to oversee his press coverage, remained on the telephone with a pencil in his mouth. Squires, 50-ish with reddish-blond hair and a mustache, had once been the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, but had alienated the campaign staff early with his harsh judgments about the media. Now, as Canzeri stormed up and down the hall, Squires seemed oblivious. "Squires would have had to have been blind or dead not to have known what was going on," Barkin told me. "He was neither."

For weeks, the tension had been building. By early July, you could feel it all through the Dallas office. It was a strange nether time at Perot headquarters once the spectacular lift of June started to dissipate and the political professionals began to understand that everything was coming unglued. More frequently now, the candidate was being referred to in the press as "Inspector Perot" and "the welfare billionaire." Perot, who had breezed cheerfully into and out of his campaign headquarters all through the month of June, now pretty much stayed away, cosseted by his trusted lieutenants, Tom Luce and Mort Meyerson. "It's becoming more and more like the Pentagon here," he would say churlishly when he did appear and saw the scores of cubicles occupied by new employees. "Elvis is in the building," the campaign workers would joke when there was an increasingly rare sighting of the candidate.

By the first days of July, there were

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two distinct philosophical camps in the office, the political professionals and "the Dallas white shirts," as volunteers around the country nicknamed the Perot loyalists—some of whom were former military men—who had come out of the tightly controlled world of Perot's computer-services companies, Electronic Data Systems (EDS) and Perot Systems. The "white shirts" fanned through the field operations, and there were complaints about their high-handed tactics, but the campaign staff was not given authority over the field. "Why did he bring us here?" the political strategist Hamilton Jordan would ask, according to an insider. "This man has humiliated us and ruined our lives!"

Jordan, a canny Georgian who was Rollins's co–campaign director, had once helped get Jimmy Carter elected president. He became Carter's chief of staff. During the Carter years, he developed a volatile streak and from time to time got into barroom brawls. Since then, however, Jordan had stared down cancer, calmed considerably, and been the vice-chairman of Whittle Communications. Handsome and dark, Jordan inevitably wore a proper navy suit, but he was a contradictory personality who in fine southern style never liked to say an unpleasant word to anyone's face. Jordan was extremely political, "the charts-and-graphs guy," as one Perot staff member called him. "Hamilton was the one that when Perot and Meyerson were around would do the most gratuitous back patting," Tony Marsh, another of the Perot strategists, recalled.

Like Hamilton Jordan, Ed Rollins was at the very top of his field. Rollins, whom Squires later called "the king of the spin doctors," had run Ronald Reagan's 1984 campaign and was political director in the Reagan White House. Rollins's wife, Sherrie, who had worked at the Bush White House, was known for her vast correspondence. Each Christmas, the Rollinses sent out more than 1,200 cards. Rollins and Jordan looked at politics in dissimilar ways. There was the obvious difference: Jordan was a Democrat and Rollins was Republican. But they were also opposite personalities. Rollins, with his thinning gray hair and beard, appeared professorial, even corporate. If Jordan was careful to keep his own counsel, Rollins was frequently on the TV talk shows and displayed a reckless, if at times self-serving candor with reporters. His honesty got him into trouble with his colleagues. "Ed became the media's favorite Republican, because Ed would say, 'I tell the truth,' " Roger Ailes said of his ex-colleague recently. "And then Ed goes out there and says, 'Well, George really screwed that up!' "

In Dallas, Rollins could not shake the eerie sensation that his phones were tapped. He had a sense that he was being bugged, although he had "no firsthand evidence." Still, he had been around political campaigns throughout his career; he knew the difference between having the jitters and having justifiable suspicions. He could not get rid of that creepy feeling—"a mind-set and a sort of paranoia"—the entire time he worked on the Perot campaign. Even Rollins's deputy, Charlie Leonard, was so spooked that he, too, began to believe that he heard strange clicks and noises on their telephones. "There was this tremendous paranoia about leaks," Rollins said. "There was a great suspicion of the political people."

Rollins could not believe what he was hearing. Did Perot actually think that he, Ed Rollins, was a spy from the White House?

On his first day at work in early June, Rollins had scrawled two words on his office blackboard: HOPE and KOOK. "Here is our challenge," Rollins told his deputy. "Ross Perot can come out of this campaign as a symbol of hope or he can be cast as a kook." Later, when the campaign had imploded, Leonard would remember that moment. "It was so prophetic," he said.

For days that month, Hamilton Jordan had been moping around the office. According to campaign insiders, Jordan and Perot had argued early and viciously over a Perot TV spot Jordan had produced. Perot was said to have hated the way his wife, Margot, appeared, and he was reportedly angry that his career at Annapolis had been virtually passed over. He was rough on Jordan, according to members of the staff, so much so that when Jordan left his office he began to hyperventilate, as if he were having a panic attack. "I have never been treated like this before," Jordan told a colleague. The next day he let Perot's senior adviser, Mort Meyerson, know that he wanted to resign. Several days went by, but Jordan appeared to be ambivalent. "I don't want to leave alone," he told Ed Rollins, according to campaign insiders. "I want to leave under cover."

From time to time, Jordan reportedly stayed away from the office and remained at home with his family. In those first, freighted days in July, he would stop in to see Charlie Leonard, the former national director of the House Republicans committee. Although only in his mid-30s, Leonard was a veteran of 25 political campaigns. He was tall, with pale eyes and a chiseled jawline, and was both highly organized and irreverent. "What are we going to do?" Leonard remembered Jordan's asking him. "What is Ed going to do? There is nothing for me to do around here." According to Leonard, Jordan was acting like "a whipped puppy. He said he thought we were all going to be fired."

Once, in an effort to keep the mood bright, Leonard took Jordan into Ed Rollins's office. "Look at the blackboard, Hamilton," Leonard said he told him. There, scrawled large in Rollins's handwriting, was a new message: FORT ALAMO! In case Jordan might not know his Texas history, Leonard explained: "There was no back door at the Alamo either! And it was in Texas, too." No matter how Leonard attempted to lighten up the gloom and doom that pervaded Perot headquarters, "I couldn't get a smile out of Hamilton Jordan," he said.

From their early days in Dallas, both Ed Rollins and Hamilton Jordan began to understand that the two worlds, that of the despotic billionaire and that of the political professionals, were not going to mesh easily. "I knew it was going to be a struggle. Ross Perot was never going to agree to a conventional presidential campaign," Jordan said. When Rollins first arrived in Dallas, he discovered that no one in the office had been in "a real campaign before." "What's it like down there?" Charlie Leonard asked him that night on the telephone. "There's no there there," Rollins said. Leonard thought a moment. Perhaps it could be "a wonderful opportunity to build a campaign from nothing," he said. Instead, Rollins and Leonard found themselves in a campaign that was often conducted in a zone of silence, where decisions were rarely made and "the candidate often disap-



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peared for days at a time, telling no one except Luce and Meyerson where he was going," Rollins said. Perot's very nature was anti-political; he rarely listened to the opinions of others. "It's not that Ross doesn't like to hear people's ideas," a friend once said of him. "It's just that he has a hard time listening to what people have to say." Certainly, his capricious and unpredictable behavior during his last days as a candidate, as related by the campaign staff, reveals what kind of president he might have been. Even after he quit, he would not move off the stage. John Jay Hooker, an influential force behind Perot's volunteer effort, has told reporters that Perot is going to be an active candidate for president. By the time Perot released his economic plan in late August, his name was on the ballot in 36 states.

"Here is our challenge," Rollins said. "Ross Perot can come out of this campaign as a symbol of hope or he can be cast as a kook."

What really went on in the final days of the Perot campaign? In Texas, people who knew Ross Perot never completely believed his odd explanation for leaving the race. It made no sense that he would hastily announce his decision on the last day of the Democratic convention. When Perot explained that he had discovered that the election might be thrown into the House of Representatives should he remain in the race, the once admiring *New York Times* columnist A. M. Rosenthal wrote scathingly, "That phony spiel embarrassed his close confidants. . . . If they keep on apologizing for him, they jeopardize their reputations." Something had obviously happened, but what?

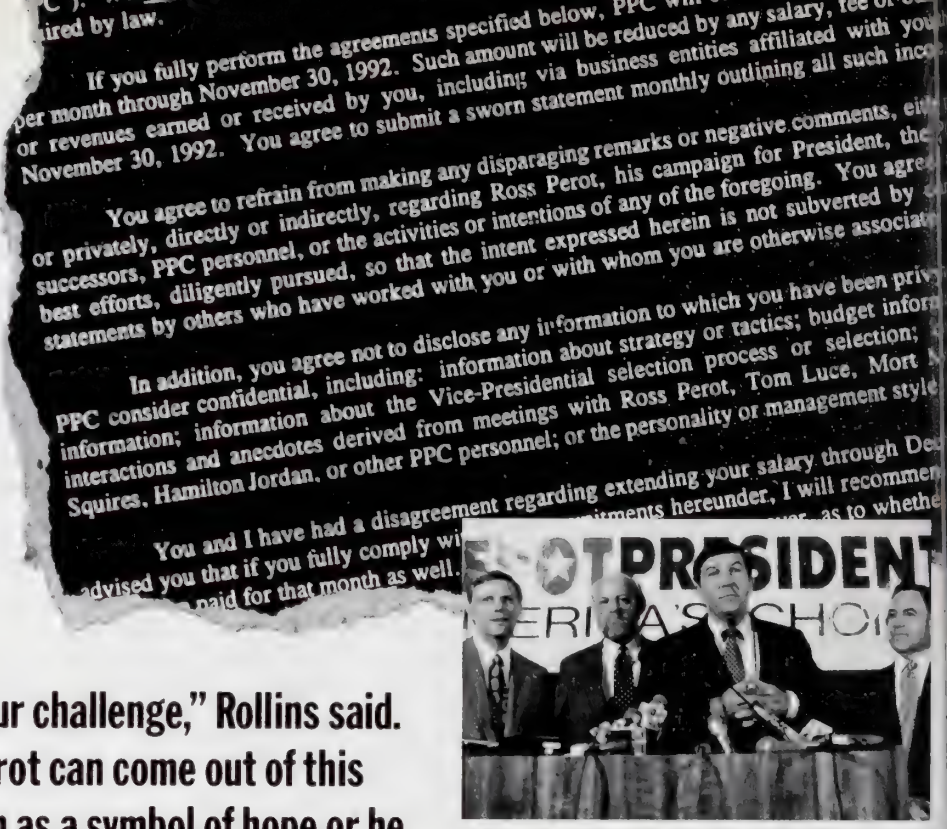
Certainly, the staff was in disarray. "We were operating in one world, the Perot people in another," Bob Barkin recalled. Much has been made of Perot's refusal to adopt the methods of advertising wizard Hal Riney, who had given Ronald Reagan the "Morning in America" campaign. But Perot's widely publicized refusal to spend the money for what his advisers called "a modern presidential race" was perhaps a shadow issue masking larger problems, such as Perot's need for total dominance and his unfortunate tendency to cut and run when things didn't go his way.

Only hours before he made his decision, Perot did not appear to be a candidate who was about to leave the race. Late in the afternoon on the previous day, he had been writing tag lines for TV spots. He had left the office about 5:30 and by 9 had decided to bow out. What had gone on in the Perot house that night? Members of the campaign staff raced to the talk shows with their own theory of why Perot had quit: he was unwilling to spend the $150 million necessary for a first-class presidential campaign. A large part of that budget was assigned to the TV campaign. Ross Perot's financial advisers have said that he "throws nickels around like manhole covers." Perot had reportedly figured out a way around making these vast expenditures. A close friend of Perot's, a former Dallas news announcer with a mellifluous voice named Murphy Martin, who had been active in the days of black-and-white TV, had even offered to go out and shoot Perot's commercials with a hand-held camera for $1,500 a day.

Another theory, advanced by top Republicans, was that Perot's entire presidential effort was really a vendetta against George Bush, whom he had reportedly despised since Bush told him off years ago. According to this theory, having had the satisfaction of surpassing Bush in the polls, Perot felt he could bow out. ("What is it with Ross's petty personal animus towards you?" a close Bush adviser recently asked the president. Bush answered, "It's a case of shoot the messenger. [When I was vice president], Reagan wanted him to butt out of the P.O.W. thing. I basically told Ross to get out. I ordered him out. I said, 'Thank you very much, but we don't want you mucking around in this issue.' " The president, according to the adviser, said that "Perot went batshit and has never forgiven him.")

A more probable explanation is what Perot called "privacy issues." Several days after he quit the race, he spoke to a friend on the telephone. "My children are my soft spot," he said by way of explanation. "What happened was that Perot saw the bones of his life being picked through like those of a filleted fish," Bob Barkin said. "Ross Perot was so naïve that he thought he could get through the whole campaign without his children being identified by name." "The personal stuff scared him," Liz Maas recalled.

Perot, who had always demonstrated a need to tightly control his image, could not tame the national press corps. More and more, a capricious, possibly vengeful side of the candidate occupied reporters. For Garry Wills, writing in *The New York Review of Books*, even Perot's collection of military memorabilia, such as the copy of the Houdon bust of John



Perot advisers Tom Luce, left, and Mort Meyerson, right, welcome Ed Rollins and Hamilton Jordan (at mike) to coordinate the campaign on June 3. *Top*, a Perot Petition Committee letter to a departing employee regarding confidentiality.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHELLY KATZ





GIANNI VERSACE

COUTURE

RAJU

Paul Jones and glowing letters from soldiers, appeared sinister: "The Pentagon would be his minotaur's lair with a shrine to 'Bull' [Simons] at its heart. The secrecy, the mendacity, the deviousness, of EDS's early days would be transferred to the United States government. Duck." A shorthand developed among the writers covering Perot. They spoke of "the Bradford stuff," a reference to Perot's hounding a competitor, the Bradford National Corporation, out of a signed contract for Texas Medicaid's computer-data work in 1980; "the Armitage stuff," a reference to Perot's battle against Richard Armitage, a former Pentagon official who he believed was thwarting his P.O.W. quest; "the SAVAK stuff," a reference to the possibility that EDS had done computer work for the Shah's secret police; and now, most ominously, in the final days of the campaign, "the Jewish-professor stuff."

"The Jewish-professor stuff" had the same potential tabloid bombshell value as Bill Clinton's "bimbo crisis," as one Perot staff member phrased it. During the last days of the Perot campaign, the new rumor swept through the office. Had Perot had his daughter Nancy's college boyfriend, a Vanderbilt professor who happened to be Jewish, investigated while she was at the university?

"It was like a dust storm that was just at the beginning," Bob Barkin said. On another occasion, he said, "It was well known in the office that Perot was very upset." As the story gained force through repetition, it sounded more and more threatening: Perot either had or hadn't had his daughter's boyfriend checked up on. The professor, who was reportedly divorced, either did or did not have a baby. The story was discussed in the highest levels of the Republican Party and by prominent members of Dallas society. *Newsweek* was on the story, as was ABC News, which had distinguished itself on the Perot beat through the entire campaign.

The first time I heard the story, I was told Perot had "taken a house across the street for his security people" to watch his daughter and her boyfriend. "I know a lot of reporters were working on that story, but they could never confirm it," said a senior member of the campaign staff. "No one has been irresponsible enough yet to make that allegation in print or on the air," Perot's former press person Jim Squires said angrily on the telephone recently. "It has no relevance to the presidential campaign. It has no relevance to the lives of Perot or his children."

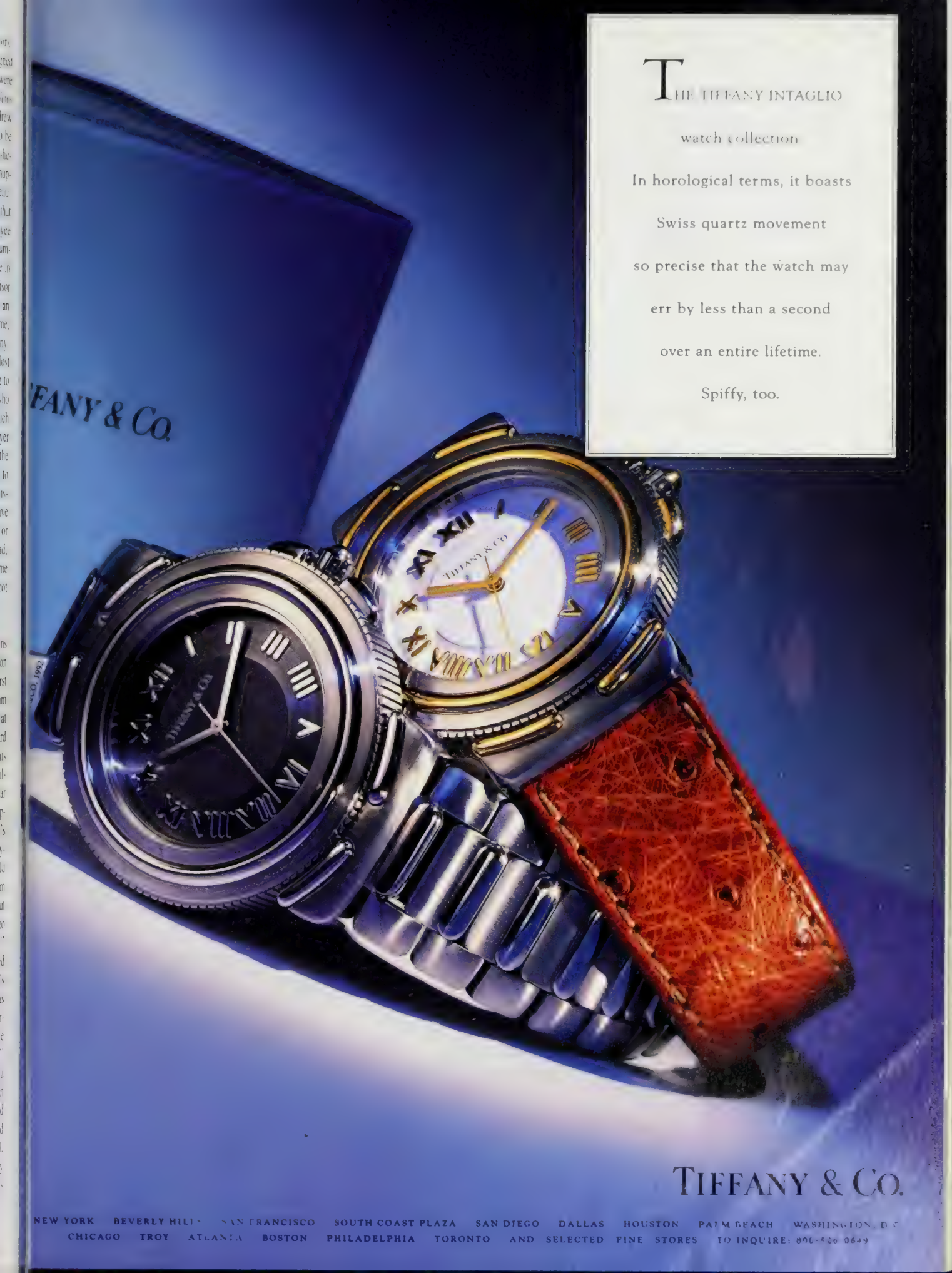
There was no doubt how badly this story, true or not, would play if it ever did see the light of day. Perot would certainly be accused of anti-Semitism, and there would go many of his Jewish supporters, who were already aware that Perot had for years been a member of a country club that had few if any Jewish members. Most damning, what did it say about his character if he had invaded his own daughter's life to such a degree? Was "the Jewish-professor stuff" the precipitating episode that drove Perot finally to withdraw? "He called me several times that week with deep anguish in his voice. He kept saying he was being 'set up,' " Tom Johnson, the president of CNN, told me. "He said, 'When the attacks turned on my children, that was it.' " According to Bob Barkin, Perot was "really upset." "All I can tell you is that I heard this was going on," Ed Rollins told me. "He obviously was not very happy about it. I knew from Tom Luce that he was very unsettled about it. What I heard was that *Time* or one of the newsmagazines [was working on it], and that he was just incensed that anyone would be looking at his children." Certainly, it added to the tension that pervaded the office. "It was absolute chaos," Liz Maas told me. "I was getting a hundred press calls a day, everything from 'Would Perot appear on *Good Morning America*?' to 'What is this story about the daughter?' "

Had Perot had his daughter Nancy's boyfriend, a Vanderbilt professor who happened to be Jewish, investigated while she was at the university?

ABC had in fact tracked down the professor, who, although still on the Vanderbilt faculty, was away for the summer. "We talked to him," Christopher Isham, the senior producer, said. "He confirmed that he was a friend of Nancy Perot's, but he said it was a private matter." A colleague of the professor's told the ABC team that Perot was "very annoyed" about the relationship.

Meanwhile, in Dallas and New York, ABC News had seven reporters assigned to Perot. According to Isham, they were prepared to go on the air on *World News Tonight* the Thursday Perot withdrew with a story that had the potential to be far more damning than a gossipy did-he-or-didn't-he piece about Perot's unhappiness over his daughter's alleged beau. In Maryland, ABC had discovered that an EDS Federal Systems employee named Bobby Joe King had been summarily fired from the Bethesda office in March 1986 after he told his supervisor that he had been hospitalized with an H.I.V.-related pneumonia. At the time, Perot was still the head of the company. When he was fired, Bobby Joe King lost all of his medical benefits. According to King's lawyer, Neil Katz, King, who has since died, had filed a suit which was settled before trial. King's lawyer and sister had been filmed for the *World News* segment. According to Isham, the piece was also going to disclose evidence that Perot may have fired other employees who were ill, or whose dependents were ill. Instead, *World News*'s lead story was the same as every other network's: Ross Perot had quit the race.

"This doesn't feel right," Ed Rollins told his deputy, Charlie Leonard, on the phone hours after Leonard first arrived in Dallas. "I'm not sure I am going to do it." It was 10 o'clock at night. Hearing Rollins's tone, Leonard got a strange, sinking sensation in his stomach and went immediately to Rollins's hotel, the Omni Melrose, near downtown Dallas. Rollins was very upset. He had been at dinner with Perot's close advisers Tom Luce and Mort Meyerson. During the meal, Rollins told Leonard, Meyerson had turned to him and said, "Ed, we're concerned about your doing this. There's your health to consider, and your second marriage." After recounting the story, Rollins asked his deputy, "Do you know what's wrong with this?" but Leonard, who has been close to Rollins for years, understood everything. "Not many people knew Ed had been married twice," Leonard said. "It was a short marriage a few years ago. And his health? Ed is an athlete, but he had once had a mild stroke in the White House in 1982, and had had several operations. He said, 'Checking us out? They're probably following us!' " At the bar, Rollins laughed, but his laugh sounded hollow. Later, Rollins recalled, "Obviously,


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they had done some kind of investigation on me. My sense was they had done more than to check my press clips.''

In the beginning, the professionals had signed on for ''the movement,'' as they called it. For Rollins, the early, immense public admiration for Perot was a phenomenon ''that I had never seen in politics. Perot understood the frustration in America and knew that political parties no longer meant very much.'' Hamilton Jordan was impressed by Perot's ''honesty.'' ''I thought he would take the country forward,'' Liz Maas said. Bob Barkin went to Dallas with ''a happy and innocent heart.'' ''I have a two-year-old daughter,'' he said, ''and it was her future that really brought me to this whole process.'' Charlie Leonard believed fervently that Perot was ''a patriot.'' ''I liked his no-nonsense approach,'' he said. Like the vast army of Perot volunteers, the professional staff appeared to truly believe that Perot could do something about the paralysis of national politics. Special-events coordinator Joe Canzeri was entranced by ''the faces in the crowds.'' ''Ross Perot found the silent majority,'' he said. Normally in a campaign, planning for special events, you hope 500 people show up. ''With Perot, I'd go out expecting 500 people; we'd have 5,000.''

ABC had discovered that an EDS employee named Bobby Joe King had been summarily fired after being hospitalized with an H.I.V.-related pneumonia.

Before he agreed to resign from his consulting firm, Charlie Leonard had long meetings with Tom Luce. He was filled with questions: Would Perot take direction? Would he spend $150 million of his own money? Luce told him, ''Well, maybe there will never be a press plane, but we'll make arrangements for the press. We might not have speechwriters, but, sure, we'll have people picking talking points for him.'' ''Our business is not just electing people. Part of what we hope to do is to educate you about governing,'' Rollins told Perot in their first meeting. ''Perot was very responsive that day,'' he said.

Most of the staff had run-of-the-election agreements that paid them through December. For the political professionals, the stakes were high. ''Whether you were a Democrat or a Republican, you blew up your career,'' Ed Rollins said. Liz Maas, a press spokeswoman, was reportedly told she would not be welcome back at her former public-relations firm, Robinson, Lake, Lerer & Montgomery, because of its ties to the Republican Party. For Tony Marsh and Sal Russo, prominent political strategists, signing on with Perot was an immense gamble. ''We lost a ton of existing business,'' Marsh said. According to Ed Rollins, officials from the Republican National Committee ''wiped out seven of [Marsh and Russo's] congressional campaigns. One well-known official called [Marsh and Russo's client] the New York senator Al D'Amato and said, 'We will not help you; we will cut you off [if you use Marsh and Russo for your advertising].' '' But D'Amato, to his credit, stood his ground with the R.N.C. ''[He told them,] 'Go fuck yourself,' '' Rollins said. (According to D'Amato's office, Marsh and Russo continue to work on the senator's campaign.)

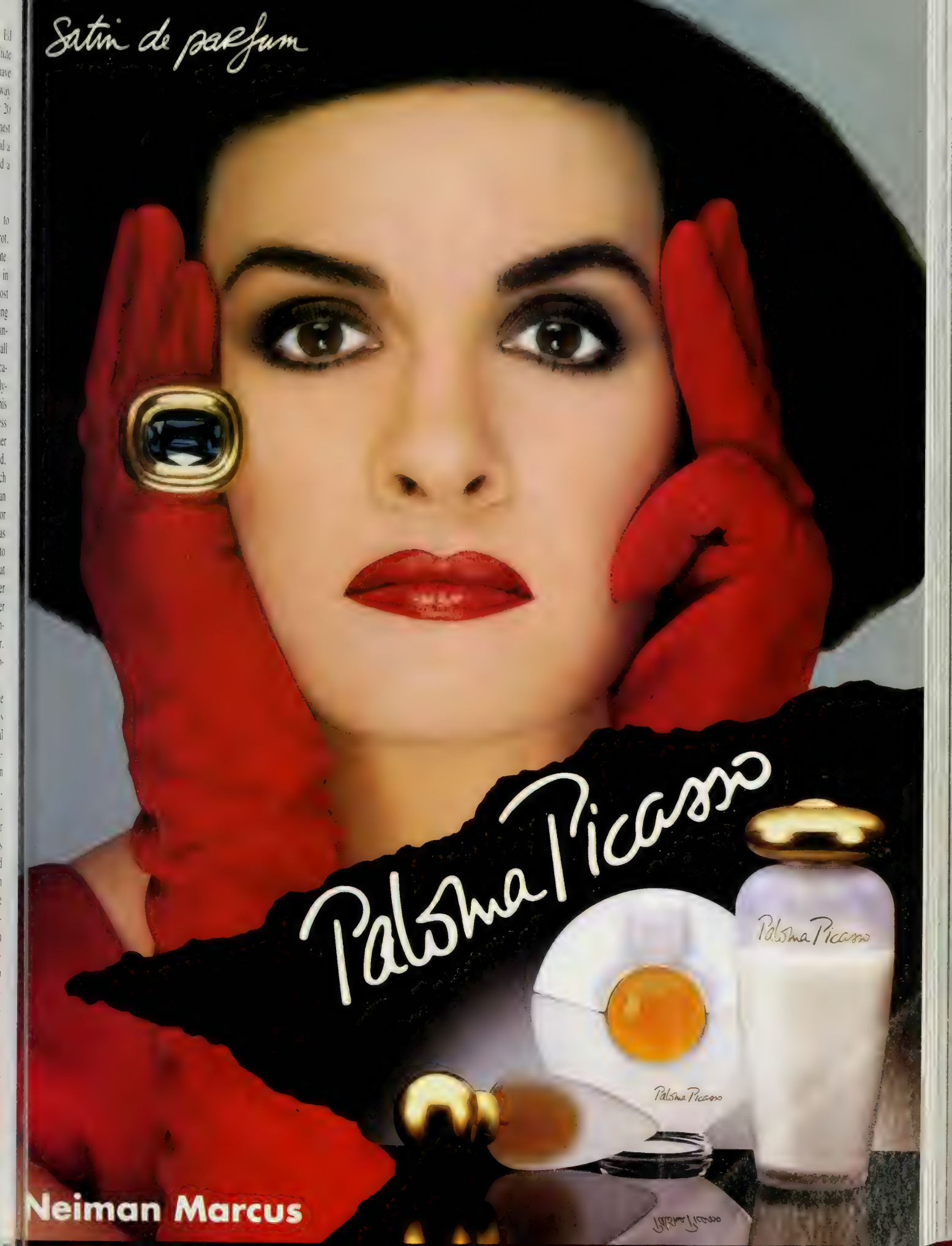
At first, Perot was ebullient, the charmer who captivated the American audience when he appeared on TV. Once, at a field-staff meeting, Charlie Leonard was trying to get across the importance of Perot's having some protection when he appeared in large crowds—if not Secret Service, at least someone who could shield him if there was trouble. ''I'm not going to let some 25-year-old take a bullet for me,'' Perot said. The next morning, the field staff met at a local hotel. Two beautiful young women came in and said, ''All right, all of you put your hands on the desk.'' A few seconds later, in walked Perot. ''How do you like my security staff?'' he said, smiling. He was carrying a camera. ''I want to take all of y'all's picture with me so I have pictures of everyone who worked for me,'' he said.

There were other, less humorous episodes which worried the campaign staff. Mort Meyerson, who like Perot appeared to be fond of conspiracy theories, said, Rollins told me, that ''there was a [feeling in the office] that...could I have been a Bush plant?'' Rollins could not believe what he was hearing. Did Ross Perot actually think that he, Ed Rollins, was a spy from the White House? ''I said, 'This is absurd. I have blown up my life. I have walked away from a party that I have served for 20 years. My wife is giving up the highest level of the White House. I have paid a higher price than anyone.' It showed a naïveté—or a paranoia.''

The political staff was beginning to see the many sides of Ross Perot, long familiar to residents of the state. Perot has always been an anomaly in Dallas, somewhat isolated. For the most part, he stays away from the glittering Big Rich Dallas that has frequent dinners at the Mansion, the elegant small hotel. Some years ago, he could occasionally be seen jogging with a bodyguard or two on Strait Lane, near his house, which, however elaborate, is less ostentatious than the preserves of other Dallas tycoons. Perot is complicated, capable of private acts of charity, such as whisking an executive's wife to an eye specialist or financing a school for ghetto children in East Dallas. He has the Texas way of offering kindnesses to virtual strangers. Once, he learned that an elderly neighbor whom he had never met was ill. ''Here is the private number of my security staff,'' he told the neighbor's son. ''Give this to your mother, and if she ever needs anything, my people will be there in seconds.''

More portentously, Perot could be vindictive. The grim history of Perot's tactics against the Bradford National Corporation, a New York–based data-processing company, was documented in Todd Mason's unauthorized biography, *Perot*. Mason reported that, upon learning that Bradford had beaten out EDS for the Texas Medicaid contract, Perot was overheard at a closed-door meeting: Find the man responsible for this and get him out of my company! It was 1980. The Texas Medicaid account brought in, according to differing estimates, between $3.8 million and $9.8 million a year. Perot then mounted a full-scale war to undo the Bradford contract with the state, including visiting Texas officials, investigating Bradford's dealings, and, according to two Bradford executives, harassing members of the board.

Joseph Monge, the former chairman of the Bradford executive committee, said on the telephone from his summer home near Montreal that he felt the need to speak out ''when I learned that Perot was running for president. I felt that justice had been done in such a way that it cast a


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shadow on the character of the man who wants to be president." ABC's Morton Dean also spoke with Monge for a report that never aired because of Perot's abrupt withdrawal. When Dean first met Monge, he said recently, Monge read him a brief statement of why he now, for the first time, was compelled to tell his story. "I [have to] do what I can. However small it is," Monge said.

Monge has an impressive financial background: now 80 years old, he was then the chairman and chief executive officer of California Life, as well as a director of several major companies, including Bradford. From the moment Perot decided to win back the Texas Medicaid contract, Monge told me, he began to receive a series of harassing calls. "My phone calls were very short. Inquiring whether I was seeing a certain lady. The voice would say, 'Did you have a good time last night?' and things like that. The reason I suspected that they were Perot-inspired questions was that at the time I was chairman of California Life I was a director of the Royal Bank of Canada, and active with banks in Copenhagen and New York. So here I was, traveling from Los Angeles to New York to Copenhagen and back, and the calls came with staccato frequency. How did they know I was in New York for four or five days? How did they know I was in L.A. for a week or so? Abroad? At home?" Monge said, however, that he had "no direct evidence, except by inference," to link the calls to Perot. "Other Bradford directors were receiving harassing calls, too," he said. "We were all in the same boat." Another Bradford executive recalled, "We got a call from a former EDS employee who said he wanted to give us damaging information about EDS. The man said if we gave him money, he'd give us the information. I refused. Later we discovered the same man was either wired or was having his conversation taped."

"I was aware of some of his tactics," Maureen Connelly, a prominent New York media consultant, who was hired by Bradford to help fight EDS, told me. "I not believed that the rules did not apply to him. When I went down to work on Bradford, I knew that Perot had gone all over, meeting with state officials, but only later did I learn that his security men had visited one executive's neighbor. That woman said to them, 'Get out of here. You remind me of Nazis.' I was told that several members of the board were being followed," Connelly recalled. The harassing phone calls went on for about a year, according to Monge, until Bradford lost the contract. The state of Texas wound up paying Bradford about $3 million "for our pains," Monge said, although the Texas Medicaid contract reverted to EDS. After EDS got the contract back, Monge said, the phone calls stopped.

In an ironic coda, EDS later made an attempt to buy Bradford. "I was told by a top executive of the company that he asked Mort Meyerson if he had felt guilty about what he had done, and Meyerson answered him, 'It was Ross's idea,' " Maureen Connelly said. Meyerson later visited Connelly's partner, Ron Maiorana, in New York. Meyerson wanted to hire Connelly and Maiorana to prevent any potential opposition to EDS's coming bid on the New York Medicaid account. "You did a hell of a job against us in Texas, and we want to make sure you don't oppose us in New York," Meyerson told Maiorana.

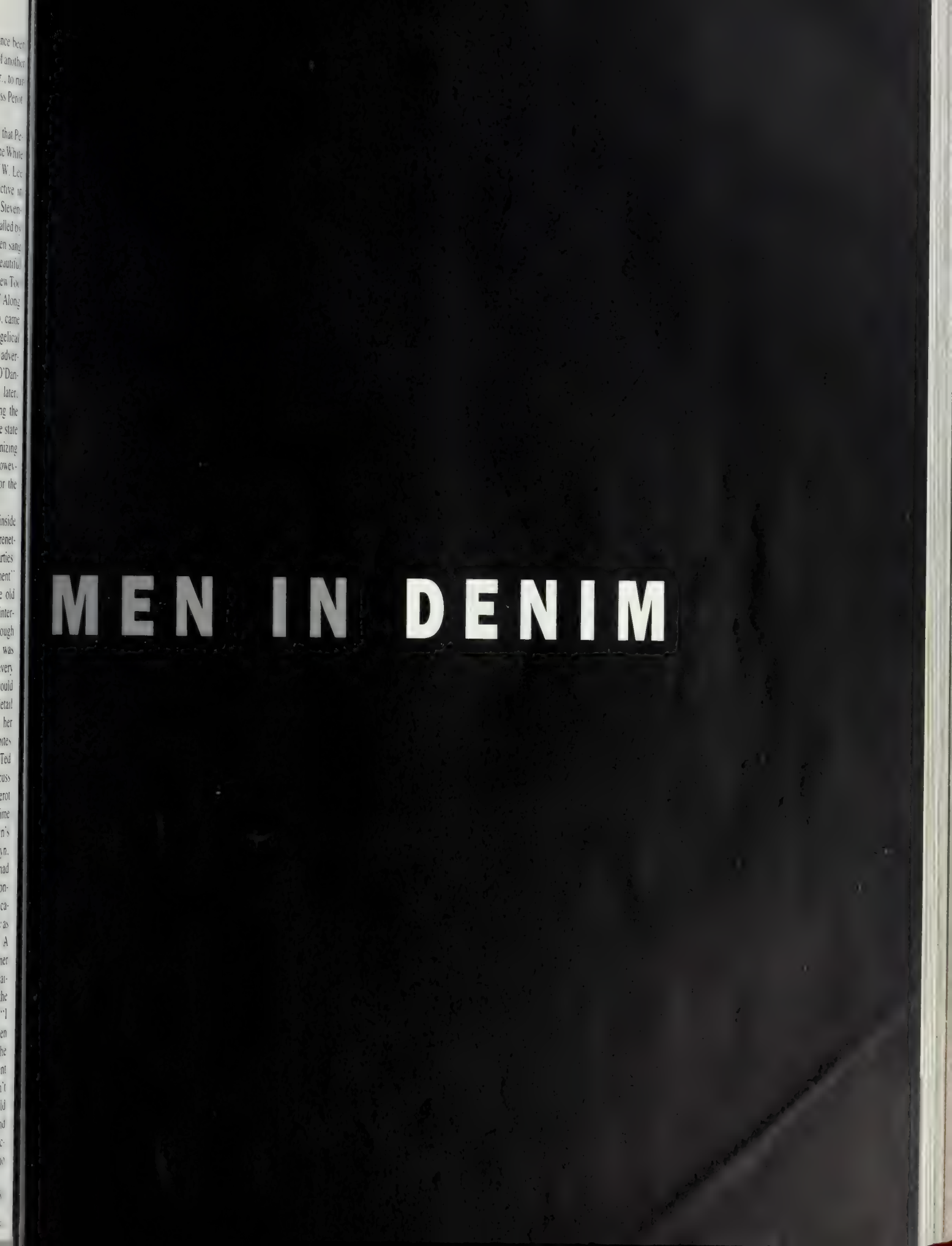
"Perot would often spend hours trying to track down the sources on pieces that galled him," said Rollins.

New Yorkers are often suckers for hillbilly accents. It quickly became fashionable for New York writers to compare Perot to former Texas governor Coke Stevenson, "Mr. Texas," invoking the descriptions of the frontier politician from Robert A. Caro's biography of Lyndon Johnson. The normally acerbic Morley Safer weighed in on *60 Minutes:* "And what Americans love most of all is a maverick, an untamed cowpoke willing to ride in and clean up the town, especially one who's willing to blow $100 million to get hired for a job he doesn't really want." Safer's report even had a vignette of Perot at Dickey's Barbecue, where "Bubba Dickey is King of the Counter." Shortly after the *60 Minutes* piece aired, the writer Marilyn Berger, wife of *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt, went to work for Perot on a volunteer basis, advising him on foreign policy. "What is wrong with y'all up there?" a prominent lawyer in Texas politics asked me in June. "Have you lost it?" A joke that had once been applied to the bumbling efforts of another rich Texan, Clayton Williams Jr., to run for governor was revived for Ross Perot: "Big hat, no cattle."

In fact, many Texans believed that Perot's ad hoc efforts to make it to the White House were far closer to those of W. Lee "Pappy" O'Daniel, who was active in politics at the same time as Coke Stevenson. Rural Texans had been enthralled by Pass-the-Biscuits Pappy, who even sang his own songs—"Beautiful, Beautiful Texas," "The Boy Who Never Grew Too Old to Comb His Mother's Hair." Along with the songs, according to Caro, came Pappy's "fundamentalist, evangelical homilies on a daily radio program advertising his Hillbilly Flour." Pappy O'Daniel, like Ross Perot 54 years later, mesmerized his audience, drawing the largest crowds in the history of the state and, in Caro's words, "revolutionizing Texas politics." Unlike Perot's, however, Pappy O'Daniel's affection for the limelight was unalloyed.

In June, the desperation to have inside knowledge about Perot reached a frenetic pitch at New York dinner parties. Who would get "the airport treatment" and get picked up by Perot in the old Oldsmobile? Who would get to interview Margot? Perot was clever enough to pronounce that print journalism was not important, thus ensuring that every print journalist in the country would want to interview him. Every small detail was discussed: Barbara Walters, in her early interview, had gotten chigger bites on the Perot lawn. The financier Ted Forstmann traveled to Dallas to discuss Perot's capital-gains-tax policy. Perot arrived to talk to the board of Time Warner; he stopped in, at Felix Rohatyn's invitation, at Lazard Frères. Rohatyn, who had known Perot for years and had told reporters of the candidate's passionate interest in inner-city kids and education, was mentioned by *Texas Monthly* as Perot's possible Treasury secretary. A member of the board of Time Warner asked Perot what he thought of the Haitian-refugee situation, which was on the front page of the papers that week. "I haven't studied it," Perot said, then quickly changed the subject. He said the first country he would visit as president would be Russia. "The Russians don't know the value of anything. We could buy their nuclear weapons for nothing and then store them over there," he said, according to a Time Warner executive who attended the meeting.

However opti- *(Continued on page 98)*


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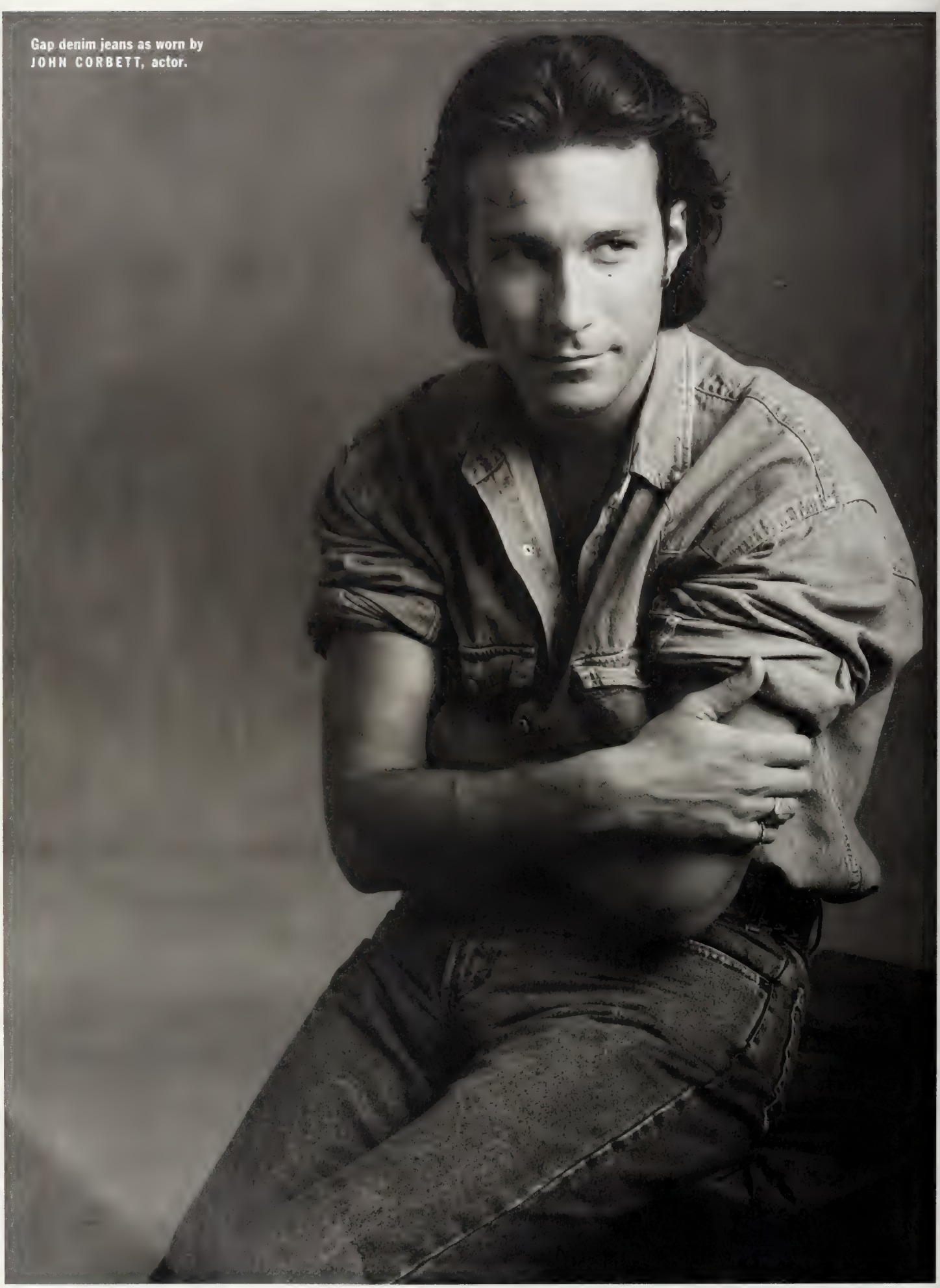


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(Continued from page 88) mistic the staff was originally, there were soon troubling signs about the level of Perot's commitment to national politics. Ed Rollins said he learned from Luce and Meyerson that "Perot did not like to read issue booklets. Perot would tell them, 'They keep giving me these big, thick books. I don't want to read these big, thick books.' "

It was obvious from the beginning that Perot would communicate with his staff almost solely through Tom Luce and Mort Meyerson. Luce and Meyerson tended to protect and isolate Perot, whose patronage had made them both very rich men. Meyerson had helped Perot build EDS. He lived in a converted Dallas power station and was passionate about Oriental art. Perot had donated generously to a symphony hall for Dallas and had it named Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center. Meyerson often wore a telephone headset in the office. Once, according to a campaign staffer, Meyerson looked out his window and clapped his hands very slowly, as if he were doing a form of mantra. Bob Barkin had the impression that Meyerson was trying to "wear the mantle of a shogun." The campaign staff nicknamed Meyerson "Jacques," a reference to Jerry Brown's New Age guru, Jacques Barzaghi. However close Meyerson was to Perot, the campaign staff was bothered by Meyerson's tendency in meetings to call him "sir." Tom Luce addressed him the same way. Luce, trim and cerebral, had once run in a gubernatorial primary. "Do you believe that Ross Perot really cares about you as a person?" Luce was recently asked. After a long pause, he answered, "If anything ever happened to me, I know Ross Perot would take care of my children."

Early in the campaign, Meyerson invited Rollins, Charlie Leonard, and Joe Canzeri to an impromptu dinner at his house. Perot was at his highest point in the polls; pundits all over the country were predicting that he would be the next president. Ed Rollins asked Meyerson, "So what do you think of all this?" Meyerson stood in his vast modern kitchen, which looked out onto a Japanese garden. "I don't," he said as he tossed a salad in a bowl. There was a silence in the kitchen. "I have never voted, and I rarely read a newspaper." He also told his three guests that he had "contempt" for the political process and the media, and that he and Tom Luce had advised Perot, however cautiously, that running for president of the United States was "a very bad idea."

The glow that Perot had emitted during the spring began to fade at an ABC brunch with the top news staff in mid-June. Such special events, essentially social, but with a serious question-and-answer period, are held from time to time at many news organizations. The rule was that nothing said could be put on the air for attribution. Perot went up on a public elevator by himself. He was in good spirits until one ABC vice president asked him to explain more specifically a point he was trying to make about how he would handle qualified people who leave the government to become lobbyists. The executive had a laconic elegance. As he listened to Perot's answer, he calmly stroked his chin. "Aren't you missing the point, Mr. Perot?" the executive asked in a matter-of-fact tone, according to one reporter. Again, Perot danced around his answer. Again, the executive rephrased the question. "Well, you've reworked your question three times," Perot flared. He pushed away from the table, his body rigid. His eyes turned cold and he fixed "a laser stare" on the vice president. "Are you going to do it again? Is that why you brought me here? To put me through another two hours like I just did on the *Today* show?" Perot asked with a snarl. "Is this what you are going to do to me?" The ABC staff clearly saw the dark side of the candidate. "It was the Ross Perot that those of us who have known him have long understood," one reporter said. "We were stunned into a polite silence," said another. "But many of us left that lunch feeling that Perot did not understand the process of what it took to be president. I wanted to say to him, 'Mr. Perot, you must answer questions. This is what it is all about.' "

Rollins and Leonard found themselves in a campaign of silence, where "the candidate often disappeared for days at a time."

The atmosphere at Perot headquarters was always different from that of a real political campaign. The offices felt corporate, plusher than those of any campaign headquarters the professionals had ever been associated with. "So this is what Republican campaigns are like!" Hamilton Jordan joked in his first weeks on the job. The ambience, however, reminded some of the Nixon White House. Each staff member had a set of electronic passkeys: if you were at one level, you got into the front door only; at a higher level you had access to all the doors. Without them, you could not get back into your office if you went to the bathroom. Bob Barkin never got used to the men who drifted in and out of his peripheral vision wearing their "white shirts and polyester ties." Shredders were placed near the desks. Signs were posted on the walls cautioning employees to destroy papers. Although messages were piled on every desk, the Perot security people often insisted that the counters be spotless, and all loose papers put away. "I've never been in a campaign where there weren't even Dunkin' Donut boxes around," Liz Maas said. "Once, we were even told that we had to shred our daily updated telephone list. They felt that was a high-security item!" Bob Barkin said.

These procedures began to affect the mood of the staff. In the first few days of July, Bob Barkin recalled, he and Ed Rollins were sitting in Rollins's office looking at the most recent polls, showing "downward drifts." The more the voters knew about Perot, it appeared, the more negatively they felt about him. Barkin and Rollins were working on a strategy to overcome this slide. "I think we can make this guy the next president," Barkin said. "Yes, but do we really want to?" Rollins replied.

Perot started his morning each day reading the papers. "It would put the guy in a spin all day long," said one member of the staff. "Whenever there was a comment [from one of us] in the paper, he would call up and say, 'This is how you should have said it! This is how you should have done it differently!' " He was particularly enraged one day at what Ed Rollins had said about Jesse Jackson on a TV appearance. Rollins had said, in effect, that they would welcome Jackson's support, but were certainly not courting it. "Perot was furious, because Jesse Jackson is his pal," Charlie Leonard said. "They talk regularly. He said he believed that Jesse Jackson was reaching out to him, when Ed and I knew all along that [Jackson] was

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*Kligman LH, Kligman AM. Photoaging. Fitzpatrick TB, Eisen AZ, Wolff K, et. al. eds. Dermatology in general medicine. 3rd ed. New York: McGraw Hill, 1987; 1470-5

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just trying to get Clinton's attention."

In early June, members of Virginia governor Doug Wilder's staff were believed to have leaked that Ross Perot was considering Wilder as a running mate. Wilder had been approached by a member of Perot's staff about the possibility. But Perot was so angry at what he considered a breach of confidentiality, one senior staff member commented, that he said, " 'Take Wilder off the list! Can him!' He sabotaged an entire candidate. His life this summer was throwing out the baby with the bathwater."

Down the hall from Rollins and Jordan, press secretary Jim Squires sat in his office, talking on the telephone and "balling up messages from reporters whom he did not respect," according to campaign insiders. It is a truism of politics that former newspapermen rarely make good press secretaries; the job calls for both the grace of a diplomat and a sense of humor, and Squires was unable to camouflage his disdain for many members of the press corps. Squires, a former editor, was in a crucial position, trying to help Perot get positioned positively in the first stages of his campaign. "This is a different kind of campaign," Squires told Charlie Leonard. "Don't think we are going to do things like we did things in the past. It is not our job to help 'these people' write their stories. We do not have to return their phone calls." "He was so condescending," Leonard recalled, "he took on a tone like an editor. . . . I went to him the day the news broke that Perot was not going to go to the Kerry hearings on the M.I.A.'s. . . . *Newsday* had called. I went to Squires, and I said I wanted to get back to *Newsday*. He said, 'Tell them maybe we're going.' And I said, 'Is that true?' and he said, 'What's the difference?' " ("I remember Leonard coming to me about this," Squires told me, but it was his impression, he said, "that I left it up in the air, in case Perot decided to go to the hearings.")

For the most urgent press calls, Squires's assistant had to paste a note on his chair to get his attention. "I'm paraphrasing him, but Squires would say, 'These fuckers are going to write anything they want, so why call them back?' " Bob Barkin said. Barkin had once been deputy managing editor of *The Washington Post*. Squires's ire often focused on *The New York Times*'s Washington bureau and sometimes on *The Dallas Morning News*. "Who ever heard of a hometown paper that wasn't cheering on the favorite son?" he asked Barkin.

"The reason the *Times* is against us is because Johnny Apple missed the whole story," Squires said in June, referring to R. W. Apple Jr., the astute *New York Times* senior political correspondent. "I'm now hearing from reporters who have not given me the time of day in years." Recently, Squires told me, "I think it is amazing that I never heard from Apple." Squires said that he had "a problem" with the *Times*'s Washington bureau because he had given tremendous access to *Texas Monthly*'s Lawrence Wright, who was writing a lengthy piece for *The New York Times Magazine*. In an effort to make up for that, he said, he gave Michael Kelly, an award-winning young reporter in the Washington bureau, time with Perot. "The very first story had a snide tone to it," Squires told me, and after that "I stopped giving the *Times* special access." Squires said "the attitude of disdain" infected several members of the Establishment press, especially Elizabeth Drew of *The New Yorker* and Garry Wills.

"The only thing that was going right was that the lights were going on every day," Charlie Leonard said.

"The press operation was a disaster," Ed Rollins said. By the first weeks of July, Squires was assigned to "issues" and was at odds with the campaign professionals. "Hamilton and I did everything possible, including giving every title, every piece of territory, anything possible, to keep Ed Rollins from being fired," Squires said. Perot, Squires insisted, was set to fire Rollins "three times. . . for all kinds of ridiculous behavior, including, from his first days, leaking the fact that he was being hired in the first place." "That is absurd," Rollins said. "Jim handled the press, and he had to be moved out. The field was never under my responsibility. Squires might be a good fiction writer. He obviously wasn't a good press secretary." In a later conversation, Squires said, "Right after Rollins came in, our entire advertising strategy showed up in *Newsweek*, including the fact that Hal Riney was coming in, and none of this had been approved. Perot was furious about this. Perot was always furious over leaks about campaign strategy."

"Ed Rollins's idea about the press is so cynical that they are to be manipulated and fed information all the time," Squires said. "Perot would not stand for that. Perot would not be the victim of leaks." For his part, Rollins said, "[Squires] was basically a guy who was bitter toward his old trade. He had been a very prominent editor; he didn't like what had happened in journalism. He had been away from it for a number of years. He had never been in a presidential campaign. . . . When Hamilton Jordan and I came in, [we argued that] if you are going to play in the big boys' league you are going to have to do it the way everybody else does it. . . . This was Squires's chance for revenge."

Squires rarely left his office, and made it clear he wanted little to do with the campaign staff. He seemed to have forged a strong alliance with Luce and Meyerson. When Perot disappeared, the political professionals used to wander into Squires's office and inquire, "Where is he?" It was obvious that Squires had problems with his colleagues. "Squires accuses us of leaking?" Charlie Leonard asks. "What did we leak? That Ross Perot was involved in the development of Alliance Airport? The stories went bad when the reporters went beyond Ross Perot's speeches about cleaning out the barn and taking out the garbage and started looking at this man's spotted past."

By the end of June, Perot was upset about his press coverage. He began to be an object of caricature: *Texas Monthly* saw him as a loony Alfred E. Neuman; cartoonists rendered his large nose and protruding ears as a monster mask. "Perot would often spend hours trying to track down the sources on pieces that particularly galled him," said Rollins. When *Time* suggested that contractors employed by Perot in Bermuda had blown up a coral reef so that his boat could dock near his house, he "went ballistic," according to Rollins. Perot phoned the reporter and repeatedly called *Time* editor Henry Muller. "We would be in meetings," one *Time* editor recalled, "and someone would come in and say to Henry, 'Ross Perot is on the phone.' Henry would roll his eyeballs and say, 'Take a message.' "

"He could not understand how the press had turned on him," Rollins said. "He said, 'The press was nice to me, and then I hired you guys, and all of a

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sudden I have lousy press.' And I said, 'Ross, it might be that suddenly they are taking seriously this presidential campaign. It is not Hamilton Jordan and I coming on board.' " In fact, Perot and Squires appeared to share an equal disdain for the press. "Perot always said this was a game of 'gotcha.'... He said all the press wanted to do was catch you in a lie. [He said,] 'They never ask you a pure question,' " one staff member recalled.

Perot's attitude about the press often bordered on the bizarre. Pumped up by the adoring crowds, he appeared to suffer a tremendous inflation and paradoxical naïveté. "We were talking about buying 30 minutes of time to air his economic plan, and he said, 'I can just go on *Good Morning America,*' " Tony Marsh recalled. "We said, 'What makes you think the hosts of *G.M.A.* are going to let you?' He was insistent that everybody loved him and they would let him do what he wanted. Originally he was convinced that Bryant Gumbel and Katie Couric really liked him a lot. He said he was going to go and answer a lot of charges. We said words to the effect of 'No offense, pal, but they hate you,' and so he went on anyway, and he got hammered."

"*The Wall Street Journal* and NBC had a poll on July 8," Ed Rollins recalled. "We had told him that he would be dropping in the polls, but he was still leading in those polls. [Perot said,] 'You guys don't know what you're talking about.' I said, 'Ross, look inside the polls. You are eroding. Your negatives are going up. People don't know who you are. You are being defined by negative stories.' We had said [the week before], 'You cannot be on Larry King and the *Today* show all the time. You have to be on other shows. Stay off the air for a week or two and let the Democrats have their convention, and then let's try to get paid television.' To make a long story short, the poll comes out, and someone from the *Today* show calls. From his airplane, Perot calls Meyerson and says he is doing the *Today* show. Meyerson's response was a sort of disbelief, but he said, 'Yes, sir,' which was their typical response. Obviously Perot thought he was getting an hour. He was very unhappy [when he got less]. When he came back, he was in a foul mood."

About the same time, ardent supporters began to turn against him. In late June, one campaign-staff member sent a directive to Luce, Meyerson, Rollins, and Jordan:

IMPORTANT MEMO
Katharine Hepburn's agent just called. We CANNOT afford to lose Katharine Hepburn on our National Advisory Committee! It would make headlines everywhere. I felt you should hear her comments, because she is a person with her finger on the pulse of New York City.

She opened with, "WHAT IS HAPPENING DOWN THERE?" followed by these observations:

—Perot is going down the drain here.
—He is self-destructing.
—He is breaking people's hearts.
—It's disappointing, horrible and shocking.

From the time Perot decided to win back the Texas Medicaid contract, Monge told me, he began to receive a series of harassing calls.

—Those who were for Perot are switching to Clinton.
—He should have new speeches.
—The commercials should be out by now.

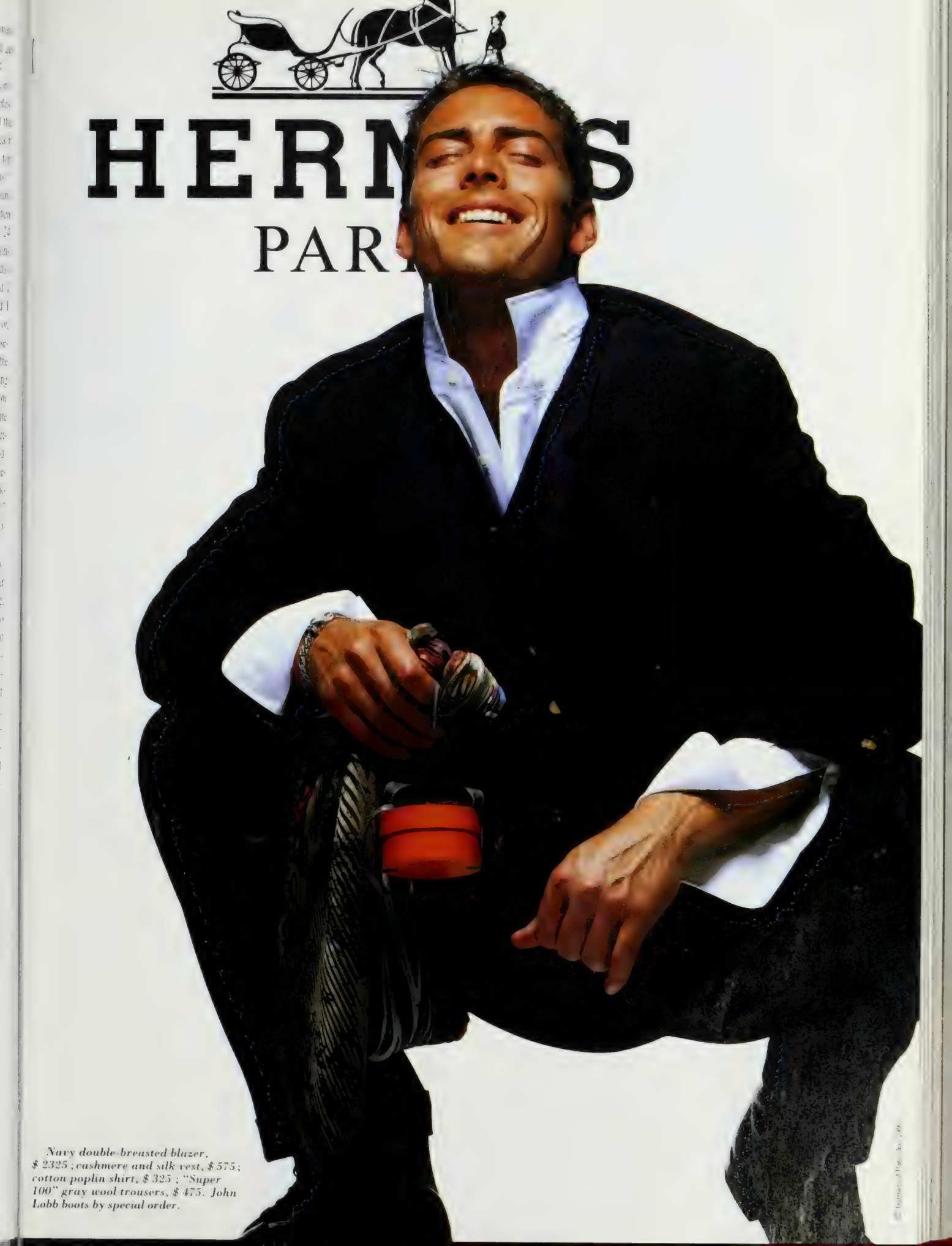
I know people in the entertainment field can be dramatic, but I also think that this lady knows New York. With the petition drive starting tomorrow, we can't afford to have that attitude prevalent in New York City.

From the time he was in the navy, Perot has had a tendency to blame others for elements in his life that he cannot control. He began to blame Ed Rollins for the avalanche of critical stories which had caused "the negatives" to go up in the polls. "Get a bunch of sweet little girls and they'll be nice to [the press], and then the press will be nice back," Perot said, according to Rollins, obviously believing that the legendary good manners of Texas women would soothe the increasingly truculent reporters. By late June, a decided chill had settled over the press corps. At an Annapolis press conference, Perot's country-boy one-liners, which had amused national political reporters during the May-June honeymoon, hardly got a laugh.

By the last week of June, the professionals knew that the campaign was in desperate trouble. The atmosphere in the office had soured. "The only thing that was going right was that the lights were going on every day," Charlie Leonard said. "I used to say, 'I wish I could get to noon without getting depressed,' " Tony Marsh said. All political campaigns border on mania as the professionals jockey with one another, but the Perot campaign was singular. For each daily crisis, there would be plans on top of plans and "plans to make plans," Leonard said. The plans would be submitted to Luce and Meyerson, and then the staff would wait. "It will be 24 hours until we have a decision," Rollins would tell his staff. "Every single day my people would come to work and I would get them all revved up, and I would say, 'Give me an action plan on this' or a memo on vice-presidential selection or direct mail. Meanwhile, the phones would be ringing, and nothing would be planned." At the absolute low point of the campaign, when the entire staff was at gridlock because no decisions were being made, Leonard said, "Ed Rollins said to me, 'Give me a one-pager on all the things we've been talking about that are not getting done.' " Leonard submitted a memo with 10-point-type headlines.

He listed the problems: "No Strategy; Decision Making Too Cumbersome; Our Communications Policy Isn't Working; Our Field Operation Can't Get Up to Speed Fast Enough; Announcement Date and Plans Must Be Finalized; Vice-Presidential Candidate Must Be Recruited Now; There Will Be a Backlash if We Don't Release Our Issue Papers; State Fund Raising Has Potential for Disaster." "Basically, we were like warriors chained to the deck of an aircraft carrier with the dogfight going on—nobody would let us into the fight," Tony Marsh said. "Ed at one point said, 'We are all going to get fired,' " Barkin recalled. "I said, 'Perot is a businessman, and he is going to cut his losses as quickly as he can.' "

All of these elements played a part in what Liz Maas now calls "the weekend from hell." On Friday, July 10, Rollins submitted his now famous memo telling Perot, in effect, to run a proper presidential campaign; or to continue the way he was going, in which case he didn't need Rollins and Jordan; or to quit. "We had argued with Perot that we were in a free-fall, and that if we continued the way we were going with a noncampaign this thing would be over by the Republican convention," Rollins said. A few days earlier, Perot had told Hal Riney that "he didn't want to spend over $5,000 for a commercial." "Ross, I didn't sign



Navy double-breasted blazer, $ 2325 ; cashmere and silk vest, $ 575 ; cotton poplin shirt, $ 325 ; "Super 100" gray wool trousers, $ 475. John Lobb boots by special order.

on to make money,'' Riney is said to have told him. ''I'm here to help you. But a $5,000 commercial is something I would have to shoot with a Beta-cam.'' ''Hal, you are witness to the day that Ross Perot decided he didn't want to be elected president,'' Rollins told Riney later. ''Riney,'' Rollins said, ''was stunned and irritated. He was a first-rate professional who didn't get to show his talents.'' As Riney left the office for the last time, he looked like ''a five-year-old who had just lost a ball game. . . . He was totally dejected,'' one campaign-staff member said.

That Saturday, July 11, Perot was scheduled to address the N.A.A.C.P. ''We had been arguing for a long time that he should go and do the N.A.A.C.P. speech, and he said O.K.,'' Tony Marsh recalled. ''We said, 'You have O. J. Simpson and Shirley Chisholm, and you have all these powerful people in the black community. Let us have some receptions and build some support for you.' He said no. We said, 'Let us write you a speech.' Squires wrote some of it. It didn't matter. He wrote his own speech on the airplane. He wouldn't even let us send down an advance team. He wanted to go alone.''

On Saturday night, the campaign staff gathered in front of the big TV screen in the large carpeted lounge where the employees took their breaks. ''Everyone was watching the speech together,'' a staff member recalled. ''It was like a morgue. When he said the first 'you people'. . . afterwards everyone said, 'That was awful. How could he have said that?' Squires said, 'I didn't have anything to do with that speech.' '' Downstairs, Rollins, Leonard, and Barkin watched the speech in Rollins's office. ''We said, 'Oh, my God, I can't believe he said that,' '' Barkin recalled. ''It was one of the first times Perot hit the wall with his homilies.'' After the speech, an irritated Ross Perot called CNN president Tom Johnson. ''He said, 'I've been sound-bitten to death. That sound bite made me look like David Duke,' '' according to Johnson.

On Monday, Rollins, Jordan, and Squires submitted a new memo: since Perot did not want to run the campaign their way, how did he perceive the next 30 days? While they waited for Perot's response, they tried to buoy one another up, according to Rollins. ''All day we were saying, 'This thing is going to work.' '' On Tuesday, the normal staff meeting was canceled. On Wednesday, Meyerson, Luce, and Rollins went to lunch. Luce and Meyerson, who weeks earlier had told Rollins, ''We have to get these amateurs out of here,'' were sober. ''This is not going to work,'' Rollins said Meyerson told him. ''You professionals need to go.'' Their mood seemed bleak. ''This whole thing is a human tragedy,'' Rollins remembered Meyerson's saying. At this same lunch, held in a small deli near Perot headquarters, Meyerson repeated his suspicion that Rollins was perhaps a spy. According to Rollins, ''Meyerson said, 'We thought this might be a conspiracy. We thought you were here to blow this campaign up, that you were sent here by Bush.' He said, 'We came to the conclusion that you had given up so much that unless the C.I.A. was paying you some exorbitant sum of money. . . ' I said, 'Mort, I assume that's just bullshit.' He didn't respond.''

After lunch, Rollins stopped in to see Hamilton Jordan. ''I said, 'Do you know what's happening?' and he said, 'Perot talked to me this morning. He asked me if I was going to stay.' I said, 'What did you say?' and Hamilton said, ' ''I don't know—is the campaign going to be any different?'' And Perot said no.' I said, 'Hamilton, you've been the one wanting to get out of here for three and a half weeks. The train is leaving the station.' He was like a deer in the headlights. He was just frozen. I said, 'Hamilton, you are not going to survive this thing.' He said, 'Can't I have another day?' And I said, 'You can't have more time. [My resignation] is going to be announced in an hour.' I think the guy was just panicked and didn't know what to do.'' ''Someone had leaked the day before that I was leaving, and I had to issue a statement saying I wasn't,'' Jordan told me. ''I was not inclined 24 hours later to jump out with Rollins and his staff.''

''In any campaign, there are four or five elements that are key,'' Rollins said recently. ''One is a field operation. [With Perot] the field operation was absolute chaos. People were at each other's throats. Second, the press operation was a disaster. The next area, scheduling and advance. . . Perot himself did. Nobody ever knew where he was going or when. . . . Nothing ever got done. Saying all that, the only thing left was television. When I lost the round with Hal Riney, I said, 'There is nothing left. This thing is a fraud.' ''

With Rollins out, the Perot forces attempted to rein in the staff. ''The mo-





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ment we were 'quit/fired,' " Bob Barkin recalled, "I cleaned my computer and put everything on a disc. I kind of thought something was going to go down. . . . I would bet you a year's income that anything any of us were working on is now in their files." Moments later, the security staff appeared by the desks to turn off the phones and the computers. For Barkin, "it was like the scene in *The Empire Strikes Back* where Darth Vader steps onto the bridge of the ship, but he is preceded by the surrogates who rush in and secure the area."

"One hour after Ed had lunch with Meyerson, I went in to see Tom Luce," Charlie Leonard recalled. "He said, 'I'm very sorry this did not work out.' I said, 'I agree.' " Leonard was astonished that Luce, who had always seemed so personable and decent, handed him a detailed typed confidentiality agreement. It was apparent to Leonard that their prior agreement would not be honored unless he accepted the conditions detailed in Luce's letter:

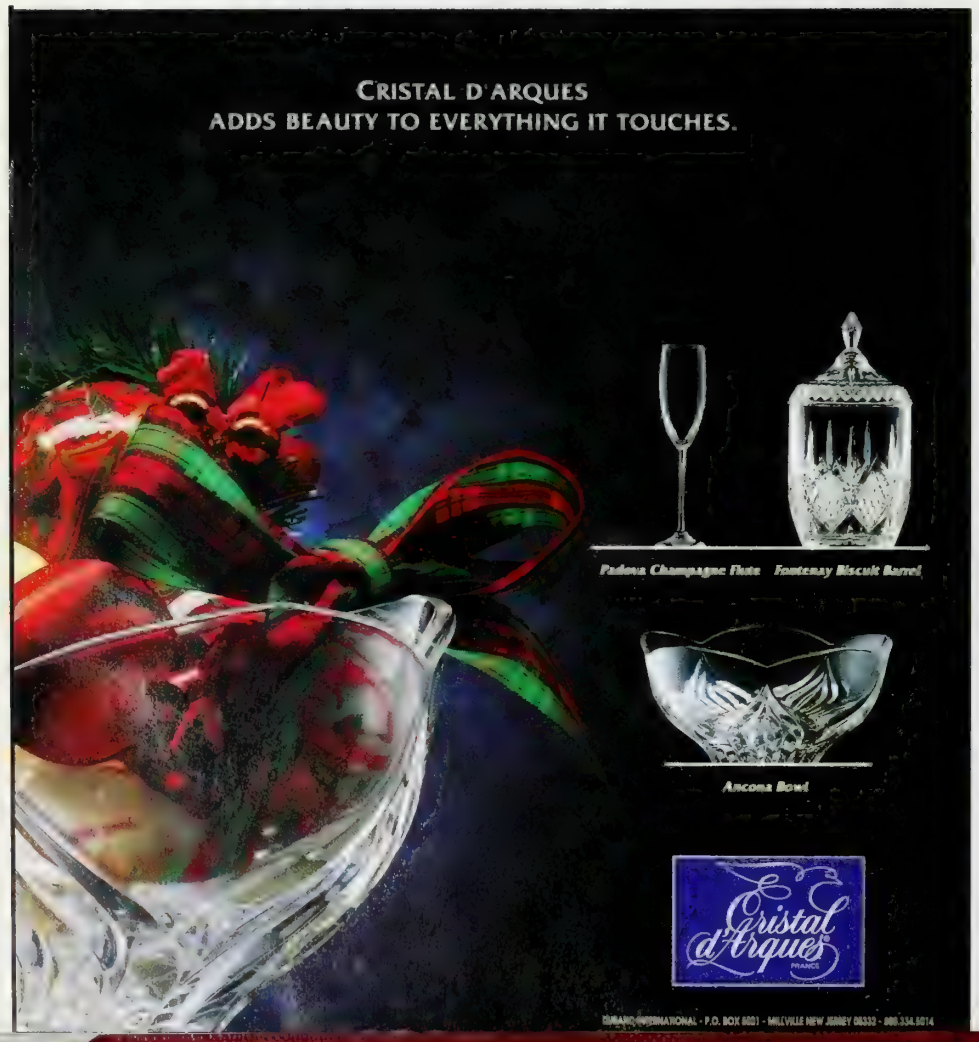
> You agree to refrain from making any disparaging remarks or negative comments, either publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, regarding Ross Perot, his campaign for President, the [Perot Petition Committee]. . . .
>
> In addition, you agree not to disclose any information to which you have been privy that I or the PPC consider confidential, including: information about strategy or tactics; budget information; issues information; information about the Vice-Presidential selection process or selection; conversations, interactions and anecdotes derived from meetings with Ross Perot, Tom Luce, Mort Meyerson, Jim Squires, Hamilton Jordan, or other PPC personnel; or the personality or management style of Ross Perot.

In the end, Ross Perot reverted to being Ross Perot. As Bobby Joe King's benefits had once been terminated, the agreements made with several members of the campaign staff were completely ignored. Charlie Leonard and Ed Rollins were told they would not be paid. According to campaign sources, Liz Maas, a single mother who had given up a $100,000-a-year job, fought to be paid through September. The same ruthlessness Perot had once turned on his competitors at the Bradford National Corporation he now displayed to his campaign staff. Charlie Leonard recalled, "I said to Tom [Luce], 'Tom, I have lost all respect for you. This is not about law, contracts, or politics. This is between two men who shook hands and made an agreement. And you are not honoring your end of the agreement.' Luce said to me, 'I have you on speaker, and Mort Meyerson and Clayton Mulford [a financial officer and Perot's son-in-law] are here.' I said, 'You don't need me on speaker. You don't need witnesses to your phone call. I wish you had the decency to meet with me in person.' . . . I said, 'I'm not angry at you. I pity you.' " ("I said to Leonard, 'You're wrong. We did not have an agreement through December,' " Luce told me.) Jim Squires, whose financial arrangement is being honored, said that he believes Ed Rollins and Charlie Leonard would have been paid "if they hadn't gone out the door and . . . thrown rocks back at the house they'd just left."

Just before Ross Perot stepped before the TV cameras on Thursday morning, July 16, to withdraw, he reportedly stopped in to see Luce. He said, in effect, that the campaign was all Luce's fault. According to one staff member, Luce was in tears. "Luce was in his office the following morning and was obviously upset," Tony Marsh said. "I heard later that Perot had come in and blamed Luce for all the problems. I heard he said, 'We started off on the wrong track by bringing in all these people. You screwed this whole thing up.' " (Luce denies this. "Ross never at any point said those things to me.") In the end, however, it was Luce who had to go to the Perot volunteers to tell them their candidate was out of the race.

(Later, Tom Luce was invited to the White House by the president's son George. "As I was told by someone close to Luce," Rollins said, "when Tom got back to Dallas, Perot called him over and chewed him out. Perot said, 'Who gave you permission to go to the White House?' Tom said, 'Nobody gave me permission. I didn't think I needed permission.' Perot said, 'Well, you need permission when you're out representing me.' Tom said, 'I didn't go representing you. I went representing me.' 'Tom,' Perot said, 'you're a bigger fool than I think you are if you think they have any interest in you.' " Luce confirmed to me that he went to the White House "representing myself," but denied Rollins's version.)

The same morning that Perot announced his decision to get out of the race, Hamilton Jordan got on the telephone to his literary agent, saying that he just might want to do a book about the Ross Perot campaign. □



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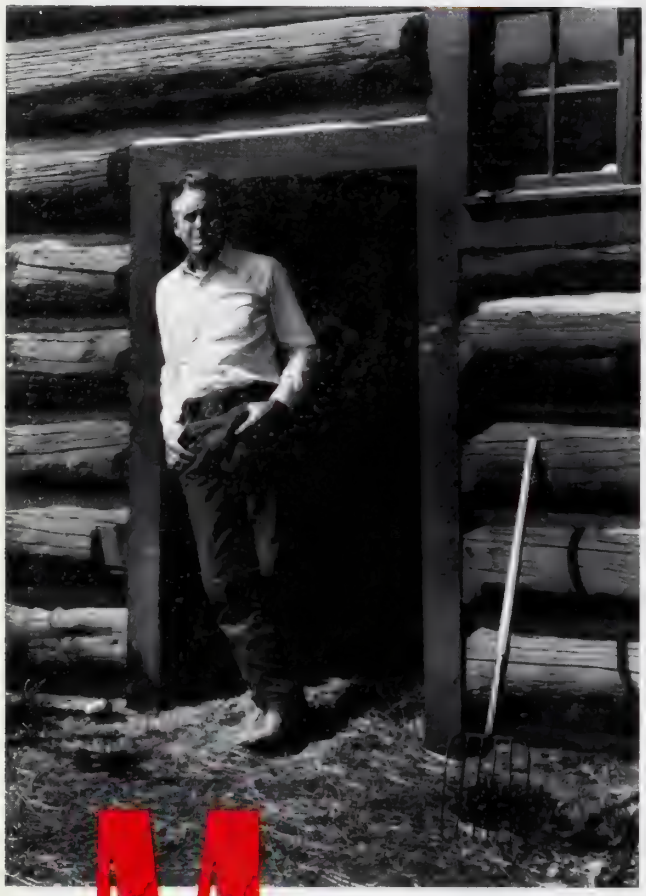


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McGuane: A macho totem with hip flair, Hemingway with styling mousse.

MACHO, MACHO McGUANE

In his new novel, *Nothing but Blue Skies*, Tom McGuane further plumbs the collective psyche of the *cojones*-and-Coors crowd

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Montana has become modern American lit's magnetic north. Its cluster of celebrity talent has made it the Bloomsbury of the Snowbelt. On its Main Streets fresh-faced authors step off the bus in the hope of becoming wind-creased witnesses to the last dying breath of untamed wilderness. What relief! No more Gordon Lish minimalist potty training. No more zombie strolls through the shopping mall to catalogue suburbia's tacky materialism. The prospects for prose are panoramic. Here epics await, written in rock. Situated in Big Sky country between the sissy East and the flaky West, Montana is a state where men are men and the livestock are nervous. "God made women because sheep can't cook," goes a wisecrack in one local novel. Although women writers have cleared some elbowroom (Missoula hosts the Rattlesnake Ladies Salon), Montana is mostly a male hangout, hitching post to such notables as Rick Bass, Rick DeMarinis, Russell Chatham, Tim Cahill, William Kittredge, William Hjortsberg, James Crumley, Ivan Doig, and James Welch. It's never hard rounding up a posse.

But of all these rootin'-tootin' writer fellers, none rides taller in the saddle than Thomas McGuane. A novelist, screenwriter, director, and sportsman, the six-foot-three McGuane is a macho totem with hip flair—Hemingway with styling mousse. In photographs he's as handsome as a silver dollar. (He leaned on the bar like a Marlboro man in *Cold Feet*, a movie he co-wrote with Jim Harrison.) After the ricochet brilliance of his early novels *The Sporting Club* and *Ninety-two in the Shade*, he attracted a Hollywood set of Hawaiian-shirt party hearties who sunned themselves like alligators down in Key West between debauches. His relations with actresses such as Margot Kidder and Elizabeth Ashley made him the sex symbol of English majors everywhere. All this hula dancing at dawn took a toll. His writing became so smug and elliptical that he seemed to be murmuring sweet nothings into a microphone tucked in his sleeve rather than writing for us peons. The serpent coil went out of his sentences. He was in danger of becoming a cult writer without a cult.

He eventually crawled from the wreckage, abandoning the pile of bodies on the front lawn for a solid marriage to Laurie Buffet, sister of the singer Jimmy Buffet. He also stopped drinking. His novels showed newfound maturity without muzzling his moon-dog wit. After the burnout absurdism of *Panama*, which read like Robert Stone and Barry Hannah exchanging personalities after a toke, he redeemed himself with *Something to Be Desired*, the collection *To Skin a Cat*, and—especially—his critically hurrahed 1989 novel, *Keep the Change* (later turned into a TV movie by William Petersen, whose picky walk suggested he hadn't had time to break in his boots). *Keep the Change* had flow, which perhaps isn't surprising, since McGuane writes in an office whose porch overlooks the Boulder River. "By the door is a fishing rod he keeps just in case the trout start to jump," reports *Time*. Like *Keep the Change*, McGuane's new novel, *Nothing but Blue Skies* (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence), is set in Deadrock, Montana, where everyone's about halfway out the door. But there's more biting



KURT MARKUS

Kirn: Since settling in McGuane country, he's made a bobcat reputation for himself.


GIORGIO ARMANI
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down at the lodge than tomorrow's blue-plate special. Adultery in Deadrock has everyone doing backflips. Bedrooms are as busy as French farce. Coordinating backdoor intrigues and outdoor activities, McGuane has pioneered a whole new genre: the fucking-and-fishing novel.

Frantic action fails to stop McGuane's heroes from feeling they've fallen short somehow. From the outset his fiction has concerned frittering away one's legacy through drink, drugs, and bad choices of cellmates. His heroes are hippie souls who shun the stony paths of their puritanical fathers to subject themselves and everyone around them to elaborate head trips. (In this novel the son is stripped of his rightful due after letting a building he was managing be used for a pigsty orgy.) Nearly always there's a woman they're trying to win back, a symbol of steadfast love in a washing-machine tumble of casual sex. Eventually the hero recognizes the sheer emptiness of his catting around and decides to put down fresh roots for the hazy future.

Nothing but Blue Skies takes a spin around this familiar block. Spin is the word. Like all of McGuane's Montana novels, it clocks a lot of drive time, the cars his characters pilot telling us more about their personalities than their living rooms do. (Their front seats *are* their living rooms.) Frank and Gracie Copenhaver, the couple in *Nothing but Blue Skies,* have a two-car marriage. She drives a tidy Plymouth Valiant, while he steers a Darth Vader–ish Electra, whose "wanton deep pleats of its velvety upholstery invited stains." Their cars are about to take a fork in the road. As the novel opens, Frank finds himself left like a fool by Gracie, whose new lover he pictures as a drooling new face on Mount Rushmore. Oh, what might have been. "She had promised she would learn how to fish so that they would have more time together, but that plan went sour."

Without the love of a good woman, what's a man to do? In a McGuane novel, wander around in circles until he bumps into a kindred fool. Male bonding receives a tryout as Frank and his friend Phil go fishing: "Time to rip some lips," says Phil as trout leap through invisible hoops. Like the evolved men they aim to be, they "share" on the ride home, as Phil tells Frank that he caught his own wife playing bucking bronco with the family doctor. "I guess that if we didn't have trout fishing, there'd be nothing you could real-


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ly call pure in our lives," Phil laments.

But fishing is only half of an f-and-f novel. With the tackle box stowed away, Frank has some impure prowling of his own to do. Bachelorette number one is a travel agent named Lucy, who takes him in hand: " 'Ooh,' she said, 'it's harder than Chinese arithmetic.' " But after Lucy has the poor form to act unladylike in bed ("All grace went out of her"), she vexes him further by not evaporating once they've had sex. "He went downstairs to the kitchen and put three shredded wheat biscuits into a bowl. To his aggrieved eye, they looked like sanitary napkins." *Say what?* Then he beds down with a radiologist named Elise, who also gets a good grip. "In Frank's room, she peered examiningly at his cock. 'The baleful instrument of procreation. Ooh,' she said, squeezing hard. . ." After *her* oohing, she has the poor taste to break wind in the bathroom. Once Frank has the room to himself, however, he feels a surge of pride seeing the twisted sheets. As he shaves he tells himself he doesn't need to tone his physique. "What difference does it make if my flesh is firm, he thought smugly, if they're going to put out like that anyway?"

McGuane's scenery is a beer-can-dotted paradise, his dialogue offbeat, his delivery sneaky-fast—but there's no substitute for plain story.

Unlike Richard Ford, McGuane doesn't bury his attraction/aversion to women under layers of mattress foam. It's right there on the ripsnorting surface, not only in mental leaps like the sanitary-napkins comparison but also in throwaway remarks, as when Frank's brother, Mike, says at the end of a discussion about putting the old homestead up for sale, "People who are out there trying to scoop up old family places are in on this bullshit. It's kind of like date rape. You can't get fucked if you don't spread your legs." For a woman to spring open for a man is to incur rancor for being messy, slutty, entrapping. Intercourse in *Blue Skies* is mostly slapstick, from the awkward screw Frank and Lucy later have in the back of a Buick (her butt hanging out) to a bit of coitus interruptus near the end. The slapstick is not only there for comic relief but to provide Frank with a safety release. The pratfalls allow him to roll free, like Charlie Chaplin popping out of the machinery.

What McGuane never acknowledges is that for all their mooning what his men truly want from women is distance. Miles of it. The primary mode in *Blue Skies* is not mating but masturbation. In the novel's most revealing scene, Frank throws himself a pity party in his bathrobe. He has a fever and nobody loves him. "*People* magazine was always talking about the glitterati. Well, he belonged to the bitterati. This thought caused him to burst out in a laugh, but snot flew from his nose onto the bedcovers. He wasn't about to be overpowered by snot, and so, covering first one nostril, then the other, he recklessly blew snot all over everything. . ." The reference to bedcovers is the tip-off that we're not talking about snot here but semen, and that Frank's desire is to spatter everything around him with lone defiance. Duck, coppers! As if to underscore the message, McGuane then has Frank fall into a blissful state of sleep as he quotes the lyrics of the song that gives the novel its title. *Blue skies smiling at me, / Nothing but blue skies do I see*. . .No matter how deep McGuane delves into the everyday buzz (like Updike's Rabbit books, *Blue Skies* is crammed with news bulletins), his protagonists are drawn into solitary daydreams—cloudless swoons.

Daydreams are central to fiction, soap bubbles piped through our unconscious. The problem with McGuane's fiction is that he's never found a way to clear narrative space for his characters' unsuppressed wants. His books suffer from clutter, side trips, stop-start plotting, farfetched schemes (like Frank's plan to convert a landmark hotel into a chicken coop), facile nihilism ("He contemplated with a faint, annunciatory smile the idea that nothing really was important" —annunciatory, my. . .). Even *Keep the Change*, which has a smooth comic glide for most of its pages, contains colorful filler and peasant-appetite close-ups of minor characters: "Ivan was a hearty, life-loving man, and it wasn't long before he was greedily passing hunks of steak into his mouth." McGuane's scenery is a beer-can-dotted paradise, his dialogue offbeat, his delivery sneaky-fast—but there's no substitute for plain story. Not that McGuane's admirers mind. The slack plotting in his novels leads friendly reviewers to praise them as "picaresque." Picaresque, schmicaresque—*get to the point*. Or at least crack some cold sweats from that pointlessness. No matter how far his heroes skid, their predicaments remain playground-cute. McGuane's always funning.

No one could accuse Walter Kirn's first novel, *She Needed Me* (Pocket Books), of lacking crisis atmosphere. The author of an acclaimed collection called *My Hard Bargain*, Kirn is a former deskmate at *Vanity Fair*. Always helpful, I tried my best to be a big brother to him during his brief incarceration. We went Christmas caroling together and played catch in the hall. But he had this faraway look in his eye. Saying adios to the shallow New York magazine scene, he headed to Montana to become a Real Writer. Since settling in Tom McGuane country, he's made a bobcat reputation for himself. His car flipped over in a daredevil traffic accident. His former agent and current agent engaged in fisticuffs at the A.B.A. convention. So it comes as no surprise that his first novel (whose list of acknowledgments includes McGuane's longtime pal Jim Harrison) eschews the tentative peach fuzz of his short stories. Confrontation is constructed into the opening sentence: "We met outside an abortion clinic."

The "we" is pro-life activist Weaver Walquist (what kind of name is that anyway?) and the woman he's trying to dissuade from abortion, Kim Lindgren. The novel is told in Weaver's voice, and Kirn has a tough time securing the creepy-sincere tone. "The sacredness of human life, the destruction of American society, and why Kim should take a couple of weeks to consider options besides abortion. Those were the topics I hoped to bring up as we sat in my car an hour or two later, eating our burgers and french fries and trying to bring an awful day to a peaceful ending." Yet such is the strength of simple story that once Kim executes her decision, a sick hollow seems to hang in the air. Pro-choice, pro-life—useless labels that fail to convey the almost animal sense of loss. *She Needed Me* would have packed more punch as a novella. But nobody buys novellas nowadays, news that has reached even the remote cabins of Montana. □

Louis Vuitton

A Traveler's Story



LOUIS, GEORGES AND GASTON VUITTON

To appreciate the influence Louis Vuitton has had on modern travel, one must first travel back through time. With each passing decade, one thing becomes clear: the history of Louis Vuitton is virtually synonymous with the history of transportation. His originality, innovation and craftsmanship have accompanied the world's most cultivated travelers since 1854. And today his successors continue the tradition that keeps the House of Louis Vuitton at the heart of travel.



LOUIS VUITTON'S JOURNEY.
Anchay, in the heart of Jura, is the birthplace of Louis Vuitton, and the village he left in 1835 at the age of 14. One year later, he arrived in Paris to discover a city where the economy and arts were flourishing. It was in 1854, in the era of imperial festivities that he founded the House of Louis Vuitton. Later, in 1867, when Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie inaugurated the opening of the Paris Opera, Louis Vuitton luggage was garnering its first awards at the Universal Exhibition.



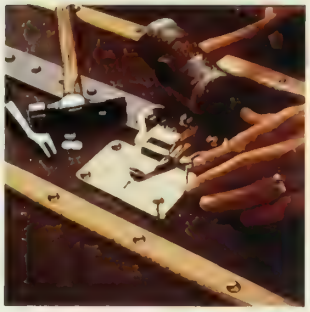
REVOLUTIONARY TRUNKS.
Convinced that traditional chests did not meet new travel demands, Louis Vuitton set a precedent: trunks that could be stacked in a luxury liner's hold or in a train's baggage compartment. Beyond practical innovation, he also added a new elegance to the trunks by covering them in canvas.



Louis Vuitton, the First Master Craftsman of Luggage.

At the age of 14, Louis Vuitton decided to go to Paris. With no money to get there, he made the 400 kilometer journey to the capital on foot. Taking odd jobs along the way to pay for food and lodging, Louis, the son of a carpenter, perfected his own wood-working craft. He became an expert on the properties of various woods and was soon adept at using traditional tools like the gouge and the "colombe". It took Louis Vuitton a year to reach the capital. When he arrived, he found that Paris was the epitome of style and elegance. Sumptuous, elaborate wardrobes were the rage. This is where Louis learned to pack such finery. His skills were so impressive that he suddenly found himself in the service of the Empress Eugénie. He became her favorite packer. The idea of French Haute Couture was just emerging and the dressmakers responsible for this revolution were working around the Place de la Madeleine. It was in this quarter that Louis Vuitton established





THE TOOLS OF TRADITION.

His tools in the lurá and his years of master workmanship in Paris gave Louis Vuitton a deep understanding of woodworking. He never stopped perfecting his craft or sharing it with his successors. Thus, even today, in the Louis Vuitton workshops in Asnières, artisan luggage-makers use the same skills perfected so long ago.



THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN TRAVEL.

Louis Vuitton always [illegible] up with and even anticipate new forms of travel, thus he could respond to the demands of the most sophisticated travelers.

his presence with his very first creations. Combining his woodworking expertise with his dress-packing experience, Louis Vuitton invented the first flat trunks. This effort established his reputation as a master craftsman of luggage. His stackable trunks, both solid and practical were covered in a'n elegant grey Trianon canvas. His level of fine detail, inventiveness and the obvious devotion to his work quickly assured Louis' success. The orders came rushing in. It is this same attention to detail, this same quest for luxury and durability that can still be found in the very latest Louis Vuitton creations.



A TRUE EXPERT IN LEATHER WORK.

Louis Vuitton recently launched the Epi leather line in six vibrant colors. Epi leather was inspired by a [illegible] used by the House in the 1920s. The models in this line have a contemporary elegance but also represent all the attributes of traditional Louis Vuitton craftsmanship. This octogonal Beauty Case is an example.



EARLY LOCK AND CANVAS.

The two tumbler lock (1890) and the Monogram canvas (1896) are Georges Vuitton's two primary inventions. With five bits of metal, cut and assembled to produce an infinite number of combinations, Georges created a theft-proof and personalized lock. Each client received his own personal combination, which secured all of his luggage. And to thwart counterfeiters, Georges created a new canvas design with intertwined LV initials, in memory of his father. This design became an immediate success and is still contemporary today.

Georges Vuitton Travel as an Artform.

The crowd was thick in New York's port in April of 1893. The Touraine, a General Transatlantic Company liner had just arrived. And on board were the finest inspirations in contemporary travel. Many voyagers had come to see the great Chicago Exhibition. Among them was Georges Vuitton, whose samples were considered to be unparalleled. Three years before, this heir of Louis Vuitton had created a special lock featuring five pick-proof tumblers. This exhibition was, for Georges, the culmination of his passion, which he reveals in his study of the evolution of travel, Le Voyage. Published in 1894, it earned Georges Vuitton the title of officer in the Académie

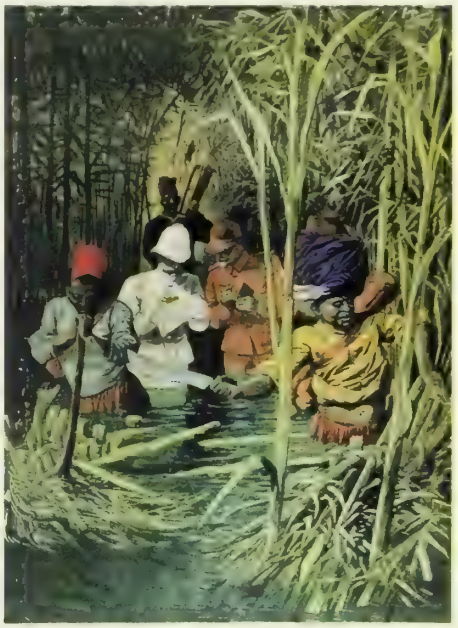


"LE VOYAGE" OF GEORGES VUITTON.

In August of 1892, Georges Vuitton began a study on the evolution of transportation and luggage. His investigation lead to an illustrated book, Le Voyage, which he published in 1894. And this book earned him the title of officer in the Académie on August 26, 1896.

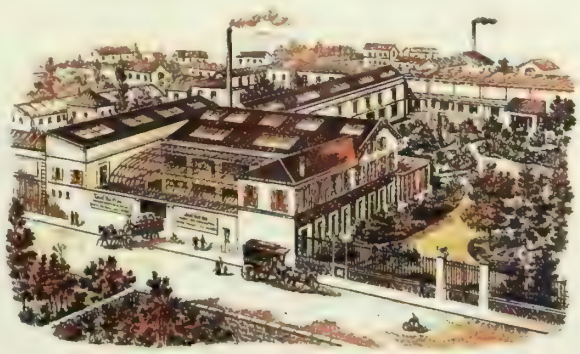


THE WARDROBE TRUNK,
available since 1875, is a genuine
[illegible]
without wrinkling. In 1931,
[illegible]
lined with red moroccan leather
[illegible]



THE EXPLORER SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA,
before leaving on his search for the source of the Congo in 1876, ordered from Louis Vuitton what was to become the famous trunk bed.

in 1896. That same year, an overwhelming number of counterfeits inspired Georges to update the Louis Vuitton line. He designed a new pattern which became his trademark. Still the classic symbol of the House of Louis Vuitton, the Monogram canvas (as durable as it is famous) is decorated with the intertwined initials of Louis Vuitton. This pattern still reflects the heritage of craftsmanship established in the original Louis Vuitton workshops at Asnières in 1860. It was here that sixty craftsmen with unmatched skill, used router planes, awls, sanding planes, knives, saws and other tools to create luggage that would turn Louis Vuitton into a global sensation. Elegant and resistant, this luggage was ready to go anywhere. In 1898, Georges Vuitton himself crossed the Algerian and Tunisian deserts on horseback specifically to test his new pieces.



ASNIERES, THE LIVING MEMORY OF LOUIS VUITTON.
In 1860, Louis decided to create a separate production site from his store. His choice was Asnières, near Paris, because of the transportation possibilities offered by both the Seine and the train from Saint-Lazare. Asnières, where his family lived until the 1970's, along with the Louis Vuitton Travel Museum is still considered the true center of the House. Artisan luggage craftsmen continue to fill prestigious custom orders in these workshops today.

Gaston L. Vuitton, Modernizing Tradition.

Immersed very early in the work of his father Georges, Gaston Vuitton traveled regularly to open the new shops established in New York, Biarritz, London and Nice. A regular on the great transatlantic liners and new trains like the Orient Express, the Gold Arrow and the Train Bleu, he was very sensitive to every technical and aesthetic innovations. Yet he was also quite passionate about antique traveling pieces. In fact, Gaston Vuitton assembled an extraordinary collection of antique chests which he displayed in Paris, London, Boston and New York in 1926. Among these rare pieces, one can admire a trunk originally belonging to Marie de Medici along with several eighteenth century chests. Even a Japanese trunk covered in sharkskin. As Vice President of the Salon of Decorative Arts, Gaston established close links with the artists of his time. He invited these artists to participate in his own creations when he was in need of more refined bottles and silver accessories. This blending of talent contributed to some of the most beautiful pieces of the House. And since every genius likes to try new disciplines, Gaston decided to create small pieces like dressing-table sets and manicure sets. These pieces, with their detailed wood, silver and mother-of-pearl



GASTON LOUIS VUITTON

was initiated into the craft of luggage making at the age of fourteen. Passionately devoted to the evolution of travel, Gaston was also extremely creative.





THROUGH HIS MANY TRAVELS

by land and sea, Gaston, who shared his father's passion for travel accessories, brought together a fabulous collection of antique and exotic trunks. These trunks, which continue to enrich the Louis Vuitton heritage, are now preserved at the Louis Vuitton Travel Museum in Asnières.

THE KEEPALL BAG WAS CREATED IN 1924 BY GASTON VUITTON.

Sensitive to the evolution of travel demands, he observed the new interest among his clients for soft compact bags that would be more suitable for short trips. It was the perfecting of the new resistant, waterproof canvas in 1959 which enabled him to develop the Monogram design in a more contemporary form. Soft and light, the remarkable container, the Keepall bag, could easily be folded to fit into small spaces and even packed into the bottom of a suitcase as an overnight bag.

accents show the true artistry at hand in the Asnières workshops. His penchant for style and artistry also influenced the design and ingenious organization of the trunks, accoutrements and other luggage. The mixture of traditional and modern elements resulted in the invention of a new coating in 1959 that added a suppleness and durability to the Monogram canvas. Until then, it had been reserved for more formal and rigid luggage. But when used in the making of soft bags, it became an immediate success. Light, waterproof and solid, the soft bags, Steamer bag and Keepall defined a new standard of travel.







TRAVEL FURNITURE REMAINS ONE OF THE SPECIALTIES OF LOUIS VUITTON.

collaborate with renowned

traditional high standards of quality and prestige. An example is this leather and sycamore travel furniture, signed by Christian Liaigre for Louis Vuitton in 1991. Created as a limited, numbered series, this stool and folding desk mimic, for writing enthusiasts, the original folding stools used by artists. Among the special orders produced by Gaston Vuitton, certain pieces are still regarded as true masterpieces. The writing desk trunk of the symphony conductor Leopold Stokowski is a model still available in the catalogue today. Presented at the Decorative Arts Show in 1925, the "Milano" is a display chest in red moroccan leather; cut crystal flacons with platinum stoppers, brushes and carved fittings boast the degree of refinement which accessories can achieve.



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LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS

MAISON FONDEE EN 1854

As you read the morning newspaper, you quickly come to an undeniable conclusion. Our world is in rough shape. Our environment. Our families. Our values.

A SANE, RATIONAL ARGUMENT FOR GIVING THE ENTIRE COUNTRY BACK TO THE INDIANS.

Now, the only way we can change the world we live in, is to change the way we think. And a good place to start is by becoming better acquainted with the traditional American Indian beliefs. For reasons of economy, we'll briefly mention how traditional American Indian thinking applies to just four timely issues: The destruction of the wilderness. The breakdown of the family. Greed. And international turmoil.





The destruction of the wilderness. You can't watch television for fifteen minutes without hearing about another toxic dump or another endangered species. To the American Indian, nature is more than a collection of water and landforms, it's their religion and thus it's treated with the appropriate respect. There is the belief that everything must be kept in balance and to disrupt this balance (pollution, over-hunting, over-developing, etc.) will only result in tragedy.

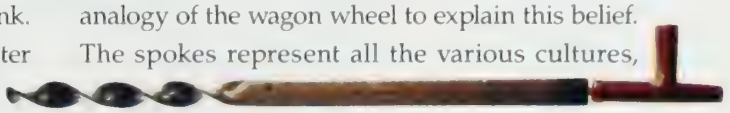


The breakdown of the American family. It's a sad and widely accepted fact. In traditional American Indian culture, though, the family is not only strong, it spans many generations. The children are also raised by the aunts and uncles and elders for Indians believe it's best for a child to learn from as many people as possible to give them a more well-rounded education. Also, child abuse was unheard-of in the traditional American Indian world. In their journals, Lewis and Clark often commented with amazement how the Indians never struck their children.

Greed. So many modern problems can be directly traced to that emotion. The American Indians, though, believe wealth and success only means that you're able to give more to others, and materialism only removes one further from God.

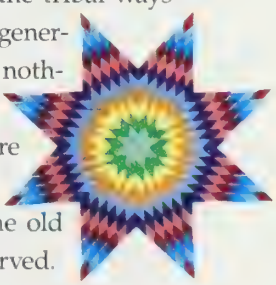


The international problems. Most often they occur because one culture becomes intolerant of another. The American Indians, on the other hand, believe all cultures are equally important. The Indians often used the analogy of the wagon wheel to explain this belief. The spokes represent all the various cultures, each one unique unto itself. None of the spokes could ever be removed or shortened or lengthened, because they are all absolutely necessary for the wheel (the earth) to turn.



As stated earlier, these are only four examples demonstrating how relevant traditional American Indian beliefs are. But the greater problem is that the American Indian culture is in danger of becoming extinct. 200 years of forced assimilation has done everything possible to dilute and destroy their world. And the greatest hope for survival is through the 26 tribal colleges. The tribal colleges were formed to keep the tribal ways alive and to reintroduce them to a generation of Indians who may know nothing about their heritage. The results have been remarkable. More Indians are becoming educated, tribal pride is increasing, and the old ways are being restored and preserved.





The tribal colleges, though, are struggling financially and to survive this decade, they are going to need your help.

So please call 1-800-776-FUND. And help save a culture that could save ours.

AMERICAN INDIAN COLLEGE FUND

American Indian College Fund, 21 East 40th St., Suite 201 PA, New York, NY 10028. We would like to give a special thanks to US West for [illegible]



Giancarlo Giammetti, the business head of the couture house of Valentino, in Rome. "Valentino always lived beyond his means, expecting money would come," says an acquaintance, "and because of Giancarlo it has."

PASCAL CHEVALLIER

DON GIAMMETTI

Giancarlo Giammetti is the man behind Valentino's enduring fashion legacy. Next to the pope, he may also be the most influential man in Rome

BY AMY FINE COLLINS

In Rome, across the Tiber from Saint Peter's and the papal palaces of Vatican City, lies another, smaller complex of buildings, itself a sort of city-state. It is the House of Valentino, lodged in the 16th-century Palazzo Mignanelli and the adjoining Accademia Valentino, formerly a sculpture academy. From the broad flagstone Piazza Mignanelli—the public portion of the compound—rises the Column of the Immaculate Conception, topped by the Holy Virgin. But it might as well be Venus—Beauty, not Purity, is worshiped here. From these grand, ocher-toned headquarters, couturier Valentino Garavani and his career-long business partner, Giancarlo Giammetti, rule a burgeoning empire that at the moment encompasses 39 freestanding boutiques, 500 employees, and scores of licensees—making everything from ball gowns to ballpoint pens—all of which generates a wholesale volume of around $675 million a year. Thanks to Giammetti's entrepreneurial genius, the same regal "V" logo that crowns the palazzo's monumental arched doorway now stands in millions of consumers' minds for a kind of *dolce vita* glamour that has all but disappeared from the world—except perhaps the one inhabited by Valentino and Giammetti. They have become such an institution, Mario d'Urso, senior adviser for American Express in Italy, says, that when foreign V.I.P.'s come to Rome "it is either to see the pope, the Italian government, or Valentino and Giammetti."

The House of Valentino is, as French style editor Marie-Paule Pellé puts it, "a kingdom ruled by two kings." They are two sides of the same Roman coin—on the obverse a gentle, poetic Marcus Aurelius, on the reverse a pragmatic, bellicose Vespasian. Valentino, heavy-lidded and serene, was, Pellé says, "born with the idea of luxe"—and a prodigious facility for creating beautifying, feminine clothes. Giammetti, mercurial and restless, was endowed with an almost feral quickness of mind. He has the alarming ability to snatch out of your head thoughts that you haven't even finished forming, much less articulated. Marco Rivetti, president of Gruppo Finanziario Tessile (producer of Valentino's high-end ready-to-wear), says, "He understands in two seconds what normally for others takes two minutes. Giammetti is the smartest man I've ever met in fashion."

Giammetti has been described to me in advance as, in ascending evolutionary order, a snake, a bantam, and a fox. When I am finally ushered into his office on the palazzo's *piano nobile*, I see at once that it is the last zoological simile that fits. He rises swiftly, almost joint-


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lessly, from a tufted leather sofa to greet me. His sharp, handsome face, as tanned as his upholstery, sets off a silver helmet of hair. Dark eyebrows arc toward his forehead like a pair of parentheses, framing fast, piercing brown eyes. "Peter Marino [who designed Giammetti's new Rome apartment] told you I have good paintings. It's not true," he says in his husky voice. The modesty of his opening remark is disarming—it's a winsome gambit out of context with the drop-dead grandeur of our surroundings. Restored to their original polychrome and gilded late-Renaissance splendor, the ceilings are 26 feet high. Allegorical frescoes from the 19th century parade across the tops of the walls, while a vast Aubusson rug covers the floor. Virile fixtures are scattered about—aggressively uncomfortable buffalo-horn chairs, a colossal pair of 18th-century tables adorned with lion masks, and a cluster of small marble pillars, modeled after the stanchions seen around Roman fountains. "Phallic symbols," Giammetti says with a boyish laugh, exposing a flash of white teeth. But the 1930s School of Rome painting behind his desk is a tribute to the original, feminine source of Giammetti's and Valentino's fortunes: women and dresses. The canvas, by Emanuele Cavalli, depicts a woman in a corset attended by two other females, one of whom holds a dress on a hanger.

Giammetti not only has constructed an empire around Valentino but has also built—out of loyal employees, devoted friends, and assorted hangers-on—a family for him. The business he runs is half multinational conglomerate, half Italian mom-and-pop shop. "We are a happy family with two fathers," Valentino says. "We are responsible to all these people, to give them bread." Among the Valentino brood is Daniela Giardina, head of Valentino Garavani Promotion, who has been with the company 20 years. She gives me a tour of the building, pausing longest in the sunny third-floor couture workrooms, where flocks of white-smocked women toil silently around long, tidy tables. (The couture clothes are stitched together without sewing machines.) Giardina introduces me to Anna, the premier of the tailoring atelier, who has been with Valentino 30 years. Though the couture operation loses around $8 million a year, according to a Valentino executive, Giammetti would never shut it down. Marc Vincent, foreign-business vice president, tells me later, "The couture gives Valentino credibility, it is the source for all our ideas for licensees, and, most of all, it keeps Valentino happy." Carlos Souza, image coordinator for the affordably priced Oliver label (named by Giammetti for Valentino's pug), whom I visit next, on the fourth floor, began with the company 18 years ago. He is now concentrating on the development of the Oliver Two weekend-wear line, Giammetti's attempt to keep pace with the Gap-ward direction of the times. "Being a family is the secret here," says Souza, a dark, good-looking Brazilian who rose from house model. His sons, eight-year-old Sean and five-year-old Anthony, make almost daily visits to the offices; Valentino and Giammetti, it turns out, are the boys' doting godfathers. Countess Marina Cicogna, who knew Valentino even before Giammetti did, says the company's clannishness is Giancarlo's method of "building a protective fence around Valentino's life, creating a secure environment for him."

"Paloma told me that she thought it was one of the nicest she had seen in a private collection," Giammetti says of his Picasso.

The Valentino tribe also travels together—on Valentino's yacht, to Giammetti's country villa in Cetona, or to Valentino's houses on Capri and in London, New York, and Gstaad—usually with the addition of a few longtime friends, most of whom either patronize Valentino or have worked for the company in some capacity. Mikhail Baryshnikov, who entered the Valentino orbit in the late 70s, when the couturier underwrote a Roland Petit ballet, says, "The strategies of business and of personal relationships are tangled, tight, and polished. They know the dance so well." Marie-Paule Pellé adds, "It's a strange house. When I was there during Easter, Valentino excused himself, saying that it was time for Mass. I thought they were going to church, but instead the church came to them. A priest set up an altar in the couture showroom, and all the people in the house—down to the workers in white smocks—were linked together."

One benefit of keeping the Valentino operation so incestuous is that all facets of the business remain well within the scope of Giammetti's vigilant eye. "I've never seen anyone put in the hours every day that Giammetti does," says Marc Vincent, who is in the unique position of having also worked for Giammetti's nemesis and counterpart, Pierre Bergé, Yves Saint Laurent's formidable business partner. "Giammetti works from 9:30 to 9, even on Friday, sometimes Saturday. He wants to check, double-check, triple-check. He's never satisfied with anything. He's always questioning things." In contrast, "Bergé is in the office two, three, four hours a day. He prefers to delegate." Valentino vice president for international organization Beatrice Bongibault catalogues Giammetti's overwhelming involvement in the company. "He's responsible for all financial matters, decides what should be bought by Valentino's boutiques, gives approval on every collection, chooses models and music for the shows, attends fittings, decides the order in which the girls walk and what each one wears. He chooses the photographers and models for the ads [all produced in-house], and he knows fabrics. He can pass from one thing to another so quickly—I don't think there are many people who can follow him."

Sitting in her fourth-floor office, which overlooks the monster-head doorway of the Palazzetto Zuccari across the street, Bongibault concludes, "He is tough on himself. So he is tough with everybody else, in the house and outside, but never with Valentino." International banker Edmond Safra, a business associate and friend (his wife, Lily, is a couture client), says Giammetti's controversial managerial style arises from "a special quality he has: he believes he doesn't need you." Giammetti admits to terrorizing his staff. "I am like a hurricane hitting Florida. They're like houses closed up. They shut their windows and doors, lie low, and wait for it to pass," he says. "But in the end we always forgive him, because he is so brilliant," Bongibault notes.

Not everybody is so willing to indulge Giammetti's temper; his sometimes inflammatory disposition has earned him his share of enemies. "I'm not afraid of people not liking me," he says. "If I want to conquer somebody, I do." In 1989 he incurred the wrath of Rome (just before packing the Valentino couture show off to Paris) by declaring at a

It's life. It's kind of fun to dress for it.



Liz claiborne

LIZWEAR

Christian

Dior



DEMI-TEINTES

Couture Makeup Collection, Fall 1992

Christian Dior
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press conference that local fashion audiences were "full of out-of-work actresses and second-rate socialites" who borrow rather than buy dresses. "It was a scandal," says Paola Pisa, fashion editor of Rome's *Il Messaggero*. "Everybody was offended. Each client thought he was talking about her." Suzy Menkes, fashion editor of the *International Herald Tribune*, adds, "There was a lot of hissing among the *contessas* in Rome. But putting himself at the eye of the storm was a smart way to whip up excitement about moving the collection to Paris." Giammetti dismisses the incident. "When journalists want a little spice, they call me. I've been outspoken in my life. I'm less now. My opinions are the same, but I speak less. . . . In a vulgar world, sometimes you can't be a gentleman." Oscar de la Renta sympathizes: "Giancarlo's gotten a bum rap. He takes the blame, so Valentino always comes out smelling like a rose." Of Giammetti's contentiousness, John Fairchild, chairman of *Women's Wear Daily*, says, "He's not exceptional in that respect. It's part of the savage fashion beast. They're all the same breed of cat. They're competitive; they have to protect their interests—with the difference that, when the Italian designers fight, it's more in the operatic tradition. With the Americans, it's more musical comedy. We have criticized Giammetti, and he's gotten very furious. But he's very open-minded—he'll think about what you said."



Valentino and Giammetti, the heart and the head of the House of Valentino, in Paris in July to show their fall-and-winter collection.

"We now do a $120 million business in Japan," Giammetti says. "We can expect to increase that to $2.5 billion over the next 12 years."

Late last spring, Giammetti and Gianni Versace were snarling at each other in the Italian press. The year before, Versace had claimed—mistakenly, it turned out—that Liz Taylor, after her wedding ceremony, would cast off her Valentino gown and step into something by Versace for the reception. Now he sneered that "at the Oscar ceremony, with that Valentino tunic, Elizabeth Taylor looked like Poppaea." (Giammetti translates: "Poppaea was the tacky, big-breasted wife of the Roman emperor Nero.")

Versace then twisted his camp dagger: "With my jeans and jacket at the Freddie Mercury concert [a memorial for the singer, who died of AIDS], she was much cuter." Giammetti, who has known Taylor since 1960, when Valentino dressed her for the premiere of *Spartacus*, replied, "Ms. Taylor is not easy to dress, but she looks better as a woman than a cowboy." (A Versace assistant faxed me to say that Versace's schedule would not permit him to comment about Giammetti.)

Tensions were high because the four biggest Italian designers—Valentino, Armani, Versace, and Ferre—had banded together for an AIDS fund-raising event in Milan called Convivio, which took place in June. Bringing these four houses together for a common purpose is a little like trying to forge an alliance among the Medicis, the Sforzas, the Borgias, and the Estes. Giammetti complained that "Convivio was supposed to be a group. No designer was supposed to make independent statements to the press for Convivio. It's not right to start insulting everybody. We should show more class." (Though money was raised, Convivio turned out to be a disaster. A tent set up outside the Castello Sforzesco collapsed under the weight of heavy rain, injuring eight people.)

There is some justification to Giammetti's feelings of moral superiority. He and Valentino were the first in the Italian fashion industry to found an AIDS charity, LIFE, which raises money primarily for stricken children through the Accademia Valentino's exhibitions and publications. The retrospective "Valentino: Thirty Years of Magic" opened there with three days of gala parties in 1991. Inaugurated in New York by a black-and-white ball, the show is running at the Seventh Regiment Armory on Park Avenue from September 23 through October 12. (Meanwhile, Versace is staging his own AIDS benefit in New York the week before, and his own retrospective, which opens at the Fashion Institute of Technology six weeks after Valentino's opening.) "Convivio was for one time. LIFE is here to stay," Giammetti tells me. In a year and a half, the organization has raised more than $1 million, some of which has gone to Rome's Bambin Gesù hospital. "Tommaso Ziffer [who did Giammetti's and Valentino's offices] is also redecorating the AIDS nursery there. But most of what he's doing is on the ceiling, because the kids are all lying on beds."

Though Giammetti got the idea for LIFE by watching a TV show about a Calabrian hemophiliac boy who contracted AIDS, the disease has struck much closer to home. Two of his employees have died, a Spanish design assistant and an American visual consultant. "Through Grace Mirabella's husband, [Dr.] Bill Cahan, I found [the American] a room in a New York hospital. He wrote me a note: 'You're not just my boss—you are my lifesaver.' I walked onto the plane and held his hand. Three months later he died," Giammetti recounts. "I have to change the name of the Accademia Valentino. I was very upset when the Italian fashion world did not respond to letters asking for contributions to LIFE. Only Mila Schön and Carlo Palazzi contributed. They all think, why should we give money to promote the name Valentino?"

Giammetti's feisty ways have raised French hackles, too. Just before couture week last January, Giammetti unilaterally decided to change the inconvenient show date granted Valentino by the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, the powerful fashion governing body. The new slot he staked out for himself conflicted with both Hanae Mori's only show and Christian Lacroix's third, clients-only show. The Parisians lost their Gallic cool. "Such a thing has never happened before in our entire history," fumed Jacques Mouclier, the Chambre's president, to Suzy

ROXANNE LOWIT

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Menkes in the *International Herald Tribune*. The same article quoted Giammetti as saying, "Who cares about dusty old names from the past? If Yves Saint Laurent is such a great couturier, why does his ready-to-wear line do less business than Valentino's Oliver collection? What is Lacroix's client show? Any clients he would get for those clothes would be at Les Bains Douches [a Paris nightclub]. Most of these names on the calendar are nobodies or has-beens." Pierre Bergé lashed back in *Women's Wear Daily:* "When one has a talent as fragile as Mr. Valentino, one shouldn't even be allowed to pronounce the name of Mr. Saint Laurent. . . . I don't care what Mr. Valentino and Mr. Giammetti think. They make me laugh. Ha, ha, ha! I know they hope to be like Mr. Bergé and Saint Laurent. . . but it's all just wishful thinking." Giammetti, insisting he was misquoted ("That's what he always says," Menkes grumbles), dispatched apology notes to Saint Laurent and Lacroix—who are both designers he admires greatly. "What I actually said about Lacroix is 'How can he fill a whole room with his friends—he should invite all of the Bains Douches.' But I'm sure Suzy feels she reported the truth." (Despite threats never to allow Valentino to show in Paris again, Giammetti, as usual, prevailed. During the July couture showings, Valentino and Giammetti once again seized a choice spot on the fashion timetable without the official sanction of the Chambre Syndicale.)

About Bergé, to whom he is constantly compared, Giammetti says, "Since I'm a child, Bergé has been talking about me. In about '66 or '67, a fabric supplier told me that Bergé referred to Valentino as 'that Italian designer who dresses all the prostitutes and kept women.'. . . I don't like him so much, and I don't think Bergé likes me so much. You can't be like him, thinking fashion begins and ends with Yves Saint Laurent. I respect every designer even if I don't like them." Bergé, like Versace, preferred not to comment on Giammetti. "It's a way of not acknowledging my existence," Giammetti says. "It was my suggestion to keep his mouth shut. Maybe Bergé is following my suggestion." Suzy Menkes says, "It must be difficult for Giammetti, who has been such a major part of Valentino's success, not to feel a certain chagrin that all praise during the 30th-anniversary celebrations went to Valentino. It must affect the way he behaves, always being the power behind the throne. I'm sure Bergé has experienced the same emotions. But because Saint Laurent plays the part of Garbo, Bergé has been more center stage. With [his presidency of the Paris] opera, he has taken up a role of his own. Giammetti doesn't have an outlet like that, but then, he probably doesn't want it." An observer who has studied both men closely contrasts the two further: "Pierre has a lot of charm. He's convinced that he's the most intelligent person in the world and that the world is in love with him. Giammetti is more restless. He always needs to prove himself. He has the burden of making up for being in Rome."

Though Rome may be a fashion backwater, the town certainly has its compensations. Maddeningly inefficient, Romans nevertheless have an innate flair for making life agreeable. Having accepted an invitation to join Giammetti at home for lunch, I accompany him on the short trip through the Piazza Mignanelli and the Piazza di Spagna to his new penthouse duplex on the Via Condotti, where he moved in January to be closer to work. We pass clusters of window-shoppers on the narrow streets; their dilatory pace is out of sync with Giammetti's purposeful stride. He has a distinctively sinuous way of walking, as if his center of gravity were very low, or his spine were extraordinarily supple. This walk is similar to Valentino's, or maybe it's just that the cut of their elegant double-breasted suits—wide shoulders and lapels tapering to a tiny waist—makes their physiques look alike. "This is the same building where Valentino had his original couture salon," he informs me as we squeeze into the little elevator and ascend to the fifth floor. I am struck with how everything in the vast Valentino universe seems to circle back to the same center—to Rome, to the couture, to the fixed axis of Valentino and Giammetti.

"Until I was 22, I was doing nothing exciting in life," says Giammetti. "Then, on July 31, 1960, I met Valentino."

Greeting us at the end of the narrow entrance hall is a Warhol portrait of Lenin, in vivid Communist red. "Thomas Ammann [the Swiss art dealer] says that he'd be unable to sell that painting to an American businessman today," Giammetti says, intrigued but not troubled by the fact. The Warhol canvas provides one of the few color notes in the apartment, which, Peter Marino told me back in New York, is predominantly "about darks and lights." Inspired by the rigorous linearity of the Wiener Werkstätte, with a little Cubism and *japonisme* thrown in for good measure, the apartment is masculine, lacquered, and plush, but not ostentatious—it is, in fact, a fairly modest 3,500 square feet. A few important pieces of furniture are scattered about—a Ruhlmann chaise longue, a Lalanne alligator chair—but most of the objects have been chosen more for their beauty than for their pedigree. (Giammetti, it turns out, is a bit of a dilettante. He has at one time or another painted, drawn, made collages, and needlepointed. "But," he says, "these hobbies never relaxed me. I would work on my needlepoint until three in the morning, as if my livelihood depended on it.")

The most impressive painting is a large, enigmatic Balthus called *Le Chat au Miroir*, but Giammetti is just as eager for me to see his less showy works. There are drawings by Matisse (one dedicated to Mallarmé and admired by Cy Twombly when he and his wife come for lunch a few days later) and by Modigliani, as well as a bright little sketch on the back of a menu inscribed to Giammetti from Miró. Rows of handsome leather-bound books (German translations of Sir Walter Scott, the complete works of James Fenimore Cooper, many unthumbed) sit on illuminated shelves, from which a pastel by Toulouse-Lautrec and a watercolor by Schiele hang. A very spare, very white late Picasso is showcased above the mantel. "Paloma told me that she thought it was one of the nicest she had seen in a private collection," Giammetti boasts. He also takes great pride in his photograph collection—floral masterpieces by Mapplethorpe, Penn, and Horst—displayed in large black frames in his bedroom. I tell him about a Horst biography, now out of print, that he can order from a bookseller in Manhattan. To my surprise, two days later it has already landed on his desk. Giammetti acts very quickly, on instincts that seem infallible. "I'm a bit crazy," he says. "I do things on impulse. I saw my house in Cetona on a Sunday and bought it on Wednesday."

Lunch is served by Giammetti's valet


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Joaquim (his staff also includes another valet, a chef, two maids, and a driver) on one of the dining room's two Swedish neoclassical tables. Carefully restored 17th-century Italian leather panels—painted in the Chinese manner—line the walls, which have been plastered and waxed to simulate parchment. The shrimp salad and zucchini-and-potato frittata, followed by blood-orange gelatin, could lead Saint Anthony into gluttony. The neat little bunches of pale roses on the table could not be more flawless if they were made of Vincennes porcelain. I am beginning to understand why all of Giammetti's and Valentino's friends—even Oscar de la Renta and Mica Ertegün, who are famous hosts in their own right—spoke to me so dreamily of their visits to Cetona or Capri. "They are spectacularly generous. They spoil you. The flowers and food are perfection. They have the best taste," says Nan Kempner. On another, cloudless day, we have lunch (this time tomato-and-basil salad, pasta pesto in a pastry shell, and strawberry mousse with chocolate sauce) on the terrace. The air is sweet, and a dome-filled panorama of Rome stretches before us, a Corot canvas come to life. In the charmed, settled Giammetti-Valentino universe, "everything always looks, smells, and feels beautiful," says fashion consultant Jane Hsiang. "You know, workers scent the hallways of the Palazzo Mignanelli every day just before Valentino enters." One longtime observer remarks, "Giammetti and Valentino have always lived a very sybaritic life. But they were never decadent or self-destructive. They were not promiscuous, they didn't do drugs—they were never hip or cutting-edge. Their decadence is more in their houses and décor."

Giammetti enumerates over lunch the projects he has before him. "I am very flattered to have on my desk four major projects," he says, brandishing a breadstick. This week he met with Linda J. Wachner, head of Warnaco, to renew the license for Valentino Intimo (intimate apparel) and explore the possibility of expanding their Intimo and accessories business worldwide. (Despite Giammetti's reputation as a tough negotiator, when I speak with Wachner, she is just as pleased about the negotiations as he is—and for good reason. She tells me Warnaco has already been doing a $20-million-a-year retail business with Valentino.) Then there is a deal with the Japanese conglomerate Mitsui to enlarge its production of all the Valentino-licensed merchandise in Japan. "We now do a $120 million business in Japan," Giammetti says, sipping from a demitasse. "We can expect to increase that to $2.5 billion over the next 12 years." He has also negotiated an agreement with the Anglo-Dutch giant Unilever for the production of Valentino's Vendetta perfume. (Launched last year in Italy—where it became the top seller—Vendetta will debut in the U.S. in May 1993.) And with Elizabeth Arden, a subsidiary of Unilever, he is working on a plan for the international distribution of Valentino cosmetics, yet to be introduced. "The biggest potential for growth with Valentino," Marc Vincent explains to me later, "is in cosmetics and perfumes. Saint Laurent does a $500 million annual volume just for perfume. Valentino is in exactly the same situation YSL was in during the early 80s. Bergé and Saint Laurent are definitely richer than Giammetti and Valentino. But they're going to catch up in another five years."

The designer's name became an instant household word in 1968, when Jackie Kennedy married Onassis in a Valentino suit.

A new wrinkle is put in the Arden deal during my visit with Giammetti when his meeting in Milan with Joseph Ronchetti, president of Elizabeth Arden, is suddenly called off. Rumors—which later prove to be true—filter back to him that Ronchetti is leaving the company. (It is officially called a retirement.) "Maybe this will hold up the contracts in the States, but it may move them along faster," he says, weighing the consequences. Still, he is disturbed by Ronchetti's departure. "We don't do that sort of thing—what do you call it, 'sack' people—like you do in America. It's not moral," Giammetti says. "This man put in 26 years with Arden. I never understood how *Vogue* could fire Diana Vreeland. . . . Diana Vreeland was the most modern woman I ever knew—she took Valentino and me to see *Hair*. We were shocked by the lyrics about masturbation, but she had already seen the play four or five times before. She was a young girl until the day she died."

While he speaks, he lights several cigarettes, extinguishing each one after a few puffs and flourishes of the hand.

As the visceral loyalty between Giammetti and Valentino is the unspoken model for all behavior at the House of Valentino ("One would put his hand in the fire for the other," Souza says), dismissals are as unacceptable there as what Giammetti refers to as "betrayals." Sounding vaguely Christ-like, he tells me he has "been betrayed twice." Recently, the manager of the Milan boutique left after 25 years to work for the competition—Armani. "It's tragic. She disappointed me deeply. It shocks me that she felt the pressure to leave," he says in a pained voice. The second, more egregious betrayal, Giammetti says, "is a subject I cannot touch. I felt betrayed as a friend and as a person."

Giammetti probably acquired his keen sense of loyalty from his mother, a fiercely devoted, willful, and witty woman whom he resembles both physically and temperamentally. ("*Cherchez la mère* is the story here," one editor advised me.) When she's not in one of the tower suites in Cetona, she stays in the guest room of the Via Condotti apartment. (She still keeps her Rome apartment, but, Giancarlo says, "she came to visit for a few days. Now it's turned into months.") Lina Giammetti, who, like her son, looks about 15 years younger than her age, stops by the Valentino offices for a couture fitting, then meets me in Daniela Giardina's office for a chat. "As a child, Giancarlo was always closer to me than to his father," she says. "I was always giving everything to him. I spoiled him the most because he's the smallest. And because he had such a strong character. During the war, when it was hard to find things, he came home from a friend's house and told me, 'I saw a guitar, and I want one, too.' He was studying piano at the time, and I didn't want him to have a guitar. I had no idea how to find one. So. . . I bought the guitar, and it made him happy—for one second!" She laughs. "He wanted a lot, but he gave a lot. From the age of 13 he bought me hats, because he knew how much I liked them. . . . I'm very proud of him, even if I would have liked him to be an architect. He would have been a great designer of modern buildings."

Mrs. Giammetti fumbles in her bag

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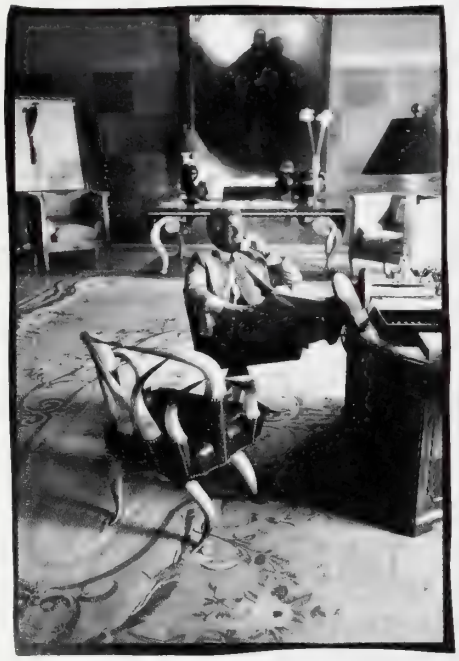
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and pulls out a photo of a lean, dark-haired boy—Giammetti at 16. His sensual lips suppress a laugh, giving him an expression of arrogant *joie de vivre*. Noting my interest, she asks, "Do you want to see one of him at his first Communion, where he looks just like an angel?" Giammetti interrupts us with a phone call. When I tell him about the pictures, he says, "No! You're pulling my leg. My mother doesn't carry pictures of me. She was putting on a show for you."

Giammetti had described his upbringing to me earlier. "My mother and I have ambition in common. My family was always bourgeois. My father had an electrical-device shop next to the Via Veneto. He was a terrible playboy, always at the Caffè Strega, never working. My mother had great generosity. She spent a lot of money on clothes. In summer we had a house in the country. On holidays we went skiing in the Dolomites. Whatever we wanted we had. She sent us to the Collegio San Gabriele, the snobbiest, most expensive, most aristocratic school in the most aristocratic neighborhood of Rome. We lived just outside the Parioli. All my friends had nannies, and were picked up after school in limousines. But Vittorio, an employee of my father's and my idol, came for me on a bicycle."

"Valentino and Giancarlo became part of the world they were designing for," says Denise Hale. "Now they live better than most of their clients."



Giammetti in his office in the Palazzo Mignanelli, from which he oversees 500 employees and a $675-million-a-year business.

Mario d'Urso, who was two years behind Giammetti at the Collegio, says, "In that era—the early 50s—there was a certain style to the Pariolini. We were the upper bourgeois of Rome. We dressed very elegantly, we had our own little newspaper, we met at Mass every Sunday at noon. We all went to the same café, to the same debutante parties. It was after the war, and everybody was happy the problems were over. It was the beginning of a new industrial society for Italy. We were the trendsetters, the first with the Vespa motorbikes, the TVs. Yes, Giancarlo was handsome, elegant—we all were. Everybody was very promising. Giammetti fulfilled the promise." After graduating, Giammetti enrolled in the University of Rome's architecture school, because it was "my father's dream." Except for the fact that the school was close to his family's home, where he lived until he was 28, he "didn't really like it."

"Until I was 22, I was hanging around, doing nothing exciting in life. Then, during my fourth year at university, on July 31, 1960, I met Valentino through mutual friends at a café on the Via Veneto." Giammetti had already heard of the new young couturier, six years his senior, who had recently opened a salon in Rome after 10 years in Paris working for Jean Dessès and Guy Laroche. "I left the café about half an hour later. I was in a hurry to go, because I was leaving for Capri the next day. I remember getting into my little car that my father had given me, a [Fiat] 500. I turned around and saw Valentino's back as I drove off." He did not drive away from his destiny, however. A week later, Valentino and Giammetti bumped into each other again on Capri.

"I finally felt involved," he says about the early days of their partnership. "It was the beginning of everything. At first my involvement with Valentino's business was more for fun than ambition. But I felt I had to do it. I was not sure for the first two or three years this would be my future. Strangely enough, a certain kind of energy came out that September [of 1960]. Suddenly Valentino became a name. Women came to him. There were a lot of balls in Rome. It was the year Italy had the football championship. But it was not because of me—it was too early. Since then, step by step we started our professional life."

When I am led from Giammetti's office to Valentino's smaller, adjacent suite, I have the sense of passing from the company's mind into its heart. To enter this sanctum sanctorum, one passes first through a door, then a velvet curtain. Where Giammetti's office décor is sleek and lofty, Valentino's is dense and sumptuous—ormolu, porcelain, old masters, and more precious *objets* than the eye can possibly take in are heaped against luscious backgrounds of tapestry valances, leopardskin, and red leather. There is a boyish sweetness, an almost beatific purity, about Valentino that is both incongruous in this voluptuous setting and enormously appealing. It's easy to understand how he arouses Giammetti's protective instincts. Dressed in a gray glen-plaid suit and a pastel pink-and-blue-striped shirt, Valentino explains to me how Giammetti—with the same premonitory sense of timing that would propel him throughout his career—arrived on the scene at the ideal moment. Valentino's backers—his father and a family friend—had just pulled out. "They did not see a return in a short time," Valentino recounts in his soothing, gentle tones. "I immediately recognized in Giancarlo his ambition, his pride. He is just like a *toro*, going straight ahead into the toreador's red cape. With my first collection, I had no one to tell me to go to Florence [where the Italian shows were then held, at the Pitti Palace]. With Giancarlo, we realized we had to show there. My career really started from there. We got fantastic reviews. The buyers bought and bought until one in the morning. That gave us an injection of money.

"Giancarlo and I were born in a moment when beauty was around," Valentino continues. "The world has changed. People want to destroy beauty," he says, injured. "I don't pay any attention to this life. I am always locked here, drawing. I am very grateful to Mr. Giammetti that he gives me the opportu-

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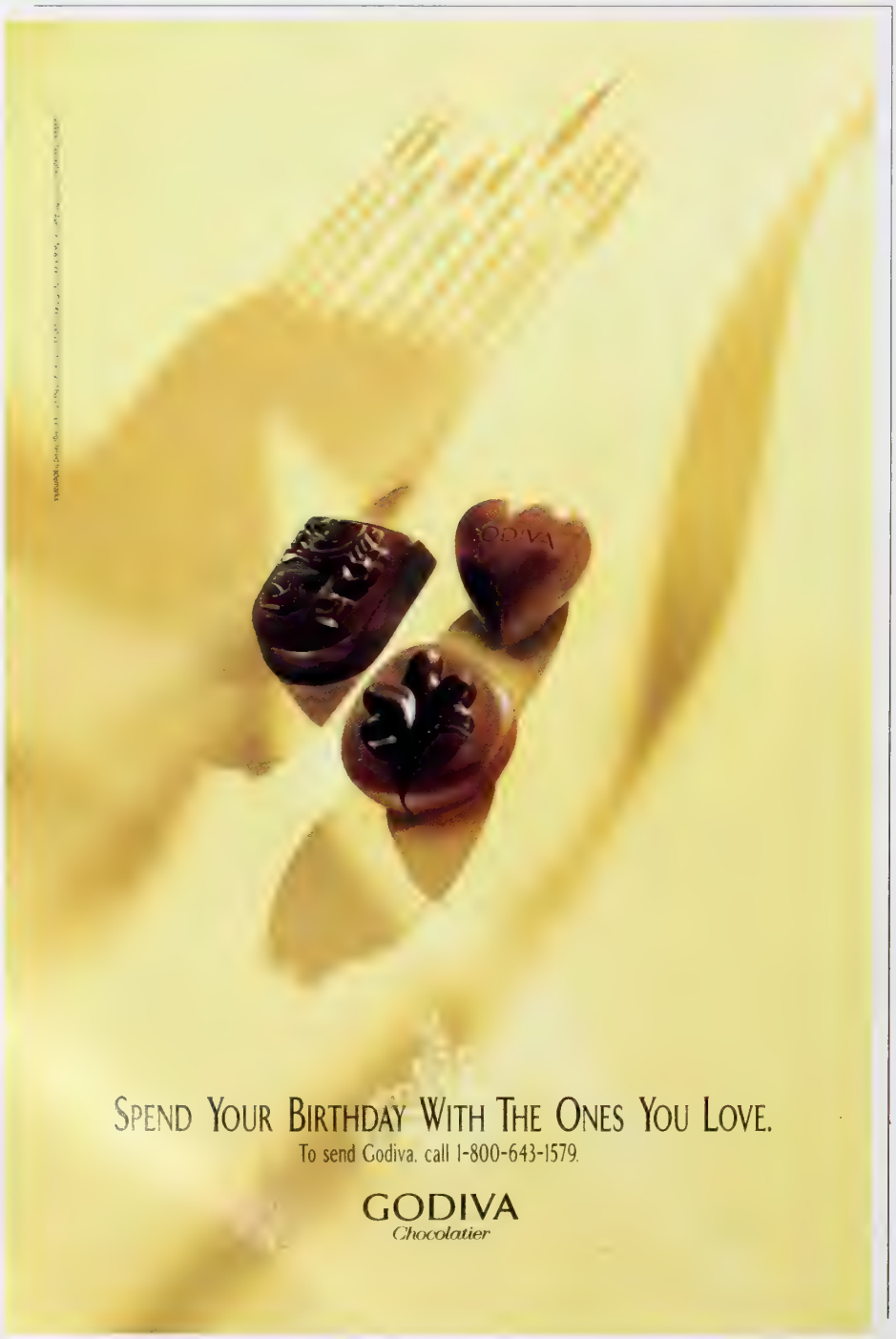
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nity to work in a beautiful atmosphere. He hides things from me to keep me in a good mood, so I can go on working with joy and peace. We understand each other completely, without speaking. But his character is completely opposite mine.''

Giammetti had the good fortune to hitch his wagon to a brilliant star—one that, without him, might just as easily have fallen as risen. The other big Italian fashion names of that period—Simonetta, Capucci, Princess Galitzine, Fontana Sisters—have either dimmed or vanished. ''Valentino's evening gowns were the most glamorous of all,'' recalls Countess Consuelo Crespi, an early client. ''He eclipsed the others. Even the French started buying from him, and you know how chauvinist they are.'' Denise Hale, who was then married to Vincente Minnelli and kept an apartment in Rome, says, ''There were only two real talents in Rome in the early 60s, Federico Forquet and Valentino. Valentino had the luck to have Giancarlo as his partner. He understood the importance of moving into ready-to-wear, of knowing the right people, of promoting the name.'' Once heard only on the most fashionable lips, the name became an instant household word in 1968, when Jackie Kennedy married Onassis in a Valentino suit. ''It was like spontaneous combustion,'' says Lynn Manulis, who with her mother, Martha (of the Martha boutiques in New York and Palm Beach), brought Valentino's couture to America. ''We sold out in two weeks. Valentino and Giancarlo were totally astounded.'' Marie-Paule Pellé says that between Diana Vreeland and Jackie Onassis, Martha and fashion publicist Eleanor Lambert, ''suddenly the word was Valentino. America discovered Valentino.''

Giammetti, for his part, had discovered the power of advertising. He takes credit for inventing what he calls *groupage*, the multi-page, single-designer spreads which these days add so much bulk to glossy magazines and so many more zeros to fashion houses' bottom lines. ''The ads that used to run were for the great fabric houses—Taroni, Abraham—who would present Balenciaga, Dior, together under their name. In 1967 I had the idea that the headlines should mention Valentino rather than the fabric house—and the fabric house still paid,'' he says, showing me a 25-year-old spread for Valentino's African-desert collection, in which model Mirella Petteni, photographed by Gian Paolo Barbieri, poses against studio ''dunes'' made of semolina.

Consuelo Crespi says, ''After a certain point, everything they touched simply turned to gold.'' Denise Hale adds, ''They became part of the world they were designing for. Now Valentino and Giancarlo live much better than most of their clients.'' Fashion designer Countess Jacqueline de Ribes, who knew Valentino when he was still a Dessès assistant in Paris, recalls, ''It was always clear that Giancarlo was running the financial side. If I asked the price of a dress, Valentino would refer me to Giancarlo, saying, 'I know nothing about figures.' '' Another acquaintance says, ''Valentino always lived beyond his means, expecting money would come—and because of Giancarlo it has. Valentino used to laugh at Giancarlo for not spending his money. Only in 1986 did he buy the big house in Cetona, and now there's the Roman apartment. . . . He's really a learner; he taught himself. You see, the Romans are not a polished race. Even Roman princesses are a little rough. Giancarlo's much more distinguished than he used to be—he even looks better than he ever did.'' Marina Cicogna adds, ''Giancarlo is one of those people whose life depended upon whom he met. If he had met a writer, he would have gone in that direc-




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tion. [Giammetti himself says that he was cut out to be "the creative person behind a creative person."] His life has developed the way Valentino led. His ambition has to do with what Valentino wants. Yet sometimes I sense there is something very deep in him still to be cultivated, something that he did not have the chance to develop." Another woman who has worked closely with him concurs. "Giancarlo never forgets in his innermost self that Valentino is first. He enjoys it, yet he suffers from it. He cannot really forgive himself for being second."

If Giammetti has remained in some way unfulfilled, that has become just one more spur in his side, driving him, as Beatrice Bongibault says, "further, further, further." To wit, one day he produces a framed quotation from the giant armoire in his office and reads it to me: " 'When God hands you a gift, he also hands you a whip, and the whip is meant solely for self-flagellation.' Truman Capote." He pronounces the word "wheep," and in such a way that you can almost feel its sting. At this particular moment, he is alternately flagellating and congratulating himself over his new Valentino ad campaign, part of this season's $4 million international media blitz. Scheduled to run in the American press this fall, it features an eccentrically made-up Linda Evangelista in a series of powerful, almost abstract poses, photographed by Steven Meisel against a white backdrop. The point, Giammetti tells me, is "the change, the surprise." The stark, angular spread runs counter to the posh Valentino image. Studying the layout, Giammetti says, "I'm surprised Valentino agreed to these. Usually he wants to see the hat, the jewelry, all the accessories he used with the clothes on the runway. But, you know, a still photograph is very different from the runway, where everything moves."

The swaggering tone set by the Meisel pictures will probably not endure beyond the next Valentino campaign. Unlike Giorgio Armani and Ralph Lauren, who have carefully constructed an immutable identity over the years, Giammetti, perennially restless, relishes shaking things up frequently. "The moment I develop an idea, I move on to the next. As Picabia said, 'In order to have clean ideas, you have to change them as often as a shirt.' Thank God I have a very solid designer behind me who is always on a straight course. One would think it's the opposite, but he gives substance to my impulses, he gives rationality to my dreams."

That evening the Valentino team leaves work at the unusually early hour of 6:30 to attend the opening of a student exhibition called "Homage to Valentino." We travel in a caravan, Giammetti's red Daimler leading the way and Souza's motorbike pulling up the rear. Valentino steps out of his car and into the gallery, posing obligingly in the entryway for the paparazzi. He strikes several variations of the same graceful, contrapposto stance—one hand in his pocket, one knee bent, a crescent-moon smile bowing his lips. The cameramen and the star-struck students—who, like metal filings dragged by a magnet, trail him through the gallery—are oblivious to Giammetti, whose own watchful eyes never leave Valentino.

"Giancarlo never forgets in his innermost self that Valentino is first," says a former associate. "He enjoys it, yet he suffers from it."

The two men rarely make such public appearances in Rome, Paola Pisa informs me. "You never see them in restaurants, or at the theater. There is a great mystery, a great curiosity, about them. When they used to show the couture collection outdoors in the Piazza di Spagna, it was a magic moment in Rome. People would rent balconies of apartments, as if it were the Monaco Grand Prix. The Spanish Embassy held a dinner so the guests could watch. Everybody came, not just to see fashion, but to see them."

It is late afternoon, and the sunlight, slanting low through the enormous windows behind Giammetti's oval desk, passes through one chair's buffalo-horn armrest, turning it translucent. Giammetti is talking about the snapshots he took of the David Bowie–Iman wedding in Florence, and how what started as an exercise to help him memorize faces has turned into a picture-album mania, a compulsion to bring order to life's chaos. "I have albums for Cetona, for the boat, for Gstaad, for New York. I have pictures for my diary, and an album called 'Faces,' which contains faces of friends photographed over different years. I have one called 'The Worst,' an album of the worst pictures of everybody, including Christy Turlington. Can you believe it? Every picture I take I develop four times, for Valentino and for all my different albums." He leans forward in his desk chair to downshift into one of his introspective moods. The nervous energy that fuels his impulsive character troubles him. "I never relax. It is my great fault," he confides. "I am tense every time I am not in control." He picks up a sheet of writing paper and a pair of scissors from his desktop. "I am *prepotente*," he says, buzzing his assistant for a dictionary so that he can translate. " 'Overbearing, overexcited, aggressive.' I bend things to my will." He has now begun to snip away at the piece of paper. "I am afraid of flying, because I am not in control. Once, when we were flying to Saint-Tropez—it was August 1, 1973—the plane hit a wind shear and took us down into a black hole. Valentino had his head in his hands. A Brazilian maid was holding a Madonna up high. I was the only one calm and very analytical. I know now that when I die I want to die fast," he says, cutting more swiftly. "I am very tense after our shows. That is why I hide, sweating behind the racks. I am not in control of what the audience's reaction will be. I am not in control when aspects of my work are not clear to me. Or when people betray me. But as Mr. Agnelli says, 'Cemeteries are full of indispensable people.' " He sets down his scissors and opens the piece of paper, showing me a beautiful, lacy snowflake. Embarrassed, he quickly crumples it and tosses it into his wastebasket.

"Giammetti is the opposite of what he appears," says G.F.T.'s Marco Rivetti. "He's very shy, very unsure of himself. It took me 10 years to understand how sweet he is under that tough skin." Sort of like a coconut? I suggest. "Sweeter than a coconut," Rivetti replies. The converse is also true, according to a woman who has worked with him. "He is very *polissé*," she says. "He has a very diplomatic air. He could have been a great church politician. When you shake his hand, you are surprised by its softness. But behind all this, he is iron." □



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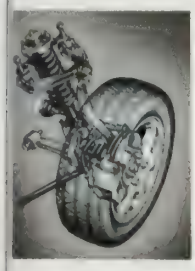
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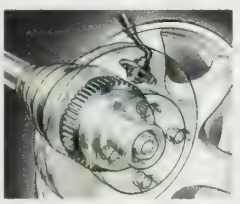


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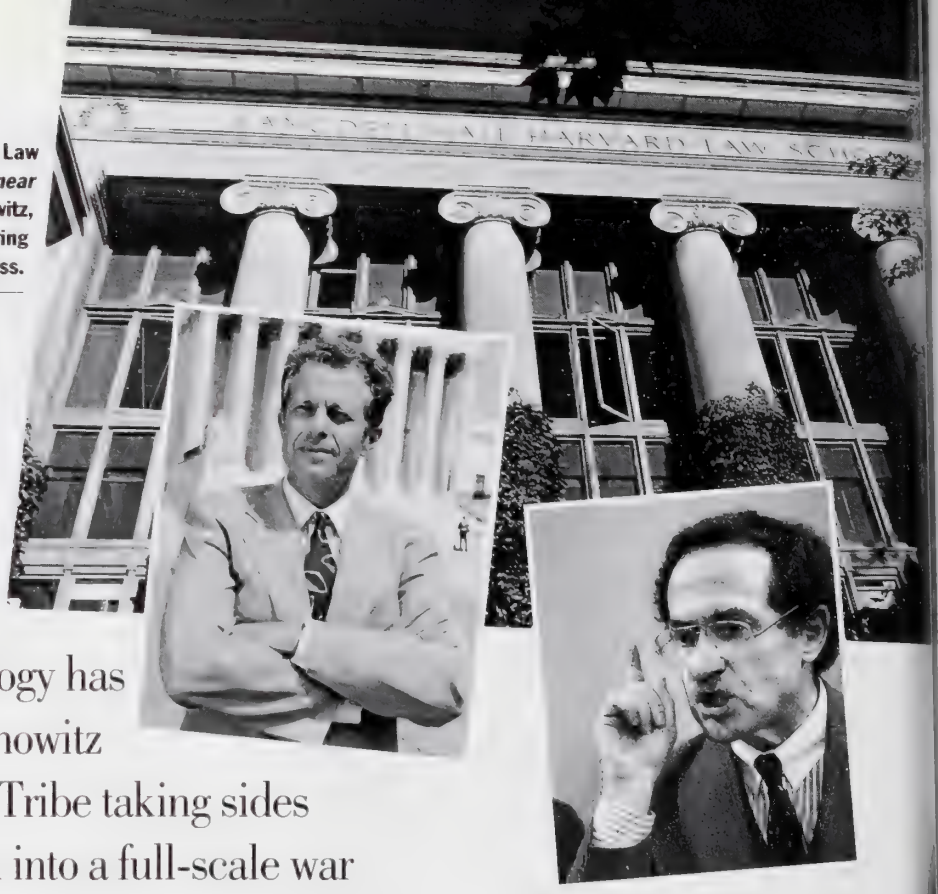
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Two stars of Harvard Law School, Laurence Tribe, *near right,* and Alan Dershowitz, have joined in the debates raging over political correctness.

BLOOD ON THE CHARLES

A battle of egos and ideology has celebrity jurists Alan Dershowitz and Laurence Tribe taking sides in what has escalated into a full-scale war

BY PETER COLLIER

In *Dead Certainties*, a book about the difficulty of establishing an accurate narrative of controversial historical events, historian Simon Schama considers a famous Harvard murder of the last century. The victim, George Parkman, uncle of the great historian Francis Parkman and a man of power and influence in Boston civic life, was killed in a dispute over money by John Webster, a well-known instructor at the Harvard Medical College, who then dismembered Parkman's body and hid parts of it in a compartment below the privy. The entire community was galvanized by the bizarre theories offered as explanations for the crime and was violently divided by the sensational trial. The outcome of the Parkman case, as Schama brilliantly demonstrates, was a challenge and finally a rebuke to the smug sentiments and shallow orthodoxies of the day.

Last year, about the same time that copies of *Dead Certainties* were beginning to appear in Cambridge bookstores, another local murder mystery was unfolding which would have an eerie resonance with the one Schama had written about. Like the killing of George Parkman, this murder, bizarre enough in its own right, would quickly gain status as a social metaphor. As in the other case, its effects would gradually seep through the city like a bloodstain. And like the event of 143 years ago, this murder would have its greatest influence on Harvard, throwing the university community into moral turmoil and causing an institution which had taken upon itself the task of lighting the way for the rest of society to grope blindly in its own darkness of "squalid embarrassment," as Schama wrote of the parallel case of George Parkman, and "dreadful reproach."

Having an impact on Harvard, becoming part of its struggles and intrigues, was, ironically enough, a significant aspect of Mary Joe Frug's life, although on the evening of April 4, 1991, the 49-year-old law professor had nothing grander in mind than buying some cookies at a neighborhood convenience store when she threw a black coat over her shoulders and stepped out of her Sparks Street home.

It was pitch-dark, but Frug lived in one of Cambridge's best neighborhoods, home also to Massachusetts governor William Weld as well as a fourth-generation Rockefeller, a Kennedy by marriage, and various mandarins on the Harvard faculty. Even if her street hadn't been considered one of the safest in the city, Mary Joe, whose tousled red hair was like a flag of independence, might have insisted on taking the walk anyhow.

Power was an issue for her—the sense of personal power that allowed a woman to walk alone at night, and power as a feature of an unjust social system. She taught at the New England School of Law; her husband, Gerald, was on the faculty of Harvard Law School. Both were adherents of Critical Legal Studies, a movement which holds that the law, once stripped of its deceitful rhetoric, is actually little more than a calcification of oppressive power arrangements. Mary Joe was one of the founders of the FemCrits, a group of women lawyers and law teachers which applies the principles of C.L.S. to feminism as a way of showing how women particularly are victimized by the malign power of the law, and how it subordinates them to a "phallocentric" power structure. Indeed, as Mary Joe set out on her walk that night, she might well have been thinking about an article she had been working on, whose central thesis was that "legal rules permit and sometimes mandate terrorization of the female body."

Shortly after Frug passed under the streetlights at the intersection of Sparks and Brewster, she encountered what one local journalist later called "an elementary exercise of power" when an assailant suddenly stepped out of the shadows and plunged a knife into her chest. Her

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP, BY DAVID SHOPPER; BOTTOM LEFT, BY WALLY McNAMEE


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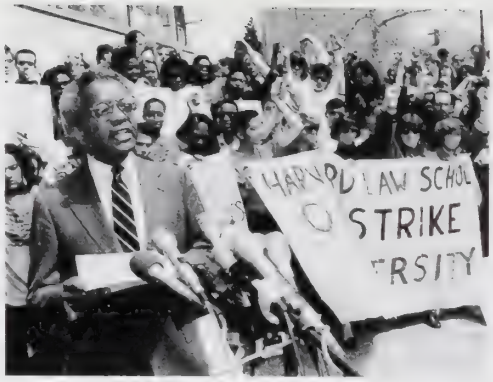
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Professor Derrick Bell, *left,* a vociferous advocate for hiring minority faculty. *Right,* Mary Joe Frug, whose murder deepened the Crits-versus-traditionalists schism in the law school.

concerned (as they said among themselves) for the "soul" of the institution, launched a counterattack. The terms were laid out by professor of corporate law Robert Clark, who said the Crits were huns, not hippies, committed only to "a ritual slaying of the elders." Clark connected C.L.S. to a larger debate gathering force elsewhere in the academy by saying that the Crits had a "generalized antipathy toward many major institutions and practices of the modern 'Western' world." The traditionalists blocked the Crits' candidates for faculty hiring with candidates of their own, and soon the institution was paralyzed by spasms of intellectual violence, and *The National Law Journal,* in a description that stuck, called Harvard "the Beirut of legal education."

Robert Clark, then a professor of corporate law, said the Crits were huns, not hippies, committed only to "a ritual slaying of the elders."

Some of the faculty felt that while Critical Legal Studies might be offensive cerebral Dada, it was also a fad that would eventually exhaust itself. But in the late 80s, even as the international Marxism which had provided much of the intellectual foundation for C.L.S. was dying, the movement got a boost from the new race-and-gender radicalism which was becoming a dominant factor in universities all around the country. Some observers pointed out that it was the same old political cartoon except that white male heterosexuals had replaced the capitalist bosses as villains, and that blacks, women, and gays had replaced the exploited proletariat as victims. If this was so, it was also true that the new utopian objective of *diversity* carried far more motivating power than the concept of the classless society ever had.

One aspect of the demand for diversity was the promotion of a code of personal and intellectual conduct that became known as political correctness. Harvard Law began to see the same maze of double standards which was appearing elsewhere in the academic culture. Under the new dispensation, those who stepped over the party line, especially white males, could expect to be hissed into silence in classroom discussions, while on the other hand one of Louis Farrakhan's representatives who appeared at Harvard Law to harangue students about how "Jew doctors" had spread AIDS in the black community would be accorded a respectful hearing.

Yet it was also true that of a faculty of 64 members only 5 were women and 6 were blacks. Derrick Bell, onetime protégé of Thurgood Marshall at the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, who had become Harvard's first tenured black law professor, used these and other statistics to make diversity *the* issue at the law school in the late 80s. Acquiring a large following among students, Bell demanded that the law school rectify its imbalances and that it begin by hiring a black woman.

The pro-diversity forces were not just another renegade faction shooting up Beirut. The terms of the war itself had changed. No longer was the issue democracy versus Marxism and capitalism versus Communism. Now it was an issue with a sharper cutting edge: inclusion versus merit. Bell's thundering question made the Harvard administration very uncomfortable: Was there not *one* black woman in the whole country who qualified to be a member of this faculty? Yet as the debate went on, traditionalists said that there was a coalition between Bell and the Crits which was producing a hidden agenda in which the issue was hiring not just minorities and women, but minorities and women with *the right politics*. As the debate grew nasty, Bell said that his black colleagues at Harvard Law might "look black," but they "think white." Not long after Bell's comment, a student sitting behind a group of black activists taught by respected black professor Randall Kennedy, a left-leaning moderate, noticed that they were passing around a note with two words on it: "House nigger."

In 1987, Bell was one of the leaders of the fight to get tenure for Clare Dalton, wife of Harvard economist (and future Clinton brain-truster) Robert Reich. Dalton had been hired as a junior professor in 1981, along with another radical named David Kennedy; Susan Estrich, one of the managers of the Dukakis presidential campaign; and Martha Minow, daughter of J.F.K.'s F.C.C. commissioner Newton Minow. The other three got tenure on schedule, but Dalton was given a two-year extension. Opponents said publicly that her publication record was not strong enough, and privately that while she may have had the politics of a first-generation Crit like Duncan Kennedy, she showed no signs of his contentious brilliance. (One opponent wrote a 100-page negative review of a 300-page manuscript she had submitted to show the work she was doing.) After one of the most divisive tenure confrontations in the school's history—a struggle that involved every tactic from sit-ins to press conferences—Dalton was turned down.

The Dalton decision and the unmet demand for a black woman were offenses that Bell cited when he left Harvard in 1990. Supporters referred to his departure as "an extended leave of conscience," and Bell himself referred to it as a "sacrificial financial fast," although he became a visiting professor at New York University. Traditionalists on the faculty regarded his periodic returns to the campus as efforts to make sure that the pot of racial and gender politics continued at a steady simmer. "Derrick is your basic useful idiot," one of them says, "less a prime mover than a puppet who has played into the Crits' hands and let them use him for everything they can get." But elements of the student left at Harvard would break out their red T-shirts with Bell's image on them whenever he showed up on campus. For them, he was a persecuted prophet.

If this was a period of conflict and bitterness not experienced on an American campus since McCarthyism had ravaged university faculties in the 50s, it was also a time of excitement, particu-



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larly for the younger Crits, one of whom compared Cambridge in the 80s not to Beirut but to the Paris of Hemingway's movable feast. The Frugs were an integral part of it all. Gerald Frug had been teaching at the University of Pennsylvania when the Crits got him a job offer at Harvard in 1981. He managed to get tenure, although this too was a controversial decision; some of his written work, applying the principles of Derridian deconstructionism to the language of the law, was, according to a Harvard colleague, severely criticized by one of the outside reviewers selected to evaluate it.

Before the move to Cambridge, Mary Joe had been on the faculty at Villanova Law School, where she had made her mark by an energetic pursuit of feminist issues and also by a taste for clothes which raised the act of dressing almost to performance art. (Ten years later, former colleagues there could still describe exact combinations she had worn.) She got a job at the New England School of Law, a campus in downtown Boston which is regarded as a blue-collar alternative to Harvard. She won tenure there and wrote an article about how a legal casebook on contracts subliminally conveyed "gendered" information by portraying women as naïve victims of agreements or by not showing them at all in more sophisticated transactions.

She established herself as a popular teacher at N.E.S.L. Her repertory of calculated effects included riding to work on her bicycle in a miniskirt, and she was so successful in turning back the years with diet and exercise that even friends would be surprised to find out her age when they read about her death in the newspapers. She could hold her own in a conflict, and once recruited Duncan Kennedy to try to help get some Crits tenured at N.E.S.L., but when the effort failed she didn't hold a grudge. She liked to confound others' expectations about her. "Mary Joe knew how to make a man feel comfortable," says former N.E.S.L. dean Ken Evans. "At some level, she was the antithesis of what you think of as a 'feminist'—almost coquettish."

The National Law Journal, in a description that stuck, called Harvard "the Beirut of legal education."

She went out of her way with students like Bill Casey, a Boston cop who, even though he was a night student, got himself elected student-body president. Casey was also president of the Irish Law Society, and when Frug once made a flippant remark about the society's well-known beer busts, he challenged her to become the organization's faculty adviser. To his surprise she accepted, and together they changed the society's image by staging such events as a panel discussion of prisoners' rights in Northern Ireland.

"She had this way of putting her arm on your arm to emphasize a point," Casey recalls. "It was a way of making contact." Once, he got into a conversation with her about prostitution. He said he didn't agree that it should be legalized, and told about going to community meetings in areas such as Chinatown where mothers had to walk their children through hallways where prostitutes were servicing their johns. "I told her it was a quality-of-life issue for people like that, not just a moral issue. It didn't necessarily change her mind, but she listened and was interested."

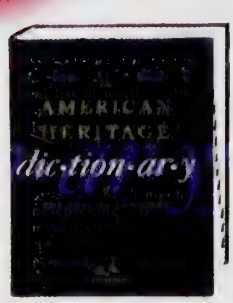
Yet Frug's frame of reference was Cambridge, not Boston. She was an integral part of the intrigues of the Harvard Crits. She was a friend of Clare Dalton's and participated in the strategy sessions for getting her tenure and in the vituperation that followed her rejection. In 1989, when Crit critic Robert Clark was named the new dean of the law school, presumably with a mandate to end the civil war in the law school with victory for the traditionalists, Gerald Frug publicly denounced what he called "a terrible choice." Mary Joe seemed almost as disturbed as her husband.

And after her death, it was Harvard that claimed her as a martyr. Young women sometimes visited the place where she was killed, and left bouquets of flowers. For Harvard feminists her murder was a parable about sexism and sexual violence. A system that was persistently misogynist—the same system that failed to recruit women to teach at Harvard Law—had killed Mary Joe.

Investigators trying to solve the Frug murder often found themselves communicating as if by semaphore across the chasm that separated them from the Crits, people who, in other contexts, be-

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lieved that the police were an occupying army in the ghetto and mercenaries protecting unjust power differentials elsewhere. The Frugs' friends regarded the early questioning of Gerald's law-student companion as homophobic. They did not like the fact that months after the murder the authorities still refused to rule out as possible suspects some of the people within the Frugs' intimate circle. The police, for their part, had to stretch their imagination to get to the other side of the culture, where the Frugs lived. A spokesperson for the Middlesex County district attorney's office allowed that "this was certainly not your average family."

Gerald Frug refused to talk to the press about the murder or his relationship with his wife, but he did work to get her unfinished writings published. One of them was a manuscript called "A Postmodern Feminist Legal Manifesto," in which she argued that the law itself helps to "terrorize," "sexualize," and "maternalize" women's bodies.

The essay was composed of equal parts politically correct feminist boilerplate (prostitutes are "sex workers"), superficial cultural analysis (Madonna's "claim that she's in charge" is "the product of false consciousness"), and genuine *aperçus* about the way law "constructs" femininity. What made the piece controversial, in addition to the politics, were the patches of breezy and sometimes vulgar language ("In pornography women get fucked. . . [and] women get 'fucked' in the workplace, too"), although in retrospect some of these passages reveal a forceful personality willing to go beyond the bounds of convention. (Writing about the possible connection between pornography and violence against women, Frug noted, "Not all pornography is simply about women being fucked. There are some pornographic works in which women fuck, for example; some works in which the objectification of the ejaculating penis is not repeatedly depicted and valorized; and many works in which the subjectivity of a female character is a dominant and successful thematic concern.")

When Gerald Frug submitted the incomplete manuscript to the student editors of the prestigious *Harvard Law Review*, it touched off a row which mirrored exactly the ideological struggles taking place over diversity. There had never been anything quite like it published by the *Review*. Opponents said that the essay was mediocre as legal scholarship and would have been rejected out of hand if it had been written by anyone other than the dead woman. Partisans of the piece said that it was solid, if fragmentary, and would stand as a fitting tribute to a leading figure in the law community. It was this point of view that carried the day.

Early in the spring, about the time the Frug essay was being published, the law school was making a controversial hiring decision. After vetoing each other's candidates for years, the Crits and the traditionalists came together to break the gridlock. Although diversity advocates in the student body lobbied for Derrick Bell's now symbolic black woman, or, failing that, for a white woman, a disabled person, or someone who was openly gay (cynics noted that it would be more economical for one of the closeted gays on the faculty to come out, since some students were bragging about having slept with them and were thus outing them anyhow), the appointments committee offered positions to four white men. Dean Robert Clark presented the decision as a "deal," since two of the men were leftists and two were centrists. Students reacted by sitting in at Clark's office and at the office of Professor Charles Fried, a target less because he was on the appointments committee than because he had served as solicitor general in the Reagan administration.

Anger over the "pale males" had not yet disappeared when the *Harvard Law Review* staged its annual spring dinner. One of the items traditionally served up as a sort of party favor by the publication's outgoing, third-year editors is the *Law Revue* (pronounced "review-ie"), a sort of *Mad* magazine version of the *Review* which flails Harvard professors, third-year students, and law school in general through anonymous parodies of the labored argumentation and turgid footnotes of legal-journal articles. One of the parodies in this issue of the *Revue* was called "He-Manifesto of Post-Mortem Legal Feminism," whose author was "Rigor-Mortis Professor of Law."

The parody was a tasteless, sophomoric, and at times faintly amusing hit on the Frug article. In portraying Mary Joe being considered for tenure in heaven by Holmes, Frankfurter, and Brandeis, the anonymous authors of the piece took particular aim at the qualities of the original—questionable language and fragmentary thought—which had caused resentment when it was chosen for pub-

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There was little reaction at the dinner. But then word of the publication began to leak out, and within days the law school was in chaos. The co-authors of the parody, Craig Coben and Kenneth Fenyo, came forward to take responsibility. The incoming editor of the *Review* wrote a self-abasing apology. Dean Clark denounced the parody repeatedly. But damage control was impossible, because everything had come to stand for something else in the hypertrophied atmosphere of the law school. "Wanted" posters appeared on campus with pictures of the two authors and the phone numbers and addresses of the federal judges they were scheduled to clerk for after graduation. Radical students asked their professors to alter positive recommendations they had written for any third-year students who had condoned the *Revue*.

Local feminists such as Elizabeth Spahn, a colleague of Frug's at the New England School of Law, made remarks filled with emotional fury: "They took from those of us who loved Mary Joe the only part of her that had been previously untouched by misogynist violence. They engaged in a necrophiliac gangbang upon the living body of her work." And David Kennedy, one of the lesser Harvard Crits (and no relation to Duncan), issued a memo claiming that the parody was the ground "where sexual harassment verges into assault," and asserted illogically that women who had received unsolicited copies of the *Revue* must now fear "a direct threat of personal violence." He called for an investigation and for a committee to consider disciplinary charges against Coben and Fenyo.

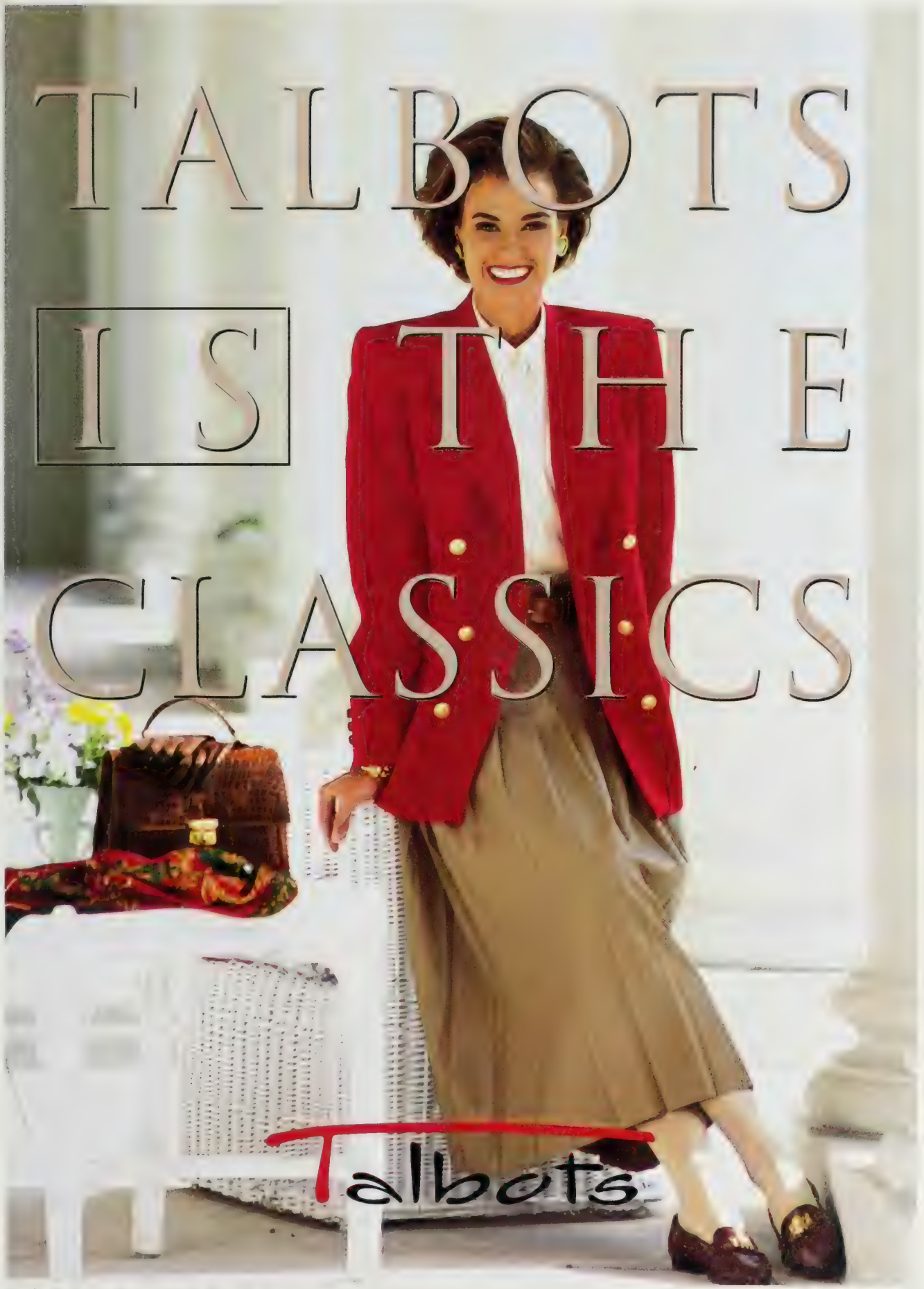
Fifteen faculty members, including most of the Crits and their allies, signed a petition asserting that the *Revue* was "a symptom of a much wider problem" at the school. Linking the parody with the issue of diversity, they claimed that Harvard was a "hostile environment" that encouraged sexism and misogyny and "systematic exclusion." Scenting an attempted coup against Dean Clark, the centrists circulated a petition of their own, condemning the parody but denying charges of institutional malaise.

Over the next few weeks there was a vituperative battle of faxes and memos among faculty members that threatened to paralyze the normal operations of the law school. Some student radicals were excited at the prospect of being able to wave the bloody shirt of the Frug parody to gain new authority for the diversity fight, but most students, whatever their politics, were depressed at the spectacle of their teachers' allowing themselves to be conscripted into such a petty war. Neil Glazer, a member of the conservative Federalist Society, says, "Instead of cooling it, they poured gas on the flames. It was just disgusting." And a woman on the *Law Review* who considers herself a feminist but is fearful of being identified agreed: "I look at this faculty and I see a frighteningly divided and divisive group of people."

But if most of the university community would have agreed with a piece in *The Wall Street Journal* which called the furor "a vile circus," connoisseurs of Harvard infighting looked past the intellectual free-for-all at the intriguing slugging match that was developing between two of the law school's top heavyweights.

One of them, Laurence Tribe, probably embodied more closely than anyone else the glory that was Harvard Law. He had entered Harvard at the age of 16 and taken a degree in math, but then decided in graduate school that mathematics was too "lonely" and switched to law. After clerking for Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, he joined the Harvard faculty at the age of 26. Over the next few years he distinguished himself as a leading constitutional scholar, whose *American Constitutional Law*, published in 1978, was immediately acknowledged as a classic.

Tribe was able to apply his theories in elegant argumentation as well as in literature. He became known for precedent-establishing appearances before the Supreme Court. At some point he stopped calling Washington newsmen to inform them of his latest triumph there, but he still kept track of his court victories the way a great hitter keeps track of career homers. Taking advantage of a rule that allows members of the law faculty to spend 20 percent of their time on outside work, he occasionally took on unpopular clients such as the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, but he also had rich corporate clients such as Pennzoil in its groundbreaking suit against Texaco. In 1984, *The American Lawyer* estimated that



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Tribe, whose rate was upwards of $500 an hour, was taking in some $360,000 annually from his outside work.

He was a supremely political man, inside Harvard Law, where he would occasionally line up with the Crits, preserving his credentials as a man of the left, and on the outside as well. Intricately networked with liberals in the state and national Democratic Party, Tribe had led the charge against the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court. Some, in fact, regarded his lengthy testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee as a preview of his own future confirmation hearings. By the 90s, Tribe had been mentioned so often as a likely Supreme Court nominee in the next Democratic administration that he had taken on the aura of the Old Pretender. If he was beginning to seem a little shopworn (the Cambridge rumor mill had decided that he had adjusted his ambition to becoming the next dean of the law school), Tribe still maintained a keen eye for his reputation. He might make light of his fame in one of the memos that began to fly out of his office during the controversy over the Frug parody ("I know this is a point of some delicacy, and I suspect that a number of colleagues will find this hard to believe, but I don't really crave more attention than I already receive"), but when Cambridge legal scholar and writer Abigail Thernstrom wrote an op-ed piece for *The Wall Street Journal* criticizing the role Tribe had played in the furor, she found a self-justifying reply in her mailbox the very next day.

In the opposite corner of the evolving struggle was Alan Dershowitz, as abrasive and impulsive as Tribe was calculating and reserved. He too was a Jew, but the comment another faculty member made when Dershowitz first arrived in Cambridge—"He is our first *Jewish* Jew"—described his distance from Tribe as well as from his predecessors at Harvard Law. The law school's youngest tenured professor at the age of 28, Dershowitz too had been expected to write a classic legal textbook—in his case on the intersection of psychiatry and the law—but his son Elon developed a rare brain tumor, and to make extra money and also get short-term projects that would keep him occupied during the search for a cure for the boy, Dershowitz began taking the criminal-defense cases which would soon make him into a sort of court of last resort for such people as convict-essayist Jack Abbott, porn star Harry Reems, and C.I.A. whistle-blower Frank Snepp. Eventually the client list would become gilded by the addition of such names as Leona Helmsley, Mike Tyson, Claus von Bülow, and Mia Farrow.

Like Tribe, Dershowitz considered himself a liberal, but he had no political ambition and took a perverse pleasure in disappointing people who expected him to be predictable or doctrinaire. He was amused when several feminists at Harvard promptly offered to work for free for the prosecution when they heard that he had taken Mike Tyson's appeal. And at one forum on diversity, Dershowitz caused murmuring in the congregation when he lectured radicals, "Your idea of diversity is someone in a skirt or with black skin who thinks exactly the way you do. If you *really* wanted diversity, you'd get the university to hire someone who believed in capital punishment, or in religious fundamentalism." He was privately contemptuous of "guilty white" academics who "caved in" to every demand by minorities and women.

Derrick Bell's thundering question: Was there not *one* black woman in the whole country qualified to be a member of this faculty?

Before the *Revue* controversy, the two men had maintained a veneer of collegiality except for rare moments when their subtle competition to see who would become the law school's most famous faculty member showed. Tribe once commented to a *New York Times* reporter writing an article on the law school's troubles that Dershowitz took cases he himself wouldn't bother with. Dershowitz didn't reply at the time, but let it be known later on that he believed Tribe had always been somewhat jealous of him for having blazed the trail in establishing a public persona through op-ed pieces and television appearances.

But the dialogue that now developed was not only a clash of weighty egos but also a summary of the conflicting claims regarding political correctness and free speech which were at the heart of the controversy over the Frug parody.

Tribe initiated the contact by signing the "hostile environment" petition. Dershowitz did not sign the counterpetition circulated by traditionalists, but he did say that he was concerned about "the atmosphere of a McCarthyite witch-hunt" that seemed to have taken over at the law school.

Tribe continued to pound on the student authors of the parody at the same time that he suggested that they were creations of an immoral system. As rhetoric among the faculty left escalated, he kept pace, comparing the parody, in a speech to the Harvard Jewish Law Students Association, to propaganda produced by the K.K.K., and asserting that "there has been a slow-burning holocaust against women." Calling the piece a rape "in all but biological reality," Tribe said, in words that associated the authors with Mary Joe Frug's murderer, that the parody made him almost want to reconsider his profession: "What is the point of teaching? I'm sharpening their knives to stab innocent victims."

Many of the traditionalists were too intimidated by Tribe to frame a response. But Dershowitz immediately took aim at these and other statements by faculty left-wingers in an op-ed piece for the *Los Angeles Times:* "The overreaction [to the parody] is a reflection of the power of women and blacks to define the content of what is politically correct and incorrect on college and law school campuses. . . . Women and blacks are entirely free to attack white men . . . in the most offensive of terms. Radical feminists can accuse all men of being rapists, and radical African-Americans can accuse all whites of being racists, without fear of discipline or rebuke. But even an unintentionally offensive parody of women or blacks provides the occasion for demanding the resignation of deans, the disciplining of students and an atmosphere reminiscent of McCarthyism."

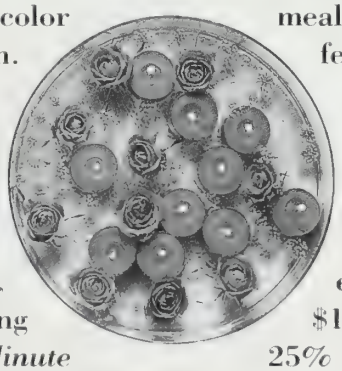
Tribe dashed off an offended memo snidely attacking Dershowitz's notion that the signers of the "hostile environment" petition in effect wanted to set up an "un-Harvard Activities Committee," and calling Dershowitz's view of political correctness "a crazy mirage." He attacked Dershowitz for displaying insufficient vigor in denouncing the parody—it was not enough *merely* to call it offensive—and for the "dismissive and trivializing tone" of his article: "Does Alan really think that only he has a sense of



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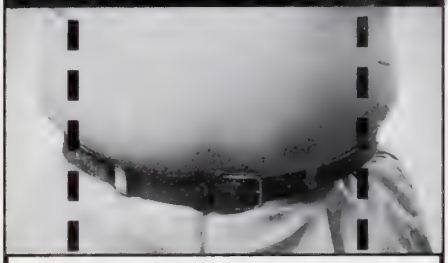


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proportion, and that all of us who take this whole episode in a very different way are simply too weak-willed to live by our First Amendment principles when matters hit close to home?''

Dershowitz waited a couple of days and then launched a cagey memo of his own, pointing out that Tribe had used exactly the same notion of a publication's being '' 'merely' in somewhat poor taste'' when he had defended Larry Flynt of *Hustler* for publishing a parody claiming that a drunken Jerry Falwell had engaged in incestuous relations with his mother in an outhouse. In other contexts, he made it clear that he thought that Tribe *was* weak on the First Amendment, since the case at hand had been preceded by a dalliance with the flag-burning amendment and support for an overturned Minneapolis ordinance which would have criminalized pornography as sexual harassment.

The memos stopped once school was out, but the bad blood continued to boil during summer vacation. Sitting in his large office with the fax machine going and a relay of telephone calls coming in, Tribe gives what his enemies would probably say is a wholly typical statement when he tries to put the conflict over the *Revue* in perspective: ''To the extent that I have taken heat on this issue, it is because people have misunderstood what I have said.'' He says that he was never in favor of punishing the authors of the parody, but that he did want Harvard to undergo an institutional self-examination that would result in a greater emphasis of what he calls ''decency.'' The mere mention of Dershowitz's name causes something like a wave of nausea to pass over Tribe's face: ''I have never had time to have a relationship with Alan, because we were both too busy. Now a relationship will be impossible. How are you going to sit down and eat lunch with someone who calls you a McCarthyite or a fascist pig?''

On vacation on Martha's Vineyard, Dershowitz has even less desire for the issue to die: ''Let's be frank. Larry was one of those who was kicking these students in the balls when they were down, and he should know better. These young men were not only embarrassed by what they'd done, but deeply distressed. This whole thing shows one of Larry's problems, which is speaking out of both sides of his mouth. At Harvard he panders constantly to the students with his radical rhetoric. But then, in the outer world, he is *Laurence Tribe, national figure*, who has to pull back from and rationalize these positions. 'I didn't say that, and if I said it I didn't mean it': that's the sort of thing you get from him. Larry is going to get a bad case of chapped fingers from wetting them so often and sticking them up to see which way the truth is blowing. In this matter, he should have been big enough to say he screwed up and let it go at that. Instead, he has to make all his positions come out right. He's in danger of becoming the Bork of the left.''

Dershowitz finds the intellectual combat bracing and hopes he can get Tribe to debate the issues publicly when school reconvenes. But he also feels that the divisions at Harvard are deep and, for the time being anyway, possibly beyond repair. Law-school dean Robert Clark agrees with this assessment. ''There is no wishing these divisions away,'' he says morosely. ''There will be no meeting of the minds at Harvard. There will be more conflict. The decade of the 90s will be taken up with working out these problems.''

In contrast to what transpires at the Beirut of Legal Education, what takes place in the Middlesex County district attorney's office is comparatively simple. There is a room there which is filled with maps and charts and photos pertaining to the Frug murder. ''Team back'' meetings are held periodically to monitor progress on the case. Most of the time there is little to report. The D.A.'s office heard about a killer in New Hampshire with a similar M.O., but it turned out that he was in jail when this murder took place. In the absence of hard data, there is speculation. Some members of the team believe that it was a random killing by some psychopath from Harvard Square. But others agree with criminologist James Alan Fox, who did a computer analysis of the entire state over a 13-year period, from 1976 to 1989, and then told the *Boston Herald*, ''If I had to bet, I'd say it was someone who knew her, but not particularly well, like an acquaintance.''

It will always be important to know who murdered Mary Joe Frug and why. But by now everybody agrees that finding her killer would not begin to solve the larger mysteries into which this case has drifted. A legal scholar standing in front of Langdell Hall, named after the Harvard man regarded as the father of legal education in America, says to another person about to enter, ''If you listen carefully, you'll be able to hear the muffled sounds of an elderly institution being mugged.'' □

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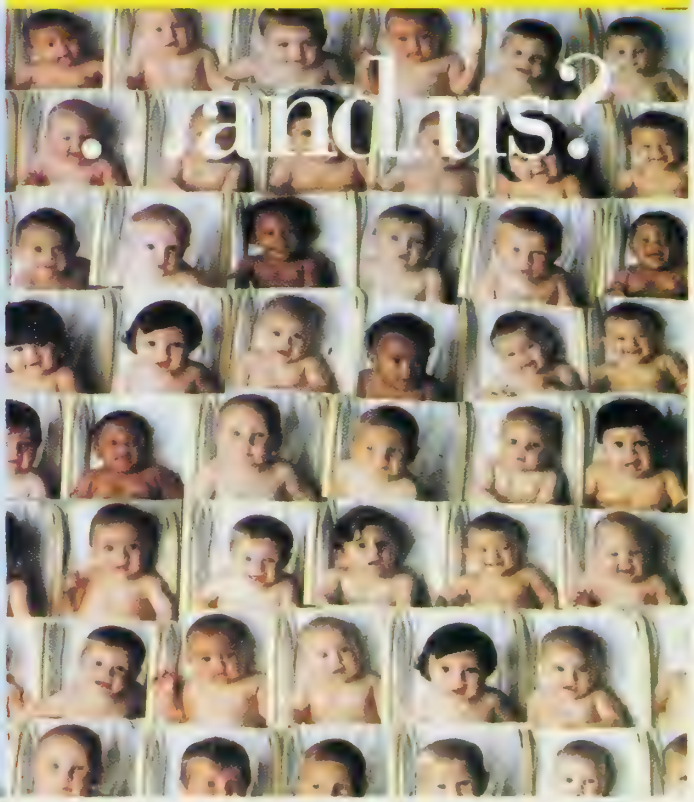


Fig. 72-Papaver somniferum L.
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The McCartneys near their home in Sussex, England. "You can become a Robert Maxwell or an Ivana Trump, and we're very anti all that."

MOLL OF KINTYRE

She's been mocked for her kooky ways, but Linda McCartney—with a new book of photographs, and still married to Paul—is getting the last laugh

BY ZOË HELLER

As soon as she spots the white peacock wandering across the lawn, Linda McCartney halts, dives into a crouch, and starts up a strange, piercing cry: "*Miywauu-u-uk! Miywauu-u-uk!*" The peacock gazes at her sullenly and does not reply.

We are on the grounds of an old Sussex millhouse that the McCartneys have converted into a recording studio. Somewhere inside the main building, Linda's husband, Paul McCartney, is busy doing the final mixes on his new album, to be released early next year. Linda tries again with the peacock: "*Miywauu-u-uk! Miywauu-u-uk!*" No dice. The bird remains silent, and presently stalks away. "Dah," Linda says in her soft, Anglicized American. "I used to really connect with those birds—communicate with them, you know? But I started making the peacock noises onstage when I was on tour, and after I came back I couldn't communicate with them anymore."

Mocking stories of Linda McCartney's kooky, hippie ways have pursued her throughout her 23-year marriage to Paul, but in truth she has always provided her satirists with generous ammunition. Communing with peacocks is the least of it. She is an evangelical vegetarian who doughtily insists that "tuna have feelings." She is a photographer who has just published a personal photographic memoir of 1960s rock stars—*Linda McCartney's Sixties: Portrait of an Era,* out this month—but says her preferred subjects are "empty bottles on a windowsill." She is an anti-industrialist who advocates a return to a rural barter economy: "I like the thing where I grow carrots and you grow onions, and if I give you some of my carrots, you give me some of your onions." She is a passionate believer in "simplicity" who, despite being married to reportedly the richest pop star in history, elected to bring up her four children in a two-bedroom cottage.

Above all, she says, she is "an innocent." She wrote her best-selling vegetarian cookbook, *Linda McCartney's Home Cooking,* and brought out her personal line of vegetarian meals, only "for the animals." Fame and stupendous wealth—Paul McCartney has been estimated to be worth around $500 million—have not tainted her, because she has never lost the conviction that less is more. "My outlook is that little things are the trip," she says. "I'm very happy with very little. Maybe that's why I have so much." In her new book, the text concludes with the following account of herself: "I'm into nature and the seasons and blossoms and snowflakes, and I'm not keen to follow the line that everyone else is following. I'm into Life."

"Linda says things that other people would edit out," her friend Brian Clarke, the British artist, explains. "She fires from the hip and sometimes she misses her target, but she has a strong conviction that if you feel something to be right, then you must come out with it. A lot of people claim they don't care what the media says about them. But she genuinely doesn't."

She has certainly grown used to derision. These days, she can discuss gibes made against her with a languid sort of acceptance, even, on occasion, a Pollyanna empathy. "I've got to the point, after all these years, where I can see why people get so upset about me and say cruel things. I've even got to the point where I can say, 'Hey, I would probably have been bitchy about me.' *I* would have said, 'What the hell is Paul McCartney doing with her?' "

Lounging on a sofa in the living room above the recording studio, she laughs and pops a cherry into her mouth. At 51, she is a striking woman, with a strong, slightly hawkish face, framed by very blond, very straight hair. It's a face that continually transforms itself from plain-

HARRY BENSON

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ness to beauty and then back again. Her eyes, though, are undeniably sexy: pellucid, blue-gray, and so heavy-hooded they often seem on the point of closing.

If others have wondered what her husband sees in her, Paul McCartney himself has never had any doubts. Aside from the 10 days in 1980 that he spent in a Tokyo jail after being busted for possession of marijuana, he has not spent a single night apart from Linda since they were married. *Not a single night.* Since the 1970 breakup of the Beatles, he has also kept her intimately involved with all his musical projects. Invoking shades of William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies, he refuses to be put off by what is universally acknowledged as the meagerness of her musical talent, and insists, to this day, on keeping her as a keyboard player in his band.

He wanders into the room now, on the first of several visits during the course of the interview. At first he does an affectionate takeoff on Linda in her earnest, interview mode. Then he wanders over to the sofa and begins touching her—stroking her arm, massaging her neck, and, at one point, sitting down and putting his arm around her shoulder. It's as if, quite literally, he can't keep his hands off her. "I'd had a lot of great girlfriends before I met Linda," he says. "Basically, it was sexual attraction with all the other girls. It was with her too. But there was a little added something, which made us want to get married."

It has often been suggested that Linda holds the power in the McCartney marriage. Like Yoko Ono, she has been painted as a sly manipulator who has had her husband eating out of the palm of her hand from the start. Paul's touchie-feelie visits during the interview could be seen to support this theory: here, one might say, is a man properly enslaved by his wife's charms. But this isn't a terribly convincing interpretation. There is something about the proprietorial ease with which he strolls in and out of the room—often interrupting Linda in mid-sentence—which indicates that he is very much the one in charge. It is, after all, *her* interview, and yet there is no question but that his regular intrusions will be cheerfully accommodated. "You have to remember he's a northern English male," one of the couple's friends, the British comedy writer Carla Lane, says. "They operate as a partnership, but [it's Linda who] lives a lot of her life around Paul."

Linda and Paul insist that theirs is an entirely equal relationship. "We're like mates," Paul says. "From the beginning, she was like this funky New York photographer—a bit of a groover, a little bit naughty—and we've always had a bit of mischief going on between us. We've always had this little escape mechanism in each other." This is cute stuff, but insufficient to explain how the two of them have survived 23 years in each other's pockets. Haven't these people ever heard the one about familiarity breeding contempt?

"People ask, 'Why are you still together?' " Paul says. "And we honestly don't know. Why don't I want to go off to L.A. for a couple of weeks without her? I'm really not sure—but I don't. . . . People say Linda won't let me see other women, which is a lovely fallacy. It's generally other women who say that. There's one or two, not mentioning any names, who've been trying to get me over the years and they tend to say, 'Ooh, she's very possessive.' But it's not that—I'm just a married man."

"And, hey, why don't *I* want to go off on *my* own?" Linda says.

"I had a lot of fun things but no love thing before I met Paul. Once I had my photography, I had everything except for love."

"Listen, I like her!" Paul continues. "She's great, man—she's great. I like sleeping with her. She's very warm in bed. I'd rather be sleeping with her than in some cold Holiday Inn without her."

"Well, what about a warm bed in, say, Beverly Hills?" Linda prods.

"What, with a little starlet?" Paul asks. "Oh, hang on, Linda. I'm warming to this idea. . . " He shakes his head. "Nah. Look, it's just not what I do anymore."

Watching the two of them banter, one is struck by how genuinely interested in each other's responses they seem to be—how entertained by each other's company. On each of Paul's subsequent exits and entrances, Linda stops what she is saying in order to swap ootsie-tootsie endearments with him.

The cynic might suspect that they are hamming it up for the lady from the press, but numerous friends and colleagues attest that it is standard behavior. "Yeah—holding hands, lots of private jokes, giggly little conferences—that's them," Paul De Noyer, editor of the British rock journal *Q Magazine*, confirms. "You have to concede that it's touching."

"If the phrase means anything anymore," Brian Clarke says, "I think they are in love."

In the unfair way of things, Linda has not aged as well as Paul. (At 50, he could be taken to be in his late 30s.) But this is a woman, one feels, who will face the drooping and wrinkling of future years with equanimity. She is, in fact, a perfect illustration of the French idiom "to be comfortable in one's own skin." Her clothes are simple and pretty—jeans, a floaty little blouse, a pair of embroidered slippers. She wears some lipstick. But her body is resolutely unaerobicized, and her legs haven't seen a razor in a while. To prove as much, she rolls up a jean leg and displays an impressively hirsute shin.

"Linda is totally unpretentious about herself," says her friend Chrissie Hynde, the rock 'n' roll singer. "One shoe unbuckled and a sock round her ankle. Her handbag is the same one she had five years ago. She just doesn't want to know about that stuff."

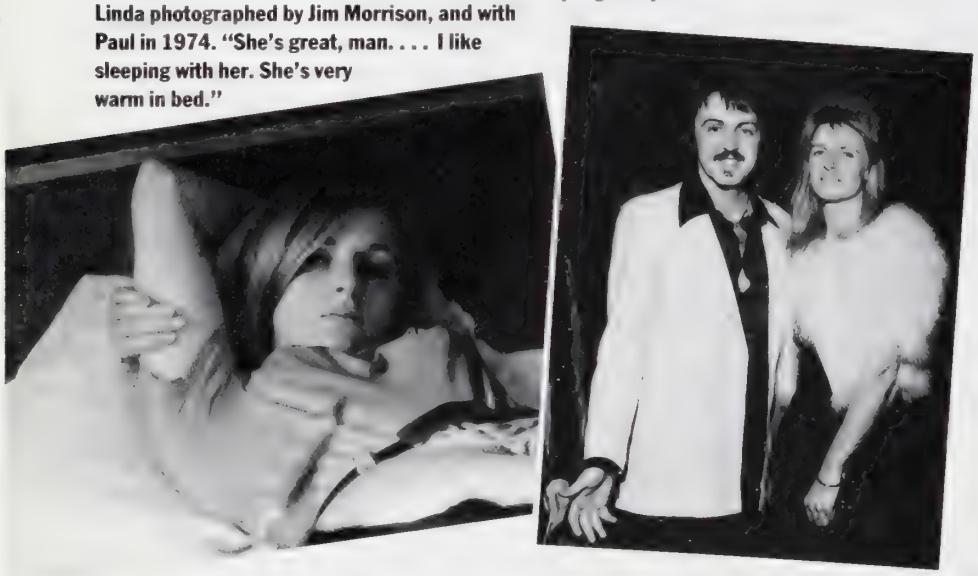
"False glamour doesn't appeal to me," Linda says. "When I look at models with all that over-the-top makeup, I think, What happens when you take your face off, when they see you in the morning? I've always felt, I'm going to let them know exactly what they're getting right now."

By all accounts, this honesty has served her well. The journalist Danny Fields, who worked with her in the pre-Paul days, when she was freelancing in New York as a photographer for the music press, remembers the powerful effect she had on men. "She was not an exquisite thing—she wore pants, and no jewelry. She was natural. But when she was put in a one-on-one situation with a man. . . well, there was an impact she had, a kind of magnetism. She had that knack of making a man feel that he was the only person in the room. Men loved her. And she was very much a man's woman."

One gets some sense of this from the


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photographs that she took during the period. *Linda McCartney's Sixties* is very much a book about the men of that era—women hardly get a look-in. When they do, Linda's commentary takes on an elliptical, disengaged tone that is in contrast with the affectionate style of the rest of the text. Beneath pictures of a spotty and very miserable-looking Janis Joplin, she notes, "Janis and I became friends but we were never close. . . . The chemistry wasn't there. I was much more friendly with the guys in the band. . . . I felt sorry for her. She would probably have liked a man to take her out to dinner."



Linda photographed by Jim Morrison, and with Paul in 1974. "She's great, man. . . . I like sleeping with her. She's very warm in bed."

"False glamour doesn't appeal to me. What happens when they see you in the morning? I'm going to let them know exactly what they're getting right now."

Linda happily acknowledges this male bias. "Oh, yeah, I always connected with men more than with women," she says. "Definitely. No question about it. I've made more female friends since I've been married, but back then I was a man's woman, sure."

Linda grew up in Scarsdale, New York, the second child of four. Her father, Lee Eastman (who had changed his name from Epstein after the Second World War), was an eminent entertainment lawyer with a pretty snazzy client list. Linda grew up with artists such as Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko, and Franz Kline.

Paul McCartney, who took on the Eastman firm as his business managers after he married Linda, is fond of comparing his wife's "posh," cultivated upbringing with his own working-class roots. But Linda points out that for most of her childhood her father was still on his way up the social and professional ladder. So she experienced the typical tensions of an aspirational household. Her mother, Louise, was "very keen on keeping up with the Joneses," and through much of her teens Linda accepted what she now calls "these false values."

"I had so much envy when I was a kid. I used to go past big houses and be just full of envy. I even thought of marrying dirty old men, or at least clean old men. And then I'd think, Oh, no, I'd have to sleep with them—yuck!"

In a family of academic achievers, Linda was the dunce. She was a poor student at Scarsdale High School. Her interests were "boys and horses and rhythm and blues." To this day, she says, she finds it hard to concentrate on the printed word and even harder to write: "I'm not a words person."

"I always say that if Linda had lived in Egyptian times she would have been something special," her husband observes. "She's not clever, not academic. . . . But she has a sort of native wit and a great sense of humor."

She managed to graduate from high school. (Her yearbook entry for her senior year summed her up as "Shetlandish" and "strawberry blonde" with a "yen for men.") And for a brief period she attended Sarah Lawrence College, Yoko Ono's alma mater. She quickly moved on to the University of Arizona, where she met a handsome young geology student named Bob See. And then her mother was killed in a plane crash.

"I had never really connected with my mother," she says, "but for my father it was a disaster when she died. My parents had been very much in love. When de Kooning wrote to my father after the death, he described the relationship as a 25-year love affair." Home for the funeral, Linda heard her father crying at night. She returned to Arizona and married her geology-student beau almost immediately. "It was a kind of escapism. I was 19 and very immature. Instead of staying back East and helping my family, which is what I should have done, I just escaped. I'm the biggest escaper there is."

This capacity for simply dismissing that which upsets her or with which she cannot "connect" partly explains the extremism of her vegetarian politics. Linda uses vegetarianism as a moral guide—"Ask them what they ate for lunch" is her personal motto. "Linda's like me on this issue," Chrissie Hynde says. "She doesn't like meat eaters. To us, if you kill animals for your pleasure—you're my enemy. I don't want you around my children and my home."

Linda and Paul have bought various pieces of land in recent years, to prevent them from being used for hunting. (Last year they purchased 87 acres of woodland in Exmoor to turn into a deer sanctuary.) But, according to Carla Lane, Linda is reluctant to buy land with buildings on it: "She'll ask if there are houses on the land. If there are, she won't buy it. She'll say to me, 'Houses equal people; people equal meat eaters. Forget it.' "

Back in Arizona, Linda and Bob had a baby together—a girl named Heather—but the marriage did not last for long. "It was fine and he was a very nice guy," Linda says. "He was good-looking, a Hemingway type. . . but I guess I just grew." When her young husband suggested after a year that they move to Africa together, she told him to go alone. "And that," she says, "is when my life really began—when there was no father or husband watching over me.

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That was when I picked up the photography thing. It was like, wow, there is life after death. It was 1963. I became a really free spirit."

The "photography thing" began when she attended an evening class in photography and was shown the work of Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans. She never went back after the second class, but she had been inspired. She has not stopped since. Opinions vary on the quality of her work. *Linda McCartney's Sixties* is the fourth book of photographs she has published. In recent years she has exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and at the Royal Photographic Society in Bath (her second exhibition there opens October 8). But there are those who feel that her celebrity status renders such accolades suspect. Would she be celebrated as a photographer if she weren't who she is?

"I think she has been wildly *underestimated* because of being married to Paul," Brian Clarke says. "I've been photographed by almost all the so-called great portrait photographers, but Linda took a picture of me quite recently and I was knocked out. The picture looks so profoundly how I feel. And she got it without any of the usual fuss. There was no big tripod and lights—no bravado. She was just very gentle and soft and she got a picture that lays me bare."

"I used to go past big houses and be just full of envy. I even thought of marrying dirty old men. And then I'd think, Oh, no, I'd have to sleep with them."

Linda's big break in photography came when she left Arizona and returned to New York. She got a job as a receptionist at *Town & Country*, and one day she intercepted an invitation to a Rolling Stones press reception aboard a yacht. Linda turned out to be the only freelance photographer allowed on board when the boat set off for a cruise on the Hudson River. She didn't know much about a camera at this point beyond how to focus and click, but the pictures she took got used by all the journalists who had had to leave their own photographers waiting on the pier. Soon afterward, she started receiving commissions from magazine editors.

Thus she entered the supercool world of 1960s rock journalism. And one way or another, in the course of the next three years, she came into contact with most of the music legends of that decade.

She did cultivate some hip friends. Jimi Hendrix was a regular visitor at her apartment on East 83rd Street. She and Jim Morrison were confidants. Jackson Browne was a buddy. And of course she ended up marrying a Beatle. Her book draws a veil over her romantic involvements prior to meeting Paul, and her friends from the period are scrupulously vague. Linda says, "I had a lot of fun things but no big love thing before I met Paul. Once I had my photography, I felt I had everything going for me except for love."

Critics, referring to this period in her life, have often described Linda as a "groupie." Danny Fields hotly contests the epithet. "She was a working professional. She was certainly attracted by the celebrity scene, but she never had that undiscriminating, I'll-be-with-anyone-as-long-as-they're-famous thing. . . . She had access to the Warhol scene, but she simply wasn't interested by their brand of amphetamine brilliance."

But this does not discount a certain shrewdness in Linda's approach to her social life. On the contrary, her choosiness suggests a woman with some confidence in her game plan. Though friends are now apt to describe Linda as "sentimental," and even "a softy," her New York years—bringing up a child on her own, becoming a successful freelance photographer, and getting in with the happening crowd—indicate a rather tougher creature. Richard Ogden, who has managed her and Paul for the last six years, acknowledges the presence of something harder beneath the marshmallow. "She can be tough. . . [her] father was a tough New York businessman," he says. "She's got a bit of steel in her."

Danny Fields also stops short of describing her as entirely ingenuous. "Obviously she was ambitious," he says. "She didn't accidentally marry the most famous eligible man in the world. When it came to thinking about suitable husband material, Linda was very old-family [in her ideas]."

She met Paul in 1967 at a London nightclub. She was in England on a mission to photograph the Beatles, so this encounter was something of a gift, even though, as she laughingly recalls, it was John Lennon whom she'd been really interested in meeting. "I thought John would be very confident and strong. I'd always thought that if I did find a mate, it'd be someone who felt as strongly as I did about things. But when I did eventually meet John, he was nothing like that. He seemed so insecure, when everybody had said he was so outspoken. People have it so wrong about Paul and John—that Lennon was the artistic one and McCartney was just the melodies. I tell you, so much of what John got the credit for was really Paul's."

She and Paul were instantly attracted to each other. "It was an 'Our eyes met' sort of situation," she says. After that first night in London, they saw each other only sporadically when one of them happened to be in the other's country, but Paul was keen. "I was impressed by her womanliness," he says. "A lot of the girls I had met were just. . . girls. She was a real woman, bringing up a child and everything." He had been living with the British actress Jane Asher for a couple of years, and they were generally expected to get married. But Jane walked out on him when she found him in bed with a woman named Francine Schwartz. (He was playing the field very assiduously in those days.) And by then, in any case, he was beginning to think that Linda was the one. "I always did like people who had a mind of their own," he says. "Jane had that, but Linda was just more womanly."

One time in the New York subway, Paul remembers, Linda left him with Heather, telling him to take the child home and look after her while she ran some errands. Asking Mr. In Demand to baby-sit was a smart move on Linda's part. Paul was thrilled. "I'd normally been with girls for just one night or whatever," he says, "but this was day-to-day living."

In September of '68, Paul asked Linda to come to London, where the Beatles were recording "The White Album." "I was in L.A. on an assignment," Danny Fields recalls, "and Linda said, 'I really like Paul McCartney. He wants me to go to London—do you think he's serious about me?' I said, '*Go*.' Once she got to London I would occasionally receive postcards with one-word messages like 'WHOOPS' or 'DUCKY' on





susie tompkins

them, but that was it, until I opened the paper in March of 1969 and discovered she'd married him."

Linda was three months pregnant when the wedding took place, at the registry office in Marylebone, London. But the night before the ceremony, she and Paul had quarreled, so they were both unsure, up until the last minute, whether they would go through with it. "It was all fairly hectic and crazy," Paul says. "I went out to pick up a ring in the morning and it was like 'Come on, Lind, we won't row—we'll get married, eh?' "

In this chaotic, shall-we-shan't-we rush, Linda had not really prepared herself, she says, for the meanspirited scrutiny of the press and the fans. "I leaped and never thought about what I was getting into. . . . I was a voyeur, and voyeurs don't expect to be analyzed. So when the lens turned on me, I just felt like 'What are you doing? Why are you following us around?' . . . It was just like 'Oh, I like this guy—let's go off together.' It never occurred to me that some people regarded Paul as public property."

For the millions of teenyboppers who spent their waking moments fantasizing about Paul McCartney, the appearance of a Mrs. McCartney was always going to be a tragedy. It was felt that demure Jane Asher would at least have made a fitting match for Paul. But that the interloper should turn out to be Linda Eastman, a peaky-looking single mother from New York with a rather snotty manner and *unshaven legs*, was too much to bear. "I've always had the capacity to rub people the wrong way," Linda says.

Some of the more devoted fans, the ones who hung around Paul's town house, expressed their upset by breaking in and vandalizing Linda's things. "Oh, they were vile, really vile to me," she says. "But I guess, looking back on it, I could have handled it better. Paul was always more tolerant—he would go out and try to reason. But with me, it was like 'This is my house, do you mind? I'm living here, you know?' "



"I was a voyeur," says McCartney of her work in the 60s. Among the greats who posed: Janis Joplin (in her L.A. dressing room), Rolling Stone Brian Jones (June 1966), and Jimi Hendrix (backstage with Eric Burdon, London, Christmas 1967).

Even Paul, the supposedly diplomatic one, began to dig in his heels. "What we should have done was gone on a TV chat show, and I should have said, 'Hello, Britain, this is my little bride. She's a lovely woman, a photographer from America.' But I thought, What the fuck for? Why should we have to go on the telly and justify our marriage?"

In his public statements about his wife, Paul has often adopted this embattled, indignant tone. "You shouldn't have to justify yourself," he tells Linda at one point as she is talking about her own unhappy experiences with the British press. "You don't have to [justify yourself] to me or the kids." Never is he more defensive than when responding to questions about her musicianship.

There is a tape pirated from a 1989 performance at a charity concert in Knebworth that has been played on several radio stations. The band is playing "Hey Jude," but a mischievous sound engineer has blocked out all the rest of the band, leaving Linda's backing vocal—in all its glorious tunelessness—on its own. The only other sound on the tape is the engineer and his colleagues howling with laughter as Linda's ululations travel further and further away from the appropriate key. In certain circles in the British music industry, listening to this tape has become standard parlor entertainment—a good standby for flagging dinner parties. One sees why Paul is sensitive.

Linda began working with Paul on songs from the beginning of their marriage. The notion that she was to replace John Lennon in the role of Paul's collaborator was greeted with some disbelief by the music press. But when his first two post-Beatles albums appeared, the critical spite was reserved largely for Paul himself, who seemed to be confirming British critic Cyril Connolly's dictum: "There is no more sombre enemy of good art than the pram in the hall."

Linda didn't really start coming under fire until the early 1970s, when Paul formed a new band, Wings, and she was made the keyboard player. This ignored the fact that she could neither play the piano nor stomach the thought of piano lessons. "I never said I was a great talent," she says. "But I figured Paul wouldn't ask me if he didn't think I could do it. So I just jumped in. I love piano—but not in the conventional way."

She was catcalled onstage; she became the butt of a thousand jokes. In the end, she herself asked to be spared the humiliation. But Paul would not hear of replacing her. "There was a lot of macho stuff that went on. . . . I got that even from people like Mick Jagger. 'What are you doing, putting your wife on the stage?' I never bothered answering, but my answer to myself was 'Fuck off. If I want her on the stage, I'll have her onstage.' If you start a group, you're allowed to have who you want in it. You can have your cat onstage if you want. I don't take the view that everyone onstage has got to be supergood musicians. The Stones weren't good musicians when they started. Mick wasn't that good a singer—he was just a blues ripoff, you know. But they had a raw edge. Linda is the innocence of our group. It's a vibe that she contributes."

Linda's comments on her continued role in Paul's band are an uneasy mix of defiance and regret: "There have been times when I thought, Why am I putting myself through this? And Paul would say, 'Because we want to be together.' So, you know, ultimately my attitude was: Stuff them. . . . Looking back on it, I would have done things differently. When Paul first asked me I would have said, 'Hey, look, Paul, I'm not a musician.' "

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LINDA McCARTNEY


Bloomingdale's
Burdines
Jordan Marsh
Lazarus
Rich's
The Bon Marché
A&S
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COOL WATER
Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE TOILETTE

Linda's final defense against media jeering is to disown all aspirations beyond being a good mother. Even her photography trails far behind family in her list of priorities, she says. And she is perfectly content knowing that hers will always be a curious, second-hand sort of fame. "I guess I'll be in history because I married a Beatle. It's funny, that. When we were looking for a name for my cookbook, we had this joke that we were going to call it *I Fed a Beatle*."

For both her and Paul, building a cozy, studiously "normal" family life has been the big theme of their marriage. At the beginning, they dealt with Linda's unpopularity, the death throes of the Beatles, and the increasingly embittered relations between Paul and John Lennon by simply retreating to a remote Scottish farmhouse and burrowing in. Linda's family snaps from this period could be portraits of British working-class life circa 1950: clogged-up bottles of ketchup on kitchen tables; smiling but filthy kids; Paul, bearded and in a tank top, looking like a guy who runs the amusement-park Dodg'ems.

Paul was not yet half as rich as he would become under the astute business guidance of Linda's father, but he was rich enough to make this deliberately basic life-style seem a little eccentric. Later on, the family lived for several years in a two-bedroom cottage in Sussex. They had four children by this point—Mary was born in 1969, Stella in 1971, and James in 1977. But they liked the hugger-mugger atmosphere of the two-bedroom setup. "You'd think it was stupid and illogical for a famous pop star and his wife to live like that," Paul says. "But, honestly, it was the greatest. It made us very close as a family. If one of us was upset or unhappy, we all knew about it. I liken it to a litter of kittens—that's how we raised the kids."

None of this was mere affectation, they say: it was self-preservation—a rejection of rock-star decadence in favor of "ordinary" values. "I've never wanted to be Mr. J. Paul Getty," Paul says. "That idea of being perceived as Mr. Moneybags . . . is very alien to me. Linda came from money, but I'm from Ardwick Road in Speke—a poor terrace in a council estate—and I liked what I was then. . . . You can become a Robert Maxwell or an Ivana Trump just because you go to the same premiere as they go to, and we're very anti all that."

Perhaps Linda wasn't always as dedicated to the simple life as her husband suggests. ("Linda doesn't really like housework," Paul once admitted.) But she has adapted with gusto, and now she proselytizes on the subject of normalcy and humbleness just as passionately as her husband. "What do people really need? A roof over their head, food, proudness for their family, a yard where their kids can run around. They need simple things—not big, gaudy things."

In fact, the McCartneys have something rather grander than a yard for their kids these days—a vast farm estate in Sussex. But they continue to eschew many of the standard trappings of wealth. They use public transportation regularly. They have never had servants or nannies. Perhaps most impressively, all four of their children have been educated at local state schools. "They should be freaks," Paul says of his brood. "But they really have turned out pretty well-adjusted. Linda often says they're our best friends, and there's a lot of truth in that. That's really a kind of a groove."

Heather, 28, is a potter. Mary, 23, works in a music-publishing company. Stella, 21, is at art school training to be a fashion designer, and James, 15, plays a lot of cricket. The children do appear to have grown up remarkably unspoiled. Apart from some swanky Caribbean holidays, the only rock-biz abnormality in their lives has been the frequency with which their parents have been busted for drugs.

Both Paul and Linda have kept up their marijuana use from the 60s. And since the beginning of the 70s, they have been busted for it several times, sometimes individually and sometimes together. They remain indignant about the illegality of their favorite relaxant. "More people die from the legal stuff, sleeping tablets and drink," Paul says. "When was the last time you heard of a guy dying from pot?"

Naturally, they have found it hard to be heavy-handed with their children about the drug. "We've told them it's not something we're crazily against," Paul says. "In fact, we've said it's not high on the list of dangers. Heroin, cocaine, booze [come further up]. . . . I wish people would do more research into pot. It's like an ancient Indian cure, this shit."

Paul and Linda often assume a rather pious tone when discussing their right-on, down-to-earth, tuna-have-feelings life-style: Linda will hand you a copy of her cookbook with the signed inscription "Go veggy now!" Paul will express dismay at the sexist way in which some of his friends treat their wives; Linda will speak to a friend on the phone and return, crying, "It's fantastic! The beluga whale has been saved!"

They can also, quite understandably, sound a little smug on the subject of their marriage. "It's very organic," Paul says. "It changes all the time. One day Linda will be very sort of wifey. Then on other days, she'll say, 'Sod this, let's groove.' And we'll be off in the woods doing things together that you might not expect from a middle-aged couple." (He rolls his eyes suggestively.)

"One day Linda will be very wifey. On other days...we'll be off in the woods doing things together you might not expect from a middle-aged couple."

But in fact they are not half as self-congratulatory as they might be about their 23-year marathon. Perhaps out of superstition, both insist on recognizing that their gingerbread house could fall apart yet. "If you'd seen our marriage at any point throughout the last 23 years," Paul says, "you would always have said, 'It might not last.' I mean, [it] has always been quite a fragile thing."

"It still might not last," Linda says.

When Paul leaves the room to return to the studio, she continues. "People have said I'm possessive of him, but actually my attitude is 'Hey, fuck off, do what you want to do, I'm not your jailer.' I mean, I read these letters in the women's magazines: 'My husband left me for his lover, but now he's come back. What shall I do?' And the woman's writing back, saying, 'Why don't you sit down and discuss your problems.' I think, Talk to him? I'd just say fuck off. None of this 'Oh please, dear.' If Paul were to go, O.K., I'd move on to something else. If we want to be together, then let's be together, but if either of us doesn't, then all the heart pain isn't going to stop it." She stretches and smiles a wide smile. "The relationship isn't the whole world. Hey, even at my old age, I'd still be able to have some fun." □



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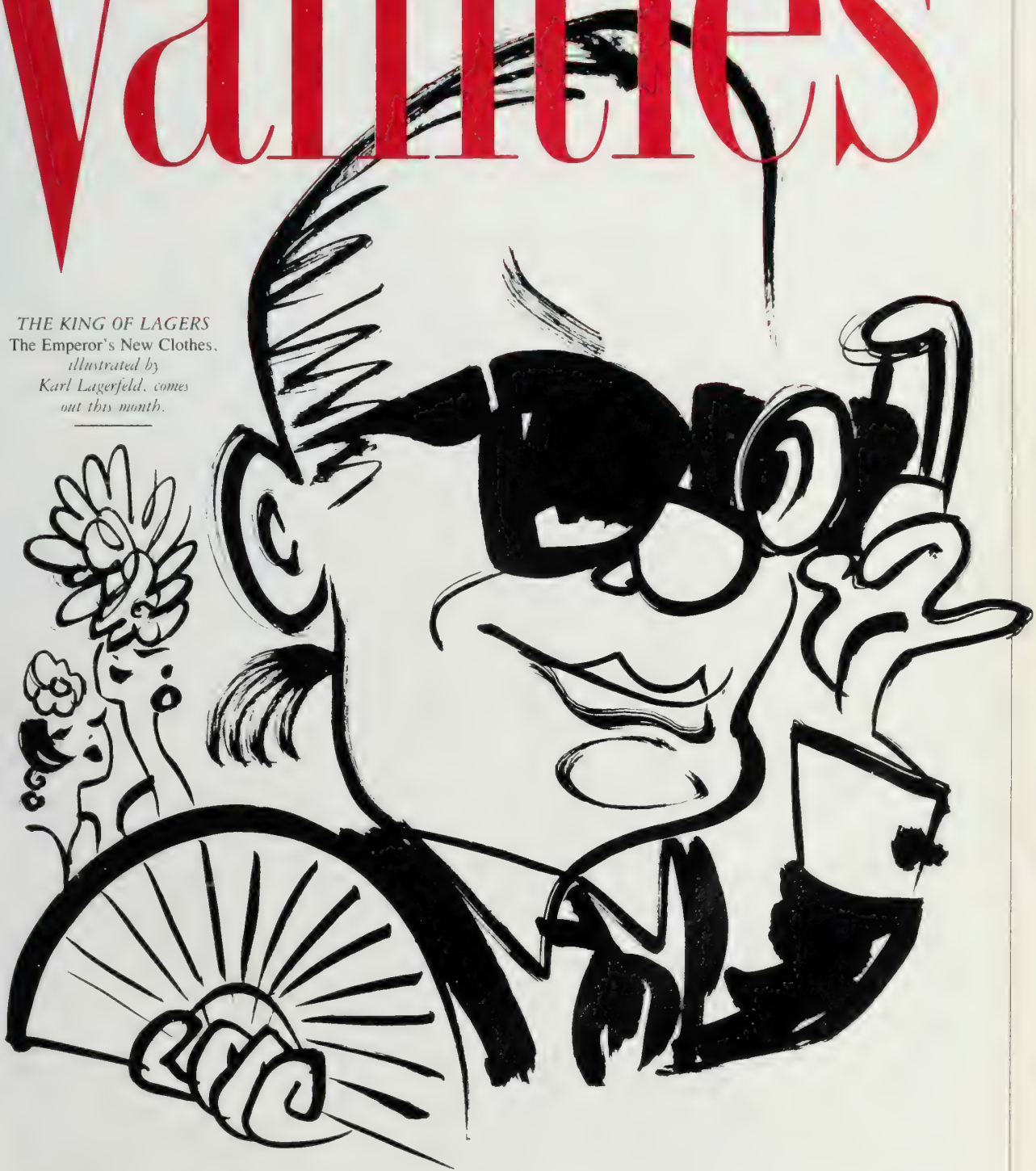
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Monks' robes—long or short this winter?

Vanities

THE KING OF LAGERS
The Emperor's New Clothes, *illustrated by Karl Lagerfeld, comes out this month.*



Forget Oktoberfest. And, while you're at it, forget Norsk Høstfest (Minot, North Dakota). Think *Lagerfest* (Paris, France). Karl Lagerfeld has just illustrated *The Emperor's New Clothes* (Atlantic Monthly

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

Look out for London's Chelsea Arts Ball, to which you're supposed to come as your favorite painting.

Press). And he has an exhibition of photographs opening at Galerie Boulakia, in the sixth. (*Lagerfest!*, the sort of promotional slogan publicists have launched careers with—their own, if not actually their clients'.) "Every day I become more and more fascinated by light," says Lagerfeld. "The subject is nearly secondary." Is it. Norsk Høstfest is sounding pretty good. There is nothing nearly secondary about the subject when the subject is Frida Kahlo. The late Mexican painter has spawned a cottage industry to rival post-1977 Elvis. Or post-Mia Woody. Her work, her marriage to the muralist Diego Rivera, her single, wondrous eyebrow—all have been examined in print (*Frida Kahlo: The Brush of Anguish. . . Frida Kahlo: The Paintings*) and on-screen (*Frida Kahlo: A Ribbon Around a Bomb*). Madonna collects her and wants to portray her. Luis Valdez is filming her story with Laura San Giacomo. Helen Schneider opens this month as a musical-theater Frida in New York. And a photo album (*Frida Kahlo: The Camera Seduced*) is just out. Because not many of her paintings—which fetched around $6,000 a decade ago and are worth millions now—survive, the Frida industry may soon overtake Frida's industry. *Frida Kahlo: Yet Another Project About Her with a Colon in the Title* is never far away.

Other subjects remain neglected. "After looking for a book. . . that might inspire me and help me to decide what kind of pool to build, I realized there weren't any books on pools," writes Kelly Klein in her introduction to *Pools* (Knopf), which pleasingly rights that wrong. Is this collection of photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe, Bruce Weber, and others the last word on pools—or the beginning of a heavily chlorinated deluge? More questions: How will only-modestly-fab 60s pop star turned actor Adam Faith fare now that his career (also only-modestly-fab) as a financial columnist for *The Mail on Sunday* is about to end? How much more than its list price (24 pence) will the new David Hockney–designed stamp (his first) eventually be worth? And monks' robes—long or short this winter?

The 14th incarnation of the Bodhisattva of Compassion can take that last one. The Dalai Lama, following in the footsteps of Dalí, Salvador (and Hitchcock, Alfred), is frowning over galleys about accessories as he guest-edits French *Vogue*'s Christmas issue. *Pardonnez, Your Holiness—for this spread, ze pumps black or ze pumps red?* In Washington, George Bush will put down his bedside copy of *Truman*—the president is said to be fixated on the 1948-comeback chapter—long enough to sift through Norman Schwarzkopf's memoirs for a few kind words. (Schwarzkopf is cool toward Bush, and—surprisingly—cooler toward Colin Powell.) Socially, the Fête de Famille, the Mortimer's-based benefit for New York Hospital's AIDS Care Center, is upon us, but look out for London's Chelsea Arts Ball, to which you're supposed to come as your favorite painting. (A Frida Kahlo, perhaps? No. These days, someone else is sure to be wearing one, too.) When the ball was last held, in 1958, a smoke bomb was set off by an excited guest, clearing a hall full of the very best sort of people. Hundreds of the very worst sort of people—publishing types—are descending on Frankfurt for the Book Fair, specifically upon the Frankfurter Hof's lobby bar. Serious business gathering? More like Fall Break—or, at best, Haggling-drunkenly-over-subsidiary-rightsfest.

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS



FRIENDLY FIRE George Bush and Colin Powell get hit in Norman Schwarzkopf's book.



BARNEYS
NEW YORK

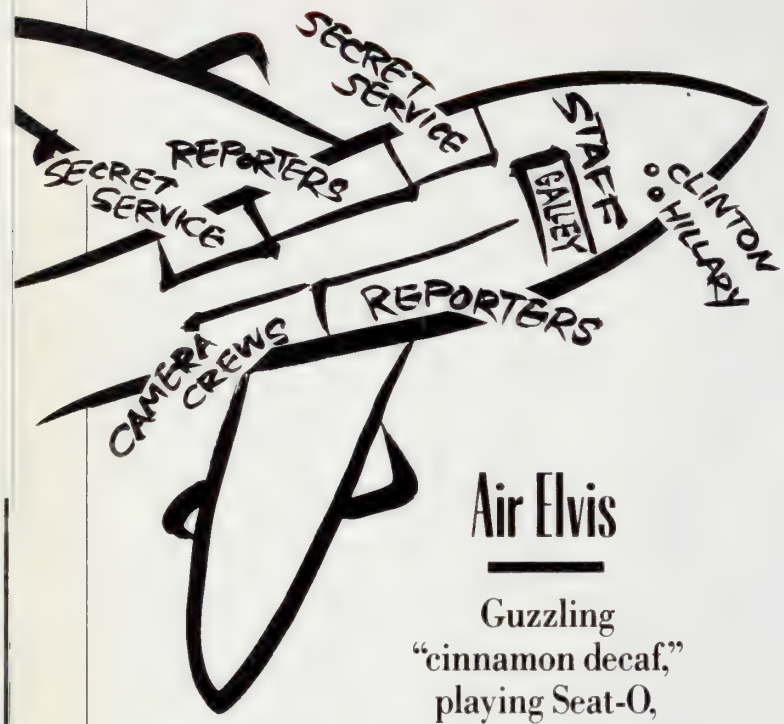
Everyone should wear the pants.

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Air Elvis

Guzzling "cinnamon decaf," playing Seat-O, and orange bowling on Bill Clinton's plane

The power seat on Bill Clinton's campaign plane, a chartered Boeing 727, is 1-C: first row, aisle, starboard side. Usually the window seat to Clinton's right is unoccupied; it's reserved for Hillary, who tends to campaign separately in order to cover more ground.

One recent morning for a flight from Adams Field in Little Rock, Arkansas, to Newark, New Jersey, the candidate climbed aboard wearing a madras shirt and clutching a Styrofoam coffee cup from McDonald's. Reporters, always concerned about the candidate's waistline, immediately launched inquiries into what fast foods Clinton may have indulged in on the way to the airport. Aides just as quickly mobilized to quash a rumor about French fries. Such are the most serious issues on the plane aides call *Air Elvis*.

Often on takeoff, oranges are rolled up the aisle as the press corps, who share the rear cabin with the Secret Service, engage in ritual games of anti-gravitational Skee-Ball. Object: defy the upward thrust of the fuselage and hit the cockpit door with your orange. But reporters like it just as much when the fruit stops near Clinton's feet and is personally sent aft by the candidate.

Plane antics became a private part of the American political tradition in the 1960 campaign. Three campaigns later, *Rolling Stone* reporter Timothy Crouse took them public in *The Boys on the Bus*. No subsequent campaign has been able to live up to the high level of shenanigans he depicted, but on board *Air Elvis* there are souls who try. One is Chuck Stewart, an NBC sound and camera technician. In 1988, he made a one-hour documentary about life on the road with Michael Dukakis called *ThrillCam: The Camp-Pain of-Doom*. Stewart has purchased a stereo for the plane and hopes to reintroduce the sport of gravity skiing, which involves gliding down the aisle on plastic emergency-exit instruction cards.

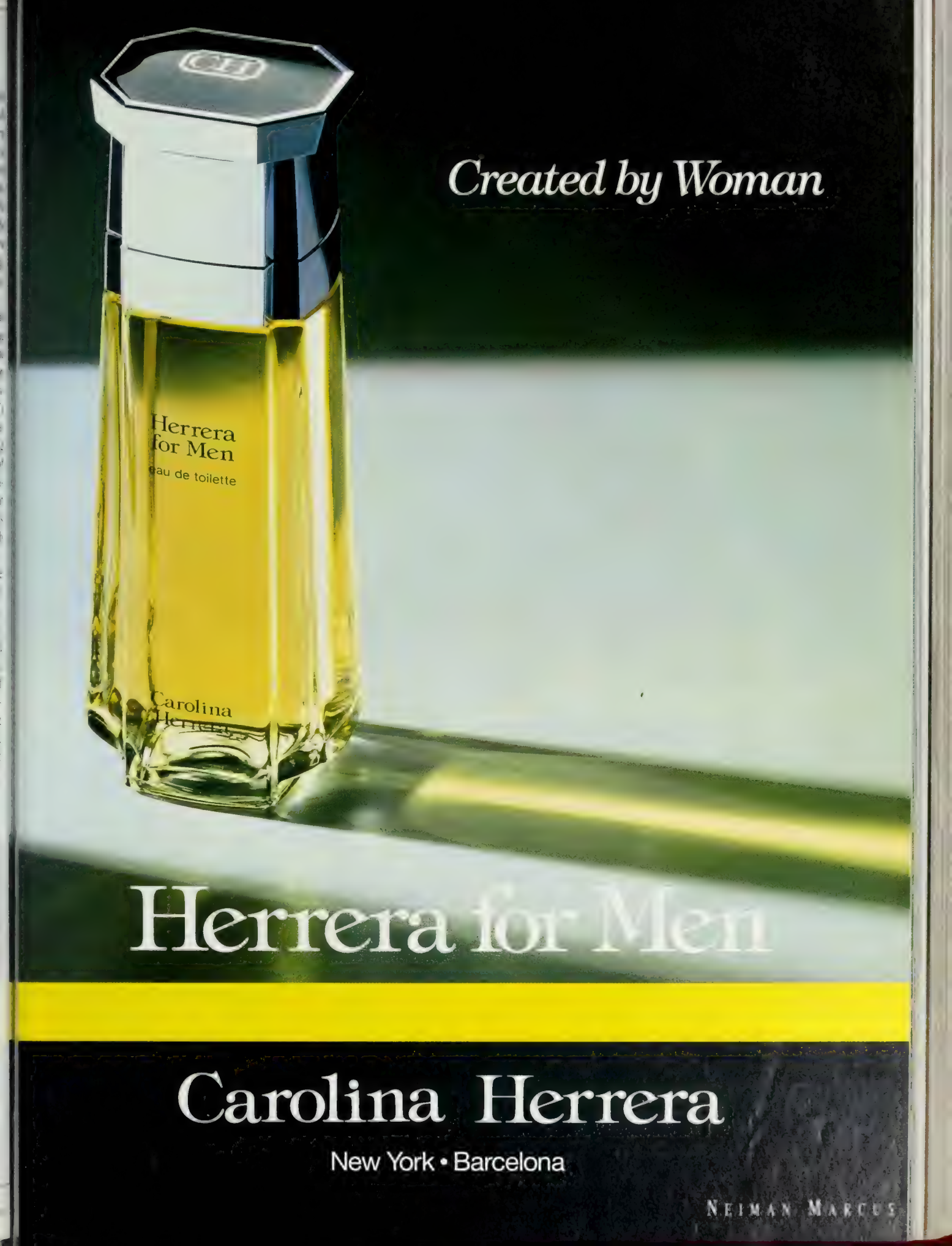
Staffers say Clinton spends most of his time reading and doing the crossword. Aides are discouraged from plunking down in Hillary's seat and striking up conversation, lest the garrulous candidate jabber all the way to the next airport stop and strain his vocal cords. Jackie Taylor, the pert flight attendant from Dallas assigned to the front cabin, says Clinton's favorite beverages are caffeine-free Diet Coke and "cinnamon decaf" coffee, a special brew achieved by sprinkling powdered cinnamon in with the coffee grounds. Packages of Walker's shortbread, a horrifyingly fattening snack-time favorite, are kept on board. "He told us he discovered it at Oxford," says Taylor. She and her equally pert colleagues say they were Perot supporters before *Air Elvis*. Now each wears a large CLINTON FOR PRESIDENT button.

Early in the campaign, some reporters tried to make the plane "off the record," in the hope that Clinton would feel more relaxed about venturing into the press cabin. As it is, he mostly comes back to grab a snack from the galley. Still, there's hope. Occasionally, the candidate gets involved in a game of in-flight Nerf football with reporters and staffers, including a press assistant who disparages Clinton's Nerf concentration, saying, "Usually he'll be talking about something completely different" with a reporter while chucking the foam-rubber ball. He is also a notorious card shark, constantly challenging his staff to gentlemen's games of hearts around one of two Formica-topped tables.



The player: Clinton is chief card shark on board his chartered 727.

And then there's Seat-O. The rules are simple enough. Members of the press commandeer the P.A. system and instruct passengers to mark two $1 bills with their seat number, then drop the bills in a bag that is brought up the aisle. If one of your dollar bills is drawn, you win the pot. Clinton, whose mother, Virginia Kelley, is an inveterate $2 bettor, reportedly plays along. But so far the man in 1-C hasn't come up a winner. —BEN TRAIN


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Dance (I), 1909. Oil on canvas, 8' 5" x 12' 9½". The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Nelson A. Rockefeller in honor of Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Dance (II), 1909-10, Oil on canvas, 8' 5⅛" x 12' 9½" The Hermitage Museum, Saint Petersburg
Matisse works ©1992 Succession H. Matisse/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

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Henri Matisse

A Retrospective

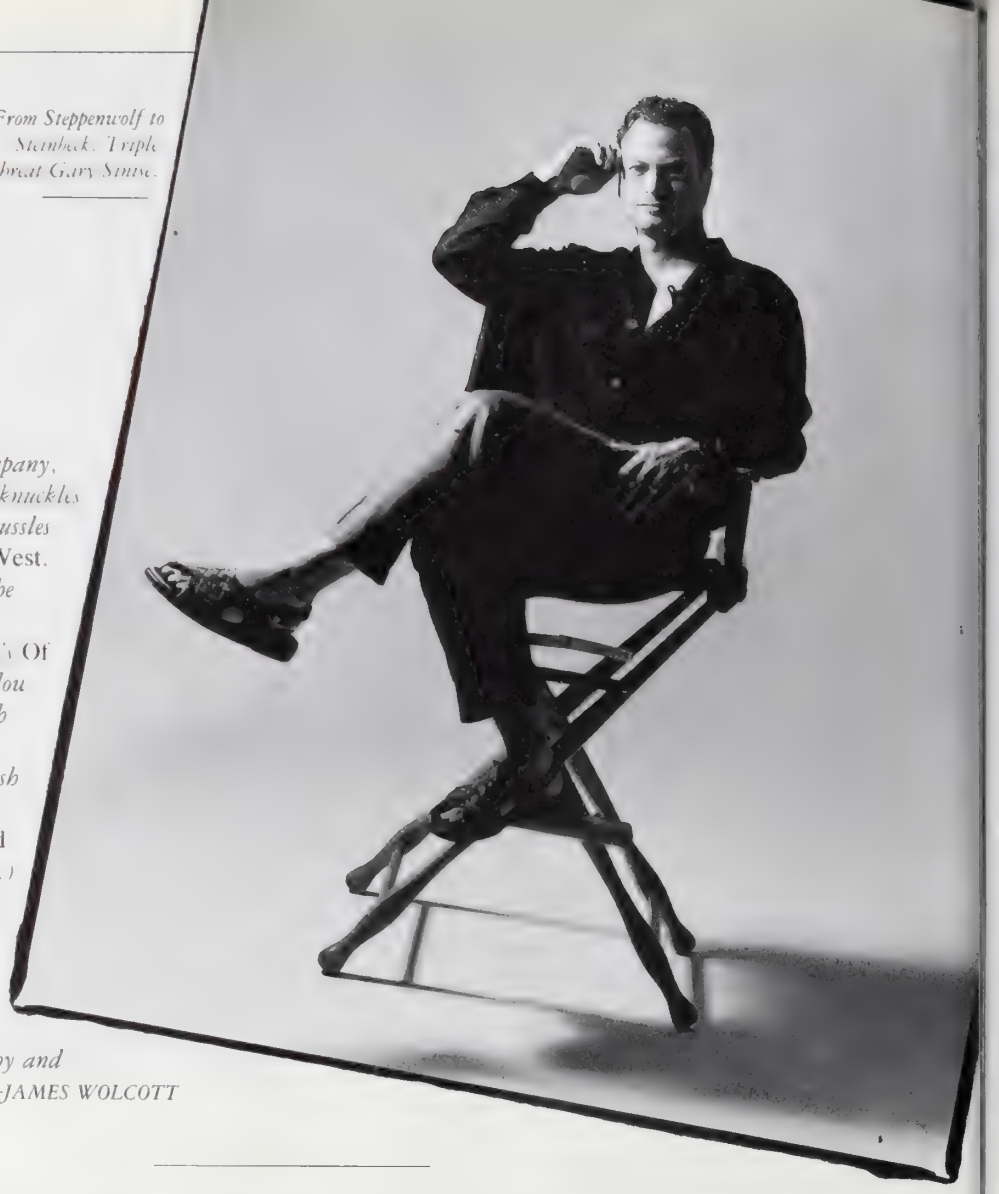
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Of Mice and Mensches

A founder of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company, Gary Sinise skinned his knuckles in such Cain-and-Abel tussles as Sam Shepard's True West. *Now he's truly west as the Hollywood star-producer-director of John Steinbeck's* Of Mice and Men, *which features fellow Steppenwolf howler John Malkovich as the retarded Lennie (who wraps his clumsy mitts around the kittenish Sherilyn Fenn). Far from being a schoolbook yawn, this* Of Mice and Men *smells farmyard-fresh. (*Moo.*) Sinise is a solid trunk of social-realist art in his work shirts, but the tiny burr of frustration at the back of his line readings is a comic hoot. Next for Sinise:* Jack the Bear, *co-starring the always shy and retiring Danny DeVito.* —JAMES WOLCOTT



Oh, Suzanne!

Since Suzanne Vega's debut in 1985, her low-key melodies and quirky, lyrical observations of urban life have made the willowy New Yorker one of that most unlikely sort, a folkie star. "I always thought that I'd be discovered after I was dead," Vega says, "and the big hits, like 'Luka' or 'Tom's Diner,' really surprised me." Her newest release, *99.9 F°* (A&M Records), finds her in the slightly fevered, dreamlike state of detachment for which she's known. But with a new sense of clarity about her purpose. "There is a huge undercurrent of tension and anxiety that needs to be expressed," she says about the America she sees and feels. "I want to make a point about where we're going, but loud speeches don't work." Happily, these songs do. —KIKI MASON

Temperature rising: Suzanne Vega.

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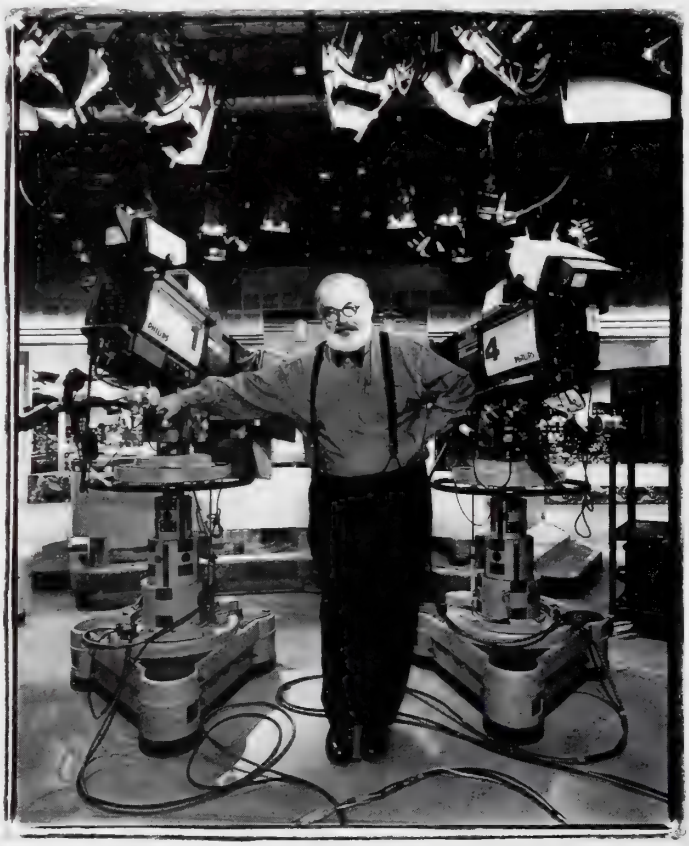
Not Necessarily the News

Six years after being fired from CBS, Van Gordon Sauter is back—this time running Rupert Murdoch's Fox News

"When you get home, tired after a long day, would you prefer to watch Peter Jennings?" Van Gordon Sauter asks Renée Ricciotti, a pert assistant manager at Georgetown's Garden Terrace bar. "Or *Studs*?"

"*Studs*, definitely!" she cries.

Sauter, the courtly, portly new president of Fox News, turns and says, "You see! We'd never do a newscast like *Studs*, obviously, but we've got to respond to the fact that at 6:30 P.M. in Los Angeles *Studs* beats all the evening newscasts."



Sauter on the set: "We'd never do a newscast like Studs."

In July, Fox Inc. chairman Rupert Murdoch asked Sauter to head Fox News, an embryonic division at a network where only 34 of 140 affiliates carry local news.

"Van's first priority is to get all our stations broadcasting local news," says Murdoch. "We expect 70 to 80 percent of our affiliates will be doing news within two years. Second, Van's going to generate a national newsmagazine like *60 Minutes*, which should air within 15 months." Sauter says he would also like to "look into" doing a national news broadcast. But Murdoch, perhaps mindful of the huge expense involved, says, "I don't believe in them."

Sauter, 56, replaced Stephen Chao, who was sacked for having a male model strip before Murdoch and Defense Secretary Dick Cheney at a Fox parent-company meeting, to make a point about censorship. When Murdoch called, Sauter, who was fired from his last job, as president of CBS News, six years ago, was writing TV reviews for *Variety*, fly-fishing in Idaho, and basking in the reflective glow of his wife, Kathleen Brown, the California state treasurer, who is widely expected to run for governor in 1994.

A cheery, self-mythologizing maverick, Sauter is known for distributing copies of *Network*'s Howard Beale's rant about television ("the most awesome goddamned force in the whole godless world"), for wearing rumpled chinos and L. L. Bean moccasins, and for his office-wall motto: IN NIELSEN WE TRUST. "Part of Van wants to be Jack Kerouac in the wilds writing novels," says former CBS producer Jon Katz, "and part wants to be a carnivorous media tycoon."

In two stints as CBS president from 1980 to 1986, Sauter restored the *Evening News* to first in the ratings with innovative graphics and camera angles and stories that plucked the heartstrings. (Before our interview he strewed napkins around the glass table to improve the recording acoustics.) He was, for a time, celebrated. "Van is a master at saying whatever sounds right at that moment, and at spinning and manipulating the press," Dan Rather says. He means this to be flattering.

But Sauter's breezy charm cloaked a devotion to ratings and corporate infighting that led him to order wrenching personnel cutbacks, run stories about three-legged sheep, and hire legendary airhead Phyllis George for the *Morning News*. Bill Moyers was hardly alone in concluding that Sauter was "not of the bone and marrow of news."

"Who could care less what Bill Moyers thinks, for Chrissakes?" says Sauter as he brainstorms about introducing jerky camcorder-shot videos. "William Hearst said his paper sold on 'tits, tots, pets, and vets.' At the risk of coming across as the Antichrist of TV news, let me say that viewers need to find personal links with events. Otherwise it's irrelevant information."

"Van Sauter and Fox are a perfect fit," says Dan Rather. "But Van needs hundreds of millions of dollars, and at least five years, to make an impact." "No one's quaking in their boots yet," agrees Steve Friedman, executive producer of *NBC Nightly News*. "Those are the voices of the old news establishment," Murdoch responds. "It'll take Van three years and tens of millions." —TAD FRIEND

In this case, protecting the environment includes running down 4x4's at 2 a.m. For these 4-dr. Suzuki Sidekick JLX's, it's all in a day's work. As Gary Moser, Chief Ranger for the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy tells it, people with a little too much enthusiasm for nocturnal off-roading were a problem. Until the Sidekick 4WD's. "They're not your typical patrol vehicle. They tread lightly, but can go up inclines bigger trucks can't. Catching these guys off-guard was easy." With no major modifications besides roof lights, they're tough and reliable. "We've never had a breakdown in the field, gotten stuck or failed to start." Plus, adds Moser, "they're fun to drive." Obviously, some days are more fun than others.



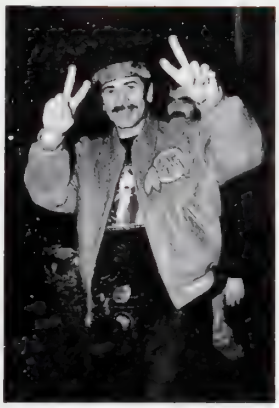


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Carlos Santana *(musician):* Messengers of Light, *by Terry Lynn Taylor (H. J. Kramer). "The message sustains me on the road and at home. I love how Terry and the angels encourage us to stay in our hearts."*

Night-table Reading

Eileen Ford *(co-founder, modeling agency):* Acquired Tastes, *by Peter Mayle (Bantam). "I enjoyed his other two so enormously, and this new one is just marvelous."*





Maeve Binchy *(novelist):* The Firm, *by John Grisham (Doubleday). "I sort of thought that the hero would win, but page after nerve-jangling page I wasn't sure."*

Matt Groening *(cartoonist):* Et Tu, Babe, *by Mark Leyner (Harmony). "It's really funny—a very hip nonstop sci-fi wisenheimer combo platter of a novel."*





PAMELA HANSON

Judy, Judy, Judy

Judy Davis has made an entire career out of walking against the wind. From her 1979 breakthrough role in *My Brilliant Career* as a turn-of-the-century Australian-bush farmer's daughter with her eye on the horizon to the gritty strugglers she played in *High Tide*, *Barton Fink*, and *Naked Lunch*, Davis has radiated the passion and pathos of hope over experience. Which is doubtless why Woody Allen cast her as Sydney Pollack's frustrated wife in this month's *Husbands and Wives* (a frustration, she hints, that leads to an affair). And why, instead of moving to L.A., she continues to live in her native Australia, married to actor Colin Friel, with whom she has a five-year-old son. L.A., she says, would just be too . . . *easy*. —HAL HINSON

Awesome Aussie: Judy Davis stars in Woody Allen's Husbands and Wives.

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MONTEIL
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A Marriage in Trouble

The gashing of a masterpiece and a cover-up at the Louvre



Members of the wedding: Dogs, dandies, sweaty servants, monkeys, and Veronese himself are in Marriage at Cana. *Damaged areas are indicated in red.*

At the Louvre, on the third of June, in the gallery where the *Mona Lisa* hung for years in the company of Titians and Veroneses, there was supposed to be an act of high preservation. It was more like the last act of *Samson and Delilah*.

Paolo Veronese's monumental and operatically dramatic oil painting, *Marriage at Cana*—32½ by 22 feet and weighing one and a half tons—created in 1563 for the Benedictine abbey of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice, was being winched up by the Louvre's engineers to its place of honor after a three-year, million-dollar cleaning.

Halfway up, with only 20 feet to go, looking like a giant with arms outstretched, the picture, with its massive weight, began to bend two critical iron supports. There was the frightening sound of metal giving way, then of the tearing and ripping of canvas, amid cries of horror from the engineers and conservators. The magnificent work, one of the top treasures in the museum, was gashed in five places, three of which were a yard long.

Word of the tragedy was hushed up. But soon, from inside the Louvre, the news was leaked by employees outraged at the disgraceful and utterly unnecessary episode. Under pressure, the Louvre talked. Nathalie Volle, the conservator in charge, admitted that, yes, the engineers had miscalculated the center of gravity of the immense canvas and some damage had occurred. But, no, the damage was not all that serious. And, yes, the work would not go on display in September, but in November, as soon as the gashes were sewn back together thread by thread.

Veronese's *Cana* is divine. And for such an elephantine work, that's rare. As if painting on a Super-70 screen, the Renaissance genius depicted, all at once, the secular revels of the wedding and the religious poignancy of Christ's first miracle: changing water into wine.

Packed effortlessly into the stage of foreground and loggia are 120 celebrants at the wedding—and, of course, Christ and the radiant bride. The picture is even finer than the sublime *Feast in the House of Levi* in the Accademia in Venice, a work restored beautifully some 10 years ago. This, according to some, was the impetus for the urge to clean *Cana*.

Inside sources say the French conservators have done a spectacular job of stripping away the gunk and yellowed varnish that had built up over the centuries. Now the stones of the architecture glow like honey in sunlight; the sky is an eye-popping turquoise; the costumes outshine Christian Lacroix's, and the details stand out like gemstones.

But all that good work has done little to quiet the angry chatter inside the Louvre or to answer the questions. Why, staffers ask, was the cleaning not done in situ on the wall? Why was the director of the museum not present at the crucial moment of rehanging? Why did no one bother to test out the process with a dummy canvas, or think to call in Italian experts to lend a hand? And why, most important, was the accident covered up?

In the past two centuries the French seem to have gone out of their way to abuse *Cana*. Napoleon stole it from San Giorgio Maggiore in 1797, tearing it right off the wall. Once in Paris, the canvas was cut in half horizontally to ease its hanging. In the early 1950s it was badly ripped when an iron support cylinder collapsed. And just two days before the recent act of violence, the masterpiece was damaged by water leaking through a skylight.

Red-faced but resolute, Volle and her co-conservator, Jean Habort, vow *Cana*'s gashes will be repaired in time for its scheduled unveiling on November 17. But before they attempt once again to hoist the canvas up those treacherous metal supports, let me offer a modest proposal.

Every time the painting has embarked upon a short journey inside the Louvre, catastrophe has occurred. But on long trips, there's never been a problem. The voyage from Venice to Paris was uneventful. In the revolution of 1870, the huge canvas traveled safely to Brest. During World War II, it traveled to a number of places in Vichy so the French might avoid an embarrassing request for its return by the Nazis' Italian allies. No damage.

So to guarantee the safety of *Marriage at Cana*, why not send it on the road, on an extended world tour? Why not open in Venice, next play New York and L.A. and around the world, return—to stay—to Venice? Not only could the painting be seen and appreciated by millions, it might just stay intact.

—THOMAS HOVING


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For the Image-Conscious

Fall's best photo books on display



Vito Acconci and Annie Lennox in Skin Deep: The Portraits of Alastair Thain *(Viking), in which Jane Withers writes, "The one thing that has become unacceptable is to be anonymous."*



In Philip Trager's Dancers *(Bulfinch), Jacob's Pillow's Men and Yves Musard and the VA Dancers move through the landscape like choreographed statuary.*

Public Appearances: 1987–1991 (Vendome) presents Lord Snowdon's gallery of contemporary notables. In *Pola Women* (Schirmer), Helmut Newton publishes for the first time the Polaroid studies that precede his darkly erotic prints. Sally Mann says the photos of her children in *Immediate Family* (Aperture) are "about everybody's memories, as well as their fears." David Bailey pairs images of fame and mortality in his wry *If We Shadows* (Thames and Hudson). And Elliott Erwitt muses in *To the Dogs* (D.A.P.) that "it's easier to photograph these funny little creatures than people, as long as you don't get bitten." —AMY FINE COLLINS



Carol Channing and Pee-wee Herman face up: Herb Ritts monumentalizes even the airiest subjects in his overscale celebrity album Notorious *(Bulfinch).*



Front window: Howell Conant's Grace *(Random House) tracks the blonde icon's evolution from ice queen of the silver screen to Monaco's serene highness.*



In Pieces of a Pattern: Lacroix by Lacroix *(Thames and Hudson), the celebrated couturier assembles a Proustian collage of favorite pictures and memories.*

don't think anyone else needs to do a photo
say on erotica—*Sex* is it," says Steven Meisel.



His Master's

The good news for George Bush is that Jim Baker is again pulling the strings. The bad news for Jim Baker is that this recent move from the State Department back to the White House is just further proof that string pulling is his destiny. MARJORIE WILLIAMS examines a man imprisoned by his own singular brand of power

A true story about James Addison Baker III and George Herbert Walker Bush:

It is the summer of 1988, and Baker has given up his post as Treasury secretary to chair the presidential campaign of Bush, his friend of 30 years. Not happily, not cheerfully, but as a bow to the inevitable. After all, the first rule of politics is that you dance with the one that brung you—especially when he is 17 points down in the polls, as Vice President Bush has been in his race against Democratic nominee Michael Dukakis.

But Baker has been trained by a century of family tradition to aspire up and away from the mire of mere politics. Although he's running the nastiest campaign in recent memory, he somehow manages to make the whole effort—Willie Horton and all—seem but a brief hiatus between the dignity of Treasury and his almost certain appointment, in the event of victory, to be Bush's secretary of state.

Enter a certain guy, one of Washington's legion of mediators. He calls Baker to offer the support of a certain organization—a group that the Bush campaign is very eager to win over. One of the few things this group wants in return is a meeting with Baker to hear the standard vague assurances that a Bush administration would be in sympathy with the group's interests.

But after first agreeing to the meeting, Baker suddenly balks. Margaret Tutwiler, his loyal aide and anxious monitor of his reputation, tells the go-between that Baker has become concerned that, as secretary of state, he may one day have to rule on issues affecting this organization. He's determined, Tutwiler says, to avoid any appearance of impropriety.

So Baker proposes, through Tutwiler, an alternative: someone less fastidious, more willing to soil his hands in the daily grime of politics. He sets up a meeting with the next president of the United States.

The intermediary tells this story with a wondering laugh, adding, "Baker's stance is 'I'm above all that. But we all know that George will pander.' "

That is the signature story about Baker, the man who is rolling up his sleeves, yet one more time, to try to salvage Bush's campaign. Not only does it illustrate the self-interest that has enabled Baker to amass, over the past 12 years in some of Washington's most demanding jobs, the sweetest collection of press clips ever conferred on a public official, but it also encapsulates the relationship between Bush and Baker.

The president is, by age and etiquette, the more senior of the two men. It was he who inspired Jim Baker's transformation from Houston business lawyer to modern Metternich, and his transfer of Baker, in August, from the State Department to the White House staff was a potent reminder that at least until November 3 he is technically the more powerful man.

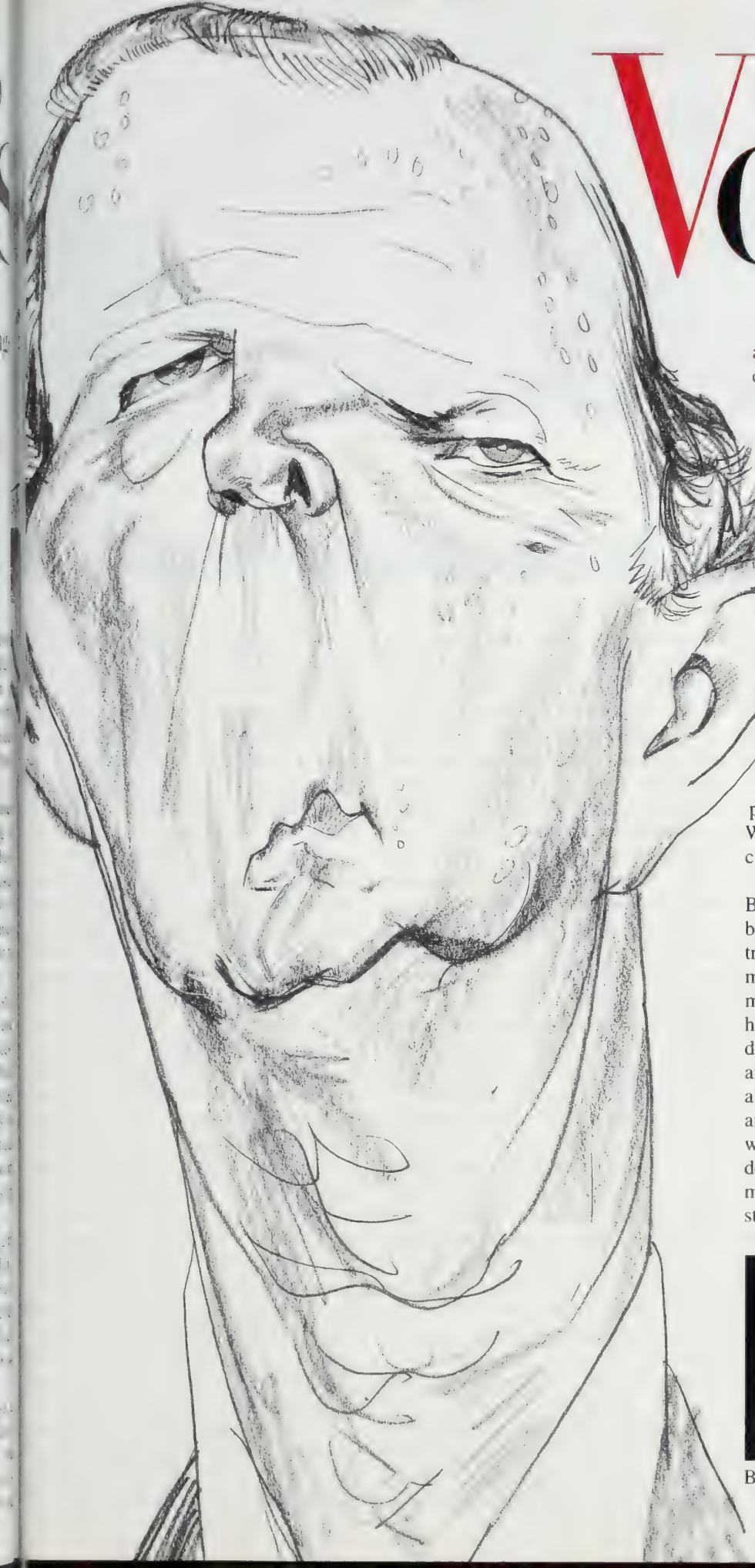
But a true accounting of the balance between Bush and Baker, according to people who have worked with them both, is far more complex. "Baker thinks he's much smarter than Bush," says someone who knows both men well. "And you really wouldn't want to debate that with him."

Again and again, their joint history shows Baker manipulating Bush and polishing his own image, when necessary, at his friend's expense. While Bush has sometimes resisted or rebelled against Baker's dominance, "there's no question," says a Republican political consultant who has campaigned with both men, "that in the relationship Bush is the junior partner."

The consultant says, "Baker's a guy who looks in the mirror and says, 'Jim, you're much smarter than Bush, there's no doubt about that; you're much richer than Bush, there's no doubt about that. And I think you're better-looking. How come *you're* not president?' "

This is why, if you had to devise a private hell for Jim Baker, you couldn't do better than to pattern it after the events of this past summer. As Bush's polls streaked downward through June

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE



Voice

and July and into August, it became clear that Bush—who had never won a national election without a vital boost from Baker—would once again need to call on him. But Baker, at the age of 62, had thought he was long past this. Since 1981, when he became Ronald Reagan's White House chief of staff, he had forged one of the post-war era's most successful Washington careers. Yet there he was, on August 13, pulled back to his beginnings. By the sort of strict pragmatism that has always ruled his career, he was forced to acknowledge that he was less valuable running U.S. foreign policy than he would be in the role of White House chief of staff and unofficial head of the Bush campaign.

To understand how galling this is to Baker, it is important to understand his background, and the deeply felt family tradition that molded him into the formidable, constricted, somewhat chilly man he is. It is equally helpful to trace his career in Washington, and see how determinedly he has played the odds and the angles. But it is most crucial of all to examine his history with Bush, and the too perfect symbiosis they have wrought in their joint success. For the deepest truth of their kinship is that each man is tied to the other by the steel-strong chains of his own limitations.

In Washington, you hear a good deal about what a gentleman Baker is—how friendly and unpretentious he is, for such an important guy. But this says more about Washington, and what the city values, than it does about Baker. He is in fact a deep-dyed workaholic, a thoroughgoing loner. An old colleague summarizes Baker aptly as "cold but very graceful."

Baker declined all requests to be in-



Two to tango: As contenders during Bush's first presidential bid, January 1980...



...as V.P. and Treasury secretary, at a terrorism-task-force meeting, July 1985...

"It's not a relationship you want to get in the middle of.

terviewed for this article. But he sat with me for a long interview several years ago for a profile in *The Washington Post*. After weeks of talking to friends and colleagues who had dressed him up in humanitarian garb, I was stunned at how frankly Baker seemed to wear his true nature: he was one of the least warm human beings I had ever met, a high-performance engine uninterested in pretending to be anything else. The one informality in his manner, the only concession to the fact that it was a Saturday morning, was a pair of black cowboy boots—oddly incongruous against his suit pants and tie and crisp white shirt with the "JAB III" monogram on the pocket. Green eyes intent, every hair in place, he settled to the interview as if to an oral exam.

His chief concern throughout was to make sure I knew he had been *the best* at everything he did—in law school, in his Marine Corps training, on the tennis court. No triumph was too petty for recollection, no failure slight enough to pass over without explanation. This is one of Baker's two hallmarks: his competitiveness. Baker is so competitive, according to Bush-campaign general chairman Robert Mosbacher, another longtime friend from Houston, that after he recently beat Baker in golf he could swear Baker took lessons before they played again. On their most recent outing, "his swing was much different than it was the time before."

Baker's other major obsession is with control. "I can't remember any time in which he's ever even drunk too much or in any way was out of control," his Princeton roommate Dr. David Paton told me three years ago. His will to control goes beyond himself, to his environment and his image. He is a master at claiming credit for success—and at disowning failure. "This is a guy who's filed off his prints," says one reporter who has covered him.

Remember the president's disastrous January trip to Japan? Baker was nowhere near the place. Panama? During some of the Bush administration's most obvious foreign-policy embarrassments, such as the June environmental summit and the failed Panama coup of October 1989, the secretary of state was invisible.

Bitter jokes are told in the White House over his ability to advertise his disagreement with an unpopular policy. Early in the buildup to the Persian Gulf War, the influential *New York Times* correspondent Thomas L. Friedman ran a story headlined BAKER SEEN AS A BALANCE TO BUSH ON CRISIS IN THE GULF. Baker, of course, was quoted nowhere by name. But "a range of senior officials" were said to "have a strong impression that Mr. Baker has been motivated by an acute awareness of the risks...that could flow from a major military conflict."

New York Times columnist William Safire, who has been one of Baker's few consistent critics, says, "One of the things that bother me about Baker is his footprint erasure. He's never there when something goes wrong.... When he came in to take over the campaign in 1988, the first thing you heard in all the backgrounders—which came from him—was that he was not to be associated with the Quayle decision."

Nor do problems stick to Baker on a personal level. In February 1989 he ran into a brief storm when White House counsel C. Boyden Gray chastised him for owning Chemical Bank stock worth more than $3.5 million—an interest he was in a position to affect at the State Department, given the bank's huge loans in the Third World. After a brief attempt to contain the damage, Baker dumped all his stock, and the matter was dropped. Newspapers praised Baker's integrity—with scant comment on the fact that for four years at Treasury Baker had been even *more* closely in charge of matters affecting the bank.

"If Ed Meese or Bert Lance had been revealed to own the bank stock as secretary of the Treasury, there would have been a special prosecutor!" says Charles Peters, editor in chief of *The Washington Monthly*. "There would have been a hue and cry, Congress would have insisted on it. They would have just *killed* him."

But Baker has always understood intuitively the Scylla and Charybdis of any executive-branch career—the press and the Congress. As Reagan's chief of



. . . as secretary of state and president, at the Houston economic summit, July 1990. . .



. . . and as good sports on the Holly Hills Country Club golf course, Maryland, July 1991.

You'd need a team of psychiatrists to sort it out."

staff, he set aside four or five hours a week—huge blocks of time in a schedule usually measured in quarter-hour dollops—for regular meetings with the handful of reporters who most influenced White House coverage. These hours were sacrosanct.

Then and now, Baker's technique has been to gather reporters into a suffocating embrace. He takes them into his confidence; off the record, he'll tell them almost anything, from intimate details of his family life to what he heard from Mikhail Gorbachev in a meeting. And far from exposing him, this treatment lures the press into a conspiracy of knowledge.

In addition, he is a maestro of the art of leaking: with each "background" tidbit, he can simultaneously (a) spread a version of events flattering to him, (b) accomplish a bureaucratic end, such as hurting an enemy or drawing fire toward a policy he disagrees with, and (c) indebt the reporter to whom he gives the scoop.

A good example was a Friedman exclusive, published in October 1989, explaining that Baker had quashed a hard-line speech on the Soviet Union by deputy national-security adviser Robert M. Gates. At a time when the administration had been sending mixed signals about how much faith it placed in Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev, Baker's action (and his leak of it) sent an important message about Baker's pre-eminence in the making of U.S. policy.

As for Congress, Baker has always followed a detailed program of flattery: he has a long-standing policy, for example, of returning every member's phone call, even calls from the merest freshman member—preferably the same day. He is such a favorite on the Hill that he has been able, in the crunches, to avoid some of the pressure Congress exerts on less popular officials. Congressional-committee requests for the secretary of state to testify on controversial issues were the subject of elaborate negotiations—and as often as not he was able to send a more junior surrogate to take the heat. "He would come up with one reason or another why it was a poor time for him to testify," says a Senate Foreign Relations Committee source. "And he drew on his relationship with the chairman to make sure he didn't appear when it wasn't opportune."

Baker's ability to survive is also closely tied to his ideological neutrality. From the time he came to prominence, he has shown no attachment to any particular agenda—only to the conclusion of whatever deal is in the making. As a result, he gets a kind of respect in Washington that is reserved for a very few operators. Washington's highest compliment is to call someone "effective"; what *particular* effect he may have is a distinctly secondary concern. Highest in the capital status hierarchy are those who, like Baker, can thread something, anything, through the labyrinth of competing power centers. Lowest are those—whether Ed Meese or Ralph Nader—who place first priority on ideological passion of any kind.

Baker's secret is that he is accountable only to the other nabobs of the capital. While Bush has plummeted in voters' esteem, Baker has borne all the benefits of Bush's presidency—and very few of its risks.

While Bush and Baker are commonly described as two peas in a cultural pod labeled "Tex-Prep," their backgrounds have important distinctions. Bush was an eastern transplant to Texas; Baker was born into the top rung of Houston's aristocracy. He is the fourth in a line of James Addison Bakers; his eldest son, Jamie, is the fifth. The family gave its name to the powerful Houston law firm of Baker & Botts, said to be the second-oldest firm west of the Mississippi. For nearly a century, Bakers have had major interests in Houston real estate, banking, utilities, and cultural institutions.

Jim Baker's wealth can't be accurately estimated, because of the vagueness of the financial-reporting requirements for federal officials. But reliable accounts suggest that $5 million would be an extremely conservative estimate.

Houston's Wasp social elite has tradi-

tionally proved the rule that there is no missionary quite so pious as the one who lives among the infidels. Firms like Baker & Botts tamed the young money of the Southwest by adopting a veneer of absolute rectitude. And families like the Bakers sent their children to be polished at eastern schools. (Jim Baker, like his father, went to the Hill School in Pennsylvania and on to Princeton, before returning to the University of Texas for his law degree.)

Descriptions of Jim Baker's father sketch a man of righteousness and some rigidity, so strict that young Jimmy's friends referred to him as "the warden." Baker followed his father's educational and professional wishes unquestioningly until his father's death, in 1973; while he was barred by a nepotism rule from practicing at Baker & Botts, he joined an equally august Houston firm, Andrews & Kurth.

This heritage left Baker with an enormous strength of ego—and an edge of vanity. His pride in his background has allowed him to stand apart from Washington's seamier struggles for recognition, to be free of the lust for money or petty status tokens that ruins so many Washington careers. But it has also placed him in the paradoxical position of disdaining the roots of his present-day power. He has run for office once, and flirted with the idea at least twice more; he has played central roles in four presidential campaigns before the current one. But he has always resisted any identification as a politician.

To people like Prescott Bush and his son George, with their roots in the Midwest and the East, a political career was at least as prestigious as the careers in banking that otherwise yawned before children of the elite. But to Baker's forebears, political office would have been . . . *crass*. The chief injunction handed down by his grandfather was "work hard, study, and keep out of politics." Says Houston attorney Boone Vastine, a friend of both men, "George grew up in a family oriented toward public office. And Jimmy's family was oriented more toward—they believed you *control* the power; you're not out in front of it."

George Bush and Jim Baker met in the late 50s through Baker's first wife, Mary Stuart McHenry, who had grown up in Ohio across the street from a distant relative *(Continued on page 278)*

Me Tarzan. You Lane.

There were Tracy and Hepburn, Liz and Dick, Woody and Diane, Warren and Diane, Warren and Madonna, Warren and Annette—performers who juggled demanding twin careers as lovers and co-stars and left myth in their wake. To this distinguished (though at times combustible) gallery shall we now add the husband-and-wife team of Christopher Lambert and Diane Lane? Well, from the look of things, they seem to genuinely like each other—that's a good sign. They seem to like the camera too—an even better sign. Our photographer suggested a simple kiss; the shy couple took it from there. Call it chemistry. *Slurp!*

Her you may remember as the delicately drawn Lolita-next-door who broke into features at the age of 13 with 1979's *A Little Romance* (opposite Olivier, no less), went on to make the cover of *Time* at 14, and is one of the few things worth remembering from Francis Coppola's mid-career slough (*The Outsiders, Rumble Fish, The Cotton Club*). Lambert—whose Belmondo-y looks can suggest a kind of supersaturated Mediterranean-ness, a Frenchman tapenade—first came to the attention of American audiences as the neurotic, revisionist Tarzan in 1984's *Greystoke*. More recently, wielding a mean broadsword and a sense of camp fun, he has struck cult-hit gold in the exhilaratingly ludicrous *Highlander* films. One other thing: if producers are interested, he can play a fine human Fudgsicle.

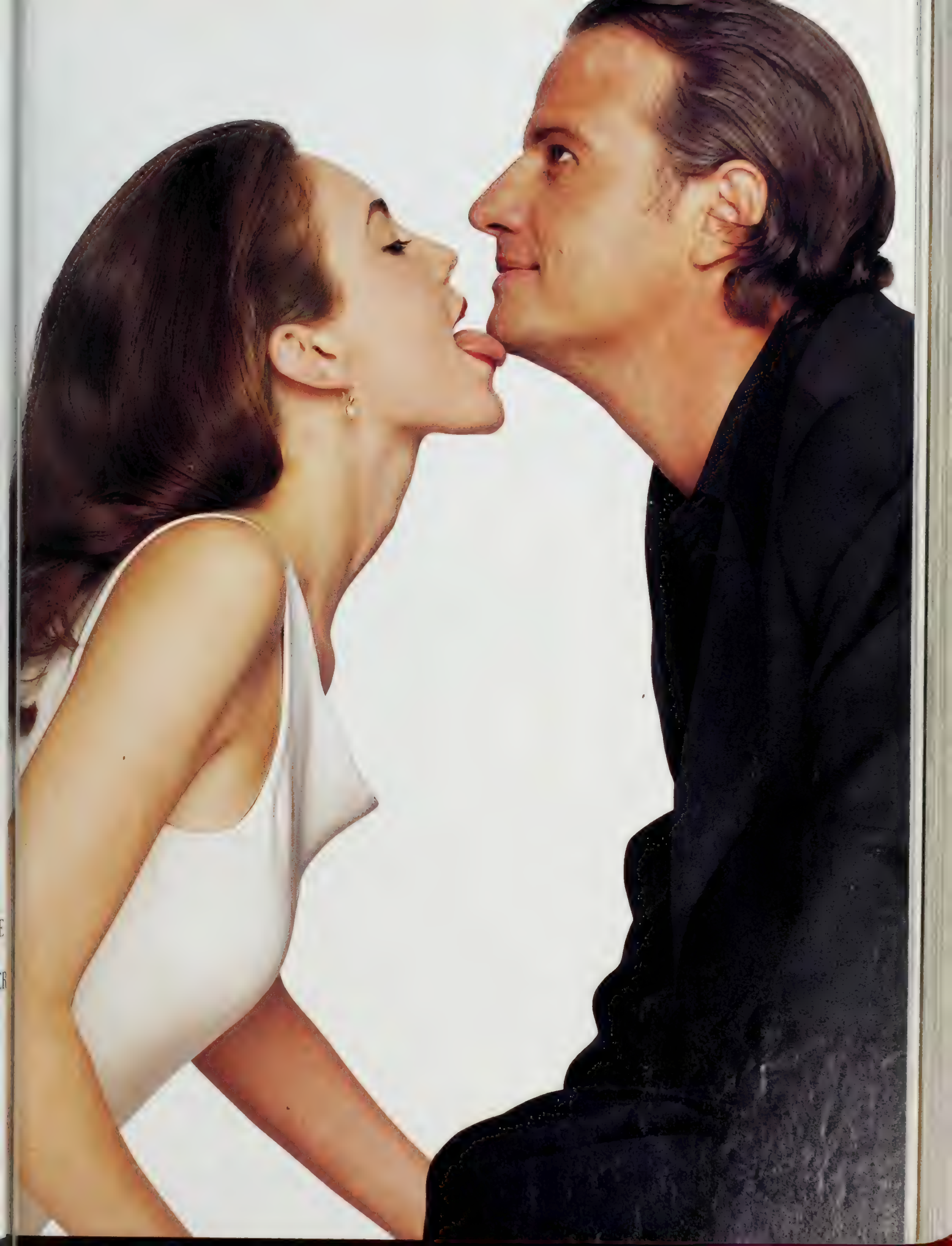
The jury is still out on the couple's first film together, the forthcoming *Knight Moves*, a psychological thriller about a serial killer that threatens to do for chess what *Silence of the Lambs* did for dressmaking. We'll have two more glimpses of Lane before New Year's. Next month she reveals an unexpected droll side in the deadpan comedy *My New Gun*. And then, on Christmas Day, she'll shoot for the stars in Richard Attenborough's long-awaited *Charlie*, playing Paulette Goddard to Robert Downey Jr.'s Charlie Chaplin—the Warren and Annette of the silent era. But even bigger! Hooray for family values, Hollywood-style!

—BRUCE HANDY

DIANE LANE AND CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT

Call it chemistry. Slurp!

Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI





In bluegrass country, a mysterious Polish aviation mogul named Henryk de Kwiatkowski is the horsey set's hero for bailing out legendary Calumet Farm. But who is this self-styled friend of kings, whose extravagant tales and beautiful American-born second wife have made him a figure of myth and speculation wherever he goes? BOB COLACELLO reports

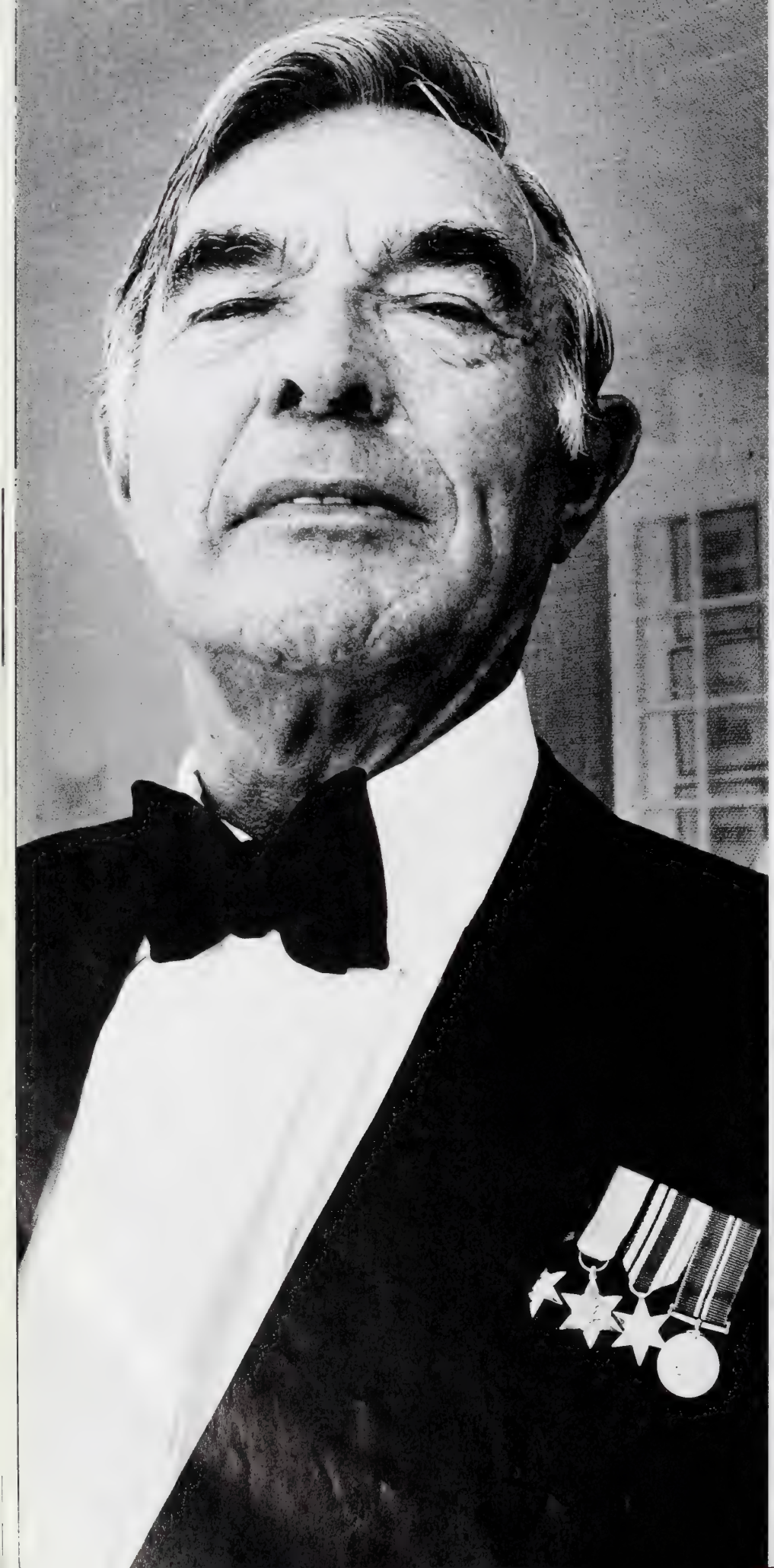
THE SAVIOR



TROPHIES FOR TWO
Henryk de Kwiatkowski and his wife, Barbara, at their home in the Bahamas.

OF CALUMET

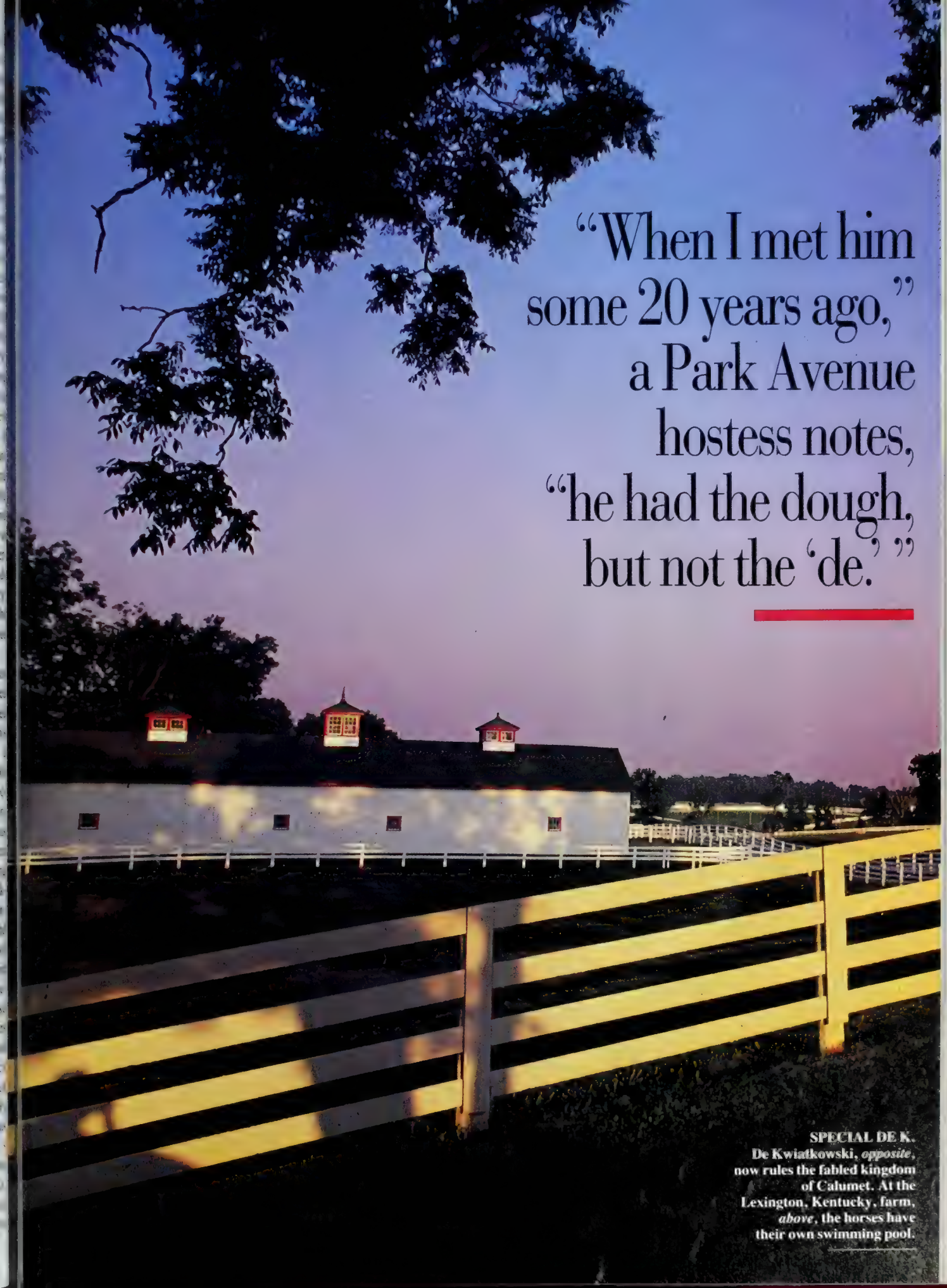
Photographs by HELMUT NEWTON



A month after he'd Learjetted into Lexington, Kentucky, from his Lyford Cay, Bahamas, base and plunked down $17 million in cash at a court-ordered auction for the fabled but bankrupt Calumet Farm, rescuing the onetime home of eight Kentucky Derby winners from the threat of development as a theme park, golf course, or subdivision, and vowing not to change "a speck of grass" on its 800 acres, Henryk de Kwiatkowski flew back into town for the first race in which one of his horses was running under the Calumet colors, devil's red and blue. The horse, named Lech, after the Polish-born de Kwiatkowski's friend President Walesa of Poland, lost. It was the only off moment in a day that otherwise was all about what Henryk de Kwiatkowski, a self-made aviation tycoon, horseman, and investor said to be worth close to a half-billion debt-free dollars, likes best: winning.

"Welcome to Kentucky! Thank you for saving Calumet!" the peach-haired usherettes at Keeneland racetrack gushed when de Kwiatkowski, still coltish in his late 60s, even though he walks with a cane since shattering his left leg in a polo fall last year, arrived with his prize second wife, former model Barbara Allen. Lunch in the private Lafayette Room was on the house, as has been every restaurant meal he's taken in Kentucky since buying Calumet. (The night of the auction, jockeys at a Lexington bar saluted his entrance by standing on their chairs and shouting, "Viva Henryk, the king of Calumet!") Sportive young women in khakis asked for his autograph, baize-blazered grandees lined up to shake his hand, reporters and photographers milled around him in the paddock, and Waddell Hancock, the flinty matriarch of aristocratic Claiborne Farm, declared him "the hero of the Bluegrass." By the end of the day, de Kwiatkowski was so euphoric that he decided that Lech's loss was actually a win—because the horse that had come in first, Shudanz, had been sired by *his* stallion Danzig Connection, thus adding $100,000 in

HENRY HORENSTEIN



"When I met him some 20 years ago," a Park Avenue hostess notes, "he had the dough, but not the 'de.' "

SPECIAL DE K. De Kwiatkowski, *opposite*, now rules the fabled kingdom of Calumet. At the Lexington, Kentucky, farm, *above*, the horses have their own swimming pool.



MODEL WIFE
In his wallet, de Kwiatkowski carries a Scavullo portrait (*above*) of Barbara taken before their marriage, when she was still seeing a string of high-gloss men—Peter Beard, Philip Niarchos, Mick Flick, Bryan Ferry, William Paley. *Opposite*, the former model gets a hand from her husband at their home in Lyford Cay.

In de Kwiatkowski's version, the Shah wrote a $90 million check to him on the spot.

value to each of its 40 syndicated shares, half of which *he* holds. "That's $2 million to me," he calculated. "Ha!"

Two weeks later, at the Kentucky Derby, the new owner of Calumet was being hailed as a hero by another local matriarch, Mary Bingham, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* dynasty, and the V.I.P.'s lining up to congratulate him ranged from Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady and Kentucky governor Brereton Jones to the horse-buying rap star Hammer and his brother Juice. When Marylou Vanderbilt Whitney, the de Kwiatkowskis' hostess for Derby weekend, led them onto a balcony facing the racetrack's fast-food courtyard and hollered as elegantly as she could in her Scaasi frock, "This is Mr. and Mrs. Calumet," the betting crowd below went wild.

But then, the betting crowd has been waiting for good news since 1987, when prices for horses started declining at least as rapidly as prices for art. "Henryk de Kwiatkowski's purchase of Calumet has created more enthusiasm in the entire horse industry than anything in recent years," James E. Bassett III, chairman of the Keeneland racecourse and auction business, told me. "When he purchased the farm, he got a five-minute standing ovation from about 3,000 people."

"In unison," said Henryk de Kwiatkowski when he told me the same story. "Without any cue. On their tiptoes."

He added that he had already spurned several quick-profit offers for the farm, including one for "more than $30 million." He said that his horses were on their way to Kentucky from England, Ireland, and France, and that his decorator, Sister Parish—the old-money octogenarian who has also done the de Kwiatkowskis' residences in Lyford Cay, Palm Beach, and Greenwich, Connecticut, as well as their Beekman Place apartment in New York—was "under orders" to have Calumet's white-columned manor house finished in time for the big ball that he and Barbara are planning to give next May. The mint-julep set is already astir with anticipation: Henryk, they whisper, sometimes with a wink, is going to invite his friend Queen Elizabeth II.

Fifteen minutes after I arrived at his house in Lyford Cay for a long weekend, Henryk de Kwiatkowski let it drop over drinks with his houseguests that he had "personally" delivered AWACS to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia ("a very able man") and that he had "personally" spray-painted over the TWA logo on the plane that the Israelis used in the 1975 Entebbe rescue mission ("I supplied the plane because I don't believe in hijacking"). One afternoon, he told me that the Shah of Iran had been a very close friend. ("I lived in the Saadabad Palace with him.") He also said that President Kennedy had offered him an ambassadorship to any Eastern European country he wanted. ("I was in Hyannis Port playing touch football with Stas Radziwill and Lee and everybody.") That evening, he told dinner guests that President Nixon had offered him an ambassadorship to any Eastern European country he wanted. ("Nixon said he liked the way I think.") Both times, he gave the same explanation for turning down a diplomatic post: after valiantly serving in the Polish wing of Britain's Royal Air Force during World War II, he said, he was reduced to making speeches on Hyde Park Corner protesting British employment restrictions on Poles, and one day he attracted the attention of the future Canadian prime minister Lester Pearson, who was so impressed that he later arranged for a special act of Parliament granting him Canadian citizenship. According to de Kwiatkowski, both Kennedy and Nixon wanted to propose an act of Congress making him an American citizen, but he felt that would be ungrateful to Canada.

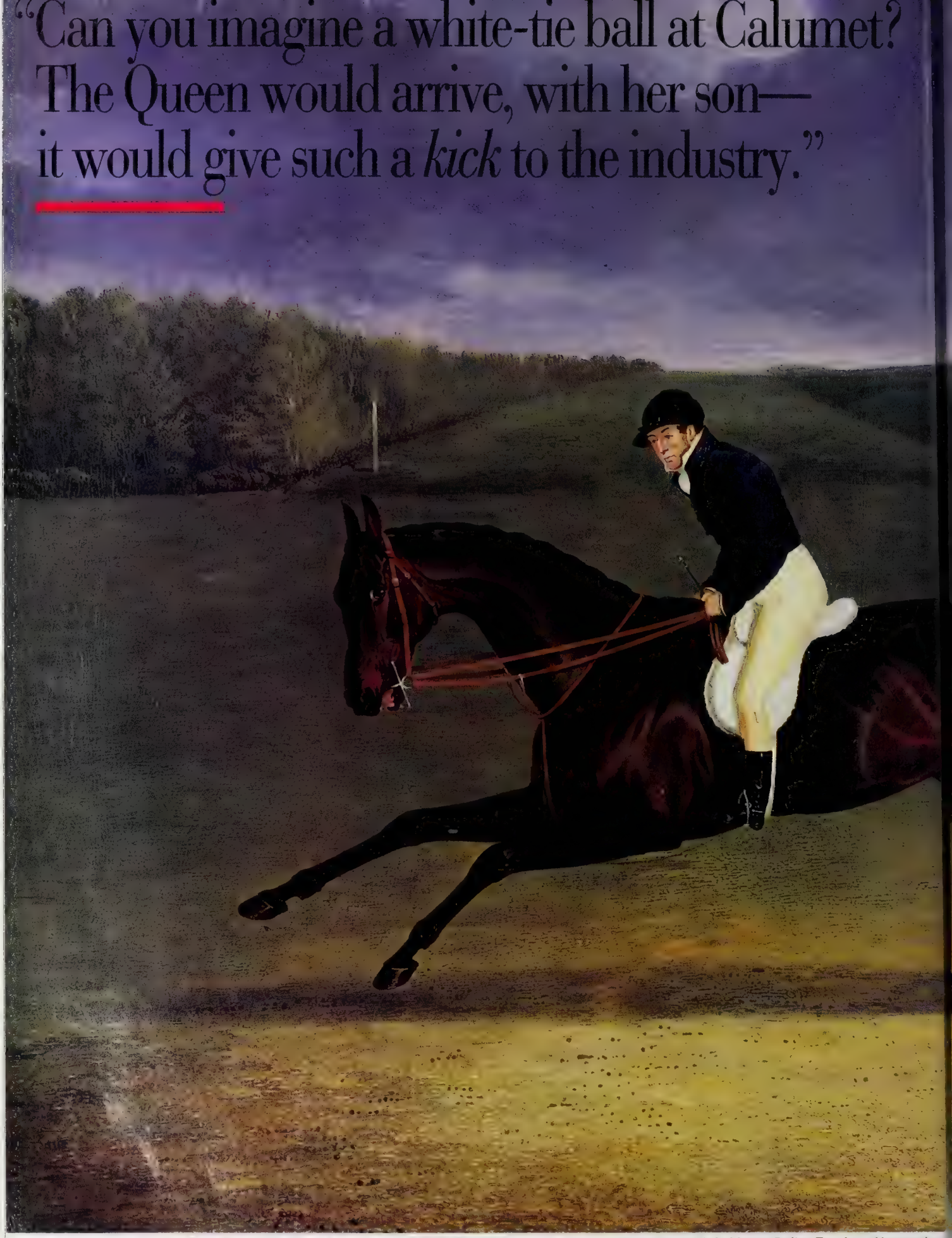
It is stories like these, told at great length and frequently, that have created an aura of myth and controversy around Henryk de Kwiatkowski—and that lead people who have sat through them a few times to call him everything from "a bit of a boaster" to "one of the biggest bullshitters that ever walked on earth."

A retired R.A.F. officer living in Lyford Cay will march out of a room rather than listen to any more of de Kwiatkowski's stories of his wartime heroics as a fighter pilot, which the officer considers grossly exaggerated. This man and others even suggest the possibility, though they provide no proof, that de Kwiatkowski has assumed the identity and war record of a dead brother or cousin, or of another airman with the same name—a suggestion which de Kwiatkowski dismisses as ridiculous. Prince Michael of Bourbon-Parma, who, like de Kwiatkowski, is in the business of selling planes to kings, challenged de Kwiatkowski to his face when he started regaling socialites at a Palm Beach party with anecdotes about the Shah. Many wonder where the "de" in his name comes from, as the Romance-language prefix indicating an aristocratic background doesn't exist in Polish. "When I met him some 20 years ago," a Park Avenue hostess notes, "he had the dough, but not the 'de.' " He insists he was born de Kwiatkowski, explaining that his grandfather Frenchified the family name after fighting under Napoleon.

"He's a Walter Mitty character,"



"Can you imagine a white-tie ball at Calumet? The Queen would arrive, with her son—it would give such a *kick* to the industry."



EQUINE ART: De Kwiatkowski's collection of historical horse paintings includes *Squire Osbaldeston Riding Tranby at Newmarket.*



by the 19th-century artist J. F. Herring Sr.

PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING BY BETH PHILLIPS

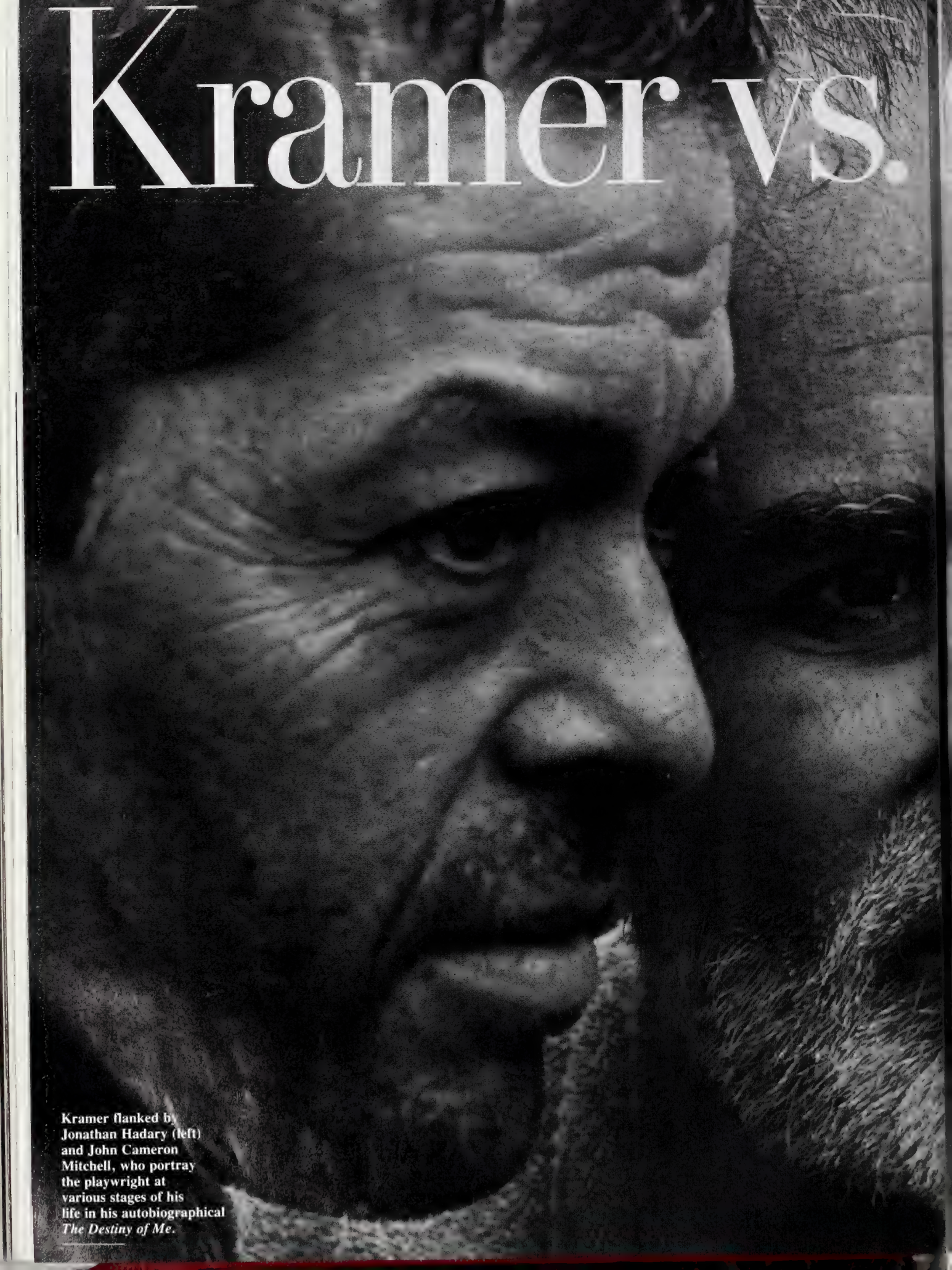
says a London friend. "He makes up stories and believes them. It's a labyrinth of truths and nontruths. You get lost listening to him." Another friend calls him "the Baron Munchhausen of Lyford Cay." Novelist Jeffrey Archer spent two entire days tape-recording him for his 1979 best-seller, *Kane and Abel,* which is about a poor Pole who miraculously escapes from a Siberian prisoner-of-war camp, as de Kwiatkowski maintains he did, and goes on to make a fortune in America. "They're bloody good stories, and he's a bloody good storyteller," Archer says. "When you're writing fiction, it's beside the point whether something's true or not."

For a nonfiction writer, verifying de Kwiatkowski's stories is not an easy task, partly because so many of the supporting players—he always casts himself in the lead—are heads of state, or dead, or both. But the fact of the matter, I think it's safe to say after interviewing nearly 60 Polish, British, Canadian, Iranian, Bahamian, and American business, military, social, equestrian, and royal sources, is that there is much more truth to Henryk de Kwiatkowski's tales than his way of telling them would lead one to believe.

One story, for example, that always causes eyebrows to rise is de Kwiatkowski's claim that he flew the Shah of Iran into and out of exile in Rome when Iranian prime minister Mohammad Mosaddeq briefly seized power in 1953. *Washington Times* editor Arnaud de Borchgrave was the *Newsweek* correspondent covering the Shah's return to Teheran. "I went on the plane after it landed and interviewed the crew. Henryk was the pilot. Or at least he was in charge of the plane."

De Kwiatkowski has always said that this service stood him in good stead with the Shah 20 years later, when he pulled off the deal that put him into the big time, selling nine used 747s from TWA to Iran for $183 million and earning a $20 million commission. Though he negotiated that deal directly with the Shah over a late-night backgammon game at Saadabad Palace, several exiled Iranian courtiers say that it is highly unlikely that de Kwiatkowski actually "lived" or stayed in the palace of His Imperial Majesty. It is possible that he spent a few nights somewhere in the vast royal compound. As Farah Diba, the former Queen of Iran, told me in Paris, "We *(Continued on page 254)*

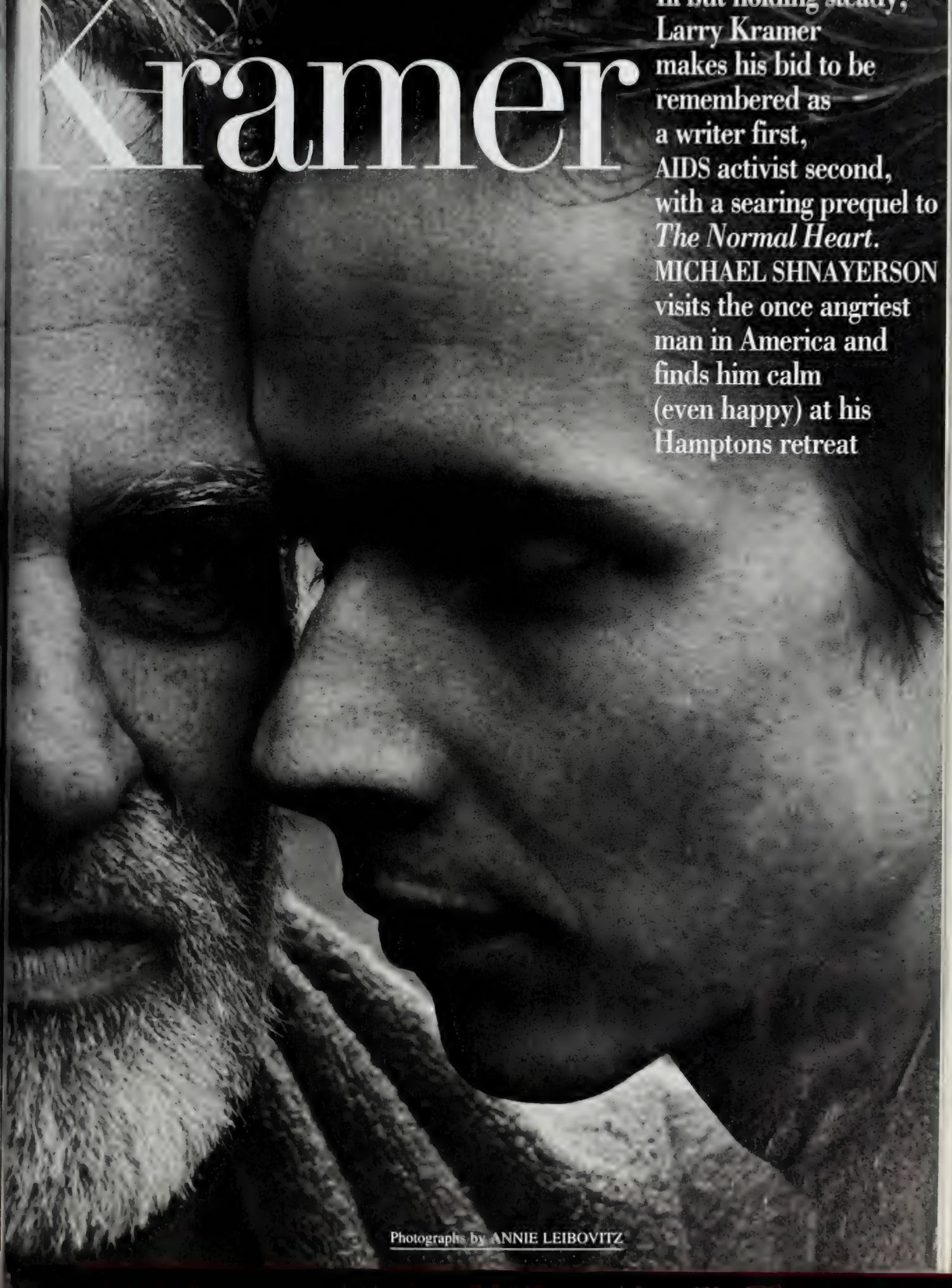
Kramer vs.



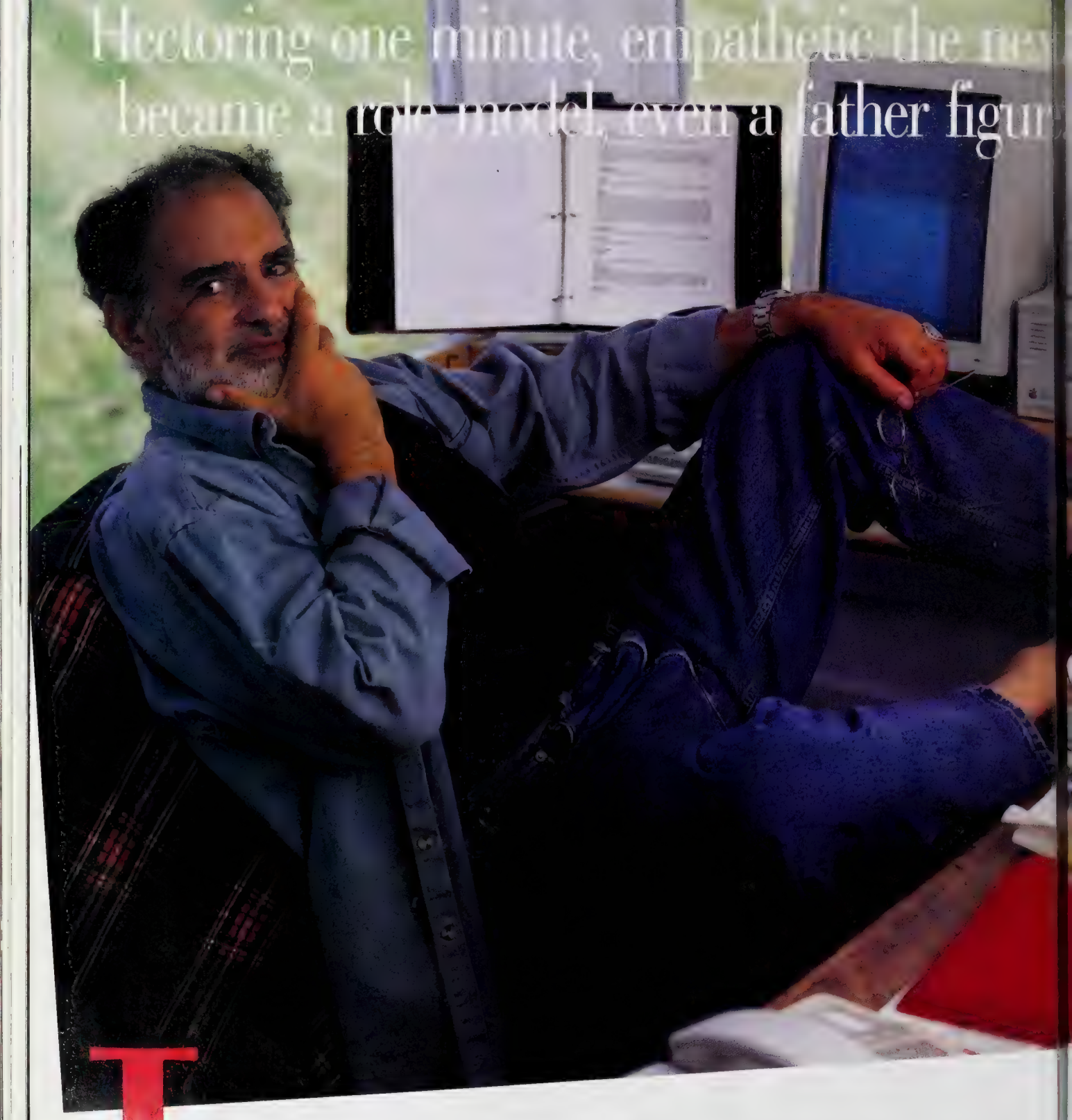
Kramer flanked by Jonathan Hadary (left) and John Cameron Mitchell, who portray the playwright at various stages of his life in his autobiographical *The Destiny of Me*.

Kramer

In but holding steady, Larry Kramer makes his bid to be remembered as a writer first, AIDS activist second, with a searing prequel to *The Normal Heart*. MICHAEL SHNAYERSON visits the once angriest man in America and finds him calm (even happy) at his Hamptons retreat

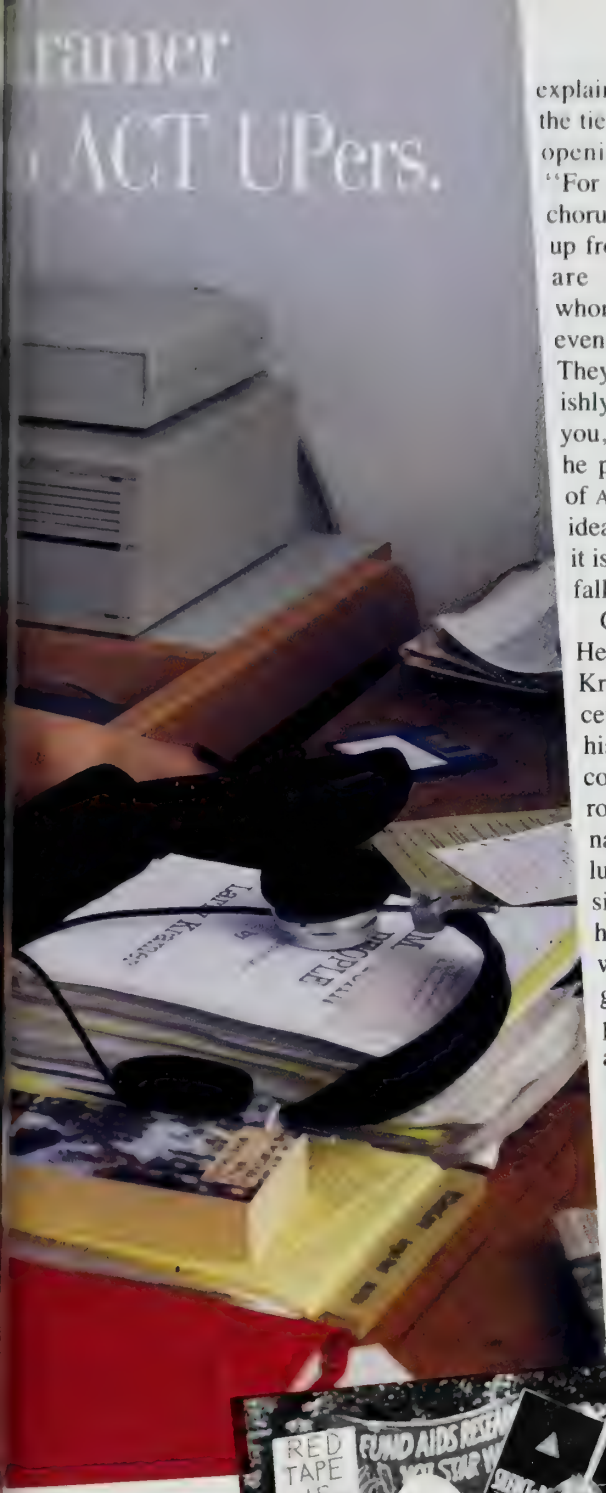


Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



The faithful have gathered. Not for a march or a demonstration. For a birthday party. Nearly 65 of them, mostly ACT UPers in their 20s with short-cropped hair and telltale earrings, sit Last Supper–style at a crazily long table in a Greenwich Village restaurant, awaiting the man of the hour. ''Of course he'll be late,'' says one of the few older friends. ''He's got to make an *entrance*.'' Finally a cheer goes up, and a beaming, healthy-looking Larry Kramer, white-bearded and with a bit of a paunch, basks in the applause. He is 57, an age he did not expect to reach four years ago, when he learned of his H.I.V. status.

Now come the greetings, and the presents, as Kramer takes his place at the head of the table. One of the few women—a tall blonde doctor—approaches with her new husband, to offer a wedding picture. (Though their happiness belies it, the husband is, in fact, H.I.V.-positive; both heterosexual, they met through the People with AIDS Coalition.) A young man gives a beautifully framed photograph of Kramer with Brad Davis, the actor who starred in Kramer's landmark AIDS play, *The Normal Heart,* and who died of AIDS last year. A woman who worked at the Public Theater during the play's triumphant run gives the birthday boy a tie. ''It was Joe's,'' she



ramer
ACT UPers.

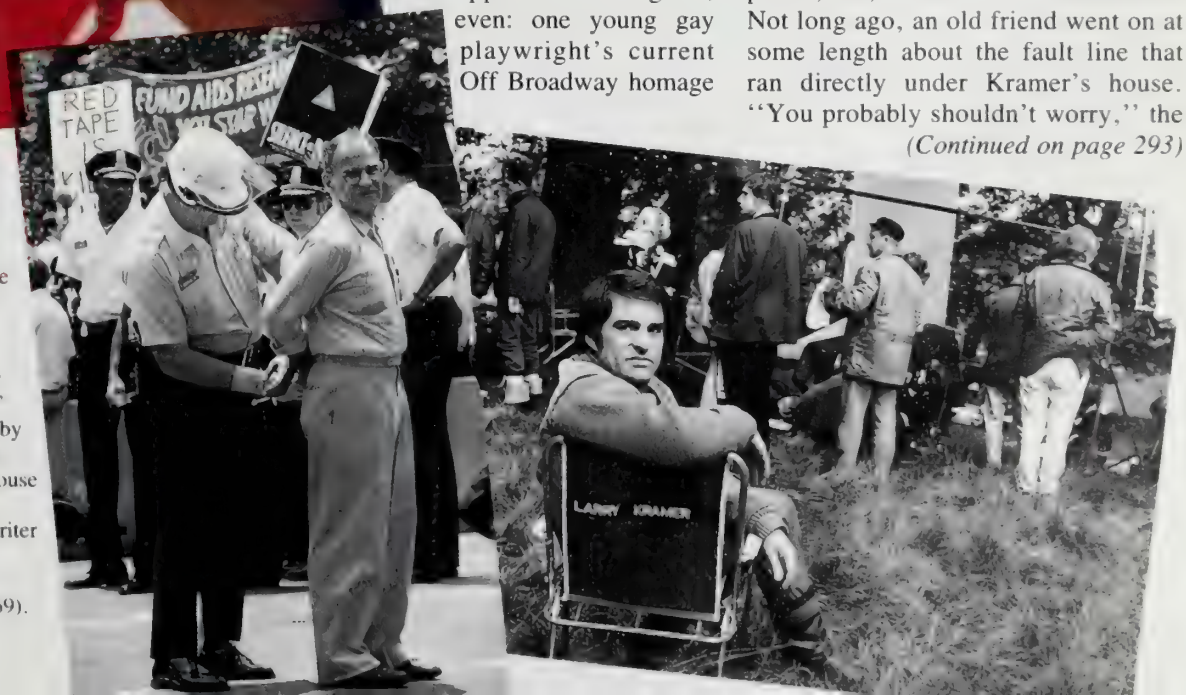
explains. Joe Papp's. Kramer puts the tie around his neck. "I'll wear it opening night," he says softly. "For good luck." With the cake, a chorus of "Happy Birthday" goes up from the group, many of whom are H.I.V.-positive, many of whom may never be 57, or 47, or even 37. "No speech, no speech!" They know him too well. Sheepishly, Kramer says a simple thank-you, but can't resist a shot at what he perceives to be the sorry state of ACT UP. "Still, I've had a new idea," he says. "I can't say what it is, it's too soon. But maybe this fall..."

Co-founder of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, founder of ACT UP, Kramer is the grand old man and central figure in the decade-long history of AIDS advocacy in this country. To his critics, he is arrogant, self-promoting, irrationally angry and rude, cruel, deluded, double-dealing, and possibly deranged. To his admirers he is an Old Testament prophet whose early warnings to the gay community about sexual profligacy and AIDS now read as eerily prescient. A firebrand whose wrathful broadsides gave voice to gay outrage and grief. A leader whose calls to civil disobedience helped make AIDS a national issue and radically sped up the system by which new AIDS drugs are tested and approved. A legend, even: one young gay playwright's current Off Broadway homage is titled *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me*. Kramer himself is quick to trot out his advocacy credentials. But in this Indian summer of his life, he speaks openly of wanting to be remembered as a writer first and advocate second. Which is why his new play, *The Destiny of Me*, is so personal, and why he feels so vulnerable, even after rewriting it 13 times, about its imminent Off Broadway opening.

He says this in the study of his Hamptons retreat, a rather startlingly grand house with turrets that overlooks a front lawn the size of two football fields laid end to end. The house is not his, he hastens to explain; he rented it last March, shrewdly, from a builder who couldn't find a buyer. The house was starkly empty—spec-new, not a stick of furniture. Kramer rounded up the essentials, then started haunting the local antiques stores. Now he can't stop. On two successive Saturdays I run into him, scoping out Sag Harbor shops one day, hauling off a pulpitlike section of old banister from an East Hampton antiques fair the next. It's an oddly moving sight.

Inside the house, a sense of emptiness remains, despite the acquisitions. Kramer lives alone here, a king in self-imposed exile, angry by reputation yet so mild-mannered and shy at the door that he seems his own understudy. There is more than a little of the rabbi in him: he reads deeply, and passionately, but shows keen interest in his friends, hearing out their problems and offering counsel, checking up with schmoozy late-night calls. For all his toughness in public, too, Kramer has a timid streak. Not long ago, an old friend went on at some length about the fault line that ran directly under Kramer's house. "You probably shouldn't worry," the

(Continued on page 293)

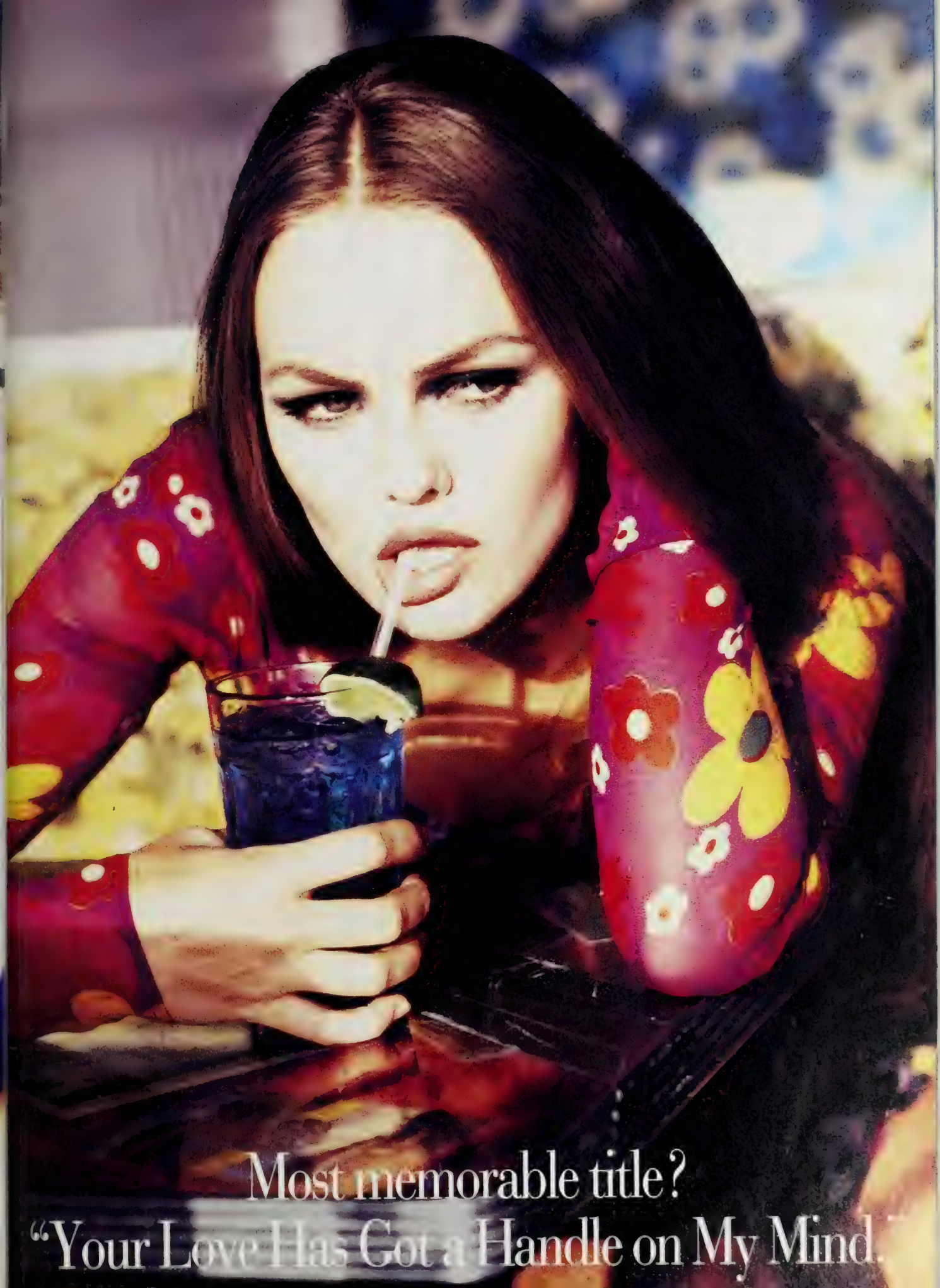


Above, Kramer in the study of his home in the Hamptons: "I guess every playwright wants to write his *Long Day's Journey into Night*." *Near right*, arrested by rubber-gloved police outside the White House in 1987. *Far right*, as producer-screenwriter on the set of Ken Russell's *Women in Love* (1969).

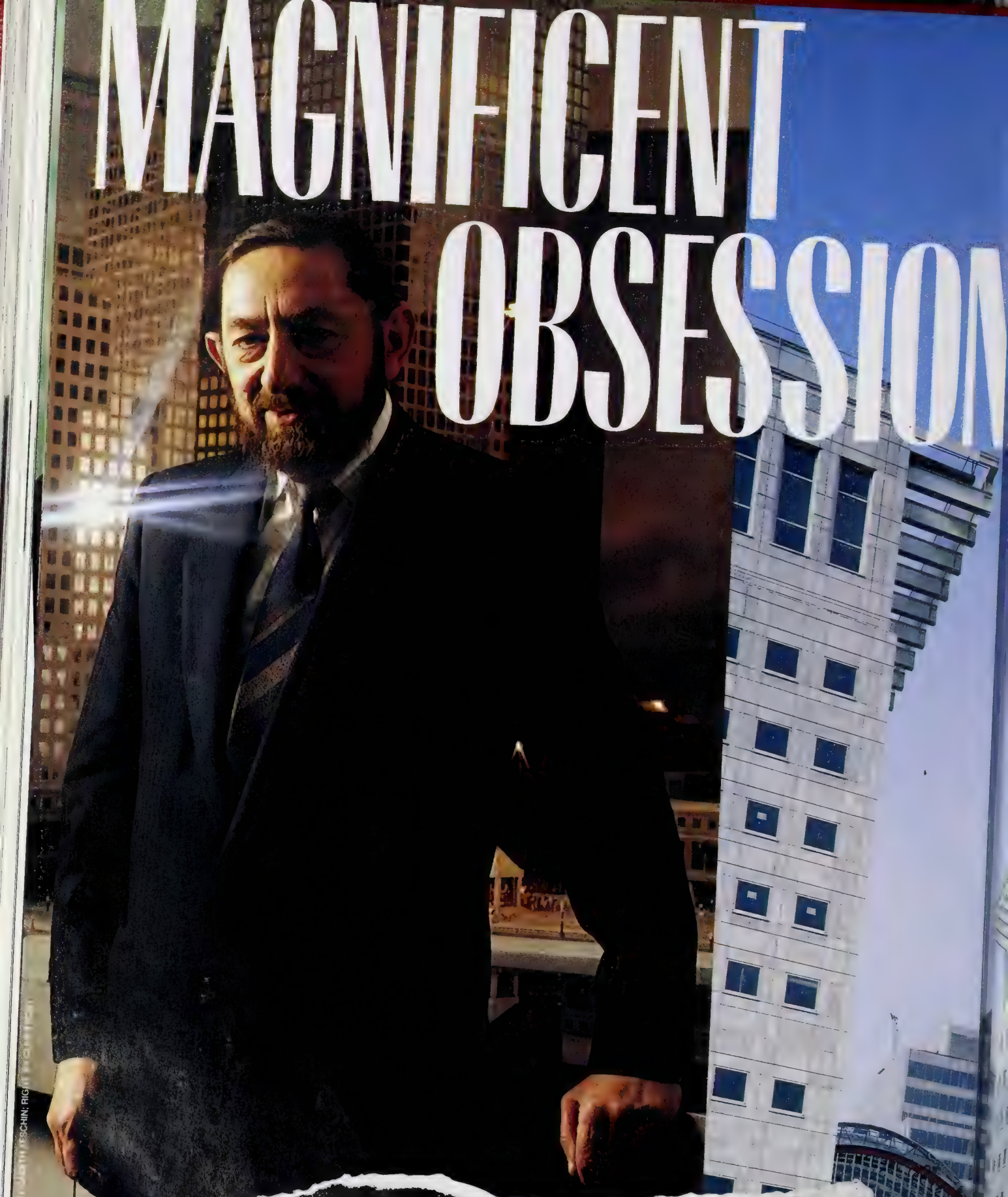
This Side of Paradis



The question, of course, is: How can she sing with her face pressed up against the cushion like that? She manages, she manages. In fact, Parisian pop star/actress/model Vanessa Paradis—rhymes with "French Madonna"—does just fine, as GEORGE KALOGERAKIS learns


Most memorable title?
"Your Love Has Got a Handle on My Mind."

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION



...f Wharf, Europe's largest office development was supposed to generate 50,000 jobs, but so far just 2,000 people work there. ... and prospects of attracting new tenants is bleak./Photograph by John Reardon

Olympia & York's $20bn crisis

Canada's secretive Reichmann brothers are at the mercy of their bankers **Lorana Sullivan** reports

Europe's largest office development was supposed to attract 50,000 jobs. So far just 2,000 people work there. The prospects of finding additional major tenants look grim. With 30 million sq ft of vacant office space, prospects for London's ...

associated with debt-ridden Third World countries.

So huge is the debt crisis that rumours of near bankruptcy have rattled bank stocks in Canada and the US for weeks and unsettled the Canadian dollar. Not surprisingly, both the Canadian and UK governments

the end, such a string of failures could bring down the lenders themselves.

The banks taking the largest hits are Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (where Paul Reichmann sits on the board), owed more than $1 billion, followed by Royal Bank of Canada, with some $750 million at

by linked directly to the company. The remainder appears to be tied up with Olympia & York's investments.

In January, Canada's Dominion Bond Rating Service valued Olympia & York's portfolio of non-core property and natural resources investments at just C$4 billion, a decline of 26 per

up with the Ralph's grocery store chain — currently up for sale — and 65.8 per cent of Canderel, which on Friday was transferred to a private company controlled by Albert Reichmann.

Olympia & York's other unprofitable stakes include 35.2 per cent of Santa Fe Energy Resources and 15.4 per

Because Olympia & York appears to be too large to be allowed to fail, the Reichmanns' denials of financial troubles over the past 18 months have been generally accepted. Recently, however, as the recession deepened and the value of their non-property investments plummeted, such

the investment bank's Canary Wharf headquarters after a financing package arranged for Olympia & York by Morgan Stanley collapsed. Morg Stanley sued and won. Olym & York has appealed.

Next came the elect believe reforming Parliame failed to change tax legislation in pursuit Olympia & York is



As the brilliant, visionary chairman of Olympia & York, Paul Reichmann presided over the most powerful real-estate enterprise on earth. But the dream of creating a new metropolis in East London proved to be his undoing. ANTHONY BIANCO probes Reichmann's deeply secretive world and unfolds the story of the collapse of a once invincible, multibillion-dollar empire

REICHMANN'S FOLLY
The master builder Paul Reichmann (*opposite*) and one of the buildings of his beloved Canary Wharf.

At high noon on a Sunday in March, an executive of a midsize Wall Street investment bank was ushered into the large, empty anteroom of a stately Park Avenue office. The muscular, mustachioed investment banker paced around the room nervously, glanced out the window at a glass-walled elevator descending into the building's atrium, and finally settled into an upholstered armchair. He had been summoned, somewhat mysteriously, by the world's most powerful real-estate developer, a billionaire renowned as a killer at the negotiating table. "What does he want with me?" the visitor wondered anxiously.

After a few minutes, Paul Reichmann entered unannounced. The 62-year-old chief executive of Olympia & York was much more imposing in person than he looked in photographs. He was about six feet tall, though a bit stooped, with broad shoulders and a thick black beard. As always, he wore a dark suit, a dark tie, and a yarmulke.

The visitor, suddenly feeling awfully in-from-the-Hamptons in khakis and a polo shirt, jumped up to shake the large hand Reichmann offered. "Please sit," the developer said in a German-accented voice scarcely louder than a whisper. "I'm told you are very creative," he began. "I have a deal we should talk about."

For the next hour, Reichmann quietly described his half-realized pet project, Canary Wharf, a real-estate development of such grandeur, such epic audacity, that it seems more akin to the undertakings of the pharaohs than to those of the Trumps or Zeckendorfs. When he launched Canary Wharf in 1987, Reichmann set out to alter the ancient geography of London by luring Britain's financial establishment out of its centuries-old West End warrens to an entirely new city of 32 high-tech buildings that he would conjure from a rotten stretch of abandoned docklands on a spit of land in the Thames called the Isle of Dogs. As he envisioned it, Canary Wharf would become the new financial capital not only of Britain but of all Europe. More than a business proposition, Canary Wharf was to be the summation of Paul Reichmann's career as the world's master builder, his Great Pyramid.

"We are trying to figure out how to liquefy some of our investment in Canary Wharf," Reichmann explained carefully. He indicated that Olympia & York was interested in arranging a few hundred million dollars in additional financing by borrowing against a recently completed Canary Wharf building, 25 Cabot Square. The way Reichmann explained it, the deal sounded enticing: a low-risk, high-visibility transaction with the most prestigious real-estate developer in the world. But the visitor also suspected that Reichmann must have offered the same deal to a hundred more powerful investment bankers—and been turned down. Warily, he replied that he might supply some funds, but only for a hefty fee and at a high interest rate.

Reichmann's response was polite but arctic: Olympia & York is the finest developer in the world. We don't need your money. We can do better.

The next week a news item flashing on a trading screen caught the banker's eye: MORGAN WINS $240 MILLION JUDGMENT AGAINST OLYMPIA & YORK. The story revealed that Morgan Stanley had financed the construction of 25 Cabot Square and O&Y had contracted to buy it but was three months overdue on its payment. With a jolt, the banker realized what this meant: *Reichmann had tried to get him to refinance a building Olympia & York hadn't even paid for—and couldn't afford.*

The investment banker was sheepish, not angry. Morgan Stanley's suit was no secret; he should have done his homework. "Most high-powered businessmen I know are cocky and brash, but Reichmann comes across as very reserved and dignified, like someone's sweet old grandfather," he says now. "But here he was inviting me to step into the middle of a minefield. What balls!"

Olympia & York is the *Titanic* of real estate—an artfully hyped creation of such overwhelming size and state-of-the-art design that its destruction was presumed impossible even as gaping holes opened in its hull. Through the Toronto-based company, Paul Reichmann and his brothers Albert and Ralph owned 40 office towers, scores of lesser properties, and interests in a half-dozen of North America's largest industrial companies. With a fortune estimated at $12.8 billion, the family was so rich and powerful that belief in its invulnerability weathered O&Y's startling announcement on March 14 that it could no longer keep up payments on its monumental $15 billion bank debt. The news made front pages from Tel Aviv to Tokyo, but the alarm was muted. "If, like some banks, a real estate company can be 'too big to fail,' O&Y appears to be that company," reassured *The Wall Street Journal*.

Not three months later, however, Olympia & York capsized, filing for bankruptcy protection in Canada, its home country, and surrendering entirely its operation in England, site of the iceberg that smashed the company, Canary Wharf. O&Y's American subsidiary, a vast enterprise in its own right, remains barely above the waterline. Even if the U.S. operation survives, the wreck of the parent company ranks among the worst corporate disasters in history. In July, O&Y disclosed that it lost more than $1.7 billion in 1991 in Canada and the United States alone—and since the company's $2 billion equity investment in Canary Wharf has been all but wiped out, the losses for 1992 will surely exceed last year's gargantuan figure.

O&Y borrowed from more than 100 banks, which now stand to lose billions. But the Reichmanns have suffered the heaviest blow of all. The family's principal remaining asset—its stock in Olympia & York—has lost nearly all of its value. For the Reichmanns to recoup even a couple of its lost billions, rental rates on prime office space in New York, Toronto, and elsewhere must rebound smartly—and soon. O&Y has until October 21 to persuade its Canadian creditors to agree to what is the largest private corporate reorganization ever attempted. The outlook is grim: the worldwide depression in real estate shows every sign of lasting into 1993—if not longer—and after months of nonstop negotiations, the company's lenders remain divided and disaffected.

Corporate failures are never happy affairs, but O&Y's is

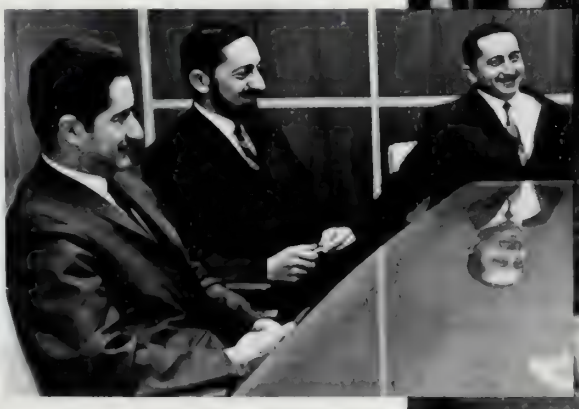
The mystery of the Reichmanns is rooted in the family's tragic history.

suffused with an extraordinary blend of bewilderment and bitterness, not unlike the mood that prevails among the disillusioned followers of Ross Perot. As Perot seemed the most incongruous of presidential candidates, homely, pious, plainspoken Paul Reichmann seemed the opposite of the megalomaniacal Gordon Gekkos of the 1980s. Like Perot, Reichmann built an almost cultlike following of true believers for whom his vision and integrity were articles of faith. "The myth of the Reichmanns was the greatest myth of Canadian business," says Ira Gluskin, a Toronto money manager and noted O&Y gadfly. "People really wanted to believe that Paul talked to God."

Unwilling to accept the dashing of his dream, Paul Reichmann has been rallying his hard-core loyalists in the hope of finding a way back into Canary Wharf. In early August, a Dream Team of high-powered New York investors formally indicated their interest in buying Canary Wharf. The group is led by three longtime friends of Reichmann: Laurence Tisch, the billionaire chairman of CBS, Sanford Weill, the chief executive of Primerica, and Lewis Ranieri, the former vice-chairman of Salomon Brothers immortalized in *Liar's Poker*. If they succeed in acquiring Canary Wharf, Reichmann would be hired to manage the project. "It's not Reichmann's deal," emphasizes a source close to Reichmann. "He is the tail, not the dog." Actually, a Trojan-horse metaphor seems more appropriate since Reichmann's employment incentives undoubtedly will include a slice of equity.

But the story was leaked to the press in a way that distorted Reichmann's modest role. August reports had Reichmann leading the ambassadors to London for negotiations, though in actuality the group had yet to even receive a response to the letter they sent to Canary Wharf's court-appointed administrators. On the day Ranieri was reported to be in London he actually was vacationing in Florida. Apparently, there are powerful interests in London that don't want Reichmann to re-enter Canary Wharf, whether by the front door or back.

"There's a touch of anti-Semitism at work," says an American source close to the project, "but it's not the decisive factor. In England, it's bad enough to be a foreigner." Though he acknowledges Reichmann's mistakes, the insider is bitter about the way the developer has been treated. "Canary Wharf exists. It's there. Paul delivered. Over the long run, his vision will be realized. I mean, 80 percent of the office space in London is technologically obsolete. But just watch. The snobs and their allies, the bureaucrats, will do their damnedest to fix things so that a British group comes



FAMILY BUSINESS
Albert helps with the Reichmanns' extraordinary relief effort in Tangier at the end of World War II (*far right*). Albert, Paul, and Ralph at a 1965 meeting (*right*).

in [and buys Canary Wharf at a discount] and gets credit for making a success out of 'Reichmann's Folly.' ''

Five Reichmann brothers helped found Olympia & York. Almost from the beginning, though, Paul dominated his brothers. ''It was very clear that O&Y was a one-man show,'' says a former high-level adviser to the company. ''Ultimately, all the financial relationships that underpinned O&Y existed only in Paul's head.'' The two eldest Reichmann brothers, Edward and Louis, left the company—and Canada—in 1968. Ralph, the youngest, was content to oversee the decorative-tile operation that had been the family's first business after emigrating from Tangier in the 1950s. Albert, who was instrumental in O&Y's early real-estate ventures, soon tired of making money and shifted his focus to giving it away.

Where O&Y was concerned, Albert and Ralph increasingly deferred to Paul, the most cerebral and commercial of the brothers. Not until Paul was in his late 20s did he forsake his first calling, Talmudic scholarship. Evolving into one of the most driven, daring entrepreneurs in any field, he built a fortune in double time by brilliantly anticipating market shifts. ''Paul Reichmann plays the game in three dimensions, while everybody else plays it in one,'' marveled Lewis Ranieri. Reichmann preferred to explain his success as a triumph of logic, but what distinguished him from rival developers was his willingness to repeatedly risk ruin with huge, contrarian bets. As one O&Y insider puts it, ''Quiet Paul Reichmann in his black, conservative suits may be one of the biggest gamblers in the history of the world.''

"Quiet Paul Reichmann may be one of the biggest gamblers in the history of the world."

''We don't want to create myths around ourselves,'' Ralph declared in an extremely rare on-the-record interview, in 1987. But by then it was too late. The business press hailed Paul as a real-estate ''wizard'' with ''the Midas touch.'' Although he was almost never quoted by name, Paul gave hundreds of off-the-record interviews, successfully shaping coverage of O&Y. When it came to his private life, however, Paul slammed the door. Loathing personal publicity as much as Donald Trump craved it, the Reichmanns named no skyscrapers after themselves. They shunned private clubs, black-tie balls, sporting events, and all the conventional forms of conspicuous consumption: estates, jewels, famous paintings, pedigreed horses. In a rare public appearance at a 1981 reception for the chief of the Israeli air force, Paul avoided photographers by standing behind a pillar for two hours—and then walked out backward. All three brothers dressed only in dark suits, and always wore yarmulkes or fedoras (the brokers on Bay Street, Canada's Wall Street, dubbed them ''the Hats''). Paul's idea of celebrating the closing of a deal, it was said, was to buy Albert a new pair of shoes.

Playing Garbo to Trump's Madonna, Paul Reichmann became a legendary recluse who attracted attention by taking such pains to avoid it. Try as they might, outsiders couldn't penetrate the secretive world of the Reichmanns. When *Toronto Life* magazine published the only article to delve into the family's past, in 1987, the Reichmanns fired back with a $102 million libel suit, winning a retraction and a reported $1 million contribution to charity.

Skeptics speculated darkly about what the Reichmanns were hiding. In actuality, their insularity was mainly a function of their religion. As devout ultra-Orthodox Jews, or *haredim* in the preferred Hebrew usage, they lived simply within a tightly knit community that kept a calculated distance from secular society, and a wary eye on all outsiders. ''To remain haredi,'' explains Samuel Heilman in *Defenders of the Faith: Inside Ultra-Orthodox Jewry,* ''requires more than proximity to like-minded people or jobs that could be flexed around religious and communal needs. It requires separation from and antagonism to the outside world.'' Settling in unassuming homes in a sleepy section of northern Toronto, Paul, Albert, Ralph, and their parents helped create a self-contained, ultra-Orthodox infrastructure of schools, synagogues, and kosher-food suppliers. The family's largess soon extended beyond its neighborhood to encompass ultra-Orthodoxy worldwide. At the peak of O&Y's prosperity, the Reichmanns supported more than 1,000 institutions with annual contributions totaling up to $100 million a year, virtually all of it given anonymously.

The Reichmanns' hidden philanthropic network added to the family's mystique. ''People were wondering, Where does Reichmann get his money?'' recalls Ira Gluskin, who bumped into Paul Reichmann in an airport waiting lounge in 1980. ''I mentioned to him that the word on the street was that an army of rabbis all around the world was sending him money and intelligence.'' Reichmann smiled but didn't look up from his newspaper.

How did the Reichmanns manage to straddle the seemingly contradictory worlds of grand-casino capitalism and ultra-Orthodoxy? It was simple enough to shut down the company's construction sites on every Sabbath and 14 Jewish holy days throughout the year or put up a mezuzah, a bit of handwritten scroll from the Torah, near the entrance of every O&Y building. But was it possible for the Reichmanns to thrive in the shark pool of real estate and remain faithful to a scrupulous moral code? And what drove such simple-living,

pious folk to amass so much wealth in the first place?

The business community, charmed by the Reichmanns' old-world ways, always gave them the benefit of the doubt. "Paul seemed more of a wise man than a developer," says a senior executive of a major Canadian bank, explaining why he was one of many who allowed the Reichmanns to borrow heavily without the customary financial disclosures. "What distinguishes the Reichmanns," lauded Trevor Eyton, a leading light of Canada's corporate establishment, "is their intelligence, their thoughtfulness. They are, in a sense, philosophers."

Paul Reichmann's exalted reputation was the cornerstone of Canary Wharf. Had the project been championed by any other developer in the world, it almost certainly would have expired on the drawing board. According to sources close to the company, Albert and, to a lesser extent, Ralph never liked the idea. As Albert saw it, the brothers were nearing their 60s and the time had come to ensure a smooth succession to the next generation, not to imperil its birthright with a $7 billion roll of the dice. The family already had more money than it could spend or give away intelligently. Why gamble it all—again? Albert voiced his objections, but didn't stand in his brother's way. To have fought Paul on this would have risked ripping the family apart.





FANTASY ISLAND
Paul unveils a model of Canary Wharf for Margaret Thatcher. Four years later, Olympia & York lawyers walk into a Toronto bankruptcy court (*right*).

As always, the master builder delivered. The massive central core of Canary Wharf was essentially complete by 1991—4.5 million square feet in nine splendidly appointed structures. But Reichmann had overestimated the Thatcher government's ability to deliver on its pledge to link Canary Wharf to the rest of London with a tube line, roads, and a rail system. Just as devastating, the British financial establishment was unwilling to abandon its entrenched position in the City for a foreigner's fantasy island. Paul was unable to sign a single major British company to a lease. To induce American Express, Morgan Stanley, Texaco, Ogilvy & Mather, and other U.S. firms to locate branch offices in Canary Wharf, he had to commit to hundreds of millions of dollars in rent discounts and improvements. Even so, fully 44 percent of the completed space went begging.

O&Y executives contend that the company would have signed a number of important English tenants had not the British economy tumbled into recession, creating a glut of less expensive office space. Meanwhile, a prolonged recession was hammering the United States and Canada too, cutting deeply into O&Y's revenues from real estate and its vast natural-resources operations. O&Y's cash flow ebbed to the point where Paul and his brothers had to pump up the company with $500 million from their own bank accounts. The same bankers who had thrown money at the Reichmanns in the 1980s were suddenly stingy and suspicious. To raise cash, Paul put huge chunks of O&Y up for sale, but repeatedly sabotaged himself by demanding top-dollar prices. Well into 1992, he kept assuring even his senior aides that the company was fundamentally sound.

Although Reichmann loathed travel, he began flying to meetings constantly, often sleeping on his Gulfstream jet. Everywhere he went, he carried a portfolio of glorious photographs of Canary Wharf. Time and again, he'd walk into a meeting and, ignoring the agenda, begin proudly displaying his photos, oblivious to the baffled looks exchanged all around him. "He's not comfortable unless he's showing you his pictures," says one Reichmann adviser. "In a touching, almost naïve way, he'd say, 'If I can just get people to see Canary Wharf, they'll see how beautiful it is, and everything will be all right.' "

Even after the March 14 announcement of the company's liquidity crisis, some embittered bankers contended that O&Y could have averted a full-scale collapse had Reichmann not entered negotiations to restructure the company's debts with such an uncompromising attitude. The talks began on an encouraging note when O&Y hired Thomas Johnson, the respected former president of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, to deal with O&Y's increasingly impatient creditors. Johnson, a no-nonsense midwesterner, exuded authority as he walked into a meeting with representatives of 20 of O&Y's largest lenders on March 27. Flanked by Albert and Paul, Johnson calmly promised complete cooperation. "You will soon receive every scrap of financial information you need," he said. "I am here to tell you that we want to work with you." Paul, poker-faced as usual, said little.

But Johnson quickly found that he could do nothing without Paul Reichmann's help. Reichmann, more through improvisation than design, had created an empire of such artful convolution that no one outside the family—and perhaps no one else inside the family—was capable of divining its true financial condition. After two decades *(Continued on page 266)*

PHOTOGRAPH: BOTTOM, BY PETER NEUMAN

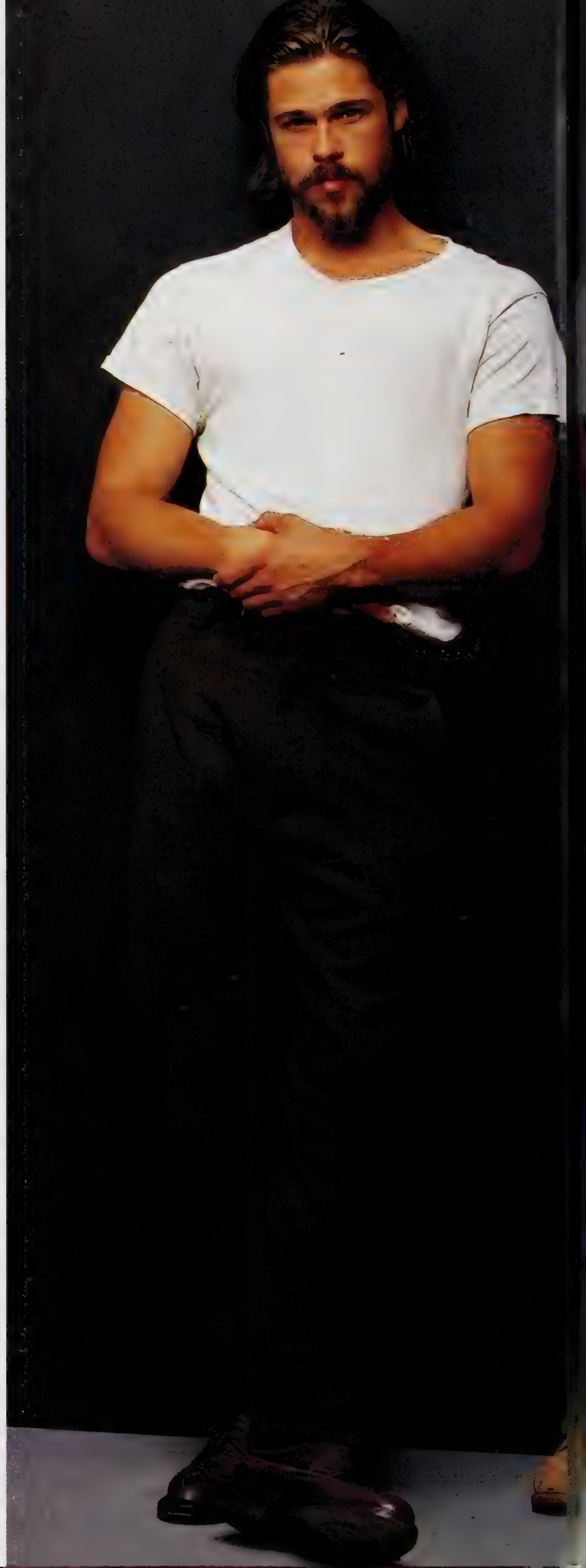
SPOTLIGHT

River Men

Pitt, Sheffer, and Skerritt: another white-collar roll call incorporated in Delaware? Hardly. The names belong to the trio of talented actors hired by director Robert Redford to incorporate white-water machismo into his screen version of Norman Maclean's Montana memoir *A River Runs Through It*. A ruminative masterpiece, the book—and now the film—concerns Scottish women, half-breed broads, cold beer, brotherly love, the precepts of Presbyterianism, and, most important, how in the precise artistry of an expert fly-fisherman the male heart takes its rightful place in Mother Nature's body. Maclean, who died in 1990, published his story after retiring as a professor of English from the University of Chicago, and it instantly became a cult classic. Redford has long wanted to film the work, and has succeeded in catching the author's laconic lyricism—both in his own heartfelt narration of the film and in the ebb and flow of domestic scenes juxtaposed with that majestic Montana scenery. "If anything, this film is a reflection of Robert Redford. It is the distinct vision of a good man," says Brad Pitt, who portrays Paul, the gambling, hooch-guzzling younger brother. Indeed, Redford possesses, as did Maclean, a westerner's unabashed wistfulness, in which men can recite Wordsworth to one another. Worship both the Lord and leisure. Brawl. Wail. Breed.

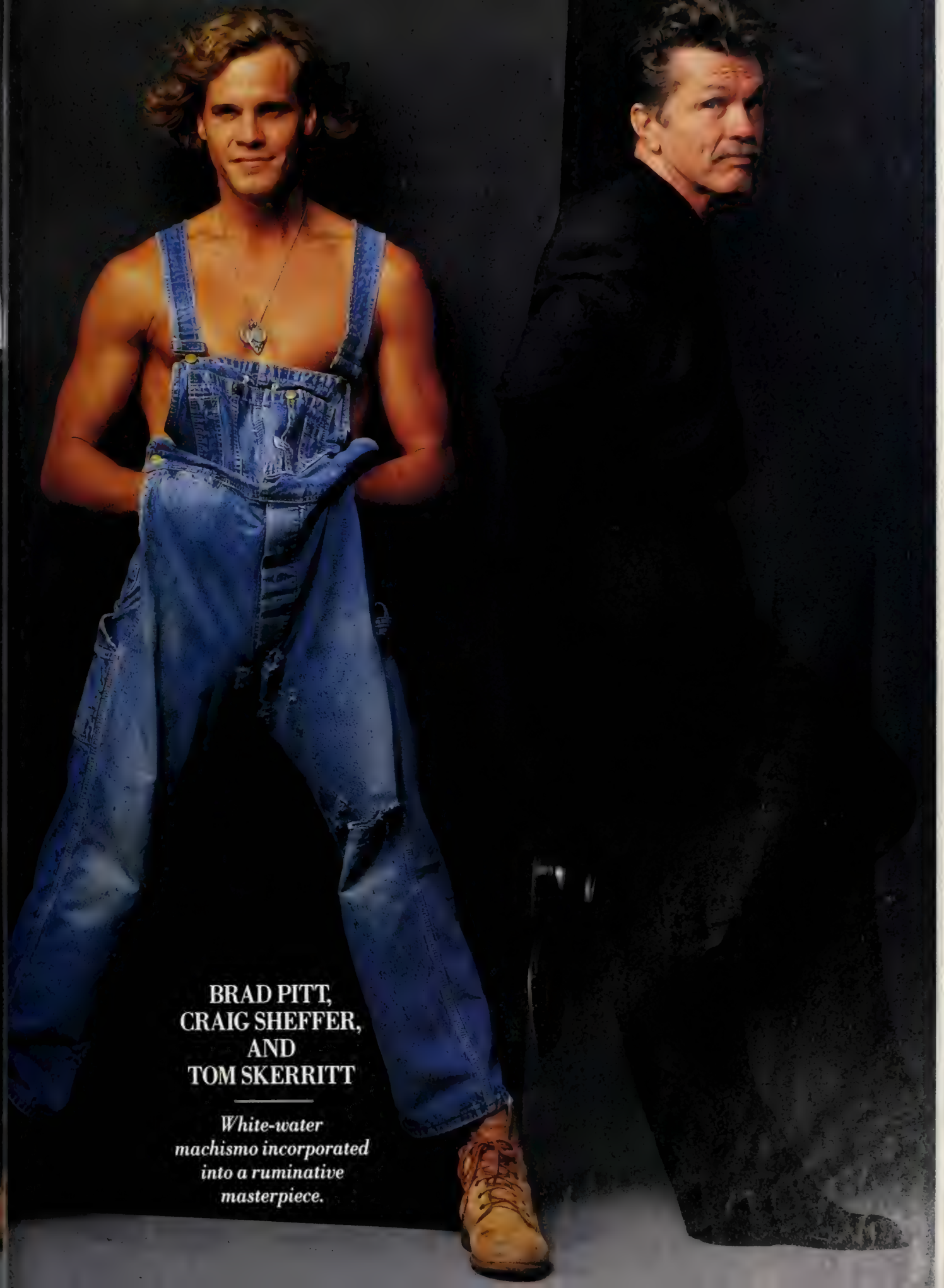
Guess? jeans guy Tom Skerritt plays the story's patriarch, a Presbyterian vicar, with just the right amount of grizzled prissiness, but Craig Sheffer as Norman Maclean anchors the film. "Norman was quite self-aware, and used to joke that he was a cross between a ballerina and a lumberjack," Sheffer says. It is just such square-jawed sensitivity that lends his portrayal—and the film—an uncommon glow. And what was the best part of working for a ruddy legend like Redford? "Because of his background as an actor," says Sheffer, "he never complained when you asked for another take." Says Pitt, "He didn't like to get up early."

—KEVIN SESSUMS



STYLED BY JEAN-FRANCOIS BIZALION

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



BRAD PITT, CRAIG SHEFFER, AND TOM SKERRITT

White-water machismo incorporated into a ruminative masterpiece.

God Save the Queen!



ROYAL ROLES

Elizabeth and Prince Philip on an official visit to Canada, October 1977. "Prince Philip's private life is protected by the cordon sanitaire around the Queen."



Most of her family can
benefit from regular applications
of spin control, but
Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor
never seems to need it.
For 40 years, she has learned
her lines and hit her marks flawlessly.
ROBERT K. MASSIE reports
on the secret of
the Queen's success

For Elizabeth, Edward VIII's abdication was mo



Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor, at 66 the most famous and richest woman in the world, has been having family problems. Recently they have been getting worse—to the delight of writers of books and magazine and newspaper stories who have been earning immense sums of money. One of her daughters-in-law keeps turning up in the tabloids on vacation with men other than her husband, sometimes dressed in nothing above the waist. Her other daughter-in-law, a blonde, lightly educated woman, married at a virginal 20, has apparently lived unhappily for more than a decade with Elizabeth's eldest son. Their domestic squabble threatens the son's inheritance of what he has described as "the family firm." But the headline writers have leapt beyond. Mingling glee with gloom, cackle with shriek, they have predicted the end of the firm itself. This will not happen, of course; the firm has been doing business at the same address for a thousand years and will continue for several lifetimes, at least. But the fuss has heavily underscored a remarkable fact: for 40 years, in good times and bad, Elizabeth Windsor has faithfully performed the role suddenly thrust upon her on February 6, 1952. She has been The Queen.

She is surprisingly short. (Still, at five feet two inches, she is taller than her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who barely reached five feet.) Her hair is gray, although she colors it brown, sometimes achieving a curious effect with parts of her head covered with soft curls in each color. Her bright-blue eyes still attract admiration, but what astonishes everyone she meets is her complexion. Despite lines around the eyes and some in the forehead, it is a cliché English peaches-and-cream.

She carries no money, has no passport, no driver's license. She wears glasses, not contact lenses; even in her finest robes, wearing the Imperial State Crown for the opening of Parliament, she reaches into her handbag and puts on her glasses to read her speech. Her voice is high and flat, because she is naturally shy, but she has added warmth and banished the shrillness of her younger years. She still offers an almost pained smile in public, which makes her seem distant and unapproachable. Her mother, the 92-year-old Queen Mother, herself robust and outgoing, still chides her daughter, "Smile!"

We are speaking of Her Most Excellent Majesty Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her Other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith. For 40 years, the British government

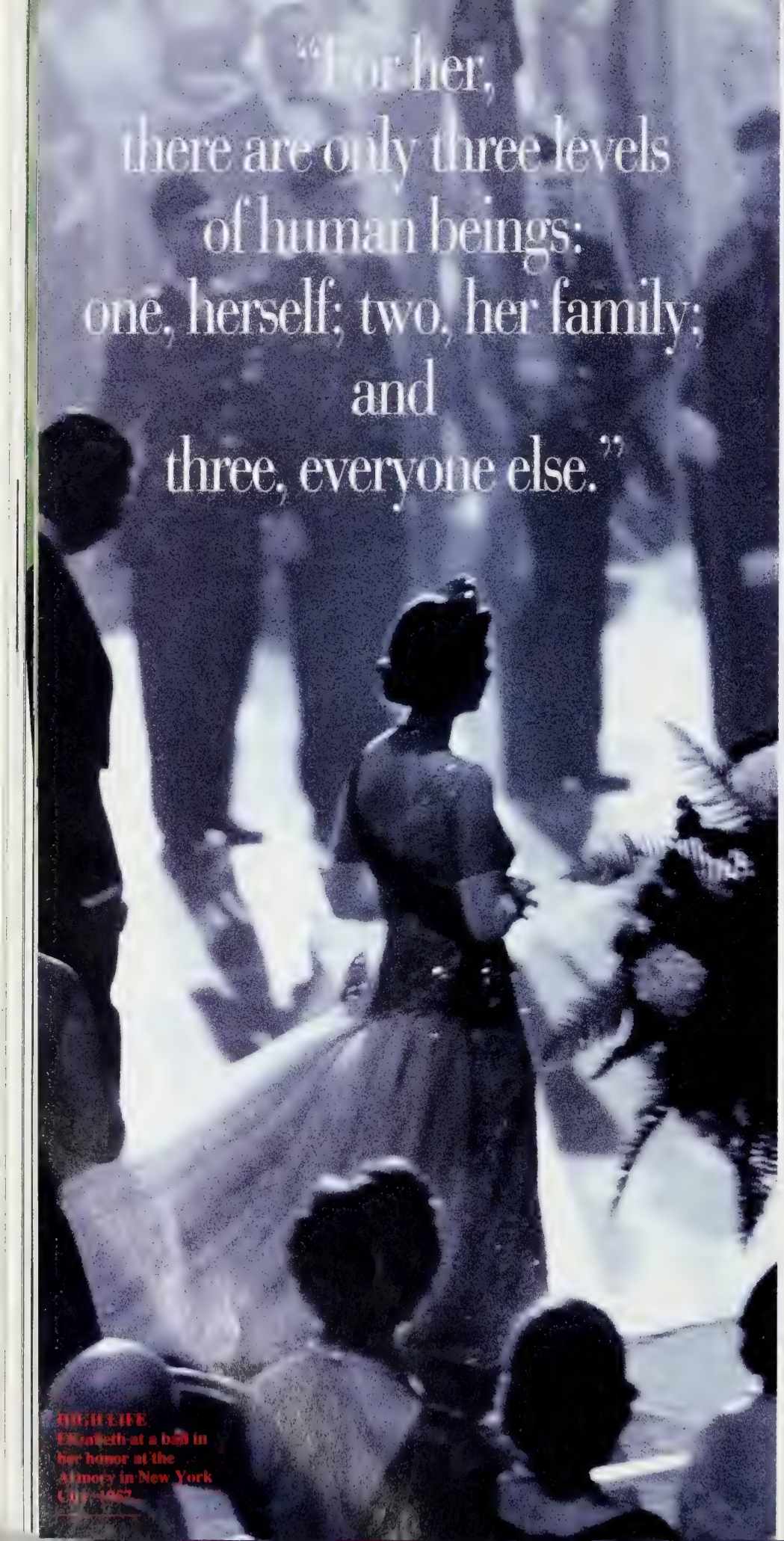
han a political scandal; it was a family betrayal.



has been Her Majesty's Government. The parliamentary opposition is Her Majesty's Opposition. The daily grind of government is done by Her Majesty's Civil Service. British criminals are detained in Her Majesty's Prisons "at Her Majesty's pleasure." The Royal Navy sails in Her Majesty's Ships. Other armed services are the Royal Artillery, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Air Force. British money is printed in the Royal Mint. People read letters delivered by the Royal Mail. There are in circulation more than one billion bank notes and 16 billion coins bearing her image; the Royal Mail prints four billion stamps a year carrying her likeness. The only great ocean liner still making regular transatlantic crossings is the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, universally abridged to *Q.E. 2*.

The human Q.E. 2 is a mixture of ancient blue-blooded tradition with contemporary middle-class values. She is a hardworking, decent, pleasant, conscientious person lacking in formal education, social vision, artistic taste, and curiosity, whose personal interests are largely restricted to her family, her horses, and a collection of small, nasty dogs called Pembroke Welsh corgis which play at her feet and nip the ankles of visitors. She can choose her friends and subjects of conversation: she prefers talking about horses rather than books; she prefers talking to horse trainers rather than dukes or earls. "Much too grand for us," she will say of the latter. Her diligence on the job and her concept of duty are al-

ROYALS IN CAMELOT
The Windsors' behavior during the war restored the monarchy's prestige. From left, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, H.M. the Queen, H.M. the King, and Queen Mary, in their box at the Royal Opera House, London, February 1946. *Inset:* Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in George VI's funeral cortege, February 11, 1952.



HIGH LIFE
Elizabeth at a ball in her honor at the Armory in New York City, 1957

most anachronistic in this last decade of our tumultuous century as she presides over the last great monarchy on earth.

Her working day at Buckingham Palace begins at eight A.M. with a cup of tea followed by an English breakfast of kippers or kidneys with toast. She spends a few minutes with the crossword puzzle in *The Daily Telegraph* and listens to the Queen's Personal Piper, who every morning marches to and fro playing his bagpipes at nine A.M. At 10, the Queen is in her office, a high-ceilinged room filled with antique furniture, flowers, and pictures of her children, grandchildren, horses, and dogs. Every morning, her private secretary, Sir Robert Fellowes, enters to find her seated bolt upright at her desk, ready to "do the boxes." Already, a government van has delivered to the Palace its daily load of red leather dispatch cases, filled with government papers. There are Foreign Office cables, ministerial documents, civil-service memorandums. Some papers she signs, some she comments on in the margins, some she simply initials. If there is an act of Parliament for her signature, she gives her assent by writing "Elizabeth R." Elizabeth also reads some of the 200 to 300 personal letters she receives every day (more than 60,000 a year), which are brought to her unopened. She sifts through the pile and selects about a dozen to read. Some are admiring, some abusive; many ask for her help. "There are occasions when I can help," she has said. "I can pass things to the right authorities."

When the Queen is by herself, she lunches frugally on a slice of cold meat and salad. Teatime is hard on Elizabeth, who, watching her weight, limits herself to a single cup of tea and one sandwich. Before dinner, she sometimes has a martini, a gin and tonic, or a glass of sherry. She sips a single goblet of wine through an entire dinner, but likes to have it all. At a racetrack luncheon in Lexington, Kentucky, when a waiter tried to remove her wineglass, the Queen put out a hand. "I haven't finished yet," she said. Her primary aversions are to snails, oysters, and lobster; when she goes abroad, her hosts are thoroughly briefed on these tastes. She has a sweet

tooth for chocolate cake and peppermint creams, and her special treat is to drop a lump of sugar in a cup of coffee and then, as it dissolves, spoon it into her mouth. When she decides she has had too much of this kind of thing, she disciplines herself with a strict grapefruit diet.

At the end of a working day, Elizabeth is not keen about seeing people for dinner. When her husband, Prince Philip, is away, she retires to her apartment, supper is brought on a tray, and, like many of her subjects, she settles down to watch television. Her tastes are unconquerably middle-class. She likes jigsaw puzzles, reads thrillers (especially those by former jockey Dick Francis) or biographies, preferably of one of her ancestors. With her family, she likes parlor games, particularly charades, but even in private she will reject a skit she considers undignified and ask for another.

In theory, the monarch is the patron of all opera and ballet companies, symphony orchestras, and theaters in Britain. In fact, Queen Elizabeth is indifferent to all of these aspects of culture. Her taste lies more with musical comedies, American jazz, American swing of the 30s, even a few Beatles songs such as "Yellow Submarine." She has considerable knowledge of the paintings in her magnificent collection, but has shown no interest in broadening their range: she has Leonardos and Michelangelos, but no Motherwells or Hockneys.

In a curious way, the Queen is both the ultimate snob and the ultimate democrat. As one of her friends explains, "For her, there are only three levels of human beings: one, herself, not as a person but as The Queen; two, her family; and three, everyone else. So for her the poshest duke is the same as the lowest chambermaid." She can react with spontaneous pleasure to a genuine show of warmth—as she did on May 15, 1991, in a Washington, D.C., housing project when Alice Frazier, a large black great-grandmother, welcomed her with "This is *my* palace" and gave her a husky bear hug. Equally, she instantly chills when she senses that someone is trespassing or taking advantage. Once, as Princess Elizabeth, she was at a small party at the British Embassy in Rome. A young diplomat, forgetting himself, asked, "What does your father think of that?" "Are you speaking of the King?" Elizabeth replied.

No one but her immediate family calls her by her nickname, "Lilibet." To her children, she is "Mummy"; when they speak of her to others, she is "the Queen." To everyone else, she is, on first introduction, "Your Majesty"; thereafter, "Ma'am." She is fiercely protected by her inner circle. "One of the Queen's closest friends is one of my closest friends," says an aristocratic Englishwoman. "She and I have never spoken about the Queen."

And yet, despite everything, Elizabeth's human side keeps breaking through. In London not long ago, a friend of the Queen's was walking down Regent Street when the largest, most beautiful Rolls-Royce he had ever seen pulled up beside him. He looked in the window and saw the Queen. She waved at him. "I was astonished and, not knowing what else to do, did my d'Artagnan bit—half bowing and waving." Back home, he phoned Princess Margaret, whom he also knows, and told her what had happened. "Don't be silly," said the Queen's sister. "It wasn't the Queen. The Queen doesn't wave at people in the street." "I'm sorry, Ma'am," he said, "but I know it was the Queen." "Stay there. I'll call you back," said the princess. A few minutes later she called and said, "I phoned the Queen. 'Of course I waved at [him],' she said. 'It's not every day I see someone I know on the pavement.' "

The Queen, like the rest of her family, is an avid participant in the old English tradition of the weekend house party. When she attends, these gatherings are likely to have a 19th-century flavor. The women have breakfast in bed, then go downstairs to find the men sitting around reading papers. A fresh set of papers has been saved for the Queen; she goes straight to the racing pages. When the house party is over, Elizabeth changes out of the blouse and tweed skirt she has worn all weekend and puts on her silk dress and hat to be presented to the staff.

The grandest house parties of all are those given at Windsor Castle during Ascot week. One woman remembers being invited for four days a number of years ago: "It all runs like clockwork. The ladies-in-waiting—upper-class women who can talk about things that interest the Queen, like horses—tell you exactly what to do. The castle is absolutely enormous, the corridors endlessly long. I was always late and I remember running down the corridors, hoping a door wouldn't suddenly pop open and a royal pop out. In the morning you swim or ride with the Queen. If you ride, you must be careful never to get ahead of her; she always leads. The odd thing is how private [the royal family] remained. I came away from my weekend at Windsor feeling that I didn't know them any better on Day Four than I had on Day One."

In public, the Queen is the epitome of dignity. She does not use her favorite swearwords, "Bloody!" and "Damn!" She does not allow herself to seem bored or be seasick; she must always "brace up!" as she puts it. In private, however, she will describe someone, to whom only minutes before she has been royally gracious, as "bonkers" or "a fool." Normally, no one may touch her physically; dignitaries who have tried to take her arm find themselves unmistakably shaken off. In private, she has a wry humor and outbursts of genuine laughter. She is a mimic and can be particularly devastating when mocking pompous government figures or corporate giants who have been presented to her. Once, during an audience with Gough Whitlam, then prime minister of Australia, one of the corgis at her feet loudly broke wind. Rather than ignoring the interruption, Whitlam said, "That was obviously the corgi." "Who else?" asked the Queen.

The Queen's job description—the reason she and her extended family are given millions of pounds of taxpayer money every year—is to work to make the state seem human. Elizabeth, her mother, her sister, her husband, her children, and her first cousins the Kents and Gloucesters are in constant motion. They visit hospitals, old people's homes, and day-care centers; dedicate schools, churches, airports, and bridges; attend film premieres and sporting events; open factories, scout jamborees, and Commonwealth conferences; plant trees; snip ribbons; unveil plaques; sign visitors' books; eat lunch; drink tea; etc., etc.

Not one of these visits is inflicted on the hosts; in every case the royal personage is invited to help bring publicity, raise money or morale. Anyone who questions the popularity of the monarchy should have a look at the baskets of letters pouring into the Palace imploring some royal highness to pay a royal visit. The work is endless. Last year, the royal family had some 3,000 public en-



"It's not only losing," she told a friend. "It's then having to present the cup to the winner."

gagements within the United Kingdom and another 1,000 overseas.

Royal visits are elaborately programmed, minute by minute. Before she arrives, the Queen is told exactly what will happen, whom she will meet, what they are likely to say. In the 70s, she began to break away from the script and conduct her now famous "walkabouts," where she plunges into a crowd, nodding, smiling, saying hello. British royalty still eschews the feverish hand grasping practiced by American politicians. The Queen avoids both shaking hands and appearing rude by carrying a bouquet of flowers with both hands. When she travels, she is dressed as a not particularly fashionable upper-class woman. She wears colors which will make her stand out in a crowd: purple, yellow, peach, green, red, even a shocking chartreuse; never black, white, or navy blue. When traveling abroad for a number of weeks, she may take up to six tons of luggage: hats, dresses, blouses, skirts, ball gowns, tiaras, gloves, stockings, and dozens of pairs of shoes. She also takes her own feather pillow, hot-water bottle, favorite china tea set, and special white kid lavatory seat.

Everything is scripted, but once in a while nature intervenes. In the winter of 1982, the Queen's automobile was snowbound in a sudden Cotswolds storm. She took refuge in a small hotel whose astonished owner found her a room and raced about making tea. By happenstance, I stayed in the same hotel a few years later and discovered that the owner was renting the same room to honeymooners at a premium price.

The summit of social mingling with the general public is a royal garden party. In 1983 I attended one at Rhodes House in Oxford. Two thousand Rhodes scholars and their spouses from around the world had come back for a reunion, and the Queen and Prince Philip had agreed to come. A wide, curving aisle had been carved through the crowd and marked by ropes. Elizabeth and Philip started from opposite ends, walking from one side of the aisle to the other, choosing whom to address at random from among the throng discreetly crowding to get to the front. Each Rhodes scholar was wearing a tag which bore his name, the place from which he had been chosen, his Oxford college, and the year he had matriculated. Near me stood a man

whose tag said, "Stansfield Turner, Illinois and Exeter, 1947." Turner had been a four star admiral, Commander-in-Chief Allied Forces Southern Europe, NATO, when his former Annapolis classmate Jimmy Carter brought him home to become director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Prince Philip, hands behind his back—the royal male's answer to Elizabeth's bouquet—bore down on Turner and thrust his long neck forward so that he could peer at the tag. "Ah," he said, straightening up, "and do you still live in Illinois, Mr. Turner?"

Royal visits—royal walkabouts, especially—are worrisome for the Queen's Personal Protection Officer. In the early years, there was little to fear; Elizabeth put a scarf over her head, slipped behind the wheel of her Rover automobile, and drove unrecognized from Buckingham Palace to Clarence House to see her mother, or to Kensington Palace to visit Princess Margaret: the two sisters would sit together in Margaret's garden, sipping tea and listening to popular radio programs. Even in the 60s, she would leave the Palace with her devoted friend and aide the late Lord Plunkett and drive to the Odeon Theatre in the King's Road to see a film. All this ended in 1979, when the I.R.A. assassinated Prince Philip's uncle Earl Mountbatten in his boat off the Irish coast.

In 1981 the Queen, in uniform, was riding sidesaddle down the Mall to the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. Suddenly, a young man in the crowd pushed up to the wooden barricade, raised a 9-mm. pistol, and fired six shots directly at her. With her horse rearing, people screaming, and policemen running, Elizabeth somehow managed to keep her seat. All the shots turned out to have been blanks; the youth was a 17-year-old member of an anti-monarchist organization. Pale, but under control, the Queen indicated that the procession should continue.

Despite this—and the famous 1982 episode of the intruder in the Queen's bedroom—security for the Queen is more discreet than for an American president. On most public occasions, the Queen and the royal family seem to move about accompanied only by a single, nearby police inspector in addition to the bobbies keeping back the crowds. (In fairness to the U.S. Secret Service, four of the last 25 American presi-



ROYAL PASSION. At Sandringham, 1980. "If you ride [with the Queen] you must be careful never to get ahead of her."

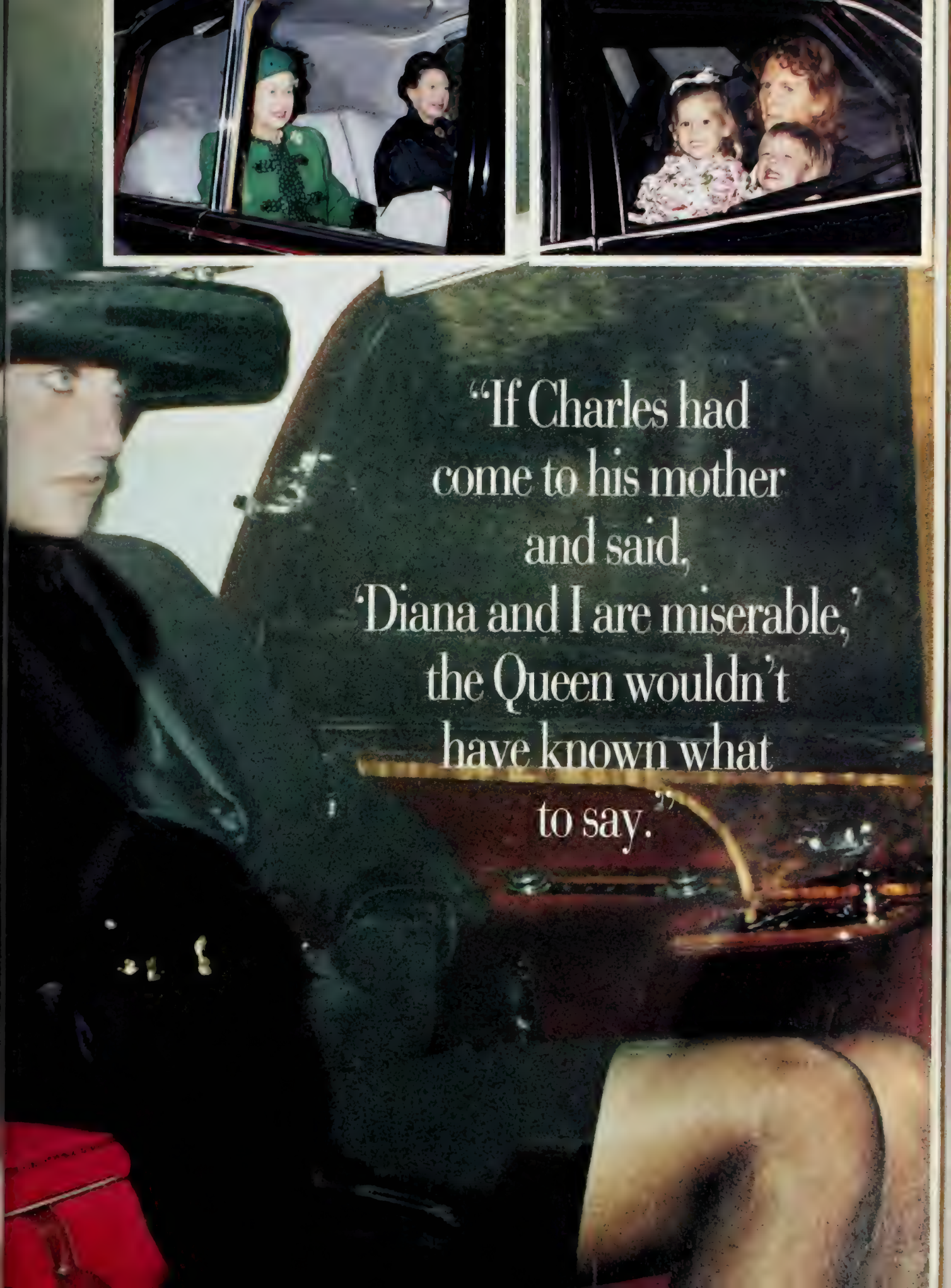
dents have been assassinated, and two others have been shot at, while no British monarch has ever died this way.)

Since the mid-80s the Queen has been making quiet, private trips wholly devoted to her own pleasure: she has been visiting Kentucky to see horses. Elizabeth, like her great-grandfather King Edward VII, is addicted to horses and horse racing. Since the beginning of her reign, she has owned a succession of winning animals—Monaveen, Aureole, Winston, Doutelle, and Highclere. She is fascinated by the computerized calculation of bloodlines, indicating which stallion should be bred to which mare in order to produce a champion. She wants to win the Epsom Derby and she wants to do it from the beginning: by breeding a winning horse, not buying a yearling or a veteran bred by someone else. She is highly competitive. At a racetrack, watching her horse wearing the royal racing colors of purple, gold, and scarlet, she sometimes forgets who she is, screams with joy, and jumps up and down. When she is present and her horse fails to win, she has to be stoic. "It's not only losing," she told a friend with a wry smile. "It's then having to present the cup to the winner."

Most of the Queen's horses are kept at Wolferton Stud and Sandringham Stud. Three of her mares are at two farms in Versailles, Kentucky, near Lexington. Three times in recent years, Elizabeth has gone to Kentucky, to drive through the Bluegrass Region, visit her mares and their foals, see the great stallions which produce the fastest Thoroughbreds in the world, and spend days and evenings with the local farm owners and horse trainers, whose talk is so congenial to her. She arrives at a farm in a limousine, steps out wearing a simple flowered dress and sensible pumps, and walks through the elegant barns, which have been searched for bombs by a pack of sniffing German shepherds. *(Continued on page 286)*



ROYALS ON THE ROCKS
Princess Margaret (*inset, left,* with the Queen in 1989) was the first royal divorcée. The Duchess of York (*inset, right,* in May) enjoyed the Queen's good graces before her troubles with Prince Andrew. Princess Diana (on her way with Charles to her father's funeral in April) fared less well: "Life is more difficult," the Queen once said, "now that we've got this tiresome girl."


"If Charles had
come to his mother
and said,
'Diana and I are miserable,'
the Queen wouldn't
have known what
to say."

De Kwiatkowski

(Continued from page 227) did not have houseguests. We had guesthouses."

"He takes a kernel of truth, which is already pretty interesting," de Borchgrave says, "and then embellishes it, sometimes to the point of casting doubt on a story that is basically true."

"I suspect that underneath the phenomenal success," says one of de Kwiatkowski's oldest friends, Baron Lyssardt Hoyningen-Huene, "he has a deep inferiority complex. That's why he engages in such extravagant rodomontades at times. But I don't want to diminish in any way his real accomplishments. All this bragging does not detract one iota from the fact that Henryk is an extraordinary man."

"I have done all these things," Henryk de Kwiatkowski is telling me. "If I say I didn't do them, to be humble, it would be a lie." He is sitting on a beach chair, facing the calm turquoise bay in front of his white-latticed villa in Lyford Cay, the high-security private enclave favored by rich tax exiles and international retirees, which is situated on the opposite end of New Providence Island from grotty, touristy Nassau. To his right, perched on the point where the bay meets the Atlantic, is the splendid pink house owned by the Count and Countess de Ravenel. Down the beach to his left are the part-time homes of Stavros Niarchos, George Livanos, and Julio Iglesias. De Kwiatkowski says his property is one of the largest in Lyford Cay, which is true, but it is 3 acres, not 14, as he says.

He is wearing Hermès bathing trunks and a white polo shirt with "H de K" monogrammed in red under a red crest of crossed polo mallets topped by a crown. (The de Kwiatkowski servants address their employers as Mr. and Mrs. de K., and answer the phone "The de K. residence.") He is very tanned, and has a full head of dark hair shot with silver. When he takes off his black-framed reading glasses, which make him look a lot like Felix Rohatyn, and flashes an eager, full-toothed smile, he bears a startling resemblance to illustrations of Genghis Khan.

I ask him to start at the beginning, in Poland. "I was born in Warsaw," he says. "The age is always a question, which I later on will explain—how they changed it. I was born in 1926, actually. The actual birth was in Warsaw, but we lived in Poznań—"

Before he can go any further, he is interrupted by a phone call from Ireland, informing him that his horse Gdansk Honor has won his third race in three times out. During the weekend, there will be three more calls announcing that three more de Kwiatkowski horses have come in first, in races in Ireland, in England, and at Aqueduct in New York. Two nights earlier, de Kwiatkowski won $180,000 in 15 minutes at the blackjack table in a Nassau casino, exactly one year to the day, a regular houseguest attested, since the last time he'd visited the same casino, and walked away $220,000 richer. Though his friends, with near unanimity, say he's the luckiest man they've ever met, de Kwiatkowski doesn't see it that way.

"Very few people who say this really know my past," he says. "I'm so unlucky. I've seen so many members of my family disappear. And if there is such a weighing machine, every time I win, I feel that God is adding a little stone, as many stones as are necessary to even it up on the weighing machine."

It is a harrowing personal history—set against the chaos of Eastern Europe and the Middle East during the Second World War—that de Kwiatkowski recounts sitting in the shade of a Caribbean palm tree. He says his father, a Polish cavalry officer, was killed by the Germans when they invaded Poland in 1939. His mother, four older brothers, and older sister suffered "various deaths" during the course of the war. He himself was in school on the morning of the invasion, September 1, 1939, and fled east across Poland with his instructors and schoolmates. "It took us 17 days to get to the border," he says. "And when the Russians came in, we were caught. I received 20 years' hard labor in Siberia at the age of 13."

He adds that he and his schoolmates held off Stalin's tanks with Molotov cocktails for several months before being captured and stuffed into cattle cars, "without clothes, without blankets—nothing, just the warmth of bodies. It was 45 below zero, and every time we stopped, they threw out frozen bodies that didn't survive."

His escape from Camp 54 in Novosibirsk, 1,800 miles east of Moscow, is the *pièce de résistance* of Henryk de Kwiatkowski's war stories, a dramatically detailed saga that takes him most of the afternoon to tell me. It involves a selfless prison doctor who provided him with a few rubles and a hand-drawn map of Central Asia; the sympathetic wife of the chief of the Uzbekistan N.K.V.D. (the precursor of the K.G.B.), who hid him in her compartment on the train out of Siberia; trekking across Kazakhstan on foot, working his way from one Soviet cooperative farm to the next; nearly having his hand cut off for stealing a lemon in a Tashkent bazaar; stowing away in a rat-infested coal container on the boat that took him across the Caspian Sea to Iran; and finally charming his way into the British Embassy in Teheran by blurting out the only English words he knew, a Shakespeare sonnet taught to him by his Anglophile uncle from the Carpathian Mountains. "The man looked at me and thought I was out of my mind," de Kwiatkowski says with a chuckle. He then proceeds to recite Sonnet 29 in its entirety: "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, / I all alone beweep my outcast state. . ."

According to de Kwiatkowski, the British transferred him to their base in Khanaquin, Iraq, where he was enrolled in the Royal Air Force. Because he wasn't old enough to fight, he explains, an officer on duty altered his birth date from February 22, 1926, to the same date in 1922. (This was fairly common wartime practice.) His R.A.F. serial number, he says, was 705662.

R.A.F. records, as well as records kept at the Polish Air Force Association and the Polish Institute in London, confirm the outline of de Kwiatkowski's story, though there are some discrepancies. A Henryk Kwiatkowski (no "de") with that serial number and the 1922 birth date was born in Warsaw; was educated in Lubin, a town near Poznań, from 1928 to 1939; was arrested by the Soviets in Kowel, in eastern Poland, in February 1940; and was sent to a labor camp in Siberia. But these records also show that he was amnestied in April 1942—all Poles in Soviet labor camps were officially amnestied after Germany turned on Russia—and that on April 18, 1942, in the U.S.S.R., he joined the Polish armed forces, which were being reorganized in Kazakhstan by General Wladislaw Anders, and which gradually made their way to the Middle East. He is listed as a cannoneer with the rank of corporal. It should be noted that both the general amnesty for Poles and the formation of the free Polish army were messy, amorphous affairs. Many Soviet commandants refused to release Polish prisoners, and many Poles who eventually secured release papers then wandered around Central Asia for

Assets

ANDREW FEZZA



months before connecting with Anders's army. ("That was me," de Kwiatkowski later told me. "I joined the Polish army for a little bit.") His R.A.F. record shows that he enrolled on April 21, 1943, but there is no record of where, or of how he was transported from the Middle East to England. He has always said that it was on a ship called *Empress of Canada,* which was torpedoed by an Italian submarine off the coast of Sierra Leone in 1943, and that out of some 2,000 passengers he was one of only seven survivors. In reality, there were about 800 survivors.

In interviews he has given over the years to *Fortune, Newsweek,* and *The Greenwich* (Connecticut) *Review,* de Kwiatkowski has claimed that he flew Spitfire fighter planes along with two of his brothers, who were killed in action; that he was a courier for the Polish underground and parachuted into Warsaw and was evacuated by submarine; that he flew support missions on D-day and won a Distinguished Flying Cross. "When five planes shoot at you and they all miss," he told *Newsweek* in 1982, "that's not bravery. It's destiny."

He did not repeat these claims in his interview with me, saying only, "I flew as an observer, an air gunner, during the war. In Gatwick Airport, after the war, I got a pilot's license." R.A.F. records list him as a wireless operator/airman who rose to the rank of warrant officer, the highest rank attainable for a noncommissioned officer. These records indicate that he was posted in England throughout his service, mostly at training bases for radio operators and air gunners but not for pilots. According to these records, he never saw action, and on D-day, June 6, 1944, he was stationed at an R.A.F. training base in Morecambe, Lancashire. He was given three standard-issue medals (War Medal, Defense Medal, Air Force Medal), but not the D.F.C., which was awarded only to commissioned officers. (*Another* Henryk Kwiatkowski, who flew bomber planes and died in Poland in 1990, did get the Distinguished Flying *Medal;* there was also a Henryk Kwiatkowski who flew Spitfires, was awarded the Polish Victory Cross, and was shot down over Berlin in 1944; there are *five* Henryk Kwiatkowskis in R.A.F. records, and 13 Kwiatkowskis in total. "Kwiatkowski is like Smith in Poland," says a Polish Institute secretary.)

In our interview, de Kwiatkowski also stated that during the war he had been "used" by M.I.5, the British internal intelligence service, as an "interpreter" of Polish, Russian, and German, and that after the war he worked with it "for a short period during the partition of India and Pakistan," translating Urdu. (He also speaks French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as "cocktail party" Portuguese and Farsi.) Such a connection would help explain how he happened to be involved in the Shah's 1953 restoration, which has since been conclusively linked to the C.I.A.

When I phoned him a few weeks after our interview to ask him to clarify his war service, he reiterated that he had been an "air gunner." And wireless operator? "The radio training I got for underground-type operations. . . . Whether I then went [with] M.I.5 or M.I.6," he said, referring to another British intelligence agency, "I am not going to say. I am not running for office. I don't have to sell myself to anybody."

De Kwiatkowski says both Kennedy and Nixon wanted to propose an act of Congress making him an American citizen.

This same sort of haughty impatience, at once annoying and vulnerable, comes through in perhaps the most revealing comments he made during that long afternoon on his Bahamas beach: "I've done so many things that are *impossible* for me to discuss with the average person. A person who is suspicious—*You did this? You did that? You done the other thing?* I cannot transmit to ignorant people. If I would have been an ordinary boy, without being subject to war, oppressions, and all those things that happened in my lifetime, I would have been like anybody else. Gone to school, earned a living—I don't know what I would have done. But circumstances threw at me all these events—and the desire to survive and to *excel* in every field of competition. You must remember in my country, the moment I left my home, I had to compete to live: I had to compete to escape, I had to compete to catch the last seat on a truck when I was running away, I had to compete not to be killed by people dedicated to destroying me. I was an enemy to everyone, because my mother was German—Austrian, actually—so I was an enemy to the Poles. I was an enemy to the Germans because my father was Polish. So it was very difficult for me to justify myself at the early age of 14—who I am."

Yet he rejects the suggestion that he might have felt like an outsider: "Never, *never.* Under no circumstances! On the contrary, I felt like I was conquering everything. Completely! I walked into a Russian camp and I felt, I will survive! I walk into a meeting of a board of directors and I feel I will mold it in such a way that the result will be what is desirable. When I say competing, it is the type of competition that gave me tremendous confidence, I don't know from where, but . . . I walk in, I feel absolutely at home. Absolutely! I feel in control. And not only at home: I feel I am *the head of the household.*"

"People who know Henryk superficially might not like him," says Jean-Pierre Fraysse, a French financial executive who worked closely with de Kwiatkowski in the late 70s and early 80s. "He gives the wrong impression: Who is this guy telling these unbelievable war stories? But having known him intimately for five years, I like him very much. He's a great achiever. The money he has made is real. And whereas others who made money in the 80s have lost it, he has kept it. People may look at him as a madman, but if you look at the bottom line, Henryk is still around and thriving, which proves that he has been very clever and very consistent."

De Kwiatkowski says he got his start in the aviation business in Pakistan after the war, ferrying Muslim pilgrims to Jidda from Karachi for a tiny airline which eventually evolved into Pakistan International Airlines. (Hence his knowledge of Urdu.) He has also said in previous interviews that he had a five-year scholarship to study aeronautical engineering at Kings College, Cambridge, but he admitted to me that he merely took R.A.F.-spon-

De Kwiatkowski

sored courses for ex-servicemen in Cambridge and received "an Oxford-Cambridge school certificate." In 1952 he immigrated to Montreal and took a $35-a-week engineering job with the Canadian subsidiary of Pratt & Whitney, the manufacturer of airplane engines. Although he told me that he completed a B.S. degree in aeronautical engineering at McGill University in Montreal, the registrar has no record of him.

Baroness Meriel de Posson, who in 1952 was a college-age Canadian heiress sailing home from England for summer vacation, met de Kwiatkowski on the boat. "He managed to find a way to get himself up into first class," she recalls. "He had rather nice clothes, so no one noticed. Only two sets, black-tie and blue blazer with gray flannels, but that was all he needed. He obviously had made very good connections in England, because he showed me letters of introduction from all kinds of people, including some to my own mother, Mrs. Charles MacLean. He used to come to dinner on Saturday nights and have to take the airplane grease from his job from under his fingernails. He kept saying in those days, 'I'm going to be a millionaire one day, you wait and see.' "

De Posson's cousin Nelly Burke adds, "He was traveling in the highest social circles in Montreal. He threw himself right in. He was very European, very charming, kissing hands, clicking his heels, a real sort of ladies' man."

De Kwiatkowski shared a small apartment in the right part of town with two other Continental bachelors in their 20s, Emilio Gioia, now a New York real-estate developer, and Gioia's cousin Count Roberto Corinaldi. He was already impressing party guests with his sensational war stories. "One day I got a new car," Emilio Gioia says. "And he arrived home, walking slowly from his Pratt & Whitney job. He said, 'What a great car.' I said, 'I know you have a dinner date tonight, but please don't take my car and tell your friends it's yours.' By dinnertime, he had convinced me to loan it to him—that's how good a salesman he was even then. And the next day I was in my car, and his girlfriend asked me, 'What are *you* doing in *Ricky's* car?'

"When I met him, everybody called him Ricky," Gioia explains. "Then he insisted on Henry. Then it became Henryk. Then it became Henryk with a capital 'De.' And then with a small 'de'—for aristocracy."

His career took off even faster than his name. In 1957 he was promoted to the Hartford, Connecticut, headquarters of United Aircraft, the parent company of Pratt & Whitney. Three years later, he was based in Paris and making $80,000 a year as head of European sales for United Aircraft. In 1962 he started his own company, Kwiatkowski Aircraft, Inc., with $3,000 in capital, a secretary, and an office at 30 Rockefeller Center. He later created a subsidiary, Intercontinental Aircraft, in Nassau, the Bahamas, but the two offices between them have never had more than 26 employees on the payroll. Over the years, Henryk de Kwiatkowski says, he has brokered more than $2 billion in sales, earning himself well over $100 million in commissions alone.

To put it simply, he created the used-airplane business. His first major deal involved selling a dozen used DC-6s that Scandinavian Airlines System wanted to get rid of (so that it could buy new DC-8s) to Aeromexico and Varig Brasilian Airlines, and then unloading Varig's fleet of used DC-3s on Aereolineas Argentineas. De Kwiatkowski, of course, doesn't like the term "used airplane." "Whether a plane is new or old," he stresses, "it has the same certificate of airworthiness. So each time the plane is delivered, as far as I'm concerned, it is new."

He also came up with "an entirely novel concept of leasing aircraft," notes his old friend Baron Lyssardt Hoyningen-Huene, an international banker based in Nassau. "He guaranteed to buy a certain number of airplanes off the drawing board from Boeing, and then put together a 15-year-lease arrangement with Varig and other airlines which covered his payments to Boeing. At the end of the lease, he owns the planes with their residual value, free and clear of any mortgages. He then converts them to midair refuelers or cargo planes, or sells them to Third World airlines."

De Kwiatkowski adds, "*That* was a stroke of luck, that I happened to have chosen Boeing. Because if I did it with Convair, which came out with the 880 line at the same time as the Boeing 707, but was not as successful, I would be broke."

His greatest coup, the $183 million deal with the Shah in 1975 for nine used TWA 747s which were converted to cargo planes for the Imperial Iranian Air Force, combined de Kwiatkowski's hands-on business savvy and extraordinary salesmanship with his willingness to use everything from his war stories to his society connections to make a sale. According to his Lyford Cay neighbor Sibilla Clark, sometime before de Kwiatkowski went to Iran he asked her if he might drop by for a drink with her houseguest, Lord Mountbatten, whom he said he had served under in Southeast Asia during the war. (He told me that he had first crossed paths with Mountbatten at the time of the separation of Pakistan and India, when Mountbatten was viceroy.) "He came for half an hour and stayed for two and a half hours," Sibilla Clark says. "Lord Mountbatten was so impressed by him *and* his stories—Henryk had done his homework; he knew everything Mountbatten had done in Southeast Asia—that he agreed to write a letter of introduction to the Shah."

De Kwiatkowski says that this letter was to remind the Shah of his 1953 service, and that a friendship he had struck up with the Shah's twin sister, Princess Ashraf, when she visited Pakistan in the late 40s, also helped pave the way to his backgammon games with the King of Kings. (Princess Ashraf would neither confirm nor deny this.)

Arnaud de Borchgrave, who was close to the Shah and heard the story from top-level Iranians and Americans in Teheran at the time, says, "The Shah took a shine to him, and they played backgammon two or three nights. Henryk very astutely waited for the Shah to ask him what he was doing in Teheran, and then told him, 'As a matter of fact, Your Majesty, I'm leaving tomorrow morning, because no one in your government is interested in something that can give you supremacy over the entire Persian Gulf.' He knew the Shah's principal geopolitical concern was having a quick response to any crisis in the Gulf states, from Bahrain to Oman, and that the Iranians had Hovercraft transport helicopters, which gave them a 24-hour-response capability. Henryk convinced him that the converted 747s would give him a one-hour-response capability. The Shah summoned the air-force head of procurement in the middle of the night."

In de Kwiatkowski's version, the Shah personally wrote out a $90 million check to him on the spot, which he later endorsed over to TWA. But former queen Farah Diba says, "My husband never wrote a check in his life."

About the same time as this deal, de Kwiatkowski also sold three Continental Airlines 747s to the Iranians for $38 mil-

lion and two TWA Lockheed L-1011s to Saudi Arabian Airlines for $55.5 million. (He *was*, by the way, involved in the 1982 AWACS sale to the Saudis, according to Jean-Pierre Fraysse, who was advising him at the time.) His total commission on the three transactions, plus a related provisioning contract with the Iranians, came to nearly $30 million. *The Wall Street Journal* reported the shock in the aviation industry over de Kwiatkowski's unheard-of 11 percent commission, but he asserted in signed notarized statements to TWA that no bribes or kickbacks had been paid to Iranian or Saudi officials, and TWA head L. Edwin Smart justified the commission by saying, "The sale was a turning point in TWA's fortunes." It was also a turning point in de Kwiatkowski's fortunes, and not only on the most obvious level: at the time, he was reportedly TWA's largest individual shareholder, with about a 9 percent stake.

He is no stranger to high-risk investing. In 1986, *Fortune* reported, de Kwiatkowski invested "much of his considerable wealth in currency futures, betting that the dollar would rise." It didn't, and by late 1990 he was "down some $300 million" (and had developed a mortifying case of shingles). He was literally saved by Desert Storm, the success of which sent the dollar temporarily rocketing. He is now said to be a major stockholder in Texaco; he told me that he also has "taken a large position" in United Airlines, G.M., Ford, and Chrysler. "I don't *play* the stock market. I invest in the United States' future. A great deal. And I've never been on margin. Margin means sleepless nights.... There's no one I owe five cents!"

The same year that he went into business for himself, Henryk de Kwiatkowski married his first wife, Lynne Sawdon, a sporty blonde in her 20s who friends say looked like Julie Christie. He courted her by flying her to Acapulco, with a hired mariachi band in tow, on a used DC-8 he was delivering to Aeronaves de Mexico, and wed her a few months later in Rio de Janeiro, from where he was delivering a used DC-3 a day to Buenos Aires (and returning every night on a commercial flight). They had been introduced by her stepfather, Paul W. Williams, a senior partner in Cahill, Gordon, Reindel & Ohl, the Wall Street law firm that represented United Aircraft, and an influential Republican fund-raiser and former New York State Supreme Court judge.

In 1964, Henryk and Lynne de Kwiatkowski bought a capacious duplex facing the East River in the best building on Beekman Place, opening one bedroom at a time as their six children were born in rapid succession. The de Kwiatkowskis' apartment had been owned by a descendant of Harriet Beecher Stowe's; with typical de Kwiatkowski luck they found some of her manuscripts and correspondence sitting on a shelf. "I donated it to a university," he says, "and got a $200,000 tax deduction!" They also bought Joan Crawford's beach house in Westhampton, Long Island, and found a very early *Farmer's Almanac* behind a beam: another donation, another deduction. The Lyford Cay house, called Serendip Cove, was bought in 1974 from a New York investor de Kwiatkowski had met at a charity ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. The investor needed money before the stock exchange closed at three the next afternoon, because he had to make a margin call; de Kwiatkowski says they wrote out the purchase agreement on their Waldorf place cards. He paid $350,000; today the house is worth about $6 million.

Conquistador Cielo won seven races in a row, and de Kwiatkowski syndicated him for $36.4 million.

Old family friends suggest that it was Lynne who first took an interest in the horse business, but it seems almost inevitable that Henryk de Kwiatkowski would have been drawn to the world of bloodlines and thoroughbreds, of derbies and racing colors and Triple Crowns. In August 1975, flush with funds from his Iranian exploits, he jumped into that small and snobbish world with characteristic boldness, turning up in its summer capital Saratoga, New York, as a houseguest o its then reigning queen, Liz Tippet, an buying five thoroughbreds from old-lin horseman John Olin for $2 million. A fe years later he took up polo, the sport o kings.

One of the horses he bought from Olin the two-year-old filly Kennelot, was a instant winner at the track and became a successful broodmare, producing many more winners for de Kwiatkowski. H named his thoroughbred business Kenne lot Stables after her, and gave it the color of the Polish cavalry, red and white which he says were also the colors of th de Kwiatkowski stables in Poznań. In Sar atoga, he hired Olin's former horse train er, the legendary Woody Stephens, a cantankerous Kentucky native nicknamed "Mr. I" because, an insider explains "with Woody, it's always 'I this, I that. Maybe that's why he and Henryk get on so well."

Another shrewd move was the quick and lasting alliance he made with Seth Hancock, the powerful president of the elite Claiborne Farm in Paris, Kentucky, where de Kwiatkowski still keeps his best stallions. (Though they will gradually be moved to Calumet.) "I think Henryk has done a terrific job," says Helen Alexander, a King Ranch heiress and Lexington horse breeder. "He has made quite a bit of money, in a business where many people lose it. He's got good advisers and he lets them do their job. That shows good judgment. It's not just luck."

In 1980, however, *against* Woody Stephens's advice, de Kwiatkowski paid $150,000 for a "three-legged" colt he thought "looked regal," and named him Conquistador Cielo, after an exclusive aviation club. Two years later Conquistador Cielo astounded the experts by winning seven races in a row, including the Belmont (one of the three American races, along with the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, that make up the Triple Crown), and de Kwiatkowski syndicated him for a then record $36.4 million. De Kwiatkowski won the Belmont again in 1984, with Danzig Connection, a son of Danzig, another horse with a bum leg that he had bought (for $325,000) against the advice of Woody Stephens, and whose 1980 syndication was such a debacle that de Kwiatkowski was stuck with almost half of the 40 shares, even though he had offered them at only $80,000 each. After Danzig Connection's Belmont win, however, and numerous other wins by numerous other Danzig progeny, shares in the


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Silver Label
Light
BAR
BAR & GRILLE
JUST ADD
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BACARDI
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sire headed toward heaven: by 1985, they were selling for more than $2.7 million each, and Danzig was worth more than $100 million.

In addition to the enormous sums de Kwiatkowski has collected over the years from syndication sales and stud fees, his horses won $9,454,248 at American racetracks between 1975 and 1991, according to the *Daily Racing Form*, and untold millions more in European races. In the first four months of this year, horses of his have started in 24 American races, and won 5, placed second in 4, and come in third in 2 more—a phenomenal rate of success. "He always seems to have good fortune," says *Polo* magazine founder Ami Shinitzky. "In 1986 we had a raffle at our annual awards ceremony in Palm Beach. First prize was a Rolex gold watch. The president of Rolex pulled a name out of the bowl, and lo and behold it was Henryk de Kwiatkowski. And the whole room of 700 people burst out in laughter, because they thought it was a joke."

Today, Prince Charles often rides one of de Kwiatkowski's dozens of Argentinean polo ponies, and de Kwiatkowski owns more than 200 thoroughbreds, including the champion broodmare De la Rose and Danzig, still one of the two most sought-after and expensive sires in the world, with a stud fee of $200,000 per service. He keeps 80 of his racehorses in training, at an estimated cost of $2 million a year, which doesn't quite put him in the league of Dubai's ruling al-Maktoum brothers, who have more than 1,000 horses in training, or of the Aga Khan and Gulfstream chief Allen Paulson, with more than 200 each. But he's right up there with Australia's Robert Sangster (100), Paul Mellon (70), Stavros Niarchos (50 to 60), and the Queen of England (40 at most).

He has long favored Polish names for his horses—Star of Gdansk, Gdynia, Polonia. But he has also named horses after cities along his escape route from Siberia—Tashkent, Khokand, Samarkand—a fact he pointed out to Raisa Gorbachev while fox-trotting her around the dance floor at a Reagan White House state dinner. "I told her that I had received my education at one of their seats of higher learning. She asked me which one and I said, 'Camp 54, Novosibirsk.' "

And he has named a horse for each of his six children by his first wife: Michelle Mon Amour, Nicole Mon Amour, Arianne Mon Amour, Lulu Mon Amour, Conrad Numero Uno, and Stephan's Odyssey. The last came within a whisker of winning the Kentucky Derby in 1985.

Yet even as his horse business was flourishing, his marriage to Lynne was foundering. They were separated in 1982 and divorced in 1984. Since 1980 he had been spending more and more time with C. Z. Guest, who was introducing him into upper-crusty social circles in New York and Palm Beach and on Long Island, and whose husband, Winston, a venerable figure in the horse-racing and polo worlds, had become increasingly ill and reclusive. There were rumors that de Kwiatkowski might marry C.Z. after Winston Guest died.

But then, in the summer of 1982, landing his helicopter on the lawn of the Cushing-family compound in Newport, Rhode Island, he caught sight of Barbara Allen. She was barbecuing with her pal Minnie Cushing and he was going to a fancy dinner dance at the Astors'. "I said to myself, What a beautifully cut figure. And I was thinking entirely of her while I was at this party," he recalls. "After that, I saw her every day. She had something for me, and I had something for her."

A lithe, dark, sloe-eyed beauty just edging 30, Barbara Tanner Allen was a New Mexico–born daughter of an air-force officer, and a graduate of New York's Finch College. In 1970 she had wed Joseph Allen, a young newsprint heir and contemporary-art collector. When he bought a part interest in Andy Warhol's *Interview*, she started writing for the magazine, and on assignment met and fell in love with the dashing wildlife photographer Peter Beard, who was romancing Lee Radziwill at the time. They ran off to his farm in Kenya together, precipitating her divorce. After breaking up with Beard two years later, she worked as a model in New York—she was the first woman to wear jeans on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*—and became famous for a succession of famous beaux: Greek shipping heir Philip Niarchos, to whom she was engaged for three years; Mercedes-Benz heir Mick Flick; British rock star Bryan Ferry; CBS chairman William Paley.

"The thing about Barbara," says her longtime friend Diane Von Furstenberg, "is that she's not a calculating person. She went out with these men because she found them interesting, and the proof is that she's always walked away empty-handed." (Philip Niarchos did give her a formidable pair of diamond earrings, one of which she soon lost dancing at Studio 54.)

"She's completely guileless," says Nan Kempner, another old friend. "What you see is what you get. She's very straightforward. She doesn't play games. And I think she's been *wonderful* for Henryk." For one thing, his second wife is the only person who can cut his war stories short, with an arched eyebrow and a sharp "Henryk!," which he accepts with an indulgent guffaw. "I understand his need to exaggerate," Barbara de Kwiatkowski tells me. "He had to do it all his life to get where he has." His old friend Baroness de Posson adds, "It's like a nervous tic. It's become a habit."

Barbara and Henryk de Kwiatkowski were married in May 1989, at the sprawling stone house he had built for them on a 100-acre property in Greenwich, Connecticut, he had bought from Ivan Lendl, who had bought it from Barbara's first husband. Henryk's best man was his first wife's stepfather, Judge Williams, and Barbara's maid of honor was Bryan Ferry's wife, Lucy. Peter Beard was in attendance, and the other 150 or so guests ranged from Warhol film director Paul Morrissey to Jerry Zipkin. Many guests noted that two of Henryk's daughters wore black. "Well, it was a *late*-afternoon wedding," Barbara de Kwiatkowski says, guilelessly, "so I don't think they meant it as mourning or anything. But then, another one of his daughters wore yellow, which she knew I was going to wear."

De Kwiatkowski has one child with his second wife, Nicholas Alexei, whose godparents are Maria Niarchos (sister of Philip) and Reinaldo Herrera, both longtime friends of Barbara's. And family friends say everyone is getting along much better now. Henryk celebrated last Christmas at Beekman Place with both Lynne and Barbara and all seven children. He is known to be an extremely generous father. For his son Conrad, a not-so-struggling artist, he had pricey decorators Jed Johnson and Alan Wanzenberg convert an old cottage on his Greenwich estate into a handsome skylit studio. His son Stephan, who graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design in June, was said to get a $15,000 monthly allowance. De Kwiatkowski also likes to take his children wherever he goes, including his two daughters who have married, Michelle to Italian aristocrat Alessandro Corsini and Nicole to Geneva banker Laurent Timonier. Three years ago, the de Kwiatkowskis toured Poland *en famille*. In Poznań, Henryk re-



AN EXALTED BEAUTY

YVES SAINT LAURENT

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RIVE GAUCHE BOUTIQUE

De Kwiatkowski

ceived the key to the city and donated advanced medical equipment to the local hospital, and in Gdansk they were "royally received in every aspect," as he puts it, by Lech Walesa, who became so friendly that he pinched the bottom of one of the de Kwiatkowski girls.

And now the de Kwiatkowskis are coming to Kentucky, as the ruling family of the kingdom of Calumet. "Calumet," says an Englishman not prone to exaggeration, "is the acme of good taste. It's like owning a Canaletto or a Bronzino. It's priceless, irreplaceable. It's like a burnished jewel that's been polished again and again. Mar-a-Lago is kitsch in comparison. This is the real thing. Even if you were a light-bulb salesman from Milwaukee, and of course Henryk is much, much more than that, it gives you instant credibility and social elevation."

The first thing you see when you fly into Lexington is Calumet Farm: endless rolling green pastureland crisscrossed with 30 miles of storybook white fences. In addition to the 14-room main house, there are seven other houses, 15 barns, a gazebo, a tree house, a log cabin, one of the best-equipped veterinary clinics in the world, and two swimming pools, one for humans and one for horses.

Established in 1924 by Calumet Baking Powder magnate William Wright, it was the showplace of American thoroughbred breeding and racing for six decades, with eight Kentucky Derby winners, including two Triple Crown winners, Whirlaway and Citation; five Horse of the Year awards; and 2,500 winners of races of all kinds.

During the 50s and 60s, Wright's son's widow, Lucille, and her second husband, Eugene Markey, a Hollywood writer who had been previously married to Joan Bennett, Myrna Loy, and Hedy Lamarr, made it a social mecca as well, giving black-tie Kentucky Derby balls that attracted everyone from Elizabeth Arden to John Wayne. But when they died within two years of each other in the early 80s, Wright's granddaughter-in-law, Bertha, turned its management over to her son-in-law J. T. Lundy, who borrowed heavily to finance his ambitious expansion schemes, assuming the 80s boom in horse prices would never end. In 1990 its last great money-making stallion, Alydar, died in a freak accident, and by late last year, after 200 horses had been auctioned off for $20 million, there was nothing left but a debt of $127 million and 236 empty oak-paneled stalls.

"I predict that in one year I will break even," de Kwiatkowski declares. "My plan is to make Calumet the most successful breeding and racing farm in the world!" He also plans to make his first Kentucky Derby ball a white-tie affair. "I used to go to the Metropolitan Opera Ball with my father-in-law Paul Williams," he reminisced one night after dinner at Lyford Cay. "I'd come home and not want to undress. . . . Can you imagine giving a white-tie ball at Calumet, with everyone arriving in that foyer with that big chandelier? The Queen would arrive, with her son—it would give such a *kick* to the industry. That's how I will ask her to come: 'Your Majesty, you will help revive the horse industry if you come.' And I'll invite all my friends, the ones who wish me well and the ones who don't."

> His wife is the only person who can cut his war stories short, with an arched eyebrow and a sharp "Henryk!"

De Kwiatkowski shares an English horse trainer, William Hastings-Bass, with the Queen, and in horsey circles she is said to be fond of both Henryk and Barbara de Kwiatkowski. When their paths cross, de Kwiatkowski clicks his heels and kisses the Queen's hand. He has given her a nomination (service) in Danzig, and last year he escorted her on a four-hour tour of Claiborne Farm. "Queen or no queen," he says, "she knows my foals better than I do. She loves nothing more than to see a well-confirmed horse." Or as London society decorator Nicky Haslam states the case, "The Queen likes anybody who talks about things on four legs—that win."

The last time I spoke with Henryk de Kwiatkowski, he was in London, where he spends six weeks every summer ensconced in a stately suite at Claridge's with Barbara, Nicholas Alexei, and a nanny. He was in fine form. He'd had dinner with his new best friend, Baroness Thatcher, and the Queen had greeted him at Ascot. And he'd been playing polo every day again, despite his doctor's orders, his wife's protests, and the 18-inch steel pin holding his left leg together. His Kennelot polo team, which has included several high-goal Argentinean stars as well as Julian Hipwood, who used to play on Prince Charles's team, costs him about $800,000 a year to maintain, and is the only American team ever to win the World Cup of Deauville. "The Prince was very affectionate with me the other day, about my injury, I mean. And we won three games against Australia, Kerry Packer's team, including Kerry Packer," de Kwiatkowski said, referring to his arch-rival in polo. "In fact, Packer offered to buy three of my ponies for $10 million. He asked me if I knew how many zlotys that was—you know, Polish money. I said, 'No, and I don't know of any Pole who has declared bankruptcy, but I know of several Australians who have.' "

The news from Kentucky, he said, couldn't be better. He had been asked to be the grand marshal of Lexington's Equi-Festival in October, and he'd had another offer, from a German bank, to sell Calumet itself, for $50 million, which he had turned down flat. "I intend to leave it to my grandchildren. I want them to have sufficient roots, that everyone can see, so that they don't have to justify their existence every day, socially or otherwise."

But Calumet doesn't just give legitimacy to Henryk de Kwiatkowski's as-yet-unborn grandchildren. When I first called him to request an interview, a few days after the news of his purchase hit the papers, he told me that he had received a congratulatory phone call from Will Farish, a Texan who owns a leading Kentucky horse farm. "He said some very kind words, and then he said, 'Just a moment, Henryk, the president of the United States would like to say a few words to you.' He was fishing with Bush. And the president gets on the phone—this could only happen in America—and he says to me, 'We need a few more Henryks in this country. A Henryk to turn around the automobile industry. A Henryk to turn around the steel industry . . .' " □



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Olympia & York

(Continued from page 241) of cajoling and intimidating bankers into submission, Reichmann saw no reason to throw himself on their mercy now or, for that matter, to entrust O&Y's fate to an outsider. Albert urged his brother to take into account O&Y's diminished clout and give Johnson the chance to try it his way. With the company's survival at risk, the close-knit brothers waged a behind-the-scenes struggle for control.

The showdown came over the issue of Johnson's pay. The banker had been promised $1 million a year and a bonus of at least $2 million upon completing a successful restructuring of the company. Wisely, Johnson had insisted that his pay package be guaranteed. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce agreed to provide a $3 million letter of credit but backed out when O&Y's other lenders refused to share in the risk. Infuriated, Johnson resigned not three weeks into his assignment, demanding a substantial severance payment. Paul offered a token sum. Johnson promptly hired the politically well-connected public-relations firm Hill & Knowlton, implicitly threatening to go public with his outrage. Paul Reichmann offered to ante up $2 million. Johnson accepted. Albert insisted that Paul cover the payment with a check drawn on his personal account, not O&Y's.

Though it cost him a couple million, Paul had fought off the most serious challenge ever to his authority. Albert and the rest of the family dutifully closed ranks behind the dominant brother.

On April 13, the day after Johnson vacated his office, Paul unveiled a rough draft of his own restructuring plan before 300 bankers gathered in the ballroom of the Sheraton Centre hotel in Toronto. A bomb threat might have been more welcome. O&Y asked for more time and more money and offered little in return but hopeful projections and stale numbers. "It's the same Olympia & York arrogance as always," one banker complained. "They want concessions, but they won't let us see what's behind the curtain." By the time Paul was chastened into making concessions, the bankers were fed up. In early May they turned down flat a last-ditch offer of equity in the company and O&Y entered bankruptcy court in Canada a week later.

To the growing indignation of some creditors, the Reichmanns still refuse to disclose their personal holdings. It is known that in the year preceding the bankruptcy filings family members purchased substantial assets from O&Y, paying $143 million for the old tile operation and $234 million for four prime real-estate properties in Canada. (The prices were judged to be fair by independent assessors.) While these transactions infused O&Y with urgently needed cash, they also enabled the forgotten brother, Ralph, to secure and even expand his personal interests. The decorative-tile business that he's spent his entire career running will no longer be required to supply cash to help finance Paul's skyscraper dreams. At 59, Ralph, who is the only family officer of the company that acquired these assets, is now probably the richest of the Reichmanns.

Albert, 63, is said to be taking his family's reversal of fortune particularly hard. Insiders say that he has aged visibly over the last few months, looking haggard and drawn. O&Y's collapse undermines his monuments as much as Paul's. The family's contributions, under Albert's direction, were irreplaceable to hundreds of charitable organizations. "The contributions have stopped completely," says Kurt Rothschild, the president of the Canadian Zionist Federation and a close family friend.

In the wake of the collapse, Paul is the Reichmann whose reputation has taken the most severe beating. Only after O&Y fell apart did a Toronto newspaper disclose that disgruntled bankers long ago had nicknamed Paul the "midnight negotiator" for his exasperating habit of pressing for changes in the terms of a contract minutes before the signing deadline. O&Y "likes to agree in concept and then fight like hell on the fine print," complains one investment banker. "Discussions can go on for days, literally around the clock." Another real-estate financier says, "Every day, Paul would tell you something different than the day before and try hard as hell to convince you it was the same thing. If you ask me, his reputation for absolute trustworthiness was absolute baloney."

Many bankers were enraged when information pried out of O&Y in bankruptcy court revealed that Reichmann had cut different deals with various creditors, playing one against another. "In the final analysis," says one senior Canadian banker, "he lived up to many of those deals, but not all of them. A lot of us feel misled. I don't think in his own mind Paul did anything dishonest. But he put out information so selectively that we had no way of knowing how serious the problems were until it was too damned late."

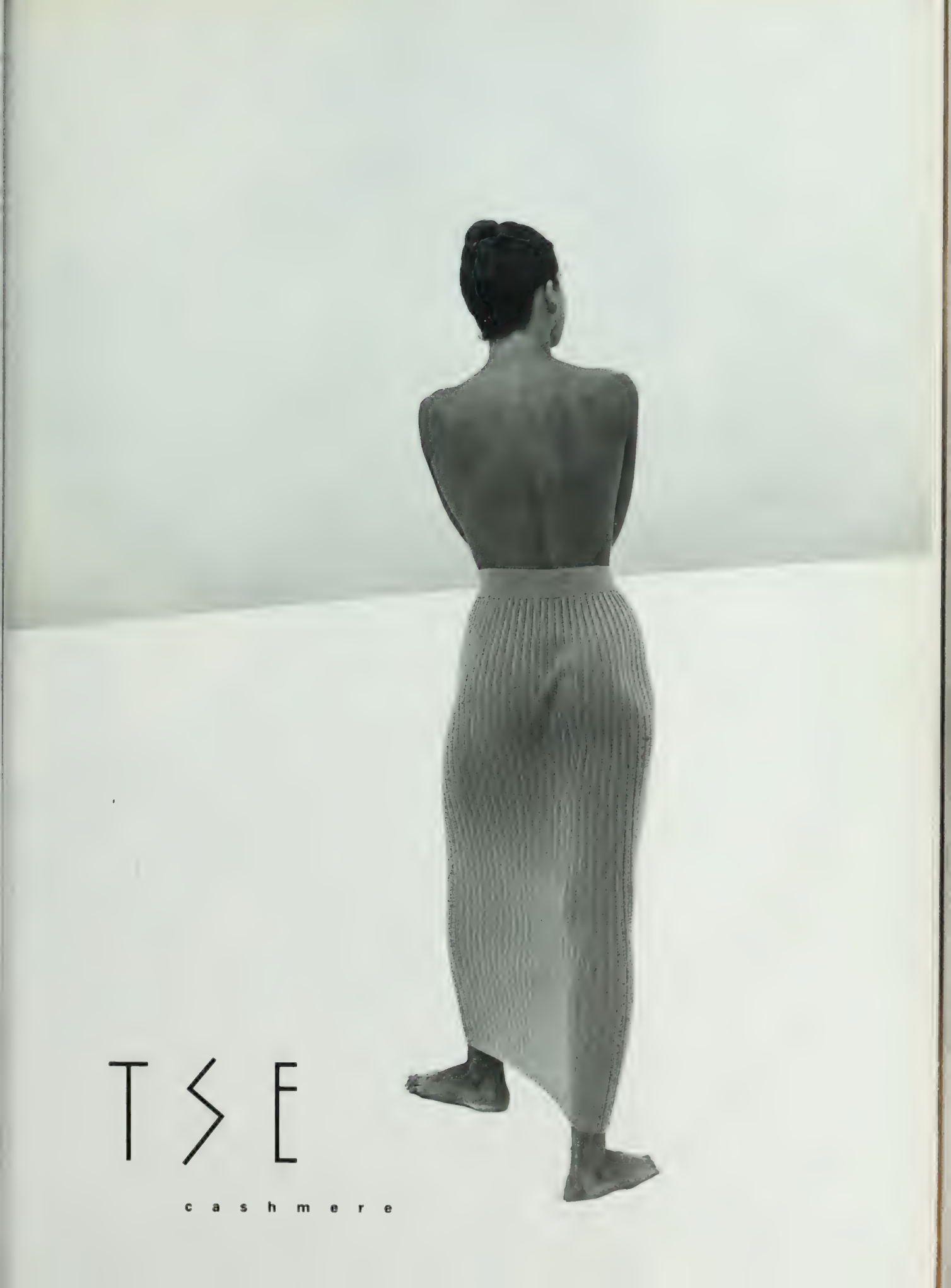
Never one to display emotion, Paul Reichmann nonetheless has confided in several business associates that, as one of them puts it, "he feels bad at having let people down." By all accounts, though, he is not exactly paralyzed with remorse. "Paul is very disappointed, but I would not say that he is devastated," says a Canadian banker of long acquaintance with Reichmann. "This was clearly a failure by someone who thought he was above failure."

The adjectives "mysterious" and "secretive" don't begin to do justice to Paul Reichmann, the Leavenworth Penitentiary of guarded personalities. As Olympia & York's misfortunes multiplied, its mastermind seemed to withdraw further into himself, confiding in no one—perhaps not even his brothers. "The people you'd think Paul would turn to, he didn't," says one insider. "To me, the burning question is why when everything was hitting the fan did Paul exclude the people best able to help him? Why were the same people who helped build the empire not allowed to defend it? Pride? Shame? Anger? Hope? I don't know. I don't have a clue. Paul is the most private person I know and the most complicated."

Paul Reichmann's closest and most loyal supporter on Wall Street is Lew Ranieri. In 1987, after Ranieri lost a power struggle at Salomon, Reichmann invested more than $30 million to help Ranieri found his own merchant bank, Hyperion Capital Management. Not a week has gone by in the last 10 years that Ranieri hasn't spoken with his friend at least once. And yet Ranieri didn't learn that Olympia & York was in serious trouble until he happened across a front-page article in *The Wall Street Journal* in March. Asked if he was surprised by what he read, Ranieri deadpans, "Surprised? Yeah, you could say that."

The mystery of Paul Reichmann is rooted in his family's tragic history. As descendants of Hungarian Orthodox Jews, Paul and his brothers live in Canada not merely as immigrants but as refugees from a lost, ravaged world. During the Holocaust, Orthodox Jews, the least assimilated by definition, were slaughtered disproportionately. "In short," wrote one historian, "whoever was more pious was utterly destroyed."

Both sides of the Reichmann family hailed from the Burgenland, an Austro-Hungarian border region known as a stronghold of Oberlander Orthodoxy. (Unlike Hasidim, Oberlanders are focused


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Olympia & York

on yeshivas instead of *rebbes* and, though they dress conservatively, don't wear caftans, sashes, or side curls.) Samuel Reichmann, the son of a middle-class merchant, was born and raised in Beled, where he founded an egg-wholesaling business. In 1921 he married Renée Gestetner from the nearby city of Györ. The Gestetners, a large family with a distinguished lineage, had married into the Grunewald family, one of the pre-eminent Orthodox rabbinical dynasties in Europe.

Samuel and Renée's first child, a daughter named Eva, was born in 1923, and five sons followed in quick succession: Edward, Louis, Albert, Paul, and Ralph. In 1927 the Reichmanns left the Burgenland for Vienna, where Samuel prospered as one of the first egg merchants to use cold storage. Shortly after the Nazis marched into Vienna in 1938, the Reichmanns moved to Paris. When the Germans blasted their way into Belgium in 1940, Samuel had the family's belongings sent south to Biarritz. But the Reichmanns tarried in Paris until the French army collapsed. In the 1987 *Toronto Life* family profile by Elaine Dewar, Edward Reichmann recalled the family's narrow escape:

"My father went with me to Les Halles and we rented a truck. We paid an astronomical amount in gold coins. . . . We put everything in the truck and we rode in the back. We planned only to go to Orléans. It took us 48 hours to get to Orléans. The Germans were strafing the roads and there was a blackout. Traffic was bumper to bumper. So then, at Orléans, the truck unloaded us at the railway and, in those days, if you travelled first class you could always get a place. So we got on and we went to Biarritz and we rented a nice villa. We thought we were safe."

A few days later, though, the new head of the French government shook hands with Hitler. The Reichmanns fled to Spanish Morocco and then on to Tangier. "There would be no more going farther," Edward said. "After all, there was no realistic possibility of going anywhere."

For pious folk, there was not a more incongruous spot in the world than wartime Tangier. The ancient port was in Morocco but, like Shanghai, was an international city, an open city, administered by a consortium of nations including the United States. Refusing entry to almost no one and imposing virtually no restrictions on its inhabitants, Tangier was a magnet for desperadoes of all stripes. Gold was available over the counter, and any currency in the world could be traded at demand value. In this freewheeling trader's paradise, Sam Reichmann set up shop as a money changer.

For her part, Renée Reichmann took in piecework to help finance one of the most remarkable personal relief efforts of the war. With funds supplemented by contributions from a half-dozen Tangier families, she bought bulk quantities of almonds, chocolate, sardines, dry milk, and butter. Working out of their own home and a donated warehouse, the Reichmann children, now in their teens, helped pack the food into 10-pound packages that were mailed via the Spanish Red Cross to the starving inmates of Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, Theresienstadt, and other Nazi camps. "I remember the excitement of staying home from school certain days to help packing or packing through the night and being able to sleep in late," Paul later told *Maclean's* magazine.

The Vaad Hatzalah, an Orthodox relief organization in New York, began financing the Tangier operation in early 1944, making possible a boost in output to 4,000 packages a week just as the Nazis were beginning the mass deportations of Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz. In mid-1944, Renée Reichmann traveled to Madrid and persuaded the Franco government to issue visas for 500 Hungarian children awaiting shipment to Auschwitz. Later, she obtained visas for another 700 Jews. These visas were never intended to be used to leave the country, but did place the holders under the protection of the Spanish government. All 1,200 survived the war in safe houses in Budapest run by the International Red Cross.

Tragically, Mrs. Reichmann succeeded in locating only a few of her own nieces and nephews. "The International Red Cross advised me by cable from Budapest that none of the children, whose names were sent in a list containing 200 names, could be found," she wrote to Vaad Hatzalah representatives. "So I could not even save the children of my own brothers and sisters. My heart is bleeding, but I must comfort myself that in their place other souls have been saved."

After the Allies liberated Europe, the Reichmanns' apartment on the Rue Molière became a way station to America and Israel for Holocaust survivors. "A lot of people that came to Tangier were totally broken, without any spirit left," recalled Paul, who was about 15 at the time. "They were not interested in life—period." But with Mrs. Reichmann often acting as matchmaker, many refugees started new lives by marrying in Tangier. Edward Reichmann married a former Bergen Belsen inmate named Esther Reichmann. She was his cousin and the only survivor among the nine children of Samuel's brother, who disappeared in 1942 after being forced into a Hungarian-army labor gang. Between them, Samuel and Renée had left 19 brothers and sisters behind. Only four survived.

Paul Reichmann barely commented on his family's history until 1987, when he joined with Albert, Ralph, and his mother in filing a libel suit against *Toronto Life*, which had insinuated, among other things, that Sam Reichmann had participated in a currency-smuggling scheme organized by Spanish officials and, worse, trafficked with Nazi Germany in industrial diamonds. In his depositions, Paul, famously even-tempered in business, lashed out at what he termed the "standard anti-Semitic trash" in the article. The impression given to readers, Paul felt, was of Jews "as usurpers, influence peddlers, crooks and whatever else."

In March 1991, *Toronto Life* issued a complete retraction. After an exhaustive review of thousands of documents, many uncovered by the Reichmanns' own investigator, Jules Kroll, the magazine concluded "that none of the allegations and insinuations should ever have been raised. . . . Let us unequivocally and categorically say that any and all negative insinuations and allegations in the article . . . are totally false."

Even so, similar accusations were leveled in the September 1992 issue of British *Esquire*. The Reichmanns have sued the magazine and the author, Leo Heaps, a longtime critic. In a 1987 Toronto *Globe and Mail* interview, Heaps had accused the Reichmanns of suppressing a family biography he'd written. The Reichmanns, who sued the newspaper for libel, charged Heaps had asked for a $1 million "payoff" to kill his book, which was never published. The *Globe* suit was eventually dropped.

In some ways, Paul was the least likely Reichmann to fill the role of chief empire builder. Unlike his older brothers, Paul prolonged his education with six years of advanced study in English and Israeli yeshivas. In a 1988 interview he seemed to pine for his lost youth. "I'm not developing my intellect at all with the company. I simply spend most of my waking hours in my business matters. If I found a way to develop my intellect, it

would be much more interesting. . . . If someone asked me what my greatest achievement in life was, I would not point to Canary Wharf. I feel that study is more important than what I'm doing here."

Paul's yeshiva yearning is characteristic of *haredim*. Fully half of the 550,000 contemporary *haredim* live in Israel, according to Heilman, author of *Defenders of the Faith: Inside Ultra-Orthodox Jewry*. "The yeshiva, bastion of the book and palace of the rabbis, became the embodiment of *haredi* life. It provided isolation and protection from the evils outside," Heilman writes. However, economic realities "forced many out of the yeshivas and into the workplace. With a limited secular education, most haredim could only work in retail trade or manual labor." The most spectacular exception to Heilman's generalization is Paul Reichmann, who would tower over fellow *haredi* businessmen like a colossus, with one foot in the yeshiva and the other in the boardroom.

By 1954, Moroccan nationalism and Islamic fervor were roiling Tangier, prompting Samuel to send his oldest son on a worldwide scouting expedition for a more stable home. Edward decided on Montreal, where he sensed little anti-Semitism: "There may have been certain built-in restrictions for Jews, like in insurance companies or in the banking business, but I did not feel it." Edward bought a small decorative-tile importing company, and by 1959 the rest of the family had joined him. Only Eva was absent; she'd married an English banker and moved to London.

The family opened a Toronto branch of their thriving tile business, and when it outgrew its rented premises, the brothers opted to build their own warehouse. All the construction bids seemed high to them, so they decided to do the general contracting themselves. They put up the warehouse for $70,000—a full $55,000 under the lowest bid they had been quoted. This particularly impressed Paul, who promptly went into business constructing one-story industrial buildings for rent or sale. By the late 1960s, O&Y was suburban Toronto's premier developer, known equally for the quality of its buildings and the cost-efficiency of their construction. In 1974, the Reichmanns first attracted international attention with the world's tallest building outside the United States, First Canadian Place.

O&Y made its biggest splashes on global real estate's center stage, New York City. With local developers sitting on their wallets after the city's near bankruptcy in the mid-70s, Paul defied prophecies of doom by betting his company on eight Manhattan skyscrapers bought for $320 million. Five years later, the buildings were valued at more than $2 billion. O&Y encored by breaking ground on four gorgeous towers in the shadow of the leviathan World Trade Center. Braving New York's nightmarish reputation for delays and cost overruns, Reichmann put up a letter of credit to back his guarantee that his $1.5 billion World Financial Center would be completed on schedule—and it was, just as the great Wall Street boom of the mid-1980s sent office rents soaring. With interests in 14 skyscrapers, the Reichmanns eclipsed the Rockefellers as the biggest landlords in America's largest city.

"It was pride, not delusion, that brought him down," one adviser says of Paul Reichmann.

Beginning in the late 1970s, the Reichmanns began using the company's bounteous cash flow to acquire other companies. Paul, the "chief strategist" of O&Y, wanted to safeguard the family fortune by diversifying out of the notoriously cyclical real-estate business. At the same time, he was eager to conquer new worlds. He began cautiously by purchasing minority stakes in other real-estate developers and then plunged headlong into the great takeover binge of the 1980s, shelling out billions to buy into such industrial giants as Abitibi-Price, Gulf Canada, Hiram Walker, Santa Fe Pacific, and Campeau Corp.

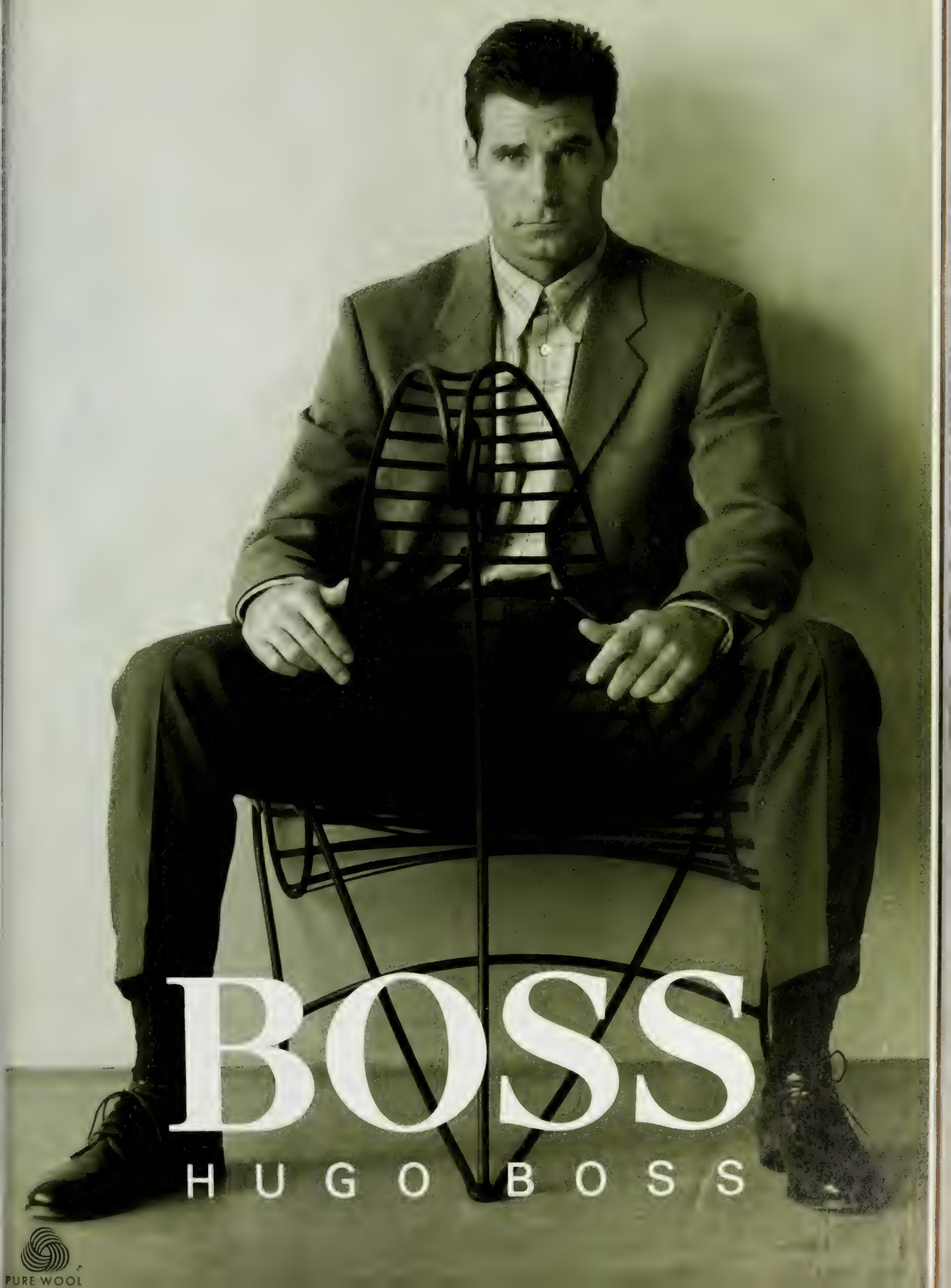
Sprawling as it was, O&Y could not have remained any more a family enterprise had it been a corner candy store. A former adviser recalls, "It was not unusual for people in the New York office to learn of some major new project by accident. Half of the time you wouldn't even know they were there. When they were in town, they liked to come in early, before anyone else got there. At some point in the day, you'd turn around and there was Paul or Albert."

While the Reichmanns entered into partnerships with local developers all over North America, they kept Olympia & York to themselves. They paid employees well but never offered them O&Y stock. Edward Minskoff, an American who joined the company in 1981 as an executive vice president, claims he was the first and last employee allowed to buy profit participations in individual projects. "After I left, Paul said never again," says Minskoff, who resigned in 1987 a very rich man. "I don't think the issue was greed so much as control. As an owner, I presented an obstacle to Paul's total control. It's a lot easier to act without consulting anyone."

What distinguished the Reichmanns from legions of merely competent developers were the sheer scale and fervor of Paul's entrepreneurial ambition. In 1989, according to a well-placed investment banker, he bid for the Sears Tower for no other reason than that he wanted to add the world's tallest building to his collection; he backed out only at the last minute from what was a potential fiasco. Even as Canary Wharf began floundering, Olympia & York pressed ahead with plans to build the tallest buildings in Moscow and Budapest and to participate in a development that dwarfed even Paul's extravaganza on the Thames: the Tokyo Teleport Town, a $30 billion downtown district to be constructed on landfill in Tokyo Bay.

In pursuit of Paul's outsize projects, Olympia & York was continually lurching ahead of its own financial resources. For decades, Reichmann was able to close the gap with other people's money, most of it borrowed from banks. Whether pitching prospective tenants or lenders, he was a gifted salesman, all the more effective for neither looking nor acting the part. He disarmed his prey with old-world cordiality and impressed them with new-world visionary zeal. "He presented himself as a humble, reliable visionary," says a major Canadian banker, "and bank presidents and chairmen just ate it up."

Reichmann studied global financial markets as devotedly as the Torah, and he knew how to footnote a discourse on exchange rates with the name of a powerful benefactor or two. (Margaret Thatcher was one of his favorites.) O&Y's chief was so financially knowledgeable that he


BOSS
HUGO BOSS
PURE WOOL

was able to turn the tables on Wall Street, dazzling senior investment bankers the same way they impressed their corporate clients. "You will find very few people who have as authoritative a grasp of world financial markets as Paul does," says an American investment banker who worked closely with him over the years. "You could sit down and have a conversation with Paul about any economic subject. . . . He could go on and on about the connection between German interest rates and Japanese land prices. It's like talking with Alan Greenspan."

Reichmann did not rely on charm and financial acumen alone. He would go to extraordinary lengths to attract tenants, even paying top dollar to buy their existing buildings. In an even more radical departure from real-estate orthodoxy, Reichmann didn't keep his transactions separate but used each asset as collateral to build more buildings or acquire more companies—creating a chain of holdings that was wholly threatened by any single collapse. When Canary Wharf finally fell, says one former O&Y adviser, "it was the biggest case of scrambled eggs I think the world has ever seen."

Early one summer morning in 1982, Paul Reichmann presented himself to the receptionist on the 41st floor of Salomon Brothers' headquarters at One New York Plaza. His formless suit was frayed and he wore black lace-up work boots of the sort favored by many New York bus drivers. His briefcase was a battered cardboard folder held together by a string. The receptionist took one look at Reichmann's getup and his stooped, deferential posture and told him, "This is the executive floor. The mailroom's up on 46."

But while Paul and his brothers remained the least self-indulgent of billionaires, not even they were wholly immune to the temptations of wealth. As its fortune grew, the family's private tastes grew less homely and their public gestures became grander, though no less kosher. From the outside, Paul's new home was nothing special, a large suburban-style residence with a driveway and a small yard. Once inside, though, "it's so elegant that you almost forget where you are," says one recent visitor. "You walk out and think you should be on a hill surrounded by five acres of grounds." More modern in his tastes, Albert moved into a house once described as looking "like a cross between a castle and a spaceship." For their mother, who died in 1990 at age 91, the brothers built a three-story, Bauhaus-style home equipped with an elevator set to stop automatically at each floor every 10 minutes on the Sabbath, when operating electric devices is forbidden.

By the early 1980s, the Reichmanns were among the leading Jewish philanthropists in the world. Because family members insist on anonymity, the magnitude of their largess is impossible to determine accurately. According to estimates published in Toronto, the family gave away an average of $30 million to $40 million a year throughout the 1980s. Following in his mother's footsteps, Albert was particularly active in the emigration of Soviet Jews, making frequent trips to Moscow to smooth the path.

The scope of the family's charity gradually became a point of controversy in the Jewish community. Within Canada, the family was more generous toward non-Jewish institutions than it was to mainstream organizations such as the United Jewish Appeal. "They have given to individual organizations but not to the general fund," says a former chairman of the Toronto branch of the U.J.A. "Some of the groups it supports are too liberal for their conservative religious views."

Internationally, most of the Reichmanns' philanthropy was ladled out to Orthodox causes and institutions, mainly in Israel. In effect, the family made its top priority the replanting of its own, particular brand of Orthodoxy in more congenial foreign soil. "After the war years," a Jewish scholar explained to *The New York Observer*, "many Jewish families wanted to build a safe, secure base from which they would never have to run again. The Reichmanns appear to be driven to go beyond that, to create a base so wealthy that they could practice their own interpretation of the law without the kind of compromises—such as social contact with gentiles and non-Orthodox Jews—which were forced on them in exile. And beyond that to raise the funds to begin to recreate, in scholarship at least, the shattered, enclosed world of their Orthodox communities in Europe."

"I don't believe that Paul thought he was risking the company on Canary Wharf," says a close associate. Indeed, the master builder seemed unable to envision the possibility of failure. "This is not a risky project," he declared defiantly in 1987. "Doing one building there would be risky, doing a dozen is not. On a scale of 1 to 10, if you say the risk with the World Financial Center was 9, here it would be a 1."

In his optimism—or hubris—Reichmann did not drive as hard a bargain with British authorities as he always had with officials in New York and Toronto. "Paul had an opportunity to play hardball with the officials in London before the first shovel was in the ground, but he didn't do it," says Edward Minskoff, the former O&Y executive who is now a developer in New York. He and others point to O&Y's commitment to put up $724 million for a planned $3.1 billion extension of the Jubilee Line of the London underground. While some Reichmann sympathizers maintain that Margaret Thatcher duped Reichmann, it seems more likely that he allowed his enthusiasm for Canary Wharf to become inseparable from his admiration of the prime minister. "Paul took enormous pride in the fact that the Queen and Mrs. Thatcher were connected to him," says a top O&Y adviser. "His pride in his relationship with these people was all out of proportion to their value in making Canary Wharf happen."

As part of its supply-side efforts to stimulate the British economy, the Thatcher regime in the early 1980s designated the Isle of Dogs as one of its first "enterprise zones." Despite sizable tax incentives, however, England's homegrown developers turned up their noses at Thatcher's zone. Canary Wharf began in 1985 as the brainchild of an American developer named G. Ware Travelstead and two foreign investment banks, Morgan Stanley and Credit Suisse–First Boston. The consortium, which foundered on its inability to persuade City firms to commit in advance to leasing space, never broke ground. In mid-1987, O&Y bought out the project at cost.

Canary Wharf quickly evolved into a towering symbol of Thatcherism. Reichmann began rhapsodizing in public about "the revolution that is taking place in British business and British businessmen." The prime minister returned Reichmann's warm admiration, praising O&Y's commitment as "a vote of confidence in Britain. . . . I particularly welcome the fact that this development is being driven and financed by private enterprise." Envisioning London's emergence as the business hub of the new Europe, Reichmann enlarged Travelstead's original scheme by one-half, to more than 13 million square feet—equivalent to six Empire State buildings. London, predicted Reichmann, "will be the

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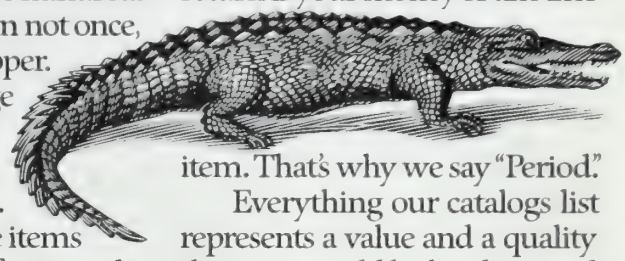
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As Reichmann headed toward his Waterloo, O&Y's North American diversification drive was going disastrously awry. Paul had made the stunning strategic error of investing narrowly in oil and other inflation-hedge industries that ride virtually the same roller-coaster market cycle as real estate. In effect, he made multibillion-dollar bets on inflation's return during a decade of radical disinflation. The results were catastrophic: by early August, the value of O&Y's stock portfolio had nose-dived from $5.2 billion to $1.7 billion. Worse, every dollar was pledged as collateral for real-estate loans.

Reichmann compounded the damage by stubbornly refusing to admit the company's woes and begin restructuring. Defying recession, O&Y would not renegotiate the leases of major tenants even as they moved out in droves. Keeping up a brave front, the company depleted its dwindling cash reserves by continuing to service the debt on buildings that were half full or, in the case of one Park Avenue tower, entirely empty.

The strain of Paul's constant travel and panicky meetings began to show. The circles under his eyes darkened, and he began worrying aloud about his health. He grew oddly sentimental, given to rambling reminiscences about the good old days. Decisions that once took him an hour dragged on for days. He spent endless time negotiating the sale of assets, but in the end sold almost nothing. "It was pride, not delusion, that brought him down," an adviser says. "My feeling is he knew he was in trouble but became paralyzed."

One night in July, a huge poster of Canary Wharf that hung in the entryway to the Park Avenue headquarters of O&Y's American subsidiary disappeared. It was replaced by a photo of the World Financial Center. The poster switch is emblematic of a subtle campaign by John Zuccotti, the chief executive of the U.S. operation, to distance himself from the man who can still frequently be found in the office adjoining his own: Paul Reichmann. To keep the American operation from being sucked into bankruptcy court, Zuccotti, a former deputy mayor of New York City, has had to convince O&Y's creditors of two things: that O&Y is in better shape south of the border than north, and that he is his own man, inclined not toward confrontation but conciliation. Against all odds, he seems to be succeeding. Although Reichmann retains ultimate authority, O&Y America is now Zuccotti's show. For the most part, Reichmann can only watch as the U.S. executive manages what may be his family's last best hope for regaining a piece of its lost fortune.

The most serious threat to the fragile financial equilibrium Zuccotti has achieved comes from Li Ka-shing, the reclusive, bespectacled Hong Kong billionaire who is one of the richest men on the Pacific Rim. As quietly as possible, Li is diversifying his holdings geographically in anticipation of the Chinese takeover of his native city in 1997. He's also grooming his son Victor, 28, as heir apparent. In late 1991 these objectives converged when Victor negotiated a deal with Paul Reichmann that made his family both a partner and a creditor of O&Y's. The Li family bought a 49 percent stake in 60 Broad Street, the largely vacant former headquarters of fallen junk-bond powerhouse Drexel Burnham Lambert, by paying $100 million for a $160 million mortgage on the troubled property. A jointly issued press release hailed the deal as signaling "an important strategic alliance" between two of real estate's great family dynasties.

When O&Y belly flopped into bankruptcy just six months later, Li was outraged. According to a source close to the situation, Li felt he'd been led to believe that the company was much healthier than it was. Worse, his son's first deal had turned into a very public loss of face. Adding injury to insult, O&Y U.S.A. missed an interest payment to Li in July. In further antagonizing the Hong Kong billionaire, Zuccotti was flirting with disaster. If Li follows up on the default by seeking a court judgment, he could singlehandedly force the American subsidiary into Chapter 11. What's more, Victor and his father are in a position to put the screws to O&Y worldwide. The family owns 9 percent of the stock of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the largest of O&Y's Canadian lenders, and Li until recently sat on the board of the holding company for the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp., the Reichmanns' single largest creditor.

After missing the payment, Zuccotti's number two, Meyer Frucher, immediately flew to Hong Kong to placate Li. A few weeks later, Zuccotti joined Frucher on a return visit to Li. "We are trying to work out some accommodation with him and have every hope of doing so," Frucher says.

In fact, there's an outside chance that Zuccotti may succeed in transforming the billionaire from O&Y America's nemesis to its savior. At a time when big institutional money has been scared out of real estate, Li is scanning the world for office-tower bargains armed with a bankroll that would seem to greatly exceed the $100 million Zuccotti desperately needs to cover this year's operating costs.

Ironically, Zuccotti's most dangerous rival for Li's capital may turn out to be Paul Reichmann. According to a source inside Canary Wharf, advisers to the Hong Kong businessman have been nosing around the stalled project for weeks, asking increasingly detailed questions. Rich as he is, though, Li is not likely to pump money into two troubled O&Y subsidiaries simultaneously—unless, of course, he is intent on taking Paul Reichmann's place as the planet's biggest real-estate gambler.

In the long run, the gravest threat to Zuccotti's delicate balance will probably come from north of the border. After a summer of nonstop maneuvering, O&Y's parent company in Toronto has failed to win agreement on even the bare outlines of a restructuring plan. If Canada is liquidated, the result may be Zuccotti's worst nightmare: a mad stampede to foreclose on U.S. assets by panic-stricken American creditors.

In Olympia & York, the Reichmanns built the grandest commercial real-estate empire the world had ever seen. But how much wealth was needed to re-create the family's lost world—and safeguard it against the threats from the outside? Huge as it was, O&Y was never big enough to suit Paul Reichmann. He built and he bought, but he almost never sold. When he needed cash, he preferred remortgaging an office tower to selling it at a profit. In the end, Reichmann couldn't bring himself to shrink his empire even to save it.

If Paul had let the World Financial Center stand as his grand summation, Olympia & York more than likely would have emerged from the global real-estate collapse of recent years intact and ready to resume its growth under the leadership of a new generation. Instead, O&Y lies in ruins and much of the global ultra-Orthodox community that its profits nurtured is orphaned and perilously adrift. In their 60s, as in their teens, Paul, Albert, and Ralph once again find themselves refugees from a lost world. The tragedy is that this time they can only blame themselves. □

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(Continued from page 218) of Bush's. She, like Bush, was a fervent Republican, and she became a volunteer—a "Bush Belle"—in Bush's failed run for the Senate in 1964. The families, whose children overlapped in age, became casual friends, attending the same church every Sunday, sometimes followed by games of touch football and cookouts at the Bushes' house.

The Bush-Baker association developed, over the years, into a layered alliance—some mixture of familiarity, fraternity, and self-interest. It wasn't anything like either man's closest friendship back in Texas during the 1960s: then Bush had another political confidant, one Jim Allison, who managed Bush's first campaigns, and Baker—a nominal Democrat—was far more likely to go hunting or fishing with friends from his law firm than to seek out a social expedition with Bush. Through most of the 70s, they were in different parts of the country pursuing different paths. And through much of the 80s, they maintained a carefully calibrated distance as Baker transferred his loyalty from Bush to President Ronald Reagan.

"It's not a relationship you want to get in the middle of," says a man who has worked closely with them both. "It's *very* complicated. . . . Sometimes it's father-son, sometimes it's brothers, sometimes it's purely competitive. . . . You put it all together and you'd need a team of psychiatrists to sort it out."

"I always had a sense there were *limits* in that relationship," says Michael K. Deaver, who worked in close proximity to both men as Reagan's deputy chief of staff. "Professional *and* personal limits."

The men seem dissimilar in their deepest natures. Bush is a voluble, gregarious man who, given a free weekend, is apt to call two dozen friends for a pickup dinner. Baker, friends and former associates say, is an aloof, basically solitary man who would prefer to spend an evening alone watching sports on TV. Where Bush amuses himself frenetically, impatiently moving his speedboat from spot to spot when the fish aren't striking, Baker will sit for five hours in a freezing turkey blind waiting for his prey. Bush needs you to like him; Baker wants you to respect him.

It also pays to keep in mind that Bush and Baker belong to a class and a generation of men for whom competition is one of the few acceptable ways of establishing a strong emotional tie. The two men apparently keep score on everything, whether it's catching the most fish, getting the best press, or hiring the smartest aides. When interviewed about each other, they often jockey, subtly, to establish dominance in the relationship. When they go to shoot quail at the ranch of their friend Will Farish in Beeville, Texas, they even have a contest to see who can stay up the latest after a full day of sport.

It seems likely that, at the beginning, Baker looked up to Bush in some respects. Bush, six years older than Baker, was a rising star during his two terms in Congress, from 1967 to 1971. By the time he decided to run for the Senate again in 1970, Baker had grown intrigued enough by Bush's career to consider running for his House seat. He would have done it, according to intimates, had his wife not just been diagnosed with a terminal cancer.

The next five years were grim ones for Baker. With four young sons to raise, he retreated into his own idea of sanctuary—work and more work. The result was more than a decade of family turmoil. He remarried in 1973 to Susan Garrett Winston, an old friend who had recently divorced and who had three children of her own. But instead of the Brady Bunch, their household was, for a time, a war



zone—with Baker's third son, in particular, trying his hardest to break up the marriage. Two sons ultimately developed drug problems serious enough to need in-patient hospital treatment. In a life of perfect control, Baker's family has been the one realm of chaos.

This did not, however, slow him down for long. By 1975, he was ready to move on, and asked for Bush's help in getting an appointment in Washington. Though Susan didn't want to uproot the family so soon, Baker was pleased when Bush persuaded Commerce Secretary Rogers Morton to appoint Baker undersecretary.

Once he got to Washington, Baker quickly worked his way into the arena that had so repulsed his grandfather: a political campaign. By the spring of 1976, Gerald Ford's re-election campaign was foundering and Baker was drafted to serve as delegate hunter—a job that involved winning over uncommitted delegates, one by one. By the time the general-election campaign rolled around, Baker had done so well that he was named to head it.

Bush, in the meantime, was thinking of making his own run for the presidency in 1980. He hoped to draft Baker to run his effort. But in the wake of the Ford campaign, Baker was so bitten by the bug of politics that he decided to launch his own political career. He filed to run for attorney general of Texas in 1978 as a stepping-stone to an eventual shot at higher office—probably governor. Even in running for office, though, he couldn't surrender his underlying distaste for the *idea* of politics. Characteristically, he ran under the slogan "Texas needs a lawyer, not a politician, for attorney general."

He lost, for reasons that were mostly out of his hands. But he learned an indelible lesson: according to Susan Baker, he found being a candidate demeaning. He told me, in a tone that was only half-joking, "You know, a candidate is the lowest form of human life; you *know* that." He never ran for office again. And three days after his loss, Bush called again, to draw Baker back to his side.

It was a campaign that served both men well, rewarding Bush with the vice-presidential nomination and Baker with a chance to ingratiate himself with the victor, Ronald Reagan.

After Bush was tapped to run as Reagan's vice president, Baker informed Reagan's circle that it would be "inappropriate" for him to work on Bush's staff during the general election, according to a source who discussed it with Baker at the time. After all, he had run an incumbent president's campaign, it was now beneath him to work for a vice-presidential candidate. So he gained a foothold as a senior adviser to Reagan, a job in which he so impressed those around the candidate—including Nancy Reagan—that he was asked to serve as chief of staff in the new administration.

By 1981, as Bush assumed the vice-presidency—the most strictly ceremonial office in Washington—Baker was becoming the most important unelected man in America. Bush was out front, but Baker was in control.

This, Baker learned immediately, was what he was born to do. He was the smoothest and probably the most powerful chief of staff in political memory. He went straight to work splitting the difference between the Reagan Revolution and the alarmed Establishment of Washington. To compensate for his own lack of personal ties in the Reagan circle, he quickly moved to make an ally of the president's longtime aide Mike Deaver.

Conservatives hated Baker and Deaver for what they saw—correctly—as their moderating influence on Reagan. Domestically, for instance, Baker saw to it that



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His Master's Voice

the hard-right "values" agenda—against abortion and homosexuality, in favor of school prayer—was not pursued so aggressively that it would get in the way of selling the president's economic program. In foreign affairs, Baker tried to moderate Reagan's anti-Soviet rhetoric—and to avoid inflaming issues that might invite more of it. Recalls Deaver, "He hammered, from the very beginning, 'We've *got* to keep Central America off the scope. That could be a disaster—it could be our Vietnam.' "

The ideological struggles made for a White House full of bureaucratic intrigue. According to a source who worked in the White House, Baker would frequently buzz Deaver and ask him to sidle into Reagan's office and listen in, because one of the conservatives—U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick or National Security Adviser William Clark—was in there "appealing to the Dark Side," as Baker referred to the more far-right tenets of Reagan conservatism.

Of course, Baker was quick to get the word out: Washington had him to thank for saving America from the zealots of the right wing.

Baker labored to avoid making enemies, displacing the blame when he beat his opponents. A good example was the purging of National Security Adviser Richard V. Allen. "Baker. . . was calculating how to dump him two months before it became official," says a former White House colleague. But afterward "he worked assiduously to make sure Allen blamed Deaver for it, and still does. With calls, etc., saying, 'Hey, how are you? Can't tell you how sorry I am.' "

He loved the power of the White House. In 1983 a group of legislators urged him to run for the Texas seat being vacated as a result of John Tower's retirement. Baker thought it over seriously, and even commissioned a poll. But, in the end, he said no: for a man who could walk into the Oval Office anytime he wanted, junior senator seemed a comedown.

To this day, Baker is thought of in Washington as a model chief of staff. Moderate Republican congressman Jim Leach argues that "Jim Baker really held the government together at a time that it might have unwound, in a very discordant, irrational, and ideological direction." But it's possible that Baker did his country no favor in so muting the irrationality of the Reagan creed. Baker rendered the administration just plausible enough that it was able to dazzle—and threaten—Congress into accepting the combination of tax cuts and military buildup that has bled tens of billions of dollars from the federal treasury over the past decade. He was one of the few in the White House who understood the extent of the fiscal disaster in the making. But the battle, the victory, the *deal,* had a greater claim on his loyalty. As Baker surely knew, he would not be held accountable in the long term.

And anyway, by 1985, after four exhausting years of internecine warfare, he was ready to move up—this time, to a job his grandfather might have understood. With the president's passive assent, he arranged to trade places with Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan. The move was one of the most openly selfish chapters of his career, for in order to ensure that Regan would vacate his job Baker helped him beat out a more capable candidate for chief of staff, former transportation secretary Drew Lewis.

> "You know," Baker told me in a tone that was only half-joking, "a candidate is the lowest form of human life; you *know* that."

As Treasury secretary—a job he also performed with an enormous day-to-day competence—Baker was able to evade all responsibility for what became the gravest long-term problem in Treasury's purview, the $230 billion savings-and-loan crisis.

Don Regan went on to build a reputation as bad as Baker's was good—largely because of that epic eruption of the Dark Side known as Iran-contra. By leaving the White House in Regan's hands, it turned out, Baker undid most of his work of the previous four years.

But that was all right; when the blame was eventually handed out, he was nowhere near the scene of the crime.

For both terms of the Reagan administration, Baker was a far more important figure than Vice President Bush. To any reporter who might have missed this fact, Baker and his associates were quick to make it clear.

"I always had the feeling there was a little bit of relishing the fact that he was chief of staff and Bush wasn't," says a source who worked with Baker in the White House. "I had the feeling," this source adds, "he had to deal with Bush in a careful way. . . . I had a sense that maybe Bush was sensitive about Baker and how high and how fast he had risen."

It would be surprising had Bush not been sensitive. Beginning with Bush's 1980 campaign for the presidency, the relationship between the two men had begun to change dramatically. It was eye-opening for Baker to see Bush as a candidate. Sooner or later, all political hands seem to talk about their candidate with a sort of fond contempt, and Baker was no exception. When Bush, on his way to the New Hampshire primary after a surprise Iowa caucus victory, would burble about "the Big Mo" that would carry him through the Granite State, Baker would mutter to reporters, "We'll have to do something about that."

As Bush's campaign faltered, Baker took his first drastic step to manipulate his friend. In late May, Baker, convinced that Bush no longer had a prayer, was concerned that he would come to be seen as a spoiler, and might blow any chance of securing the vice-presidency. So Baker quietly sabotaged Bush by telling reporters that the campaign was out of money and would not run seriously in the California primary. Bush was embarrassed to learn on the road, from reporters, that his campaign manager had essentially pulled the plug. In the end, however, Baker's tactics did help win Bush the vice-presidency.

Having helped Bush this far, however, Baker clearly made a decision to surpass him. Says David Keene, who served as political director in that campaign, "You just sort of got the sense that if Bush had been on any kind of pedestal, after '80 it was, in Baker's mind, a level playing field."

Once in the White House, Bush and Baker had side-by-side offices down the hall from the Oval Office. Baker, with tenuous ties to the Reagan inner circle, was careful not to show any partiality toward Bush. While Baker partisans have said that he secretly used his position in the White House to make sure Bush was

THE ART OF EYE CONTACT.



COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

His Master's Voice

"in the loop," this is news to Bush's first vice-presidential chief of staff, Admiral Dan Murphy.

"The reason I knew he was close to the vice president was because I read it in the paper," says Murphy. "The evidence of closeness during the Reagan years was minimal—to a surprising extent."

Many observers believe that Bush was resentful. And at least one former colleague believes that Baker, in turn, became exasperated with Bush for not taking a greater role in the administration—not weighing in at meetings on foreign policy, for example, where Baker badly needed allies.

But whatever tension may have been created between the two men, it was made moot by Bush's need in the summer of 1988. Baker had been involved all along in building Bush's next campaign for the presidency—handpicking Lee Atwater as the campaign manager, for example. But he had hoped to avoid giving up the mantle of Cabinet secretary to go back to the role of campaign chairman. By the early summer, however, it was apparent that the campaign needed a top manager—someone who had the authority to make things happen. Baker had no choice but to quit the Treasury job he loved.

Baker's major contribution was in persuading Bush to listen to his hired guns. They offered a deliberate plan to drive up Dukakis's "negatives" by tarring him as a hard-left liberal, soft on crime, and—as the campaign subliminally underlined with the issue of furloughed convict Willie Horton—intent on coddling blacks.

Bush, chronically wanting to be nice, had reservations—not strong enough to make him stop, just strong enough that he needed to be prodded on a regular basis.

"I heard Baker on the phone lecturing Bush to stick to the scripts," says a former campaign worker. "The way you'd say it to a child: 'Look. Don't change it...No, I don't think it's time to soften the message. Just read it the way we gave it to you. *Thank* you.' "

Bush, of course, exacted his own revenge for this treatment. According to Michael Kramer of *Time* magazine, Baker sometimes rebelled at having to force-feed the candidate. "You call him yourselves," Baker once yelled at media adviser Roger Ailes. "You're not the ones who have to carry that message and have him say, 'If you're so smart, Jimmy, how come I'm the one who's vice president?' "

Throughout that fall, Baker stayed as far out of the public eye as possible, directing the action from an office in Washington. Atwater, hungry for recognition, was happy to accept the notoriety that came from the slashing campaign. But even he was sometimes amused by the gentlemanly persona Baker was able to maintain. Before he died, Atwater told me, "Jim Baker, plain and simple, never hesitated at all" in the 1988 campaign.

With each other's help, however resentful or shaded with rivalry, Bush and Baker had achieved their lives' dreams. Bush was in the White House, after a decade of trying. And Baker was set to assume the secretary of state's office on the seventh floor at Foggy Bottom.

There, Baker could finally be sure that newspaper editors all around the country were polishing obituaries headlined not CAMPAIGN MANAGER but STATESMAN. Somewhere along the line Baker, who used to say matter-of-factly that he was not a man of vision, had gained an appetite for history's laurels. State was to be his chance at greatness.

It is impossible to grade Baker foreign policy as something distinct from Bush's administration: the two men conducted policy so informally and so secretively, in six or more conversations every day, that few people were in a position to match particular foreign-policy initiatives with one or the other. For the most part, the two men seemed to affirm and only slightly challenge each other's instincts.

But the differences that were known to exist tended—naturally—to put Baker in a favorable light. For example, most insiders believe that Bush has been responsible for the administration's weirdly conciliatory behavior toward the Chinese: Baker aides were quick to let reporters know of his disagreement, through "a lot of rolling of eyes, facial expressions, heavy sighs," in the words of a reporter.

Baker acted at State by the same system that has worked for him in other jobs, closely controlling the department from within a tight circle of trusted aides who share his ideological pallor. Chief among them, for more than a decade, has been Margaret Tutwiler, a former debutante from one of Birmingham's great fortunes. Tutwiler, who in August moved to the White House with Baker, served as his official spokeswoman at State. She has long been Baker's political antennae, constantly scanning the Washington landscape for signs of danger. Other trusted acolytes—who also moved with Baker—are Dennis Ross, Robert Zoellick, and Janet Mullins.

Baker took heavy criticism as secretary of state for containing policy-making so closely within this circle. It was hard for the group to look beyond the crisis or initiative of the moment and consider what America's long-term goals should be. And career bureaucrats at State complained that their expertise was being ignored. "You would have this experience, constantly, of calling assistant secretaries of state and you'd realize within 30 seconds that you knew more than they did," says a reporter who covered the State Department.

In the short term, Baker reacted to world changes with a characteristic technical finesse—managing the U.S. response to the unification of Germany, for example, and the delicate problem of forging arms-control agreements with a splintering Soviet Union. But there are three clear areas in which Baker drew especially strong comment—critical comment in two cases, and deserved praise in the third.

One criticism—uttered even by some Bush partisans—is that the Bush-Baker foreign policy has been overcautious. "This is a fairly conservative administration," says William B. Quandt, senior fellow at the Brookings Institution. "It reacts to big changes, but it doesn't try to initiate them.... They're always more comfortable dealing with a regime, and a leader, and a structure. The map they were handed is the map they'd like to deal with."

In the Soviet Union, this yielded a policy of favoring Mikhail Gorbachev over Boris Yeltsin far later than we should have. In Iraq, it yielded the administration's unwillingness to press the war all the way to Baghdad. "They clung to the unity of the Soviet Union, of Yugoslavia, much too long," says a former official of the Reagan and Bush administrations. "Present arrangements are by definition more comfortable; there's a sort of bureaucratic fear of the unknown."

Critics of this conservatism note that Baker has seemed curiously unmoved by the shattering events of recent history. "He's got no vision, no heart for great themes in the world, no touch with people," says a longtime Baker watcher. Reporters were fascinated to observe Baker in Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1990. A small pro-American crowd had gathered outside a hotel where he was to hold a meeting with leaders of the nascent opposition parties. Bearing placards with

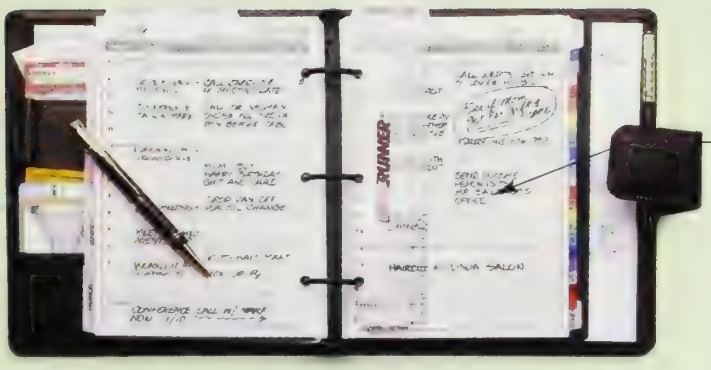
fig. A



THE HUMAN
brain in
formaldehyde.

(Telenecephalon.)

fig. B



THE HUMAN
brain in burgundy
calfskin.

(Day Runner.)

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messages of wistful affection for the U.S.A., the crowd was clearly hungry for some sign of encouragement. "There was this public moment, when he could touch the heart of what was going on there," recalls one observer.

But when Baker arrived, he brushed by with a perfunctory wave to the crowd. It was Tutwiler—Baker's Assistant Secretary for Humanizing Gestures—who correctly assessed the situation and physically blocked Baker's path to make him stop and pay his respects. He managed to cough up only a brief, wooden little speech before passing on to his own domain, the back room.

The one area in which Baker gets indelible black marks is Iraq, both for what went on before Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait and for what went on after the war. Desert Storm was a diplomatic failure before it was a military victory, and the responsibility lies squarely with Baker's State Department, for failing to understand Hussein's aggressive designs and to give any strong advance signal of U.S. resolve.

Before the invasion of Kuwait, Bush's policy had been to pursue normal relations with Iraq. By favoring Hussein with economic help and increased trade, the U.S. had hoped to influence Iraq toward moderation. By early 1990, however, State Department experts had begun to warn that the policy was not having its intended effect, and to urge a change in direction.

But these warnings never penetrated Baker's inner circle with any urgency—apparently because of his tight-knit system of management. Dennis Ross, to whom the warnings were conveyed, was Baker's chief aide for matters affecting both Eastern Europe and the Middle East; at the time of the warnings, he was immersed in German-reunification issues and an attempt to get Israeli-Palestinian peace talks under way.

There is also gathering evidence that Baker deliberately overlooked warnings that Hussein was diverting U.S. agricultural-loan guarantees for the purchase of arms, and personally intervened to ensure that the money would continue to flow to Iraq.

Equally bad was Baker's response once Hussein's invasion was a *fait accompli*. Baker made a scapegoat of America's ambassador to Iraq, foreign-service officer April Glaspie, who met with Hussein shortly before the invasion and simply conveyed the standing policy of the U.S. government—that it had "no opinion" on Iraq's border dispute with Kuwait. In one of his ugliest moments of public self-protection, Baker was asked by a television interviewer what his specific instructions to Glaspie had been; in response, he implied that it really wasn't fair to hold him accountable, saying, "There are probably 312,000 cables or so that go out under my name as secretary of state from the Department of State."

Another curious failure has been the administration's inability to grapple with the fate of a postwar Iraq. Says Quandt, "They knew they were going to win, and quickly. . . . I think it's still difficult to understand why we were caught so flat-footed and so unsure of what we wanted Iraq to look like when the war was over."

Baker's signal triumph in office was the Arab-Israeli peace process, which he was able to push to a new level of promise in the past year. "There isn't any doubt that Baker's done a good job on the Middle East peace process," says former C.I.A. director Richard Helms. "He has had a particular success at getting the Arabs to sit down at the same table with the Israelis. That's a breakthrough."

Baker has always functioned by choosing a very few objectives and focusing his attention relentlessly on their achievement. Clearly, he made up his mind in the wake of the Gulf War that the Middle East would be his bid for the history books. Baker's success in bringing the Arab states, Israel, and the Palestinians together for their first direct negotiations must be counted the result of three factors: postwar circumstance, Baker's persistence, and that least familiar tool in the Bush-Baker arsenal, political courage.

A key to the talks was Baker's and Bush's willingness to toughen America's stance toward Israel—especially by withholding $10 billion in loan guarantees for settling émigrés from the former Soviet Union until Israel agreed to stop new construction on the West Bank. Bush and Baker have weathered furious criticism of their actions—including accusations of anti-Semitism.

It is true that Baker seems to feel no innate sympathy toward Israel; certainly he has not granted Israel the nearly automatic support that has long been a given of U.S. policy in the Middle East. And it is possible that this coolness may be to some degree a function of his insular Wasp background.

In his senior thesis at Princeton, written in 1952, he addressed the question of Israel's founding and concluded, on balance, that the United States had erred in supporting it. The thesis itself is about the British Labour Party in the wake of World War II, and the ideological elements embodied by the pragmatic Ernest Bevin and the fiery, more hard-left Aneurin Bevan. (Needless to say, the young Baker gave the pragmatist the higher marks.) It argued that Bevin, as foreign minister, was justified in pressing for a Palestinian state that would incorporate a "Jewish National Home" but would be dominated by an Arab majority.

"Ernie Bevin was as concerned as the next fellow about the sufferings of the Jews," Baker wrote, with classic undergraduate blitheness. But "Bevin, in his usual realistic manner, was looking to the future. . . . Bevin realized that supporting the two million Zionists would mean incurring the enmity of the sixty million Moslems in the Arab States surrounding Palestine. . .

"History has already begun to vindicate him," Baker continued, noting the anti-British, anti-French, and anti-American feelings that were brewing, at the time he wrote, in the Middle East. "If we lose Near Eastern oil, airbases, and other strategic concessions, it will be small consolation, indeed, to know that we can count Palestine among those nations which are friendly toward us."

But however coldly Baker may have continued to view the power struggles of the Middle East, it is hard to quarrel with the results of his efforts there. The talks resumed in August—along lines largely chosen by Israel. "They've worked it so that the next six months look potentially more promising than anything that's happened in the last 12 years," said Quandt in late July.

Yet America's role in steering the agenda would be critical: so far, Baker had succeeded only in getting everyone to the table. This is where Baker's vision would be tested, his capacity to lead, to reimagine the world. Truly, this could be his contribution, the moment when he gathered up the political capital he had hoarded for 12 long years, and risked its investment in solving one of the most contentious problems of the 20th century.

And just at this crucial moment, he was pulled from his place at the table.

Over the first seven months of this year, Republicans had watched the president's slide with disbelief: this may be the worst campaign run by an incumbent president since the days of Herbert Hoover, they told one another in private;

surely, *surely*, it would get better. But it kept getting worse. It was only a matter of time before they started clamoring for Baker.

As the summer proceeded, Bush and Baker danced the same minuet they had danced four years before. Heated denials. Then a slight shift, the door left open a crack. A highly publicized fishing trip to Wyoming, and the coy no-comment afterward that definitively confirmed that something was up. This time, though, there was a strange slow-motion quality to the dance. It dragged on, leaving the campaign in limbo; it was all too clear that neither man wanted to face the inevitable.

Until finally it ended, on August 13, when Bush and Baker made back-to-back appearances to announce Baker's shift to the White House. It was one of those rare moments when you can see, beneath the subcutaneous fat of politics, the pulsing flesh of a real human relationship, in all its gory contradictions and dependencies.

Bush came to the White House briefing room and, in the manner of a child eating his spinach, confirmed the decision he had been putting off all summer.

It was an extraordinary admission of weakness. Not only would Baker come to take over the White House and the campaign, and not only would he bring along his own group of top managers—an implicit criticism of the crowd with which Bush had heretofore been muddling along—but the entire move was phrased in language that made of Baker a political messiah: Baker's role, the president said, would be to "help me build on what we've started by developing an integrated second-term program of domestic, economic, and foreign policies." If voters didn't like the Bush presidency, ran the subliminal message, maybe they'd like Baker's version better.

Bush's appearance, which lasted scarcely more than five minutes, made him seem hurried, grim, blatantly political. "It just proves," said a disgusted caller to C-SPAN during its live coverage, "that George Bush would do anything to get elected."

Baker's appearance, on the other hand, was lofty, high-toned—presidential. Instead of speaking to an inquisitive press corps, he addressed an audience of civil- and foreign-service officers in the State Department's huge Dean Acheson Auditorium. He delivered a 20-minute speech that ranged from Bosnia to Cambodia to America's inner cities; it summarized his own achievements and set out the themes of Bush's future campaign. While this speech, too, was obviously political in intent, it was strikingly more ambitious than Bush's, striving to solemnize Baker's move as a gift to generations yet unborn.

It was clear, to experienced readers of political semaphore, that Baker had extracted the maximum advantage in the manner of the move—above all, in the way the door was left open for his renomination to the State Department after the election. Even as they came together to salvage their political fortunes, there was, between Bush and Baker, that visible tug of competing interests.

Underlying the morning's events, once you peeled away all the layers of politics,

> "I heard Baker on the phone lecturing Bush to stick to the scripts. The way you'd say it to a child."

was the awesome sight of each man face-to-face with his own shortcomings.

There was Bush, nakedly courting his own humiliation—reduced to acknowledging that he simply can't run for the presidency without Jim Baker's impeccable cynicism to guide him. Over and over, he has shown himself incapable of acting *deliberately* to win the presidency by the means that have worked in the past. He has never seemed to confront, head-on, exactly what moral choices are made in a campaign like the one he ran in 1988. He clings to the self-image of the Greenwich-bred moderate he once was, while he runs as a red-meat conservative who is the heir of Ronald Reagan. He wants the innocence of the former, and the political success of the latter.

While he skitters back and forth from one to the other, he has Jim Baker behind him to help override his conscience. No one else but Baker, with his gentleman's pedigree, is able to do this for him.

And on Baker's side: once you cracked open his proud rhetoric, you found the fastidious Baker pacing the prison of his own past methods. In a dozen small ways, he has won his decade's long competition with George Bush. But when the crisis came, it was still Bush's right to call on Baker; it was still Baker's duty to obey.

For Baker, at every turn, has chosen the appointive over the elective office. He has excelled at working behind the scenes, through influence and intrigue; unlike Bush, he has declined to reach for jobs that would have subjected him to repeated referenda by masses of mere voters.

As a result, his political fortunes are tied to those of a man less gifted than he, and today he faces the loss of everything he has worked for.

First, there is the grim possibility that campaign '92 will permanently tarnish his reputation. Already, the Bush campaign has begun to assail Clinton on the grounds of gay rights, draft dodging, and his wife's feminism. The battle is apt to get so nasty that even Baker's Teflon coating may not be enough to protect him from the spillover.

And something even worse could happen: he could lose his job, his reputation, *and* his last campaign.

Baker's situation casts into a withering light Washington's fondest, wildest illusion about its favorite son: that he should run for president. Clearly, Baker himself has, at least entertained the idea. Early in July, a family member asked Baker if he might ever do it. No, he said.

"Is that a promise?" she pressed.

"No," he answered.

But Baker has no electoral base whatever outside Washington. He might get a majority of senators and political reporters to acclaim him king, but in order to get a single vote, Baker would have to start from scratch.

For more than a decade, he has been able to mute the tension between his quest for power and his disdain for politics. As he pulled the strings, wrote the attack lines, and lifted the hem of his coat primly from the mire, he could persuade himself he was above the pandering of men like Bush. But every four years comes the inconvenient reminder that power, in a democracy, is distributed by votes.

In the painful summer of Baker's 62nd year, the roots of Baker's power—the *true* roots—were exposed. And when they were seen clearly, without the mediation of his craft and wintry charm, they were seen to be out of his control.

Queen Elizabeth II

(Continued from page 252) Then she walks into a paddock and the horses are led out.

"You can always tell the degree of a person's horsemanship by the way they look at a horse," says another experienced horsewoman. "The Queen did it in the most professional possible way."

She is prodigiously rich. *Fortune* has called her "the wealthiest woman of all" and recently estimated her *personal* fortune at $11.7 billion. This figure does not include the larger castles and palaces in which she lives, nor the yacht and planes in which she travels, nor the royal regalia—the 14 crowns, the scepter, orb, and jewels she wears and carries on ceremonial occasions.

The state provides the sovereign with six royal residences, five of them currently used by members of the royal family. Buckingham Palace, in the heart of London, has 600 rooms, a staff of 368, and as with most great old English houses, its drawing rooms and drafty corridors filled with paintings and statues are clammy in winter. On weekends, the Queen moves to Windsor Castle, 20 miles west of London. This is a true, turreted fortress, a royal citadel for 800 years. "From this Tower the world is ruled," Kaiser Wilhelm II, Queen Victoria's grandson, proudly told his German courtiers during a visit in 1899. The castle, at the edge of Windsor Great Park, has more than 1,000 rooms, a gallery of magnificent paintings, a state banquet hall where 160 can sit at a single, long table, and a cathedral-like chapel where many monarchs are interred. In Edinburgh, there is the Palace of Holyroodhouse, ancient royal seat of the kings and queens of Scotland. The state also provides the royal family with St. James's Palace in London. Dating from the 16th century, the time of Elizabeth I, it is the source of the expression "the Court of St. James's." Attached to St. James's Palace is Clarence House, the home of the Queen Mother. Kensington Palace, built in red brick, in part by Christopher Wren, in Kensington Gardens, is the London home of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and of Princess Margaret. Finally, there is Hampton Court, the Tudor palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey.

Elizabeth and her family have the use of the royal yacht, *Britannia*, built in 1953 for $6 million, which, with its permanent crew of 277, costs $20 million a year to maintain. There is also a 10-car royal train, which costs $770,000 a year. The three jet aircraft and two helicopters of the Queen's Flight are maintained by the Ministry of Defence for $12 million a year.

Many splendid objects have a blurred, shadowy ownership; they are called the Queen's, but they belong, in large part, to the state. They include a matchless collection of Holbeins, Vermeers, Canalettos, Michelangelos, Raphaels, and Van Dycks, not to mention a breathtaking accumulation of 600 Leonardo da Vinci paintings and drawings. The Queen also owns one of the world's finest private stamp collections, much of it assembled by her grandfather George V. In her drawing rooms and parlors, on her shelves or in her closets, are beautiful objects by Fabergé, superb porcelains, antique silver, and exquisite antique French furniture. Technically, all this belongs to the sovereign, but it is also considered part of Britain's national heritage. Elizabeth can no more sell off the Leonardos, the stamps, or the porcelains than she could sell the Imperial State Crown. An attempt to do so would precipitate an instant constitutional crisis.

The Queen does have some possessions which she could sell without the permission of any politician or council of arts. She owns Sandringham, a 150-room red brick country mansion on a 17,000-acre estate in Norfolk. Bought in 1862 to provide the then Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) with his own country manor, it is still a Victorian house filled with display cabinets, tapestried screens, footstools, tables crammed with bric-a-brac and framed photographs. She also personally owns Balmoral, a gray granite castle in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, acquired and rebuilt by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the 1850s and surrounded by 80,000 acres of the finest stag- and grouse-hunting country in the Highlands. To this fastness the royal family retreats in August and September, turning out as often as possible in kilts of Royal Stuart tartan.

More significant, Elizabeth has a personal portfolio of stocks worth between $5 billion and $6 billion. In Britain the Crown Estate possesses more than 300,000 acres of prime agricultural land. In London alone, it owns large tracts of real estate, including, by one estimate, more than 2,000 buildings. Much of Regent Street, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, and some of Kingsway belong to the Crown, along with Canada House, South Africa House, and Hyde Park Corner. In New York, the Queen is said to have owned part of Manhattan's West Side, and at one point, according to statements in the *Congressional Record*, she owned a 38,000-acre cotton plantation in Mississippi for which the U.S. Department of Agriculture was paying her a subsidy to reduce the crop. She has 60 racehorses—stallions, broodmares, yearlings, and foals. Ascot racetrack, England's most prestigious, belongs to the Queen.

Elizabeth does not keep all of the income produced by these properties. By agreement with Parliament, the income from the Crown Estate (her real-estate holdings in London and the country), $125 million last year, goes straight to the Treasury. In return, she receives the Civil List, a kind of royal expense account voted by Parliament to cover the costs of running the royal household (including the households of her three younger children and their families, her mother, her sister, and her first cousins the dukes of Gloucester and Kent and their families). More than two-thirds of this money goes straight into paying the salaries of the hundreds of people who actually or nominally wait upon the royal family—from the Lord Chamberlain to the Keeper of the Swans. At times during Elizabeth's reign, outraged Labour M.P.'s have demanded that the Civil List be cut. Discreetly, the Queen has revealed that she has been supplementing the Civil List from her private funds to pay her bills. The ironic result is that under Harold Wilson, a Labour prime minister, the List was nearly doubled; then, under James Callaghan, another Labour P.M., doubled again. In 1990, Margaret Thatcher's government reached a new, long-range agreement with the Palace: every year for 10 years the Queen would receive £7.9 million ($15 million) from the Civil List. From this sum in 1990, the Queen and her extended family paid $111,475 for laundry, $243,075 for printing and stationery, $66,412 for flowers, and $23,681 for newspapers. All in all, adding the Civil List to the costs of maintaining royal buildings, yachts, airplanes, and other perks, the monarchy is reckoned to cost British taxpayers around $115 million a year.

Despite the fact that the Queen pays into the Treasury about the same amount she draws out, an overwhelming majority of Britons (75 percent in a recent poll) feel that she should pay a tax on her private wealth, as other royals do. The Queen's income from these sources has never been made public. To calculate the tax, the tax base would have to be known, and up to now no major politician or political party has wished to fling open this door. Several times during her reign, most recently in 1991, Parliament has taken up the question of the Queen's finances and decided that she should not pay an income tax. In Au-

Queen Elizabeth II

gust, however, Elizabeth reportedly decid ed on her own that she would begin to pay a tax on her personal income.

The Queen is not simply a crowned, ornamental icon. Though her role in the British constitution and government is detached and formal, it is nonetheless serious and essential. A prime minister cannot take office until summoned by the monarch and asked to form a government. (In fact, the Queen is bound by tradition to summon the leader of the majority in the House of Commons.) Acts of Parliament do not become law until signed by the Queen. (Again, she cannot refuse to sign.) As Walter Bagehot, the 19th-century constitutional authority, said of Queen Victoria, "She must sign her own death warrant if the two Houses put it up to her."

Bagehot described the Queen's role in the British constitution as "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn." Elizabeth exercises these rights every Tuesday evening at 6:30 P.M., when the prime minister pays her a visit. When she is in London, these meetings take place in the Audience Room at Buckingham Palace. No one else is present; no notes are taken on either side. These sessions, stretching back over 40 years, have equipped Elizabeth II with a depth of political knowledge and experience unrivaled by any head of state or political leader in the world. Beginning when she was 25 and received 77-year-old Winston Churchill, the Queen has received nine prime ministers: Churchill, Anthony Eden, Harold Macmillan, Alec Douglas-Home, Harold Wilson, Edward Heath, James Callaghan, Margaret Thatcher, and John Major. No prime minister can match her knowledge of Britain's state secrets. She is the only living Briton who knows every secret of the past four decades; prime ministers have access to such information only while in office. All of these politicians have testified to her political acumen. Macmillan, 35 years ago, found her "incredibly well informed." Harold Wilson said she was "the most professional head of state in the world. . . . My God, she put me through it if I hadn't done my homework."

Elizabeth's relationship with the only woman among her chief ministers was complicated and mysterious. No one knows what was said during Margaret Thatcher's more than 300 visits to the Audience Room. M.P.'s who were witnesses to and often victims of Mrs. Thatcher's ruthless wielding of power in the Commons and her love of confrontation could not imagine the imperious prime minister deferring even to the Queen. Differences showed briefly in public over the European Economic Community and the Commonwealth (a loose organization of 50 former British dominions and colonies which now have nothing in common except that the Queen is the formal head); the Queen favored both institutions, the P.M. was dubious.

In 1986, as Commonwealth leaders prepared to meet in Zimbabwe to issue a statement opposing apartheid, Mrs. Thatcher balked at imposing strong British sanctions against South Africa. The Queen became involved. The London *Times* published a story, which could only have come from Palace sources, saying that Her Majesty considered Mrs. Thatcher's policies "uncaring, confrontational, and socially divisive."

To assume, however, that Margaret Thatcher habitually defied the Queen is to misunderstand both women. Elizabeth descends from William the Conqueror; Mrs. Thatcher is the daughter of a grocer. Once, after the P.M. and the Queen had appeared at a public ceremony wearing similar dresses, Mrs. Thatcher suggested to the Palace that she and the Queen coordinate their wardrobes in advance so as to avoid future embarrassment. The reply might have come from Queen Victoria: "Do not worry. The Queen does not notice what other people are wearing."

"In its mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in upon magic." This adage on monarchy by Walter Bagehot was still the way royalty was treated when Elizabeth II came to the throne. The press was deferential and obedient; editors checked with the Palace to be sure that the stories they were running were approved. Then, in the rush of the liberated 60s, it was feared that the monarchy would be seen as an institutional Miss Havisham, living in a darkened, airless world of cobwebs and dust. The curtains parted.

The first move to let in light came from the Palace itself. Royal advisers, wishing to keep the monarchy popular, decided to alternate the images of majesty and pomp with those of a normal, hardworking family whose behavior and basic values reflected those of middle-class Britons.

The decision backfired. Given a taste of royal intimacy, editors, publishers, and readers wanted more. The Palace Press Office found itself dealing with a tidal wave of demand for personal details, intimate pictures, drama, conflict, novelty, and emotion. Over the years, it has grown worse. In global journalism there is nothing to be compared to the British public's obsession with the private lives of the royal family. Today, the Palace Press Office is a fortress under siege. The official reaction to every story, inaccurate or accurate, is aloof, impenetrable silence. "We couldn't possibly comment" is the Palace's response to all questions about the family's private life.

Inside the Palace, the royal family, officially imperturbable, boils with passionate hostility against the press. Prince Philip has never tried to hide his contempt. "Which are the press and which are the bloody apes?" he shouted in Gibraltar. "Stuff it up your you-know-what," he told a microphone-wielding reporter in Texas. "Only such a mammoth organization as the BBC could think of asking such a bloody silly question," he replied to a journalist who had asked him the color of the bears he had seen that morning at the zoo.

The Queen is better at controlling her temper in public. The nearest she came to a public outburst was at Sandringham in 1981. Wearing a scarf, a raincoat, and a pair of Wellington boots, and surrounded by a pack of wet Labradors, she was pursued across her fields by a mob of photographers and reporters. Pale with anger, she turned on them and said, "I wish you would go away!" None did. In private, Elizabeth shares her husband's sense of indignation. Reading the daily summary she is given of all press references to her family, "she has fits of rage," says a royal biographer. And the nastiest storm is still to come: the subject of Kitty Kelley's next book is the royal family.

Elizabeth is the third British monarch in a row who was not born Heir to the Throne. Her grandfather and father, both second sons, succeeded to the throne only after older brothers had been removed by death and abdication. Her father, George VI, was a shy, nervous man, afflicted with ulcers, knock-knees, and a painful stutter. His greatest luck was to marry Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the sturdy, fearless, commonsensical ninth child of the Scottish Earl of Strathmore. His worst was, at 40, to have to succeed his glamorous, widely beloved older brother on the throne of England.

This older brother, Elizabeth's uncle King Edward VIII (known within the family as David), began his brief reign in January 1936. He was 41 years old, a dazzlingly desirable bachelor, besottedly in love with a married woman. He had had many love affairs, all with married

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women. Six years before his accession he had met Mrs. Ernest Simpson, originally Wallis Warfield of Baltimore. When David became King and Mrs. Simpson filed for divorce from her husband, a constitutional crisis loomed. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin warned that if the King married Mrs. Simpson he and his Cabinet would resign. The prime ministers of Canada, Australia, and South Africa fiercely objected to a marriage. For 10 months, the struggle continued. Before his formal coronation, King Edward VIII surrendered and abdicated, the first such voluntary departure from the throne in the thousand-year history of the British monarchy. Before leaving England, the ex-King—given the title Duke of Windsor—told a worldwide audience, "I have found it impossible . . . to discharge my duties as King . . . without the help and support of the woman I love."

From being a daughter of a king's brother, Elizabeth became Heir to the Throne. She had been born a decade before, on April 21, 1926, delivered by cesarean section and named after her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother.

Her sister, Margaret, arrived four years later. The two have always been close. Elizabeth was quiet, cool, and disciplined; Margaret was exuberant, unpredictable, and vulnerable. From the beginning, Elizabeth's role was to protect and guide her little sister; in photographs she sits with her arm confidently around the smaller Margaret. Princess Margaret never was easy to dominate, however. In 1936, when their Uncle David's abdication made their father the king, six-year-old Margaret asked 10-year-old Elizabeth whether that meant that she would become the next monarch of England. "Yes," said Elizabeth. "Poor you," said Margaret.

It was the behavior during the war of George VI, his wife, and his two young daughters that restored the prestige of the British monarchy, trampled during the abdication crisis. During the Blitz, the King might have moved to Windsor, Sandringham, or even to one of the overseas dominions. Instead, he chose to stay in his capital and share the ordeal with his subjects. As Queen Elizabeth, his wife, explained, "The children can't go without me. I can't leave the King, and of course the King won't go." Buckingham Palace was bombed. Icy winds whistled through shattered windows covered with boards. The King worked two nights a week in a factory that made precision parts for Royal Air Force machine guns. In the morning, he took a bath, drawing the wartime five inches of lukewarm water. Princess Elizabeth, 13 when the war began and 19 when it ended, worked for a while repairing three-ton army trucks. Every morning, the King and Queen toured the streets bombed into rubble, visited the injured in hospitals and the homeless in shelters. In the afternoons, they had tea with air-raid wardens, firemen, and policemen.

After the war, George VI was never well. On the night of February 5, 1952, he sat in his armchair before a fire at Sandringham, doing a crossword puzzle. Nearby, Princess Margaret played the piano. Sometime after he went to bed, his heart stopped. When his wife was told in the morning, she said at once, "Lilibet must be informed." Then she corrected herself: "The Queen must be informed."

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip had spent the night at the famous Treetops Hotel in Kenya. In the morning, Philip told her. She cried and then took from her luggage a sealed envelope containing a draft Accession Proclamation and a message to the houses of Parliament carried with her because of her father's precarious health. At 25, this young wife, married four years, the mother of two young children, became Elizabeth II, the 40th British monarch since William the Conqueror.

Her husband has spent many of his 71 years searching for a name, a nationality, a language, and a religion. Philip was born, nominally Greek, to a deaf mother on the dining-room table of a dilapidated Corfu villa which lacked electricity, heat, and running water. His father, Prince Andrew, was the seventh child of George I of the Hellenes. His mother, Princess Alice, was the daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Sea Lord of England at the beginning of World War I. Each family's nationality was relatively recent. George I had started life as Prince William of Denmark. Louis of Battenberg was by birth a German, an embarrassment which eventually caused the family to change its name to Mountbatten. Philip was born Prince Philip of Greece. He learned English, German, French, and sign language, through which he communicated with his mother—but never Greek.

Soon after Philip was born, his father disgraced himself as a soldier in a Greek war against Turkey. The throne of Greece bounced from hand to hand, and little Prince Philip became one of those European royal children with excellent bloodlines and no bank account. He was brought up by friends and relations in France, Germany, Romania, and Britain. Although his three sisters were educated in Germany and married German noblemen (one of whom became an SS colonel on Himmler's personal staff), Philip was sent to the famous Gordonstoun school in Scotland. There the Greek prince, with blue eyes, white-blond hair, and chiseled nose, arrogant and athletic, soon became Top Boy. At the start of World War II, with the help of his uncle Louis Mountbatten, he enrolled at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth and, during the war, saw action aboard battleships, cruisers, and destroyers.

Philip and Elizabeth met at Dartmouth when she was 13. He was 18, dashing, self-confident, flirtatious. She fell in love and kept his picture on her dressing table. Philip was not seriously interested in an adolescent girl. After the war, when both were six years older, Philip saw her differently and began driving up to London in his black MG to see her. In 1946, when Philip proposed, George VI objected, arguing that his prospective son-in-law lacked a name and was not Church of England. Both flaws were quickly repaired. The Archbishop of Canterbury accepted Philip's profession of faith, and Philip selected his mother's name, becoming Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N. Before the wedding, on November 20, 1947, the King catapulted him upward: he became His Royal Highness Baron Greenwich, Earl of Merioneth, and Duke of Edinburgh.

For four years, Elizabeth and Philip







alternated royal duties and postings to different naval stations and ships. All this changed the moment in Kenya when his young wife became Queen of England. Philip was now obliged to call his wife "Ma'am" in public, to bow to her at meetings of the Privy Council, to walk three feet behind her in public. He was not permitted to read the contents of the red government dispatch boxes brought to the Queen every day. Subordinated, excluded, his masculine pride offended, he boiled with frustration. "I'm just a bloody amoeba! That's all!" he shouted. Asked his opinion, he responded, "If I did give an opinion it wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference one way or another." In private, he insisted on carrying his own bags, driving his own car, operating Palace elevators and home-movie projectors, pouring drinks himself, and dialing phones direct, without having Palace operators place his calls. Unwilling to go through the Palace hierarchy to get a late-night sandwich, he installed a kitchenette next to his bedroom.

During the first two decades of the reign, when he was the only adult male in the Queen's immediate family, he was allowed to speak out in public. Sometimes, his exasperation with protocol turned to public rudeness, even obscenity. "This is a bloody waste of time!" or "Let's get the hell out of here!" he would shout in the middle of shaking hands and making small talk at an industrial convention. "I am one of those stupid bums who never went to a university . . . and a fat lot of harm it did me," he told an audience of university graduates. He embarrassed the Queen by saying that unless the Civil List was increased he and his wife might have to leave Buckingham Palace and sell the royal yacht.

Philip dislikes his wife's corgis, frequently travels alone, but is always with her when it is expected of him. He has been known to speak sharply to her, to refuse to walk behind or open a car door for her. Elizabeth handles him regally; once, when he threatened to walk out on a lengthy portrait sitting, she coolly snapped, "You just stand there!" A recent female guest at the Palace believes that "they clearly loathe each other. We were talking at lunch about his work with animals in Africa when he burst out bitterly, 'Well, it's you females who do all the choosing of the mates.' " This woman's husband sees the royal marriage differently. "It's a settled relationship, not marked by any great passion," he says. "Both sides have roles to play and play them well." Philip has been rumored to have had girlfriends, even a mistress. The actress Merle Oberon, who in 1968 entertained the Prince without the Queen at her Acapulco villa, was a glamorous suspect. Neither the Queen nor Bruno Paghat, Ms. Oberon's multimillionaire husband, appeared to worry, nor did the telephoto-lens brigade ever manage to send home an incriminating picture.

It has been argued that Philip has escaped exposure because the British people do not want to read about anything that would hurt the Queen. "The rest of the family is fair game," says a titled Englishwoman, "but Prince Philip's private life is protected by the cordon sanitaire around the Queen." That may be granting too much scruple to London's relentless, know-everything, print-anything, checkbook journalists. It may just be that Prince Philip has been a faithful husband.

It seems less likely that he has been a model father, particularly in bringing up his sons. Philip's perfectionist, bullying streak has made him an aggressive, intolerant parent. He wanted his sons to become strong, virile, and athletic like himself. He sent them to Gordonstoun, in Scotland, his own school, to endure cold showers and manly games and be hardened. When they came home, he avoided tenderness and humor. Prince Charles has said that he never could remember laughing or joking with his father. This unloving approach may have worked with Prince Andrew, a roly-poly child never lacking in confidence. It functioned less well with his more sensitive sons, Prince Charles and Prince Edward. Charles did his best learning to fly both planes and helicopters, parachuting for sport 1,200 feet into the Channel, commanding a mine hunter, becoming expert at polo. Edward tried and gave up. To the delight of both parents, he decided to enter the Royal Marines. "He's the first in our family to become a Marine," Philip proudly told American admiral Sylvester Foley, whose own son is an officer in the U.S. Marines. When Edward dropped out of Marine training in 1987 and instead went to work in the theater for Andrew Lloyd Webber, the Queen was disappointed; Prince Philip was furious.

One thing is certain about Philip: he was not a father who trained his sons to care what women thought or felt. The result—young men brought up as royalty, hardened at an all-male school, disciplined in the military, two of them married to



young women who had no preparation for what was expected of them or what was to come—we now have seen.

During Queen Victoria's reign, the monarchy's role was to set the British people an example of how to behave. George V and George VI, Elizabeth's grandfather and father, endeavored to extend royal role-modeling beyond social manners into areas such as temperance, financial rectitude, and marital fidelity. George V, as stern and moral as a village rector, had bad luck with his son Edward VIII. George VI produced the exemplary Elizabeth. But Elizabeth herself, in a reign almost as long as those of her father and grandfather combined, has presided over a succession of family marital disasters. The fact is that every royal marriage since that of Elizabeth herself to Philip 45 years ago has ended in, or has seemed on the brink of, divorce. As, one by one, the royal marriages have foundered, the monarchy itself has been weakened.

It has been argued that the cause of all the trouble in the royal marriages is marrying commoners. It is true that all four of the marriages in the Queen's immediate family which have turned sour—Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips, Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson, Prince Charles and Diana Spencer—have involved a mingling of royal and common blood. In earlier times English royal children were married off to German princes or princesses and thereafter, happy or not, were expected to make the best of it. Today, after two world wars against Germany, royal Germans are not as welcome, and the supply of other foreign princelings—especially Protestant princelings—has dried up. Accordingly, Elizabeth's sister and children have chosen their mates from among Elizabeth's subjects. At least among commoners, it was hoped, royals could find mates with compatible interests. Yet those chosen have necessarily little knowledge of or preparation for what they are getting into: life in a goldfish bowl, incessant ceremony, false smiles, numbing small talk.

The first of these troubled marriages was Princess Margaret's. In 1955 she had bowed to intense pressure from Palace and government officials to not marry the man she loved, 40-year-old divorced R.A.F. hero Peter Townsend. Within a few years, she met a slight, boyish, talented young photographer named Antony Armstrong-Jones, who shared her interest in the bohemian world of artists, dancers, and musicians. Although he was a commoner, when Margaret told her mother and sister that he had proposed and she had accepted, both were pleased. When Margaret became pregnant with their first child, Armstrong-Jones was created Earl of Snowdon.

But the marriage struggled. Snowdon wanted to go back to work. Accompanying his wife on her royal rounds bored him. He was rude to her in public and, reportedly, behaved much worse in private. In 1976 an announcement was issued from the Palace: "H.R.H. the Countess of Snowdon and the Earl of Snowdon have mutually agreed to live apart." Two years later, in 1978, they divorced.

Earlier, rejecting the path taken by her Uncle David, Margaret had played by the rules, done her duty, and turned away the man she loved. The Queen was sad and grateful, and the country uncomfortable, but it was generally agreed that she had done the Right Thing. Subsequently marrying and finding the marriage intolerable, she became the first major royal divorcée of our time. By then, a quarter of a century later, public opinion had evolved and no one made a serious fuss.

Today, to the public, even the press, Princess Margaret is the prodigal returned. She does her share of ribbon cutting, and remains what she has been since childhood: the Queen's most intimate friend. A special telephone line links Princess Margaret's apartment in Kensington Palace to the Queen's apartment in Buckingham Palace so that the two sisters can talk without going through an operator—when one phone is picked up, the other rings. Margaret remains the unpredictable diva, Elizabeth the protective tomboy. Even the Queen steers clear of her sister's temper. A friend remembers seeing the Queen walk into a room and notice Margaret out on the terrace, sitting in the sun, reading. When her sister did not take off her sunglasses, get up, and say hello, Elizabeth said, "Oh, goodness! Is Margaret in a bad humor?"

Princess Anne, the Queen's second child and only daughter, found a partner with an identical passion: a country gentleman single-mindedly devoted to riding horses. Beyond good looks and pleasant manners, Captain Mark Phillips was a simple fellow; in school, he had been called "Fog" because he was "thick and wet." The marriage began well. Princess Anne told her mother she wanted to live an unexceptional life running a farm. To this end, she refused titles for Captain Phillips and their children. Anne may have been a difficult wife, headstrong, temperamental, sharp-tongued, and haughty. Phillips disliked garden parties, hated Balmoral, and avoided royal-family gatherings whenever possible. Both traveled, increasingly apart, to international riding events. A decade ago, she was rumored to be having an affair with a police sergeant in her security detail; six years ago, Phillips allegedly fathered a child by a woman he had met at an equestrian event in New Zealand. Last spring, after 19 years of marriage, they were divorced.

Prince Andrew, Duke of York, reportedly the Queen's favorite, was born in her second surge of childbearing. (Andrew is 12 years younger than Charles and 10 years younger than Anne; his brother Edward, Elizabeth's youngest child, is 4 years younger than Andrew.) Andrew was a strong, happy-go-lucky boy, in contrast to his shy, introspective older brother. Like his sister, Andrew chose a mate with whom he had a lot in common. Sarah Ferguson was a freckled, redheaded, breezy, outgoing, good-time girl. She had had affairs. Most of the aristocracy and many of the Queen's friends disdained her, describing her as "common" and "vulgar." Andrew apparently didn't mind. Nor did the Queen, who wanted Andrew married.

Besides, the Queen liked Sarah Ferguson. Fergie rode, she was spontaneous, and she didn't upstage her mother-in-law. "I like her because she helps me," the Queen once told a friend. Because she liked her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth tolerated Sarah's antics. Once, after a private lunch at Buckingham Palace attended by the Queen, the Duchess of York, and some of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, the party rose from the table to follow the Queen into a drawing room. Sarah, behind her mother-in-law, imitated the Queen's walk. Suddenly, Elizabeth turned around and caught Sarah in the act. The ladies-in-waiting, horrified, thought, Now she's had it. Instead, the Queen burst out in delighted laughter.

Fergie resented the fishbowl aspect of being a royal, but all seemed well until last year, when photographs of her with Houston oil heir Steven Wyatt vanished from his London flat and reappeared in a British tabloid. Andrew exploded. "He can accept that his wife has a past," a friend explained, "but he can't stand it being flaunted in front of him." Last winter, he gave his wife an ultimatum. To his amazement, she walked out. They were formally separated in March. Divorce negotiations were under way; meanwhile,

the couple began doing things together again. Then, at the end of August, more photographs blossomed in the tabloids. This time they pictured a topless Fergie embracing Texan John Bryan while her children watched. Again the Queen shuddered, and newsstands sold hundreds of thousands of additional copies.

Potentially far more damaging to the monarchy than anything Fergie could do was a scandal involving Princess Diana. Andrew Morton's book *Diana: Her True Story*, first serialized in London's *Sunday Times* (the paper paid $462,500), announced that the Princess of Wales, goddess of the Cult of Diana, had five times tried to kill herself, largely because of her despondency over her husband's friendship with another woman. Worse, the book seemed to bear the Princess's tacit approval; if she hadn't encouraged it, she had at least permitted her friends to cooperate with the author. The book told a depressing story. Diana Spencer's mother left her father when she was six; as a child, Diana lay in bed listening to her little brother sobbing, "I want my mummy. I want my mummy." Like an upper-class Cinderella, Diana had little serious schooling, came to London to work as a nanny, never had a lover, and was, therefore, certifiably virginal. Her music was rock and pop, her literature Danielle Steel, and her stepgrandmother Barbara Cartland.

When Prince Charles first met this gawky, androgynous child, she was 16; like everyone in his circle, even his closest friends, she called him "Sir." The Prince had had women friends, including, many years before, Camilla Parker-Bowles, of whom Diana has reportedly become so feverishly jealous.

Why did Charles choose Diana instead of the intelligent, older woman he needed? Perhaps because by the time he was ready to choose, most of the women his age had married. Diana seemed a strong young girl who could be counted upon to produce an heir for England. And because she was a virgin, no shadow could fall on her husband, the future King, or her child, who one day would be King or Queen. In addition, says a friend, "he was physically taken with her. He's a very physical man and he was genuinely in love with her."

And so she married, far too young to marry anyone, let alone the Heir to the Throne. Very quickly, something went wrong. According to one woman close to the royal family, "Prince Charles was a charming young man who married a child but didn't explain the rules." The "rules," this woman hinted, were not just the need to live in the public eye but also a code of private behavior for royal males handed down from King Edward VII. The ultimate rule was that any extramarital relationship was acceptable as long as it remained discreet. The ultimate sin was not infidelity, but public mention which led to scandal. Andrew Morton declares that it was Princess Diana's realization that Prince Charles expected her not to mind that drove her to hysteria. According to Morton, within six months of her wedding, she made the first of her suicide attempts. The Prince of Wales turned back to his older friends. This stirred Diana to greater frenzy; before long she was overeating and inducing herself to vomit, and consulting soothsayers, tarot-card readers, hypnotherapists, astrologers, and practitioners of healing crystals.

> "Philip burst out bitterly, 'Well, it's you females who do all the choosing of the mates.'"

None of this emerged in public. What the public saw was not the lonely, hysterical, bulimic Di, but Di the Gorgeous, Di the Magnificent. She was the most popular, the most fashionable, the most photogenic of the royal family, a storybook princess smiling from a thousand magazine covers. Every year she became more beautiful, a tall, slender woman, perfectly shaped for high-fashion clothing, wearing bold colors, long split skirts, and broad-brimmed hats. Men who met her thought, unroyally, about sex. One admirer was unable to stop talking about her shoulders: "She had this wonderful, deep tan and was wearing a strapless evening dress. Her shoulders were so beautiful that I almost couldn't keep myself from touching them."

She matured in other ways. Visiting hospitals, the elderly, and children, she reached out in a natural, unaffected way most of the royal family cannot manage. She took a special interest in AIDS patients, demonstrating with a single handshake her rejection of the phobia surrounding the disease. To the press, she was a godsend, a running story, constant money in the bank. And the more loving the eye turned on Diana, the more disapproving the view of Charles. He was now the aging husband of a youthful, compassionate beauty. While he talked with philosophers and railed at modern architecture, she, not he or his family, represented the glamour and the future of the monarchy.

The Queen was far from pleased by all the attention paid to her fashionable daughter-in-law. Long ago, she confided to a friend that "life is more difficult now that we've got this tiresome girl." Diana seemed to lack even simple family politeness. Most days when she was in London, the Princess of Wales drove over from Kensington Palace to swim in the large pool at Buckingham Palace; afterward, she rarely bothered to go upstairs to say hello to her mother-in-law. Elizabeth scorned Diana's chic wardrobe as verging on vulgarity. If one marries into a family at the summit of society and if the family's traditions go back to Aethelbald and Wiglaf, why worry about one's hat brim and hemline?

Elizabeth bears partial responsibility for what has happened to her children's marriages. If Prince Philip was a cold, unforgiving father, the Queen also has had difficulty expressing warmth. Her children grew up observing their parents. As one upper-class Englishwoman put it, "If Prince Charles had come to his mother in recent years and said, 'Diana and I are miserable. I don't know what to do about my marriage,' the Queen wouldn't have known what to say."

The Prince of Wales's reaction to the stories in Andrew Morton's book was shock and hurt. He refused to read them, but when certain phrases were read to him by friends, he reportedly commented, "I can hear my wife's voice saying exactly the same words." He worried about what Diana had done to their two young sons. Her behavior, Charles thought, was more than a breach of taste, or a defiance of the royal family's code of silence; it was selfish, spiteful, and cruel. If Diana was unhappy surely there was a better way to deal with it than by finding a gossipist who intended to sell his work to the high-

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Pages 246–47: Large photograph from Black Star; inset from Camera Press/Globe Photos.
Page 248: Photograph from Magnum.
Page 251: Photograph from Gamma-Liaison.
Pages 252–53: Large photograph and inset, right, by Martin Keene/Topham/The Image Works; inset, left, by Mark Stewart/Camera Press.
Page 310: Photograph © 1925 (renewed 1962) by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.

Queen Elizabeth II

est bidder. Despite his feelings, the Prince decided not to respond in public. Morton's book affected not just Charles's marriage and his future, but the future of the British monarchy. Accordingly, as he was bound to do, he finally consulted the monarch.

One thing Diana obviously must have known was that in taking on her husband she also would be taking on the Queen. Elizabeth was bound to react—perhaps not as Charles's mother, but as custodian of a thousand-year-old institution. The press was reporting that the future Queen of England had tried to kill herself because the future King had made her miserable. This has wide implications.

The first meeting between the Prince and the Queen took place on June 12, five days after the first excerpt of *Diana: Her True Story* appeared in *The Sunday Times*. The Queen asked Charles where matters stood. He replied that he believed his marriage was headed for a separation. Elizabeth said that it appeared that Diana was temperamentally unsuited for the role of Queen Consort, but that, for the moment, it would be best to wait.

A second, more dramatic meeting, at Windsor Castle, occurred three days later, on June 15. This time not only the Queen and Prince Charles but also Prince Philip and Princess Diana were present. Philip was furious, Elizabeth icily matter-of-fact. Nothing could undo what had been done, she said, but the family would take steps to limit further damage to the monarchy. The Queen insisted that the couple agree to maintain a façade of togetherness in public. She also proposed that they try a cooling-off period for three to six months; she even suggested that they take a trip together and try to work things out.

For the moment, Diana seems reconciled to this arrangement. She will remain married to Charles, appear with him in public, keep her title and allowances, do her royal visits and walkabouts, and live apart from him in private. The factor motivating her is her desire to keep her two young sons, Prince William and Prince Henry, "the Heir and the Spare." She has made it plain that she will never relinquish her right to bring them up. But the weapon of her children is double-edged. It also means that she cannot simply divorce her husband, pack up her children, and go where she likes, as another mother might. The two young princes would not be allowed to leave England permanently, nor would the royal family tolerate the future King and his brother being brought up by a stepfather.

Could Charles divorce Diana and still ascend the throne? Constitutionally, the monarch must be a communicant of the Church of England, and the Prince of Wales would still be a communicant if he were divorced. It is a subsequent remarriage that would cause complications. The Church of England does not sanction remarriage. Charles could marry outside the church, but it might be difficult for him to present himself as Supreme Governor of the Church and Defender of the Faith.

There is a solution so far unproposed: break the connection between the monarchy and the Church of England. Divorce is a permanent, ineradicable fact of modern life. Why insist that a single family in the nation live in a time warp?

The Church of England, furthermore, was founded in divorce. (Henry VIII, wanting a son, divorced his Spanish wife and married Anne Boleyn. When the pope refused to recognize these proceedings, Henry broke with Rome and founded his own church.) English monarchs did not scruple about divorce until the time of Queen Victoria, whose code of conduct even her son ignored. Why should the British monarch be Supreme Governor of a single, Establishment church? Why should a disestablished Church of England not govern itself as British Methodists, Baptists, Jews, and Muslims do? Members of the royal family would still have trouble finding mates able to live in a fishbowl, but at least they could marry whom they liked and, if the marriages failed, not have to choose between a national crisis and living a lifetime with a person they did not love.

From time to time in recent years, there have been suggestions that the Queen should abdicate at a dignified age rather than wait to leave the throne by death. Most of these suggestions have originated in sympathy for Prince Charles, who—occupationally—sits on the sidelines, watching his life go by.

There is a precedent in modern Continental monarchy for this kind of business-like reshuffle at the top of a royal firm: it has happened twice in the Netherlands, a queen abdicating in favor of her daughter. In England, during the 80s, there were occasional, small hints that Elizabeth was considering retirement. None of her close friends doubted that, if it were possible, she would be happiest retreating to a

large country house where she could spend the rest of her days surrounded by horses and dogs.

Always, however, two powerful arguments have overruled Elizabeth's wistful dream of peaceful retirement. One was the haunting childhood trauma of the crisis created by her Uncle David. For Elizabeth, it was more than a political scandal; it was a family betrayal. Edward VIII's departure forced her frail, shy, spectacularly ill-equipped father to wear the crown. Ever since, Elizabeth has considered her uncle's conduct the prime example of how a British monarch should not behave. Also, Edward VIII abdicated before his coronation. Accordingly, he was never anointed with holy oil by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he never promised God and his people that he would perform his duty for life. Elizabeth was anointed and did make this promise. "The Queen did not get her job like a bank manager by mere promotion," explains one royal traditionalist. "She can't just take off the crown and walk away. It would devalue the coronation, the throne, and be a long step toward the end of the monarchy. This she will never do."

In fact, her decision has been publicly announced. Even before Andrew Morton's book cast a shadow on the Prince of Wales, Elizabeth II made up her mind that she, like 38 of her 40 royal predecessors (the exceptions were James II and Edward VIII), would wear the crown until she died. In her Christmas '91 broadcast, she declared to her people, "With your prayers and your help, and with the love and support of my family, I shall try to serve you in the years to come." Subsequently, in a lengthy BBC Television portrait of the Queen titled *Elizabeth R*, broadcast in Britain last spring and to be shown in the United States in November, viewers clearly heard their sovereign's matter-of-fact statement: "After all, it's a job for life." For Charles, the wait could be a long one.

And whenever his time does come, will there be a monarchy for Charles to inherit? Some say it is absurd, an expensive charade, to set a man or woman on a throne and pretend that this crowned figure rules or represents a modern nation. The British people do not agree. Opinion polls consistently show massive approval of the Queen herself (one-third of the population dreams about her; most of these dream that they are having tea together). The monarchy does almost as well.

Popular consent is the bedrock on which the institution rests. If majorities in both houses of Parliament ever voted for abolition of the monarchy, it would go. Prince Philip put it candidly: "The answer to this monarchy question is very simple: if people don't like it, they should change it. The monarchy exists not for its own benefit but for the country." The Queen has added that if Parliament decides it has no need for a royal family, "we'll go quietly."

This is not likely to happen soon. One does not lightly throw away an institution rooted in a thousand years of national life and consciousness. The Queen is more than an integral part of the British constitution; she is part of being British. She has performed flawlessly. Over a period of 40 years, she has never made a misstep. Following the example set by her father, she has fulfilled her role and done her duty. This the British people respect. And as the years pass, and her 40th anniversary becomes her 50th, and perhaps beyond, respect will turn to reverence. Already, a majority of Britons cannot remember when she was not Queen, and every year that number will increase.

Despite all the daylight that has been let in, the magic is still there.

Last June, only six days after the first installment of Andrew Morton's book appeared on the newsstands, the Queen and her family turned out for this year's Trooping the Colour on the Queen's Birthday. Down the Mall came a carriage containing the Queen Mother in yellow, the Princess of Wales in white, and little Prince Harry wearing a blue blazer. A mass of cavalry trotted by. Then came a small, simple carriage drawn by two white horses. In it, quite open and unprotected, her back as straight as a mast, sat a small woman dressed in peach. She looked from side to side and, occasionally, as people applauded and cheered, raised her hand in a careful, regal wave. Immediately behind, wearing the scarlet tunics and tall bearskins of colonels of the Guards, rode her husband and her heir. But she was alone, vulnerable yet invincible. She was The Queen. □

Larry Kramer

(Continued from page 231) friend said casually as Kramer turned pale. "The last big quake was in 1926..." Finally, another friend took pity. "Larry, don't you realize he's pulling your leg?"

Ask about one of his current targets and the other Larry Kramer appears. The eyes widen, the nostrils flare, the chest begins to heave. And suddenly there it is again—the best anger years of therapy can buy, an anger, as the writer Edmund White says, that's like something out of *The Exorcist*. "Mathilde Krim?" Kramer says, echoing the name of the widely respected doctor who heads the American Foundation for AIDS Research. "She has *completely* sold out! We desperately wanted a woman or a person who had everything that she has. She was rich and powerful and had the connections. So we imbued her with an intelligence and ability that she simply does not have. That's not her fault. But AmFAR is a total joke. It's only going still because she can pull in these millions of dollars—80 percent of which has been flushed down the toilet. A very dumb, politically naïve woman." (From Krim's office, several days later, comes only a polite refusal to reply.)

Kramer's temper can blow even with his oldest friends. Just the previous week, at a Hamptons dinner party hosted by John Halpern, a wealthy developer, talk turned to the local protest Kramer had helped stage in front of a store whose proprietor had fired several gay employees. Another old friend suggested to Kramer that perhaps the story had two sides. "Two sides? There aren't any two sides," he bellowed. "You wouldn't say that if it was Jews instead of gays. You'd be the first one to march *then!*" And with that, he got up and stalked out.

Halpern represents the Yale contingent in Kramer's life, whose members tend to be heterosexual, wealthy, and conservative, though Calvin Trillin, the *New Yorker* writer, doesn't fit the last two criteria. Kramer has been a frequent guest at the Trillins' Christmas dinners, and the two members of Yale's Class of '57 never miss a reunion.

Kramer has Hollywood friends from his screenwriting days. From his activism he knows journalists, politicians, and research scientists; from his novel and essays, publishing types. And then there is his gay life, which is no less segmented. Three young ACT UPers are out for the weekend when I come to visit. That evening, Kramer takes them first to a huge gay party in Southampton. 200 wealthy male guests, "the sweater set," nary an

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activist among them. Then it's on to the Swamp, an East Hampton gay bar, where Kramer takes to the dance floor like a man possessed.

All this, and a theater world too.

"I guess every playwright wants to write his *Long Day's Journey into Night,*" Kramer muses in the upstairs study that gives onto a view of the endless front lawn. "So this is mine."

The Destiny of Me is, in fact, the family play Kramer set out to write when he started *The Normal Heart* in 1983. Novelist Andrew Holleran remembers seeing an early version and admiring most the flashback scenes that sketched the stormy childhood of Kramer's protagonist, Ned Weeks. But that was before Kramer's angry break with the board members of G.M.H.C., which came to dominate the play. Out went the family bits, to rest on a shelf. But not to be forgotten. Kramer particularly liked a device in which, as he puts it, "the old me talked to the young me. Which was very unlikely, because I don't usually like plays like that; I don't like stretches of the imagination. But it moved me somehow to be talking to the me of 12 or 13 years old. When I found out I was H.I.V.-positive, I started working on it more seriously."

That was in 1989, after the flop of a venomous satire called *Just Say No,* about Nancy Reagan, Ed Koch, and other favorite Kramer targets. Having rewritten desperately up to opening night, Kramer suffered a physical collapse and his third hernia. When doctors cut open his belly, four quarts of ascites spilled out. That steered them to his liver: ravaged by cirrhosis, it was black, shriveled, and all but useless. A virtual teetotaler, Kramer had known since 1978 that he was a carrier of hepatitis B, which slowly, inexorably, eats away at the liver. But things had gone from bad to worse. Because the drugs for hepatitis B can impair one's immune system, he was forced to undergo an AIDS test. It was his first: having abstained from unsafe sex since the early 80s and monitored his T cells, he had chosen to avoid living, as he says, with a Sword of Damocles over his head. The result was like one of those good news/bad news jokes. The good news was that he didn't have to worry about the H.I.V. Even without it, his doctors told him, he had only two years to live.

Kramer had always thought he'd hold off on his family play until his mother died. But at 92 she seems more than likely to outlive him. Resolutely, he dusted off his flashback scenes and began setting them within a grimly realistic present-day frame. As the curtain rose, Ned Weeks, his alter ego from *The Normal Heart,* would be checking into a hospital room at the National Institutes of Health. H.I.V.-positive and desperate, he would be forced to beg for an experimental treatment from the same prominent doctor he'd castigated in print for doing so little to help find a cure for AIDS. The flashbacks that followed would cover more than 40 years, as Ned, from one side of the stage, watched himself grow up. The play would end, of course, with his death. As a playwright, Kramer had to feel a certain satisfaction in imagining what a posthumous punch *that* would pack. The only problem, as he toiled through draft after draft, was his health: it didn't get worse.

There *was* one scare a year and a half ago. Overworked again, Kramer went in for one of his by now frequent checkups and learned that his T-cell count had fallen below 300. Having shunned treatment so far, Kramer was advised by one of his doctors, Jeffrey Greene of New York University Medical Center, to tough it out a little longer; along with other doctors, Greene had come to feel that some T-cell drops in H.I.V.-positive cases may be the result of stress or common colds and flus. Kramer took the gamble, moved out to the Hamptons, and tried to relax. Soon enough, his T cells went back up.

Since then, Kramer has looked and felt healthy; even his liver disease has stabilized. He feels grateful to his doctors, and happier, day to day in his writer's haven, than he's ever been in his life (even if he *has* had to revise the end of his play). But guilty too. "Perhaps because I'm Jewish," he says, only half joking. "Life is fabulous! But I don't know why I'm alive. I try not to think about everybody who's dead, and not to wonder what's different about me." The doctors just don't know.

That, in turn, has only deepened Kramer's doubts about what doctors say they do know. And so, in the last year, despite his best attempts to lead the quiet writer's life, Kramer has fired off a series of radical blasts that have even ACT UPers shaking their heads. On *Nightline,* in *Newsweek,* in the gay press, and elsewhere, he has tried to raise fears that the AIDS establishment thought it had put to rest five years ago. How do we know H.I.V. really causes AIDS? Maybe it's benign. Maybe it requires a co-factor. As Kramer points out, precious little research has been done on co-factor theories, because the scientific establishment pronounced H.I.V. the sole cause of AIDS a decade ago. If we don't know what it is, Kramer declares, how can we really know what spreads it? Who *knows* if the virus can be spread by sweat, or kissing? Who *knows* if the blood bank is absolutely safe? Who *knows* if H.I.V. tests are conclusive, when even the F.D.A. has recently recommended they be broadened to detect H.I.V.-2 as well as H.I.V.-1? And until we know these things, Kramer says, why spend millions on preventive education when research is the first priority?

"It's a very mysterious illness, and the people in high places, they're trying to keep a panic from happening," Kramer says. "And I think there's every reason for a panic to happen! Quite frankly, I wish there were more of one! And I think, ironically, that the activist organizations have been partly responsible for what's happened. It's been so important to calm the waters so that people won't be discriminated against. Now we've calmed the waters so much that we've calmed the government into not paying enough attention!"

Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of AIDS research at the National Institutes of Health and a model for the doctor in *The Destiny of Me,* sighs when he hears the latest Kramer talk. They have had a complex relationship. Not long after Kramer called him a murderer in print, Fauci invited Kramer down for a tour of N.I.H. The two hit it off, and Fauci went on to invite several ACT UPers to join N.I.H. committees. The new insiders helped humanize clinical trials, speed up the drug-approval process, and lower the price of AZT, but also stirred ill will back at ACT UP meetings with their talk about "Tony." Ultimately, the more prominent participants in ACT UP's Treatment & Data group split off to form TAG (Treatment Action Group), with membership by invitation only. Kramer moved to the Hamptons to tend to his T cells and stopped going to ACT UP meetings. And that, says Fauci, is when his rhetoric grew dangerously shrill. "What Larry is feeling is a great deal of frustration and pain that the solution is not around the corner. He has tried shouting, screaming, a variety of impassioned tactics. What he's doing now is trying to shock people by things that even he doesn't think are true."

Surprisingly, Peter Staley of TAG agrees. Staley, who was one of those who made the decision not to invite Kramer to join their new group, says that Kramer's tactics have grown desperate. "He says money should only be spent on research;

it's diametrically opposed to what everyone else feels. And to say AIDS could be spread by kissing or sweat? It's purely tactical, and it's fucked-up. He thinks the only way people will spend more money on research is if they feel threatened. What heightened fear will create is more prejudice and quarantine camps and zero for research. It infuriates me that he himself, who has rarely experienced any AIDS prejudice and is well insulated in East Hampton, would risk further inciting prejudice against people with AIDS around the world. He's playing with our lives—and, you know, already right-wing columnists are quoting Larry."

Martin Delaney, a sort of West Coast counterpart of Kramer, but without the anger and calls to civil disobedience, says sadly, "Larry *always* leads with anger. . . . There are times when anger is terrific—it motivates you and makes you think. But there are other times when reason is important and you have to get your facts straight. And I don't believe it's ever O.K. to cross a line where you say it's all right to fudge the truth. To twist the facts for the cause gives license to everyone else to do the same."

Yet only days after this exchange, at the VIII International Conference on AIDS in Amsterdam, comes the news that immunosuppression has been found in patients who are not H.I.V.-positive. The cases suggest to some that H.I.V. may not be the root cause of AIDS after all, or that it may have mutated into a new, as yet undetected virus. Either way, Kramer's angry charges suddenly seem the stuff of prophecy again.

It comes as no surprise to Kramer's friends or ex-friends that anger dominates *The Destiny of Me*. Kramer the grown-up rages at the Fauci-like doctor; Kramer the boy gives as good as he gets to his angry father in the blistering flashbacks. Playwright Lanford Wilson believes the play is Kramer's best work. And the anger, he says, is its greatest strength. "Everyone in the family says 'I hate you' twice; every scene goes too far. The brother even says to the Larry character at one point, 'You push things too far.' It's very unusual to have a playwright who does push things too far and yet is able to stand back from that and recognize—and have other characters point it out. But that's why it works."

The childhood scenes actually happened, Kramer affirms. The father, out of work, furious at his wife for being the breadwinner, furious at the younger of his two sons for arriving unexpected and making things worse, rails at ever greater pitch until, at one point, he yells at his son, "I should have shot my load in the toilet!" Kramer says he remembers it all verbatim half a century later, and is characteristically stubborn about bending his play to fit that reality, instead of bending life to make drama. "People say the second act is just a louder version of the fights in the first act! And I fought very long and hard to keep that, because *that's the way it was!*. . . Arthur, who is eight and a half years older, will tell you about this—he saved me."

On a dark Friday afternoon, Arthur Kramer sits in his 41st-floor corner office at the major New York law firm of which he is a founding partner and tenses visibly when asked about his brother. A broad-shouldered, still-powerful man—the heavyweight boxing champion in his own class at Yale—Arthur is the flip side: straight, solid, married, with two daughters and a son. He remains close to Larry, who calls him "the most important person in my life" and who never tires of pointing out that his own not inconsiderable wealth is due largely to Arthur's savvy in investing Larry's screenplay, stage, and book earnings in the stock market. But the bond has not been kept without cost.

"I was my father's kind of son," Arthur says. "I was always an athlete; he played ball with me. By the time Larry came along, he wasn't interested in playing ball. . . . And so from the day Larry was born until the day my father died, they were antagonists."

Larry's father, George, had gone to Yale, too, as had his uncle—a remarkable triumph for their Jewish-immigrant mother at a time when Ivy League colleges had quotas for Jews, and took in even fewer poor. Upon graduating, George Kramer went to New York to work with his brother, already a successful lawyer. But the brothers fell to arguing, and George was persuaded by his wife to act on pride and quit. It was 1929. "We went to live on the third floor of the grocery in Bridgeport that my mother's parents owned and ran," Arthur recalls, "and my father never made a dime from 1931 to 1939. My mother supported the family. In the middle of this—1935—Larry appeared. Another burden. He was a croupy child, off his feed even when he came home. It was just all bad news from my father's point of view."

In *The Normal Heart*, Ned Weeks argues with his heterosexual brother about whether homosexuality is genetically determined or socially acquired. Ned says nature; his brother says nurture. Arthur admits that new findings lend credence to "nature," but still sides with Freud. "In large part my view of Larry's character, how he grew up and evolved, is the Freudian classic situation which breeds homosexuality: rejecting father, overprotecting mother." Arthur himself was shaped, he feels, by a different, though no less troublesome, pathology: a mother who in her zeal to be the breadwinner was never home for her son. For their entire adult lives, both sons have been in some form of therapy.

As *The Destiny of Me* suggests, Kramer's parents were a far more troubling issue for Larry than coming to terms with his sexuality. Aside from one preadolescent experience, he went out with girls, double-dating and trying not to wonder why he felt so relieved at not having to go too far. One night during his first term at Yale, he swallowed 200 aspirin, but the suicide bid—he called for help just in time—was prompted mostly by guilt at falling behind in his studies after a long infirmary stay. Though he's made no attempts since then, he says the memory still haunts him. "There's almost not a day that goes by when I'm not afraid that a part of me is going to take over and perform an act like that."

Kramer's first gay affair came during that year, with an associate professor. He told Arthur he was gay, but otherwise remained in the closet through college and a six-month active-duty stint in the army. Only after his father died did Larry, at age 33, tell his mother he was gay. And well into his film career he showed up at Monday screenings, as expected, with a woman on his arm.

It was a career that started in the grand tradition: in the mailroom of the William Morris agency. Through a *New York Times* ad, Kramer moved on to Columbia Pictures, where a famous spotter of young talent, Mo Rothman, took him under his wing. Soon enough Kramer was working for Rothman in London's early go-go days, finding scripts and writers. At 33, he found himself writing and producing *Women in Love*, managing a tight budget, and doing all he could to keep the crew from mutinying against director Ken Russell, who was so abusive that he would walk around with a riding crop, poking staff members in the rear. "And that," Kramer says, "is where I really learned the skills I put to use later at G.M.H.C. and ACT UP—to meld 100 people into a

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fighting unit, to keep their spirits up, and to get the best work out of them."

The film won four Oscar nominations, including one for Kramer's screenplay, but by the early 70s Kramer was back in New York, feeling somewhat derailed. He made good money writing screenplays, but they went unproduced; he wrote a play, *Sissies' Scrapbook,* about roommates at Yale, three straight, one gay, that opened Off Off Broadway—starring a young and then unknown actor, Brad Davis—but moved to a larger theater as *Four Friends,* with disastrous results. "With friends like these," wrote Clive Barnes, "the theater would never need enemies." Kramer was so hurt he didn't write another play until *The Normal Heart* eight years later. Instead, at the urging of his therapist—one of eight over the last 35 years—Kramer wrote a darkly satirical novel about how it felt to be a gay man in New York, gorging on sex but starved for love. He knew that with a title like *Faggots* he was asking for trouble. He just didn't know how much.

"Overnight, he became one of the most reviled people in the gay community!" recalls Ed White, a longtime friend. *Faggots* seemed reactionary. It infuriated gays who felt that promiscuity in the late 70s was the great badge of freedom. Kramer mocked his fellow gays for their shallow values and openly asked why they seemed so incapable of having any but the basest relationships. Critics sneered that he was just afraid of sex; a few still do. To which Kramer responds with scorn: "I think those reactions say more about those people than about me. Don't you think everyone participating in that stuff felt the same way? The Pines [on Fire Island] was an orgy of forgetfulness: everyone was hellbent on obliterating the real world they spent the rest of the week living in."

Kramer, for all his doubts, was living that life, too. "Larry and I are both products of our generation," says White. "We had to be supreme in everything. Not only did you have to be published, but you had to have a wonderful apartment and a perfect body and be great in bed. You were supposed to be as beautiful as a woman but as successful as a man." With his film money—and royalties from *Faggots,* which has never gone out of print—Kramer moved into a gracious Fifth Avenue apartment on Washington Square. On summer weekends he went to the Pines, where his friend Penelope Mortimer, the novelist and screenwriter, used to make fun of him for doing endless push-ups on the deck. Kramer didn't care; he had fallen in love, and had no choice. "He was gorgeous," Kramer remembers sadly of the man he longed for, "and I had to have this gorgeous body for him to love me." In the end, the romance failed anyway.

Faggots, more than push-ups, toughened Kramer. It turned him into a figure of controversy, and made him an activist. So it was that when a mysterious illness began killing gay men in 1981 he felt a sense of obligation to play some public role. From that came the meeting in his living room that led to G.M.H.C., and the first of his blistering essays in the gay press, calling on his readers to recognize the danger, to pitch in money for treatment and research—and, most important, to practice safer sex.

It was not a message people wanted to hear.

"People felt Larry was all too happy to find another reason why they shouldn't have sex," says Ed White. "It took a while to see that whatever Larry's feelings about homosexuality were—he seemed to be a very puritanical Jewish boy to us—nevertheless he was right! If you have some private psychological reason for being alert to a problem, it doesn't invalidate your perception."

Kramer says that any fool could see how AIDS would grow; the fact remains that almost no one did. In the intervening years, as his collected *Reports from the holocaust* confirms, Kramer's perception rarely seemed less than extrasensory. Indeed, there's grim humor in the way his charges would be met—first with fury and disbelief, then with grudging acceptance, then as common knowledge. Until the next charge. Even after Rock Hudson's death led President Reagan to pay lip service to AIDS, Kramer was one of the few who saw beyond the dewy magazine stories to a government still frozen by homophobia and indifference. And it was Kramer who, in March 1987, at a reading in New York, called upon his audience to do whatever it took to shake the country from its torpor. To march. To protest. To break the law if necessary. To Act Up.

ACT UP's "demos" and "phone zaps," its confrontations with drug companies and presidential candidates, are part of the history of our time. No less important for those who heeded Kramer's call was the sense of community ACT UP conferred. Many felt lonely in the same New York gay world that *Faggots* had depicted. Only now they were terrified too. Peter Staley, a Wall Street bond trader who learned he was H.I.V.-positive in 1985, was galvanized by ACT UP's first demonstration, right outside his office window. Before long, he left his job to work with ACT UP full-time. "ACT UP became my life," he says. "It just filled all of us with hope and a social life, and we were all very well aware of who had spawned it."

Hectoring one minute, empathetic the next, Kramer became a role model, even a father figure, to ACT UPers, who were, for the most part, in their early 20s. He taught them how to be angry, and how to organize. He lent them money, found them doctors, fought with their landlords, even played matchmaker. In return he demanded unswerving devotion—to the cause and, say some, to himself. As ACT UP grew famous, waves of new recruits came to its weekly meetings and reveled in the absolute democracy by which proposed demos could be filibustered by one dissident voice. As Kramer, architect of that policy, began arguing for order, the recruits often shouted him down and called for ACT UP to take on everything from child-adoption struggles for lesbians to airlifts for the Sandinistas. Some, like Ann Northrop, a lesbian activist, thought that was just fine. "AIDS was all the issues I'd ever cared about: sexism and militarism and racism, and anything else you want to throw in; it's where they're all fiercely and poignantly demonstrated." Others, like Staley, ridiculed what he called "the movement hoppers." In the end Kramer, like all instigators, was left behind by the revolution he had begun.

In recent years, even older friends have found it hard to avoid rifts with Kramer. Pulitzer Prize–winning poet Richard Howard, in his capacity as poetry editor of *Shenandoah,* fielded a Kramer submission with something less than missionary zeal, and drew furious fire for it. "Larry doesn't discriminate between the attention that must be paid to the issues and that which must be paid to him," Howard says. After two years of estrangement, the friendship was repaired, but Howard adds, "He's not an easy friend to have, and I've done my own share of feeling I can't take it anymore." Two years ago, Calvin Trillin took issue with Kramer's decision to protest a speech at Yale by Louis W. Sullivan, secretary of health and human services; Kramer coolly ignored his longtime friend's Christmas-dinner invitation. As for his brother, Arthur grew furious when Larry took it upon himself to issue an angry letter to one of the law firm's biggest clients after that client was accused of firing an employee because he was gay. "I said, 'Do what you have to do, but keep me out of it!' " Arthur recalls. "So Larry starts off his let-

"And then there's Larry the 11-year-old in the play. *That's who he thinks he still is.*"

ter, c.c.'d to the world, by saying, 'I'm the brother of Arthur Kramer, who's your lawyer. I'm ashamed of him, I'm ashamed of his firm, and I'm ashamed of you!' " Arthur's partners nearly went through the roof.

Rodger McFarlane, Kramer's best friend and onetime lover, who helped him form G.M.H.C. and now heads the very successful Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS, says that Kramer may have lost a few acquaintances over the years, but not any good friends—not for long. "Larry has made many people angry; he has permanently injured a few of us along the way. But the real friends are still there. The bad news is: his standards are positively unrelenting. The good news is: his standards are positively unrelenting." And yet, after a dozen years of friendship, he and Kramer have just had a sharp break that McFarlane terms a divorce—precipitated by Kramer. "My agenda hasn't changed, though," McFarlane says. "I still love him, he loves me, and I know I'll have to take care of him." Though he's spent much of the last decade caring for the dying, McFarlane admits Kramer will be his toughest challenge. "Already, this tower of power has regressed to a five-year-old in breeches who's being murdered by his mother. He's the patient from hell!"

In *The Destiny of Me*, the miracle cure fails, but the patient survives—at least until after the curtain comes down. In East Hampton, Kramer feels distanced from the disease he has come to associate with New York City itself. "You don't think about your health so much out here," he muses. "I don't obsess about every little bump on my skin. In New York, it's really hard not to do that. Just to be in a taxi that goes by N.Y.U. Medical Center... N.Y.U. is where I know I'm going to die, where I'm going to be sick, where my doctors are."

He remains, according to his friends, fundamentally alone here. Last summer, Lanford Wilson and director Marshall Mason spent weeks coaching Kramer on how to handle a physical relationship. The consensus: he's hopeless. "He has a very exalted, romantic view of love," says one old friend. "And with that come impossibly high standards; the real romantics never have lovers." Worse, all agree, Kramer applies the same standards to himself. Says one friend, "He doesn't honestly to this day think he's lovable." When someone is attracted to him, Kramer sees a hustle: the new prospect must be drawn by Kramer's fame and connections. His friends try to convince him that his accomplishments are part of who he is, but Kramer never quite believes that. "There's the persona, the activist and writer," says one friend, "and then there's Larry the 11-year-old in the play. *That's who he thinks he still is.*"

Kramer's consolation is his work. The play has been cast, and with the start of rehearsals, Kramer is onto his 14th draft. In Hollywood, negotiations continue with Barbra Streisand for the possible filming of *The Normal Heart*. And then there is the novel—Kramer's Great American Novel.

In a very real way, friends suggest, Kramer took on AIDS because he felt it had targeted him *personally*, and because where most laymen would feel inadequate to battle a nameless disease, Kramer felt he was in the same ring with it: Kramer versus AIDS. So it is with the Great American Novel. Several years ago, Kramer took up the challenge of writing, in effect, a novel of the plague. But now *The American People*, as it's tentatively titled, sprawls all the way back to the American Revolution. Already, it's 1,000 pages long in manuscript. And only just begun! "Oh," says Kramer, "I certainly hope it will be 3,000 pages."

Usually these days, Kramer speaks of activism in the past tense. He has his health to guard and his literary legacy to nurture. But also, he believes, he's failed. "What I've learned," he says, "is that one man *can't* make a difference." On one level, he's right: people are still dying; there's still no cure for AIDS. On another level, he knows exactly how much he's done. And at heart he wants desperately to get back in the game. What, then, is his mysterious new idea?

"I want to work this time with a cadre," he says, "devoted to getting the basic science accomplished. We have to identify the unanswered questions and identify the best scientists in the world to answer them. In other words, do the government's work for it. Already, I've pretty much worked out the mechanics. Now it's a question of—as they say in the movie business—where do you lay off the deal?"

Essentially, Kramer is hoping to bring to fruition the plan he's called for during the last half-dozen years, a sort of Manhattan Project for AIDS. Anthony Fauci feels the science is too premature for that; Kramer says Fauci just rejects the idea because he wouldn't be in charge. But Dr. Robert Gallo, the brilliant AIDS scientist whose race with France's Luc Montaigner to identify the virus has him mired still in legal and political controversy over who really won, sounds bullish. And Joseph Sonnabend, the New York doctor whose medical prescience about AIDS matched the prescience of Kramer's call to arms, says Kramer is "100 percent right."

Of late, Kramer's Manhattan Project has drawn interest from an unexpected quarter: Dr. Bernadine Healy, Bush's head of N.I.H. Healy, who is also Fauci's boss, has already invited a group of scientists to discuss Kramer's proposals. Kramer is smart enough to see that a desperate Bush administration might be motivated to establish such a project for short-term gain in November. Wouldn't he worry about being used? Kramer laughs dryly. "I'm willing to be used," he says, "by anyone who'll make it happen."

In the early evening, the light grows long outside Kramer's open window, and the sounds of a midsummer evening filter in. It is time to stop talking, to marshal his energy, to celebrate the day. "I don't think there's a day that goes by," he says softly, "where I don't look out the window and say, 'It is *so* beautiful here, I love it here so much.' Those trees—I've got a thing for trees. I look out my bedroom window and see nothing but massed trees, and I don't care whether the sun is out or the mist is out. I just feel so lucky to be here."

He pauses a moment, then snaps out of his reverie, purposeful again. "But I am on my race," he says. "My race to finish my work."

Madonna

(Continued from page 212) *Identities, and Cultural Theory* (Westview Press).

She'll take it all. Anything, it seems, even derision, in order just not to fade away. Certainly there is no shame, and there never has been. In 1984, Madonna's fame exploded with "Like a Virgin"; at the same time, a negative cover story appeared in *Rolling Stone*, recalls Liz Rosenberg, her longtime publicist and close friend. "We found out then it was because people both hated and loved her. Suddenly everyone had to take a stance on Madonna." Rosenberg quickly adds, "I love when people really hate Madonna—Madonna does, too. She'd rather that than apathy."

These days, however, with *Sex* on the horizon, the affable Rosenberg is holding her breath. "I've been at this point in Madonna's career before," she says with a sigh. Rosenberg, who is head of publicity for Warner Bros. Records, has already gone through at least a half-dozen other controversies over Madonna, involving vulgarity, blasphemy, and sexual explicitness, from "Like a Prayer" to "Justify My Love" to *Truth or Dare*. They seem to come along every year or so. Still, Rosenberg seems shaken by what she has seen in *Sex*. "There's a lot to hate in that book," she admits. She also worries for Madonna's security. "Psychos might see there's a message in it for them."

Surely, *Sex* is a middle finger raised to those who preach "family values." It is also bound to drag its publisher's parent, Time Warner—already under fire for first defending the "cop-killing" lyrics of rapper Ice-T and then, at his request, removing the offensive single from the album—once more into the sort of controversy that stockholders abhor. The book has a sleek high-tech, Pop-art design—spiral binding and metal covers—and it is meant to be thought of as "almost like a sex toy," according to Fabien Baron. It also contains a CD of Madonna's soon-to-be-released single, "Erotic," with lyrics that fit the themes in the book. From Madonna's so-far-unerring point of view, *Sex* is her hedge against getting stale, her latest ploy to stay the leader of the pack, to be downtown and artsy—more Andy than Marilyn. It's a product designed to melt whatever plastic still clings to her too callow or too pop musical image, and a way to counterprogram the defunct—for her—notion of overexposure.

"She has to reinvent herself every time out, and if she misses the wave, she's history," says prominent music-business attorney John Eastman, who does not represent Madonna but handles such stars as Paul McCartney and Billy Joel. "She's a phenomenon rather than a deep creator." So, like, just when you thought Madonna might be stuck catching pop flies in her cap and sliding into second with her tender No. 1 summer hit, "This Used to Be My Playground," from *A League of Their Own*, wailing in the background—POW! We are introduced to the Naked Marketeer.

Consider her global plan. *Sex* will be the biggest international launch of a book ever: on October 21, 750,000 copies go on sale simultaneously in Japan, Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, in all the various languages. The book retails for $50 a copy, so the profit on the first printing alone could run to $20 million. More than two million copies of her album *Erotica* will be released at the same time. Together, she says, they are the work she's most proud of to date. The videos will not be far behind. Naturally, hype has dictated that *Sex* be a work conceived in tightest secrecy; it has already survived a theft broken up by an F.B.I. sting, and it is hitting the bookstores in a vacuum-packed Mylar bag that has to be cut open. To keep the heavy breathing hot, Madonna wants no copies of the book displayed outside the Mylar bag, and the package carries a label warning that *Sex* is for adults only. She is arrogant enough to want consumers to buy her sight unseen, so to speak.

> "I think I've been terribly misunderstood," says Madonna, "because sex is the subject matter I so often deal with."

Then, in late January, Madonna will perform simulated sex and masturbation on 2,000 screens across the country in Uli Edel's courtroom drama, *Body of Evidence*, for which she was paid $2.25 million, a modest sum considering her celebrity but not in light of her track record on-screen (eight movies and only three commercial successes—*Desperately Seeking Susan*, *Dick Tracy*, and *A League of Their Own*, in which she has a minor role). *Body of Evidence*, which co-stars veteran actors Willem Dafoe, Joe Mantegna, and Anne Archer, is the less-than-heartwarming story of a psychotic sex fiend who is accused of murdering the rich old man she's involved with by screwing him to death. A studio executive says it's about "hard sex—there's no loving here." Madonna made even big Hollywood players gasp when the dailies were shown. "All of us were really shocked watching these sex scenes. You never quite expect to see this behavior in a star." The executive can only offer by way of explanation, "She has not conquered movies yet; it's an obsession with her." But what is she really up to? In the view of one Hollywood observer, "She's out to desensitize us and demystify sex."

"They're going to edit a good performance out of her," says someone who was on the set of *Body of Evidence*. Madonna says she found simulating sex on-camera more difficult than she had imagined. "It's hard enough to bare your soul in front of the camera. But it's even harder, I think, to be baring your ass at the same time." Immediately following the movie's U.S. premiere, Madonna, a frequent insomniac who seems almost pathologically driven, will personally promote it internationally. Does she ever slow down? Not really. "After two weeks of being naked simulating sex with Willem Dafoe on the hood of a car," she says, "I just want to go home for a week and not take my clothes off."

Freddy DeMann, Madonna's manager, speaks very quietly and pads around in soft velvet slippers. It is the sound of money talking. Together, he and Madonna are planning to build an entertainment colossus—"I already have an empire," says Madonna—and you wouldn't necessarily bet against them. A self-described "Brooklyn Jewboy," the tanned, 53-year-old Freddy DeMann, who once managed Michael Jackson, is one of a small, tight knot of people who have been with Madonna since the beginning, which was almost a decade ago.

When the breadth of Madonna's amazing worldwide celebrity is measured, people such as DeMann, who early recog-

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nized the power of MTV and videos, as opposed to radio airplay, to sell Madonna's image, and Liz Rosenberg, who taught her to cultivate the press, not hide from it, and Seymour Stein, the godfather of New Wave music and the head of her longtime record label, Sire Records, have to be included prominently on the yardstick.

DeMann in Los Angeles and Rosenberg in New York are "the grown-ups," the surrogate parents, who freely admit they devote more time to Madonna than to their own families. "My husband has to compete for my time with Madonna," Rosenberg says. "At the very moment my husband proposed to me, I said, 'Yes, I'll marry you, but I have to go on Madonna's tour.' " "She has a way of demanding that compels you to give her your undivided attention," says DeMann.

Even today, the normally taciturn DeMann can sit in a massive suite at the St. Regis hotel in New York and go ballistic with adjectives when recalling his first meeting with the sexy little urchin from Pontiac, Michigan, the product of a strict Catholic household, whose mother had died when she was six. "She had the most unbelievable physicality I've ever seen in any human," DeMann says. "She was enrapturing, she was just captivating, she had the same moxie she has today. She was just unique, wearing her rags and her safety pins."

Liz Rosenberg was similarly seduced and captivated. "Before I met her, I had a premonition I'd meet an artist who'd play a big part in my life, that I'd be very devoted to." Then Madonna walked in, in rags again, with 100 rubber bracelets up her arm. "I loved her energy. She was an original. I was a big believer." But Rosenberg's polished pitch letters aside, back then no self-respecting pop-music writer was about to give space to a little one-hit dance diva.

Rosenberg finally got a reporter from *Newsday* to interview Madonna, and at that first interview the great manipulator gave all her answers looking at Rosenberg. Today, it's amazing to think that Madonna ever needed a second's coaching about the media. "I had to tell her to look at the writer instead of me." How about today? "She's brilliant and frustrating and part of the fabric of my life at this point. I have to tell her to eat—I'm like her Jewish mother." Rosenberg even admits, "I dream about her constantly." But the one thing Liz Rosenberg won't do for Madonna is leave Warner Bros., where she supervises the publicity for 100 other recording artists, to go to Maverick, Madonna's new, multimedia, multimillion-dollar company.

Last April, after a solid year of negotiations overseen by Freddy DeMann and orchestrated by attorney Allen Grubman, Time Warner announced a joint venture with Madonna that gave her her own record label, also named Maverick, and a two-book deal with Warner Books (*Sex* is the first), as well as a music-publishing company, plans for HBO specials, and TV and film divisions. The deal is so complex and operates on so many levels that DeMann says putting zeros after its worth is just pure speculation, since all figures—such as the $60 million that has been thrown around in the press—will be based upon how its eventual products perform. Certainly, Maverick is being given more than sufficient start-up money by Time Warner, which it must recoup in a few years or, Madonna says, she must pay back out of her record royalties.

"Warner's didn't hand me this money so I could go off and go shopping at Bergdorf's. I have to work, I have to come up



with the goods," Madonna says. "The deal with Warner's isn't necessarily about me. It's about developing other talent. There's tons of talent out there, and the idea of finding it and nurturing it and shaping it and giving it life is very exciting to me." To that end Maverick has recently signed its first act, Proper Grounds, five L.A.-based black "anguished rock rappers," according to DeMann, who was busy all summer hiring executives to head Maverick's various divisions. Naturally, Madonna is keeping close tabs on *everything*. "There's the bands I have to go see and the tapes I have to listen to, and there's the publishing deals I have to approve of, and there's the employees that I have to hire to run the company and the interviews that have to take place and the scripts I have to read for movies that I would like to act in. And there's the books I'd like to read that I would consider buying to make movies out of as a producer, and the list is endless."

There is no question that Madonna wants to be a movie star, but so far she has been scorched by the critics, and she's hampered, she says, by having to find parts that her strong offscreen personality won't overwhelm. She currently has a script in the works on the life of dance pioneer Martha Graham to star in. Dino De Laurentiis, who produced *Body of Evidence*, wants her to play Marilyn Monroe in *The Immortals*, Michael Korda's fictionalized, if exploitive, version of the last days of Monroe and her relationship with the Kennedy brothers. But Madonna feels that trying to play Monroe, from whom she has borrowed so much, is "probably a stupid idea."

A manuscript of *The Immortals* is on a shelf right above her desk, directly under a beautiful Picasso portrait of a woman in a blue hat. Madonna now has her own art curator to advise her on what to acquire. Rosenberg says, "What does Madonna want to do when she grows up? She wants to be Peggy Guggenheim." But there is so much else to do first.

"I don't believe Madonna's taken a full week off in nine years," says DeMann, and that was surely part of the investment return Time Warner figured on when granting the Maverick deal. "She's willing to defer a relationship, throw having children aside—perhaps forever—in the elusive search to be a celebrity," says a high-ranking Time Warner executive who knows Madonna. "She's willing to defer everything for this. For more covers of magazines. More just feeds on itself. It's like an addiction. Sometimes, in business, you like people to give up everything to be wholly involved in their projects."

Neither DeMann nor Rosenberg pretends that Madonna is happy. Even De Laurentiis, who is dying "to discover her" the same way he did "Schwarzenegger and Jessica Lange, justa to name two of the latest," says, "She's a very lonely woman. She needs love and affection froma the people." "I encourage her to sit back, reflect, enjoy the success, but it's really tough for her," says Rosenberg, adding, "She's not good at that." "I don't know to what extent she enjoys life," says DeMann. What he is certain of, however, is their mutual unsatisfied yearning. "I think we seem to fulfill a need in each other. Her need to do and be—I have the same need. We have a need for approval and accomplishment, and we've accomplished a lot. But we're both hungry. We have to prove ourselves over and over to ourselves and to others. Why? We're crazy. We both recognize that pattern." His black velvet slippers sink into the carpet. "Nothing will ever be enough," Freddy DeMann declares. "Never."

I ask DeMann if he is expecting shock waves over *Sex*. "A lot of people will ob-



ject to the book," he says. "Warner Books is shitting in their pants about it."

Later, I ask William Sarnoff, chairman of Warner Books, if he thinks he'll get away with this.

"What do you mean?" he asks.

"Clearly, this book has a lot of material that many people will find extremely shocking. Now, in light of the hullabaloo you've just gone through with Ice-T and his lyrics, do you anticipate you'll have the same reaction from some people, and do you think you can get away with it?"

"That's a very good question, and I will be happy to respond to it." When I press him, he says, "Not now."

Five hours later, Sarnoff phones this response: "We're not trying to get *away* with anything. This is a book Madonna is doing about her erotic fantasies. As publishers, we will publish it in a Mylar bag to avoid browsing, and there will be a warning on it. It will be a unique book, and I think it may redefine the illustrated book. As far as Madonna is concerned, she should pursue all avenues of creativity as she defines it. And we will do as much as we can to bring it to the proper audience."

"So what are you going to do when you get older, Madonna? Time Warner waits for no woman. Are you going to be going on 50 and still get up onstage and shake your booty, like Cher? What happens when your body goes?"

"Then I'll use my mind."

On location for *A League of Their Own* in Indiana, Madonna chafed at the length of the shoot and used her time off the set to write. By the time she left the film, she had firmed up the original concept for *Sex*. Then she sat down with Meisel.

"We had meeting after meeting," says Madonna. "What kind of places do you want to go to? You want seedy hotels? Nice hotels? Outside on the street? Inside of a car? We had to run the gamut of, like, what's erotic?" Meisel quickly found out. "She considers homosexuals erotic. She liked two men together, two women together. It turns her on," says Meisel, who believes "we've covered it. We've gone as far as we can in public." But even he seems wary. "I don't think anyone else needs to do another photo essay on erotica—this is it. *Basta!*"

Throughout the process, Madonna was the hawk-eyed producer, hiring French-born Fabien Baron, currently the art director of *Harper's Bazaar*, to design the book, and later bringing on as her editor writer Glenn O'Brien, whom she knew from his days as an editor at *Interview*. Madonna herself went over all 20,000 frames that were shot. It took her four weeks. "Ninety percent of the time her eye was right on the button," says Baron, who adds, "America is too Puritan. Sometimes you have to slap people in the face to have them change."

"We just wanted it to start off with a bang," says O'Brien. "We thought it would be nice to start off shocking and wind up with a sense of humor." While Madonna was on the set of *Body of Evidence*, O'Brien would send her assignments to write, which were to clarify her feelings. "Everyone's different," Madonna says of the book's content. "The most important thing is to be tolerant of that, to accept it, not to be scared of it or threatened by it. There's enough shocking in it that people can see things that would make people feel uneasy, [but they] could try to see it another way."

"Madonna's need to do and be—I have the same need," says her manager. "Nothing will ever be enough."

"So you're out to shock people?"

"No. I'm out to open their minds and get them to see sexuality in another way. Their own and others'."

Meanwhile, Baron was beside himself with his demanding, hands-on manager on the phone to him every day. "One hundred twenty-eight pages, same subject, same person, and each page she's nude! It's hard. What do you do with it?" He was determined that form would lead content. Baron didn't want anything that would look like a normal book. The metal covers, he declares, are "aggressive," followed by cardboard inside, which is "warm. It's like layered." As you open up the candy-bar wrapper, you can think of it as "unwrapping a sex toy," Baron says. He licks his lips. "*Schlurp!* The excitement isn't just her. Everything should be to the level of who she is." He advises, "Put on the CD and look at the book. It could almost be a video in a way."

Enter Nicholas Callaway, who has produced two elegant coffee-table books on Georgia O'Keeffe, as well as last year's admired volume of Irving Penn's photographs. It was his job to mass-produce 750,000 copies of a complicated, handmade-looking art book printed in five colors and five languages with several different kinds of paper and an eight-page comic strip, the kind of book, he says, that ordinarily you "might expect to see only 250 copies made." For the covers, he tells me, "we ordered three-quarters of a million pounds of aluminum. You can stamp a number on each one." The packaging required heat-sealing. As to opening the Mylar bag to get to the book, Callaway says, "We wanted there to be an act of entering, of breaking and entering." It took a MacArthur Fellow, the printing and publishing wizard Richard Benson, to figure out how to produce the quality they were after on a three-story-high, ultra-speed press that would churn out 25,000 impressions an hour instead of the usual 5,000 for such books. So instead of taking six months to print, the whole book is being produced in a record 15 days.

But technology was only part of the equation. Several printers who could produce the volume required simply refused to have anything to do with the lucrative contract on moral grounds. The midwestern printing firm that finally accepted the job will not allow its name to be used, and gave its employees the option of shifting crews and not working on the book at all if they objected for ethical, religious, or moral reasons. Nevertheless, Callaway thinks he's witnessing not only the latter-day version of the release of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* but also a daring and bold act of self-made iconography. "To preserve oneself for history at the peak of one's form—your body does not remain the same. What other figure in the history of entertainment has done this? It really is a radical act."

The F.B.I. man in Los Angeles had spent one whole day last June being coached on how to talk like an oily tabloid editor. Now it was night at the Sunset Marquis Hotel, and he and a reporter from

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the British tabloid *News of the World,* as well as Gavin de Becker, Hollywood's leading safety and privacy consultant, who is employed by Madonna and many other stars, were waiting for the man with the stolen pictures.

Sex had been shot under the strictest security. Anybody remotely involved in the book was obliged to sign a statement of confidentiality and forbidden even to speak of its contents. Fabien Baron himself had installed a special alarm in his studio, where he hid the book layouts in a closet every night. But late last May, de Becker—who never publicly speaks of client matters, but has been authorized by Madonna to speak about this case to *Vanity Fair*—heard from a source in "the tabloid community" that someone in New York was trying to sell a batch of explicit pictures from the book. The person had contacted *News of the World*. Asking price: $100,000 minimum.

"We negotiated a deal with *News of the World,*" says de Becker, who made it clear that if the paper tried to publish the pictures it would be sued immediately. One of Madonna's legion of lawyers faxed the same message to 17 other publications around the world. *News of the World* agreed to set up a meeting with the contact in Los Angeles in exchange for being allowed to print a story about the incident, and the U.S. attorney in Los Angeles agreed to participate in a sting. "If we could arrange to get the guy in the right place," said de Becker, "they would nab him."

After being sent an airline ticket, a 44-year-old New York man named William Stacey Anderson flew to Los Angeles. De Becker had an agent on the plane and others at the airports, but nobody knew what Anderson looked like. Fortunately, he contacted the *News of the World* reporter in the reporter's hotel room—which was wired so that their conversation could be recorded—and duly showed up with 44 perfect prints in a box. De Becker, who was monitoring the conversation, said Anderson balked when he saw the F.B.I. agent, who was posing as an editor—his meeting was to have been with the reporter only—but he calmed right down when the agent showed him $50,000 in cash and said he had to go get the rest of the money.

When the G-man returned to the room, he flashed his badge and took Anderson into custody. Ironically, the alleged culprit was a woman who worked at the New York photo lab that was processing the pictures. She is still at large. "I wanted them to arrest the girl," Madonna says. "But now they can't find her, and the F.B.I. is, like, on to the next case."

Naturally, such drama brought down paranoia and suspicion among the 50 or so people connected with the book until the mystery was solved. "All this security made everything a lot slower," says Baron. Paranoia struck several more times in the following weeks, once in London and once in New York, where Bob Guccione and *Penthouse* got into the act. A couple claimed to have found more of the same pictures on a bench in Central Park. Guccione, who Madonna says would have liked to serialize the book in *Penthouse*, agreed to help out, and had his staff set up a meeting. When the couple walked into Guccione's office, they were met by a detective from the New York City Police Department. But the couple had a foolproof story: they claimed they had had no idea how to return the pix, so they had thought it best to hand them over to Mr. Guccione. "Please get them to the right people," they said.

After a decade of perhaps the most glaring media exposure in history, Madonna still feels that she's misunderstood and that she isn't taken seriously enough as an artist. "I think I've been terribly misunderstood because sex is the subject matter I so often deal with—people automatically dismiss a lot of what I do as something not important, not viable or something to be respected." By the same token, Madonna resents being singled out for being such a brilliant marketer of her own image. "I think people like to concentrate on that aspect of me so they don't have to pay me any respect in the other categories. They never say, 'Oh, she's a beautiful songwriter,' or 'That's a nice photograph,' or 'That was good acting,' or 'That was a great performance onstage.' Everyone always says the same thing: 'She really knows how to market herself.' And to me it's an insult in the form of a compliment. I don't think that is why I'm successful. It's also what I'm marketing and what I am saying."

These days Madonna, who believes those who disagree with her are either "not in touch with their sexuality or threatened by me being in touch with mine," is talking like a soul sister of Dr. Ruth, only the packaging is a little different: "I am not going around saying everyone should fuck more," Madonna says. "That is not the point. The point is just to feel comfortable with yourself and whatever you want to do. Whether it's be with another man. Be with another woman. Be with three people. Be alone. Masturbate. Whatever. You shouldn't feel shame about it. It's not quantity, it's quality. And honesty."

It is a hot Sunday afternoon. Madonna is violating her rule of not working weekends to do this interview. But work is work is work. She is in a long navy column of a dress, her white bra and bikini underpants showing through, and she is wearing high-heeled open-toed sandals and little makeup or jewelry. She is surprisingly small in person and not an overwhelming physical presence. The electricity is conserved for the camera or the stage.

"Do you enjoy sex?" I ask her.

"That's like saying to a gynecologist, 'Do you enjoy having children?' Why? Because you deliver babies all day, you can't enjoy having your own child? There are so many different levels of sexuality—I absolutely do enjoy it. I think I should just shut up and go away about all of this if I don't enjoy sex."

But she is alone in her apartment overlooking Central Park West, and she gives the impression of being quite alone, although there are always reports of girlfriends and bodyguard boyfriends floating around. (The most recent names in the gossip columns are those of Jimmy Albright, a handsome fellow in his mid-20s who works in security, and ex-model–nightclub owner John Enos.) Her hair is wet on the ends, scraggly, and her part is wide and dark. As usual, she has been pushing herself hard, and in fatigue she tilts on that thin edge where street chic can all of a sudden look trashy. On the other side of a glass-topped coffee table covered with art books, she sits rigidly as we speak, and rarely if ever smiles, but her compelling eyes often spark. There is an icy coolness about her that cuts right through the heat. This is strictly business—all business.

"Sex is not love. Love is not sex," Madonna proclaims. "But when they come together, it's the most incredible thing."

"What do you think the proportion is of their coming together?"

"For me? A lot. I would say I probably very rarely in my life had sex with someone that I didn't have real feelings of love for. Because ultimately I can only allow myself to be really intimate with someone if I really care for them."

She is quick to respond, smart, and confident of her ability to answer. When a

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question bothers her, she inadvertently bites the knuckles of her hands, almost as if she were trying to jam her fist into her mouth. And if she is truly holding something back, the black elastic that's meant to keep her hair in place gets twisted around and around her fingers. For example, the new album reportedly contains one song which some people think is Madonna's ode to love with other women. Indirectly, she seems to acknowledge, while twisting the elastic, that she has tried sex both ways.

"Which do you prefer?"

"Which kind of sex do I prefer? Hetero sex."

"But you also like the other kind as well?"

"It's not. Do I like the other kind as well? I have a lot of sexual fantasies about women, and I enjoy being with women, but by and large I'm mostly fulfilled by being with a man."

"But you can also be fulfilled by being with a woman sometimes?"

"It's not the same."

The one subject on which Madonna actually appears vulnerable is that of having children. She says the sight of beautiful children while she's running in the park fills her with longing. It doesn't help that both her ex-husband, Sean Penn, with whom she was seen holding hands on the set of *Body of Evidence,* and her most famous recent ex-lover, Warren Beatty, have both become fathers lately. "I think it's amusing that every time I break up with somebody they get married and have a baby with somebody," Madonna says as she begins curling the hair elastic again. She speculates, "Maybe they feel emasculated by me." She grabs one hand with the other in an effort to stop the twisting. "Sean wanted to have a child. And we talked about it all the time—Warren and I. Um, it just wasn't the right time. For them either. You know, everything is about timing."

Madonna calms her hands. "I think about having children all the time. There is a part of me that says, Oh God, I wish that I was madly in love with someone and it was something viable, something I could really think about. But I don't idealize childbirth, and I don't want to just go get knocked up by somebody," she adds. "I think it's important to have a father around, so when you think about that, you have to think, Is this person the right person?"

Suddenly the tiny part of Madonna that clings to being the good little Catholic girl she was brought up to be comes forward and she sounds as if she's siding with Dan Quayle. "I think that there is merit in praising family values, and I think that in this day and age there's a lot of fatherless children, and I think that if children had fathers as role models—um, I don't know—I think it's important to have a father, O.K.? And a mother. On the other hand, to condemn someone [such as Murphy Brown] for making that choice is irresponsible."

As the oldest daughter in a family of eight children, including two half-siblings who were born after her mother died and her father remarried, the rebellious little girl who was constantly called upon to help care for the younger kids is strictly pragmatic about maternity. "I don't have any romantic notions about having a baby," Madonna says, referring to her childhood. "You were very clear that it was about cleaning dirty diapers and baby-sitting and not having time to hang out with your friends and listening to babies scream all the time and cleaning up their vomit on your shirt. It's a really tough job."

Madonna, who's in therapy, can see that her obsessive drive and perfectionism are a need to control what she could not control in early childhood, and what subsequently caused such pain. She also admits that her need to dominate stems from "losing my mother and then being very attached to my father and then losing my father to my stepmother and going through my childhood thinking the things that I loved and was sure about were being pulled away." The fact that, even today, her engineer father refuses to acknowledge her celebrity on her visits home must make her desire to shock and succeed all the more powerful.

"I didn't have a mother, like maybe a female role model, and I was left on my own a lot, and I think that probably gave me courage to do things," she explains. "I think when you go through something really traumatic in your childhood you choose one of two things—you either overcompensate and pull yourself up and make yourself stand tall, and become a real attention getter, or you become terribly introverted and you have real personality problems.

"The courage part comes from the same place the need for control comes from, which is, I will never be hurt again, I will be in charge of my life, in charge of my destiny. I will make things work. I will not feel this pain in my heart."

Around men, Madonna is completely different, more relaxed and flirtatious, full of Goldie Hawn–ish giggles. terra firma. At the Hit Factory, the recording studio on the West Side of New York where she is finishing her album, she is wearing a dozen different trends at once: a distressed flannel shirt with the sleeves ripped out, to which she has pinned a NOT button but which she has unbuttoned to let her black bra show and then knotted under her midriff; extremely distressed cutoff jeans that hang low and allow her black Calvin Klein underpants with the white elastic waistband to peek through; heavy white athletic socks and clumpy black high-laced Doc Martens of the sort favored by Israeli paratroopers and downtown bohemians. Her hair is uncombed, and she is chewing bubble gum. But there is no question at all who is the boss.

The New York Times has just been had with a story about Madonna. It swallowed whole a fabrication about her having her limousine pull up in front of an upscale ice-cream parlor and demanding take-out chili dogs for lunch. Liz Rosenberg has called the *Times* but isn't bothering to demand a retraction—not with what she has to contend with around the world regarding Madonna. "Chili dogs—how gross," says Madonna. "I'm a vegetarian."

Since she is so adept at managing her celebrity, I ask her, during breaks while she mixes the backbeat of one of her new compositions, whether anyone else taught her about it—you know, like Warren Beatty maybe. She looks slightly incredulous. Warren? "I learned a lot from Warren, but it wasn't about how to handle the press and deal with celebrity. I think he learned about that from me. And he even tells me that." "Right—look how he had that baby right before the Academy Awards," adds Liz Rosenberg. "He was staying away from the press at all costs, and now he has gone completely in the other direction."

Madonna pops a big bubble before being asked to listen to a few bars of what they're trying to mix. She nixes it. "Joey, I think you're going to have to move the boom. . . . I think you're not going to make it. . . . Shep, it's not working," she says to her producer, Shep Pettibone. "I believe Shep is a genius, but we're not having it." "I like it," the engineer protests. "I don't care," Madonna answers. "Put it on *your* record." She lowers the boom with a soft little laugh. "Shep, it's cheesy. I don't want it." A final pop of the gum from Madonna closes the case. "I'm sorry, this is not a democracy." □



THE APERITIF

In Europe, there is an important dining tradition: starting the meal with an aperitif. The best-known and best-loved aperitif in the world is CAMPARI, which began it all in Italy in 1860. Campari – a unique blend of fruits, spices and herbs – has a distinctive taste, which perfectly balances bitter and sweet. It appeals to all the senses from its intriguingly complex taste to its beautiful ruby-red color. Campari cleanses and refreshes the palate, enhancing the flavors of food and wine that follow. Light and flavorful, Campari is the perfect choice to enhance any social or business occasion. Enjoy with a splash of soda, with orange juice, or on the rocks with a slice of orange, and celebrate "the Spirit of Italy"

Planetarium

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Talk about dependencies! With the planetary ruler of your 5th house in your 4th house, and the ruler of the 4th in the 5th, you'll be hard put to tell who's the parent and who's the child in your life. How long should parents go on helping children, anyway? Some Libras are born enablers, of course, but others are so unable to cope that they don't mind helping Junior lie his way into the army at 14. On the other hand, why bother to stretch yourself like taffy for a family that gives you nothing but aggravation? There hasn't been this much weirdness for Libras since Faye Dunaway's daughter turned out to be her sister in *Chinatown*.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

If there is mutiny afoot—and nobody has said there is—to deal with it effectively, you can't be bopping in and out like Bugs Bunny on a pogo stick. Just look around you at this moment. Can you really be sure whether you are moving in or moving out? Astrologers call what is going forward in your solar 3rd house the Uranus-Neptune conjunction. Clinicians talk more in terms of multiple-personality disorder. Soon we'll be looking at the upcoming Saturn-Pluto square, but for now just remember that diplomacy is best. So make nicey-nice until the hatchet is sharp and you can swing from a good angle.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

If only you could plop down your credit card and free your soul from all the goblins and guilt. But no, with Pluto in your 12th house for at least two more years, tranquillity of spirit will come from fasting, meditation, devotion, and surrender to some infinite power. That's tough, because with Uranus and Neptune going forward in your 2nd house at the end of September, you're really most devoted to your checkbook. To make things more fun, it's a checkbook full of sporadic deposits, unexpected debits, stubs that don't match the statements—all designed by that same confounded infinite power, no doubt.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

In the beginning of October, Saturn goes forward in your 2nd house, so you'll probably be the cheapest humanitarian on record. This is the moment for you to achieve the impossible. If they tell you you can't walk, run. If they tell you you'll never be able to hold a fork, play Chopin. Certainly Raisa Gorbachev, your Capricorn cousin and once the crème de la crème of Soviet Russia, must have thought *her* life was totally set, too. But the Uranus-Neptune conjunction is happening in Capricorn for her just as it is for you. You don't see Raisa sitting around and moping about the old days. And *you'd* better not, either.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

As the plot thickens now, the music gets louder. With Saturn going forward in early October, there will be days when you'll feel very important. On other days, though, you'll be sure you have about five minutes left until the ax falls and you are no more. Brown-nosing the power brokers won't save you. The much-touted Uranus-Neptune conjunction in your 12th house means that you are going to have to rise above the petty pecking-order struggles that threaten your already fragile little ego and hold fast to all that God business. And even if it seems silly, keep your head up and go on singing "You'll Never Walk Alone."

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Here we go again with the put-aside-your-ego-for-the-greater-good routine. How many times have you heard *that* one? With the focus on your 11th and 12th houses this fall, if you closed your eyes right now, you'd think you were back in high school—minus the braces on your teeth. You've certainly been taken advantage of and made fun of by a lot of people you were trying to help. But why not give in and go for the benefit of all sentient beings? As far as you're concerned, anything you've ever tried to do totally for yourself has gone awry. But then, isn't that always the plight of saviors and visionaries?

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

It's a total riot to hear you ranting about how you can't stand all the craziness that's going on, and when will you regain control of your life, and when will things return to normal, etc., etc., etc. Exactly when was your life ever normal? Don't even bother to try to answer that question. You know you can't really remember much past last Friday. To be fair, though, Uranus and Neptune are squaring Aries for another year, and that is bound to be disruptive—especially in management relations. To deal with it the best way possible, start writing a murder mystery immediately and title it *The Mentally Unstable Boss*.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You look across the table to where there should be a partner you can trust. Result? Puh-leeze! And so you escape into work. What happens? More frustration. It's enough to make you want to move to Spain. If you're wondering whether there is any hope, there is. It's the major conjunction of Uranus and Neptune forming for the next year in your 9th house. That means it's time to use any and every one of your brain cells to raise your consciousness, apply your intelligence, and outfox the fox. You are right in thinking that you are surrounded by carnivores, and everyone, it seems, would like a drumstick.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Even if the deficit in your life is staggering at the moment, you're still alive and well, aren't you? You're not going to let little things like huge debt or fear of being dumped out with the trash get you down, are you? You were not made to obsess over the big issues. Instead, think about Jupiter's moving into Libra this October, which should bring the beginning of a nice year of love, entertainment, maybe a new baby in the family, joy, peace, and prosperity. Complicated planetary squares and 8th-house conjunctions are too freaky and foreboding for a Gemini. Leave all that for some Scorpio to agonize over.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Whatever you do, please let's have no more of those scenes at weddings where you choke back loud sobs because the poor unsuspecting couple have no idea what they're in for. There was a time when you, too, believed that marriage meant safety. The transit of Saturn in 1989–91, however, sure blew that notion for you. Now you know that you'll never really figure out the opposite sex, and that those cute little munchkins on top of the wedding cake are not where it's at. So what will your relationships be like? Put it this way: a few new interpretations of the Bible could definitely come in handy.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

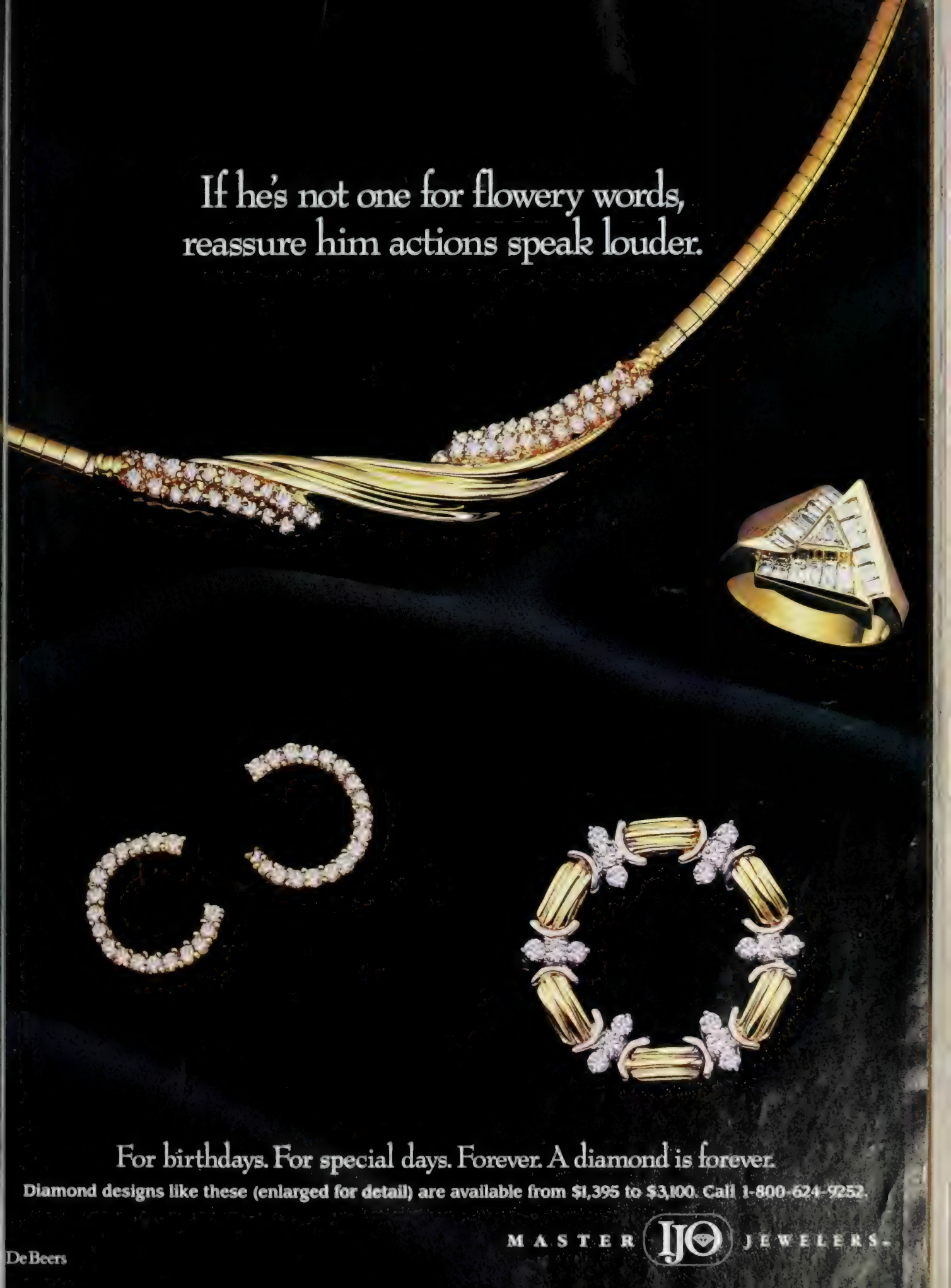
The exercise bike and oat bran are fine. And aspirin may indeed help with the heart thing. But it's time to free yourself from any and all narrow-minded, missionary-style attitudes when it comes to matters of health. If it were between interplanetary fever and a strict diet of brown rice, what would you choose? At work, despite all your blowhard bravado, you can't know if you're going to have a job in January or not. What's the solution? Creative Leos will get more creative now, and power-crazed control freaks will lose their minds. Decide for yourself where you belong, and then get on the ball and act accordingly.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Don't you wish life were like those corny movies where the dowdy spinster finally threw off her glasses, let her hair billow out of a tight bun, and started tap-dancing on tables? Or like the soaps where you have triple-bypass surgery this week and next week forget all about it when a child you thought had disappeared forever suddenly shows up at the door? Well, here's a chance for your life to imitate art. Nobody's saying you're going to get discovered and never have to punch a time clock again, but you should really try to flow with what you love most, even though you'll still have to get up early in the morning to do it.

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John Barrymore

Vanity Fair
August 1925



Alas, poor Barrymore—his Hamlet was both his triumph and his downfall. In 1922, Ethel Barrymore had propitiously handed her baby brother the haunted prince's soliloquies to help ease him through a sodden marital spat. But could the Great Profile really cut it as the great Dane? That was the question. "I want him to be so male that they can hear my balls clank," Barrymore proclaimed. Accordingly, he wore middleweight champ Kid McCoy's never-washed boxer shorts under his tights, choreographed duels with Douglas Fairbanks, and smoked in the back hallways of Elsinore (above). Barrymore played Hamlet to packed Broadway houses for 101 nights, upstaging Edwin Booth's record by one performance. Yet only eight years later, in Hollywood, the actor of infinite jest could no longer remember Hamlet's lines, and was forced to bid the sweet prince good night. The following year in London, John Gielgud, then 30, directed and starred as what James Agate called "the best Hamlet of our time." Gielgud's stage notes are recorded in a memoir, *Acting Shakespeare* (Robert Stewart/Scribner's), which should be a hit, a very palpable hit.

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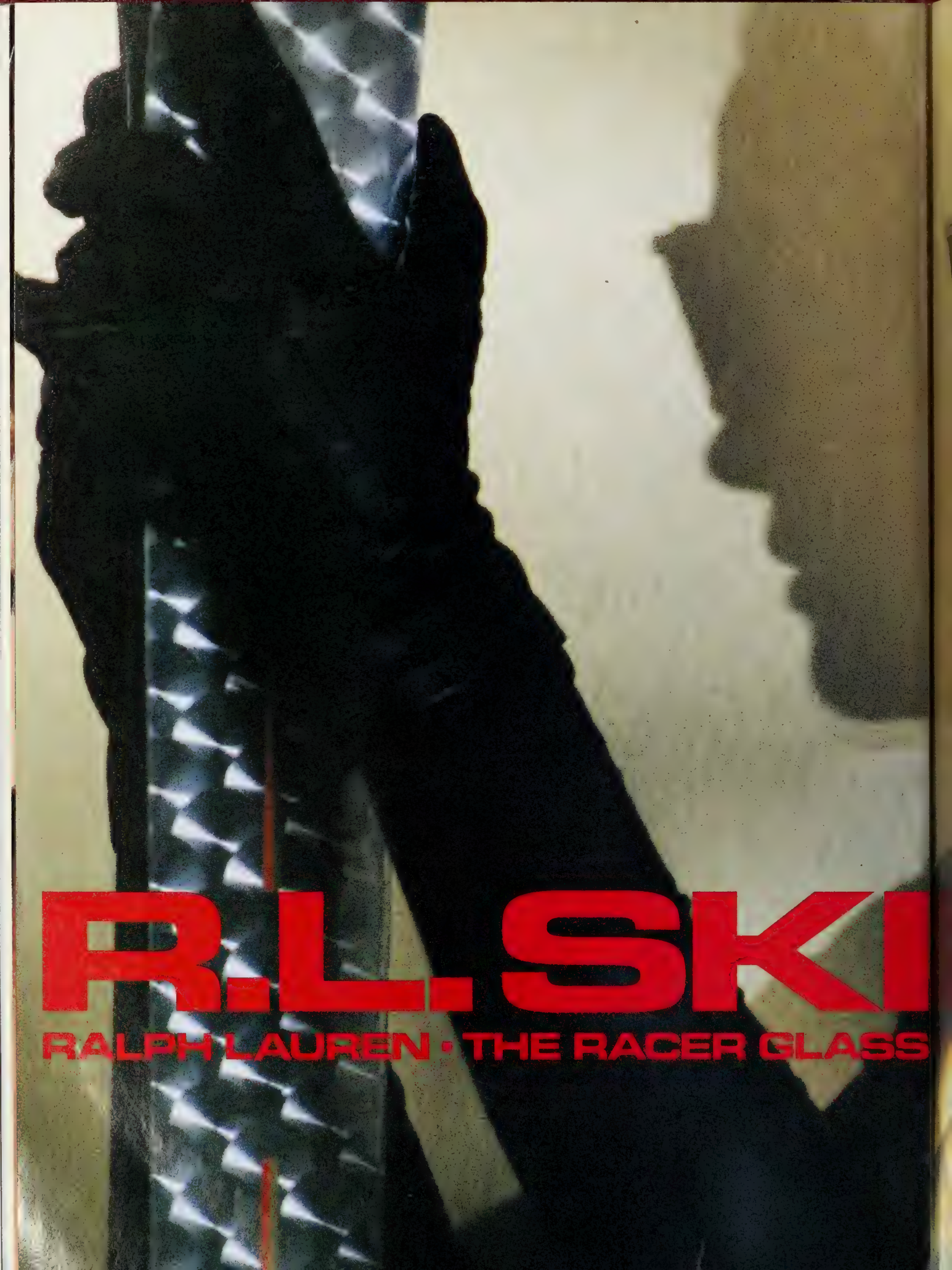

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Editor's Letter

Names in the Game



It is never too soon to own up to the obvious. So here goes: the astute masthead observers among you will have noticed some new faces—or, rather, names—creeping into the magazine. Including my own. Some of the new arrivals are already in evidence; others will become so in the months ahead. And while the lineup isn't complete yet, *V.F.*'s contributors list is already taking pleasing shape as an impressive Murderer's Row.

You will discover on page 74 of this issue, for example, a column you will not have seen before. It is new. Its author is Christopher Hitchens, a writer both cultured and ever so slightly elitist (in only the best way) and therefore one infinitely qualified to write a column on high and low culture called "Cultural Elite." Christopher is furthermore blessed with abundant servings of wit and intellect, and in his presence it is difficult not to feel like Watson to his Holmes, Bertie to his Jeeves, or, in more culturally elitist terms, Larry to his Moe.

Roger Rosenblatt has also joined *Vanity Fair*. He is an on-air contributor to *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, a former editor of *U.S. News & World Report*, and his graceful reporting on social issues for *Time* and *Life* in the 1980s not only won him prizes but also set new standards of thoughtfulness and compassion in newsweekly journalism. Roger's first story for *V.F.* is scheduled to appear next month.

The name Lynn Barber may be less familiar to readers. Those in Britain know her from her work in *The Independent*, where her profiles won her great recognition and where she has elevated the narrative interview (as opposed to the more elemental Q-and-A variety) to a true art. Lynn's debut in these pages will also come next month, when she will inaugurate a feature aspect new to the magazine, the *Vanity Fair* Interview.

Leaving the youngest till last, Bryan Burrough arrives at *V.F.* having spent a third of his life (he is just 31) at *The Wall Street Journal*, where he was a star investigative reporter. Out of a series of stories that he and fellow *Journal* reporter John Helyar did on the takeover of RJR Nabisco came the remarkable best-seller *Barbarians at the Gate*. Bryan's current book, *Vendetta: American Express and the Smearing of Edmond Safra*, also came out of a long feature that appeared first in the *Journal*. He is deep in the middle of his first story for *Vanity Fair*, so book rights are presumably still available.

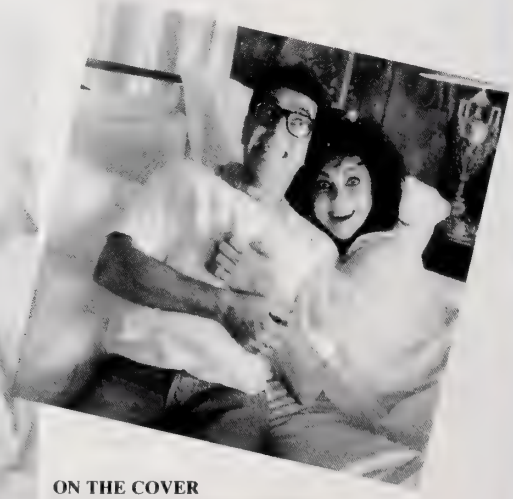
Graydon Carter
Editor in chief

Cover

Safe-Sex Goddess

Elizabeth Taylor, the founding national chairman of AmFAR (the American Foundation for AIDS Research), last year established the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation to fight the spread of AIDS and to provide assistance to those who have the disease. Here she holds up a key to safe sex. *Far right*, in a robe and gown by Vicky Tiel Paris, she clowns with photographer Firooz Zahedi. The linens are by D. Porthault & Co., Pratesi, and Anichini.





ON THE COVER
Elizabeth Taylor wears a taffeta coat by Fernando Sanchez and earrings by Harry Winston. Hair by José Eber. Makeup by Francesca Tolot for Cloutier. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Firooz Zahedi.



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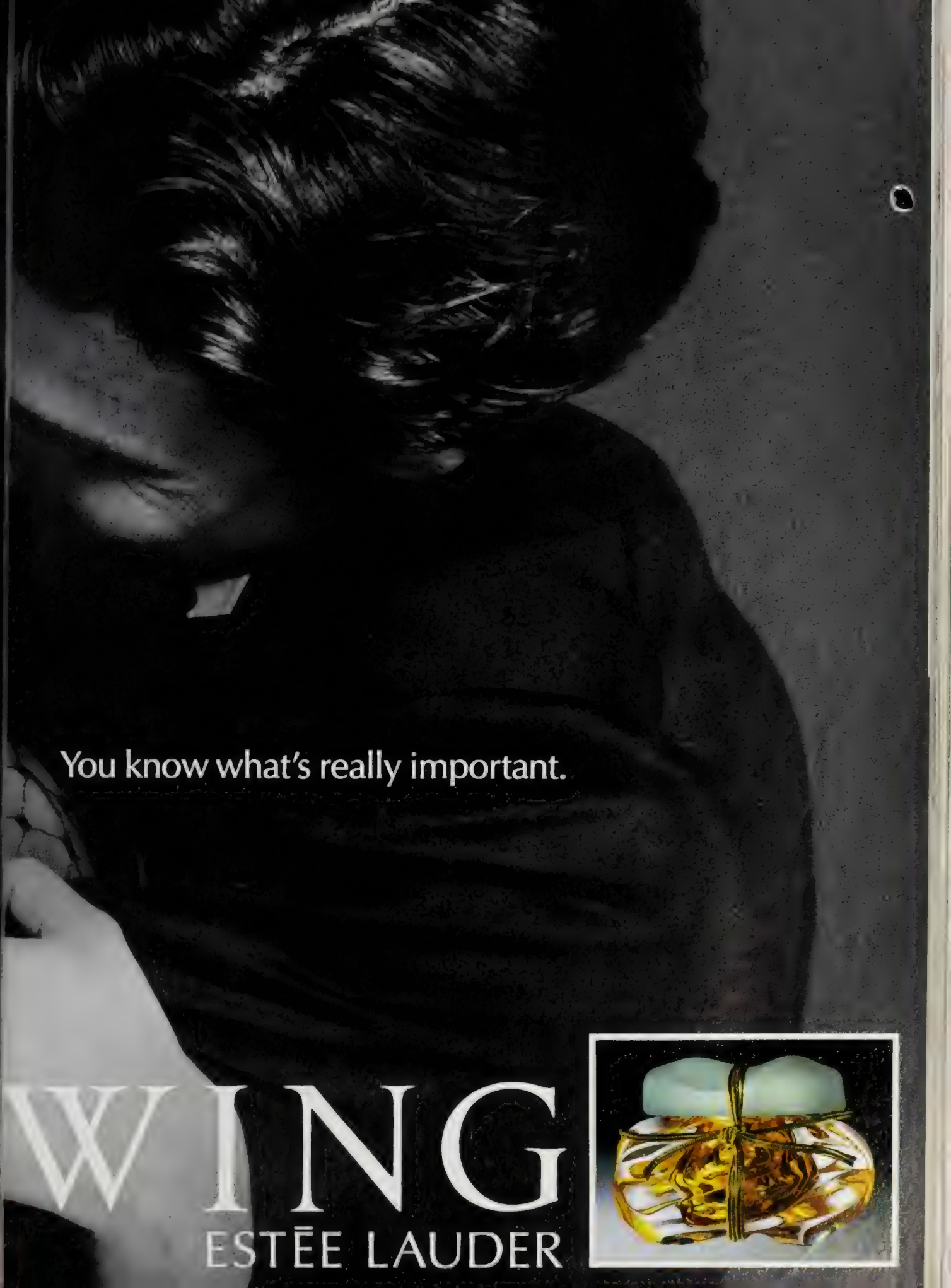
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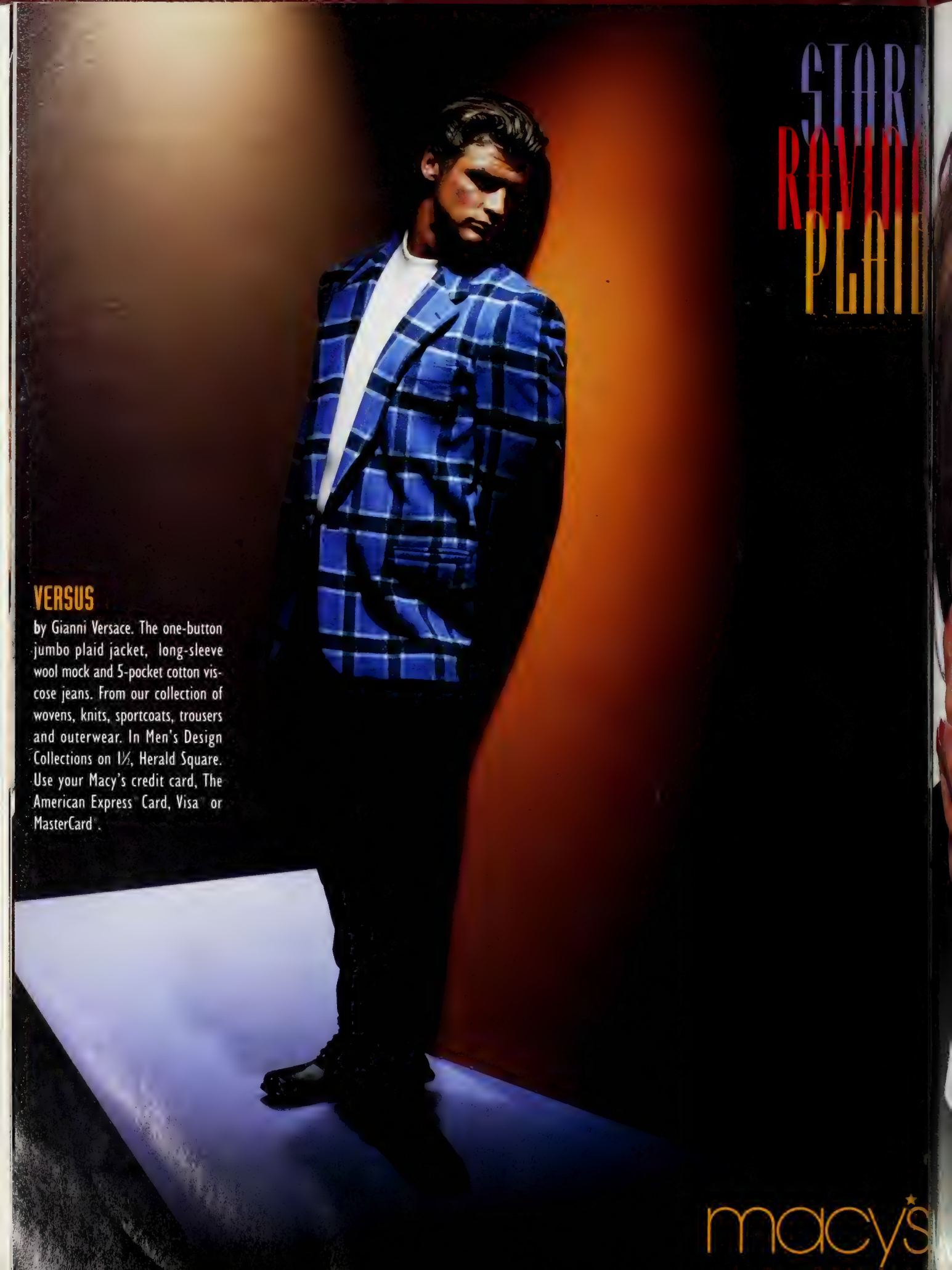
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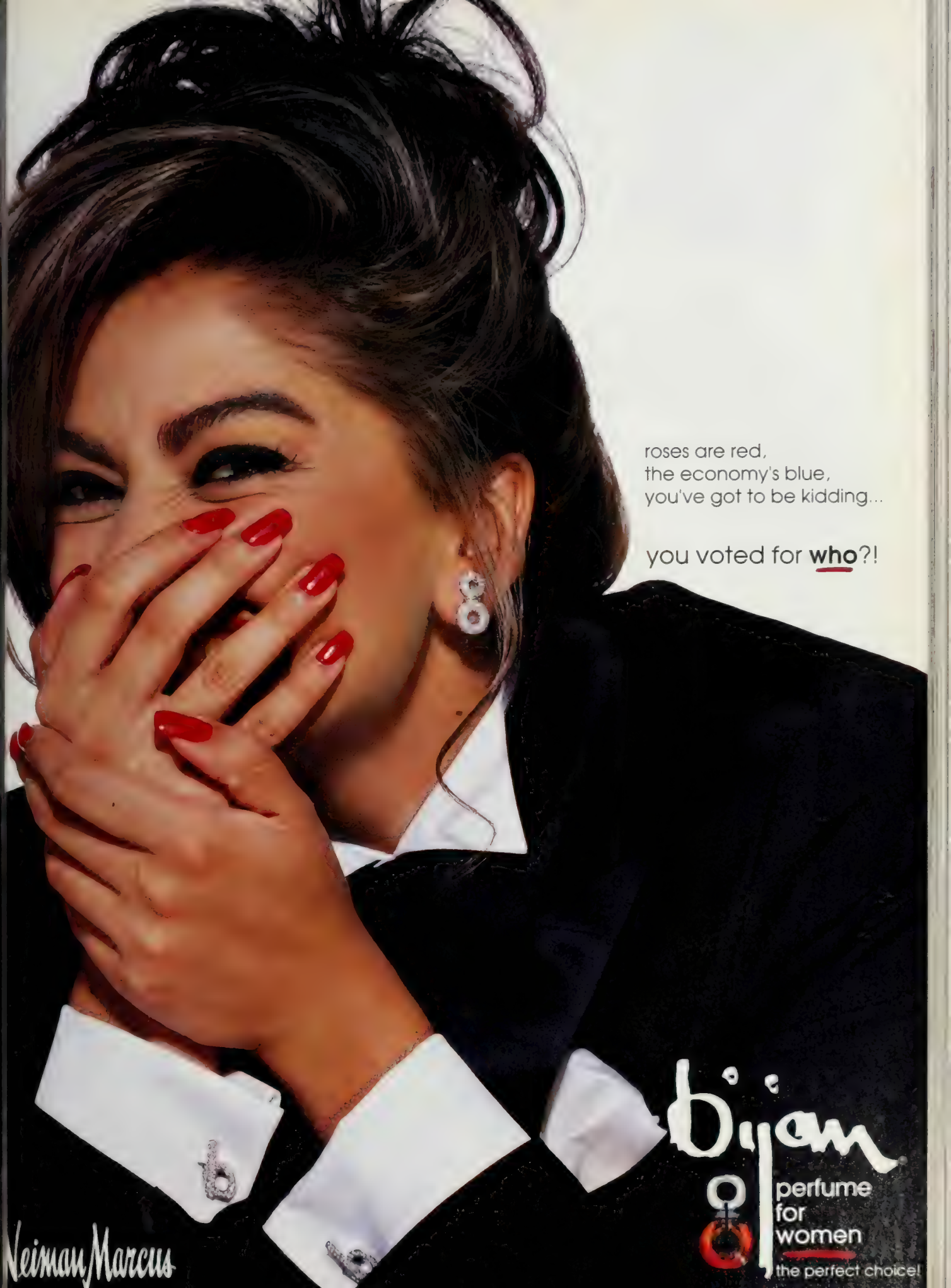

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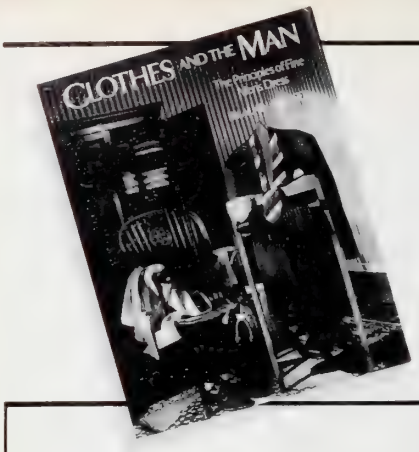


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Contributors

Nancy Collins is a special correspondent for ABC's *PrimeTime Live*.

David D'Arcy is a New York–based correspondent for *The Art Newspaper* of London.

Lynn Hirschberg covers Hollywood, the media, and music for *V.F.* "What was surprising about Whitney Houston and Bobby Brown," she says of her profile this month, "was that they're more similar than you would ever guess. They're the Fred and Ginger of the 90s."

Christopher Hitchens, whose monthly "Cultural Elite" column debuts in this issue, is the author of *Prepared for the Worst* (Hill and Wang), a collection of essays, and, most recently, of *Blood, Class, and Nostalgia: Anglo-American Ironies* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

Garson Kanin, author of the play *Born Yesterday*, has just completed *The Contract*, a teleplay for NBC.

Edward Klein is writing a screenplay on the life of Ingrid Bergman. He frequently covers the media for *V.F.*

Luisita Lopez Torregrosa, formerly an editor at *The New York Times*, traveled to Tokyo last summer to report for *V.F.* on the little-known world of Japanese high society. "In Japan you always feel there is yet another wall to break through," she says of her piece this month, "but I came away with greater understanding of the country's heart." She is writing a book for W. W. Norton.

Michael Musto writes a nightlife-and-entertainment column for *The Village Voice*.

Helmut Newton, who has contributed to *V.F.* since 1983, lives in Monte Carlo. His exhibition of photographs, "Archives de Nuit," opens this month in Paris.

Maureen Orth, who lives in Washington, D.C., wrote last month's cover story on Madonna.

Ron Rosenbaum's latest book, *Travels with Dr. Death and Other Unusual Investigations*, is out from Viking Penguin.

Francis Wheen writes regularly for the London *Independent*, the *Literary Review*, and *Private Eye*. His most recent book is the biography *Tom Driberg: His Life and Indiscretions* (Chatto & Windus). He is at work on a book about cats.

Firooz Zahedi will donate all of the profits from his photographs of Elizabeth Taylor, this month's cover subject, to the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation.



Nancy Collins on Elizabeth Taylor and her activism, page 208.



Edward Klein on Conrad Black, the Canadian press lord, page 250.



Helmut Newton photographs million-dollar model Carla Bruni, page 244, and the stars of Coppola's Dracula, *page 228.*

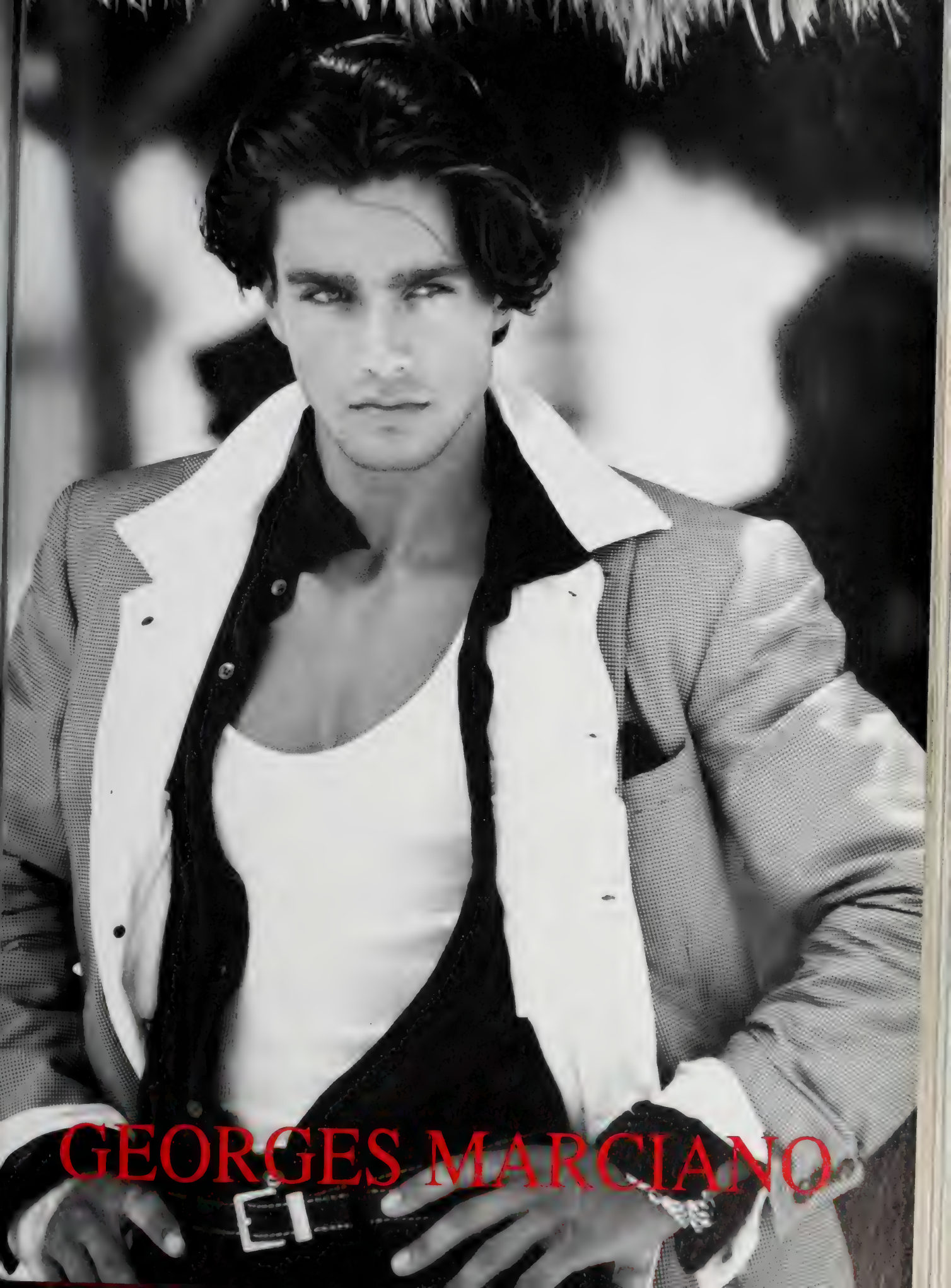


Christopher Hitchens on Jessica Mitford's investigation of the birth industry, page 194.

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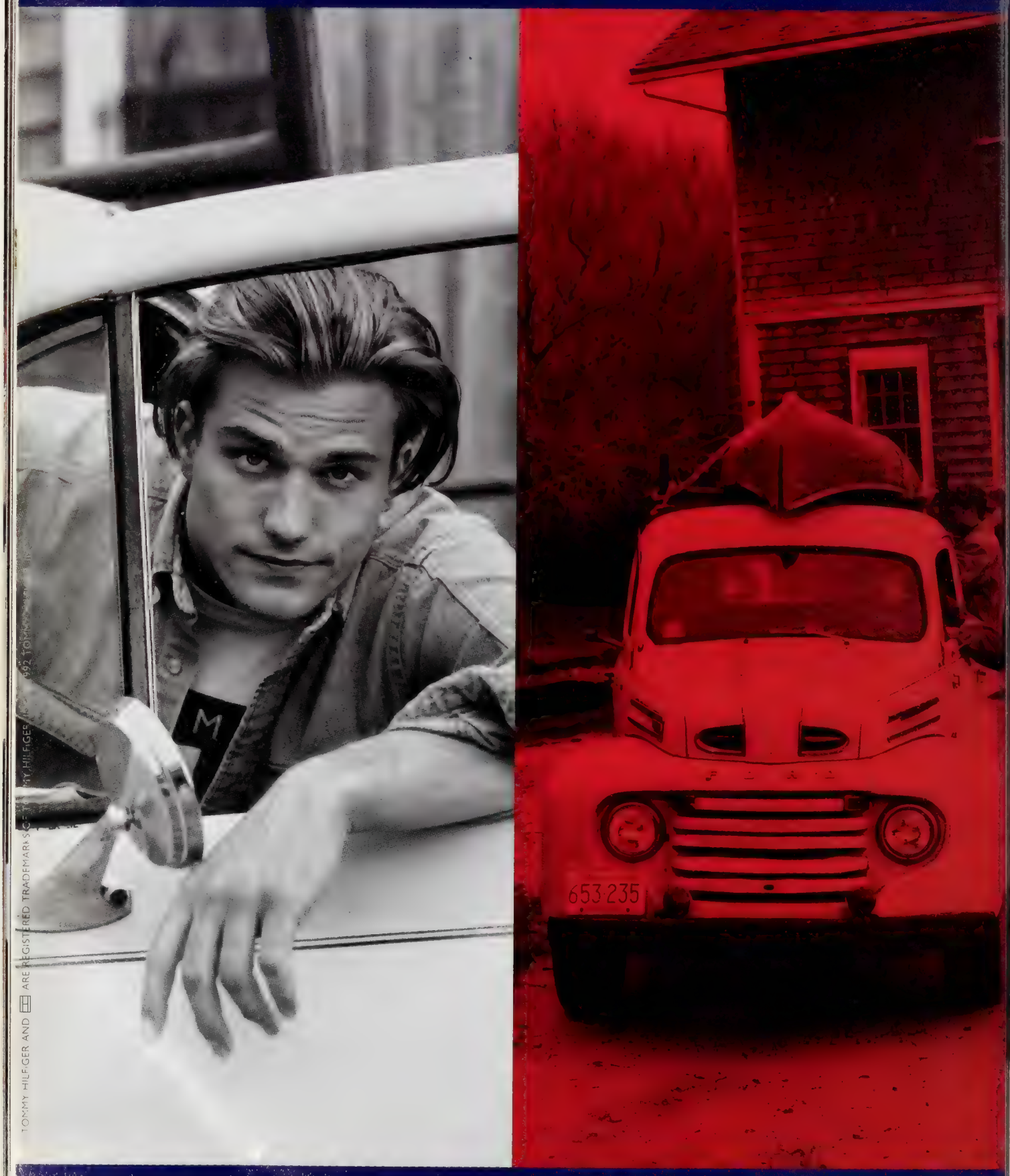
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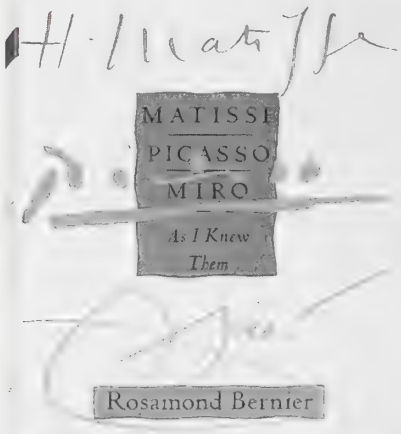
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Letters



CRIES AND WHISPERS

The Reich Stuff

Stephen Schiff answered why Leni Riefenstahl ["Leni's Olympia," September] chose to become the documentarian of the Third Reich, but he allowed her to sidestep questions about helping Hitler achieve his goals. Her film *Triumph of the Will* not only helped strengthen the resolve of committed Nazis but certainly played a role in consolidating Hitler's hold on most of the German citizens, without which his Final Solution would not have been possible. Riefenstahl's so-called ignorance of the facts is an absurd defense for her actions.

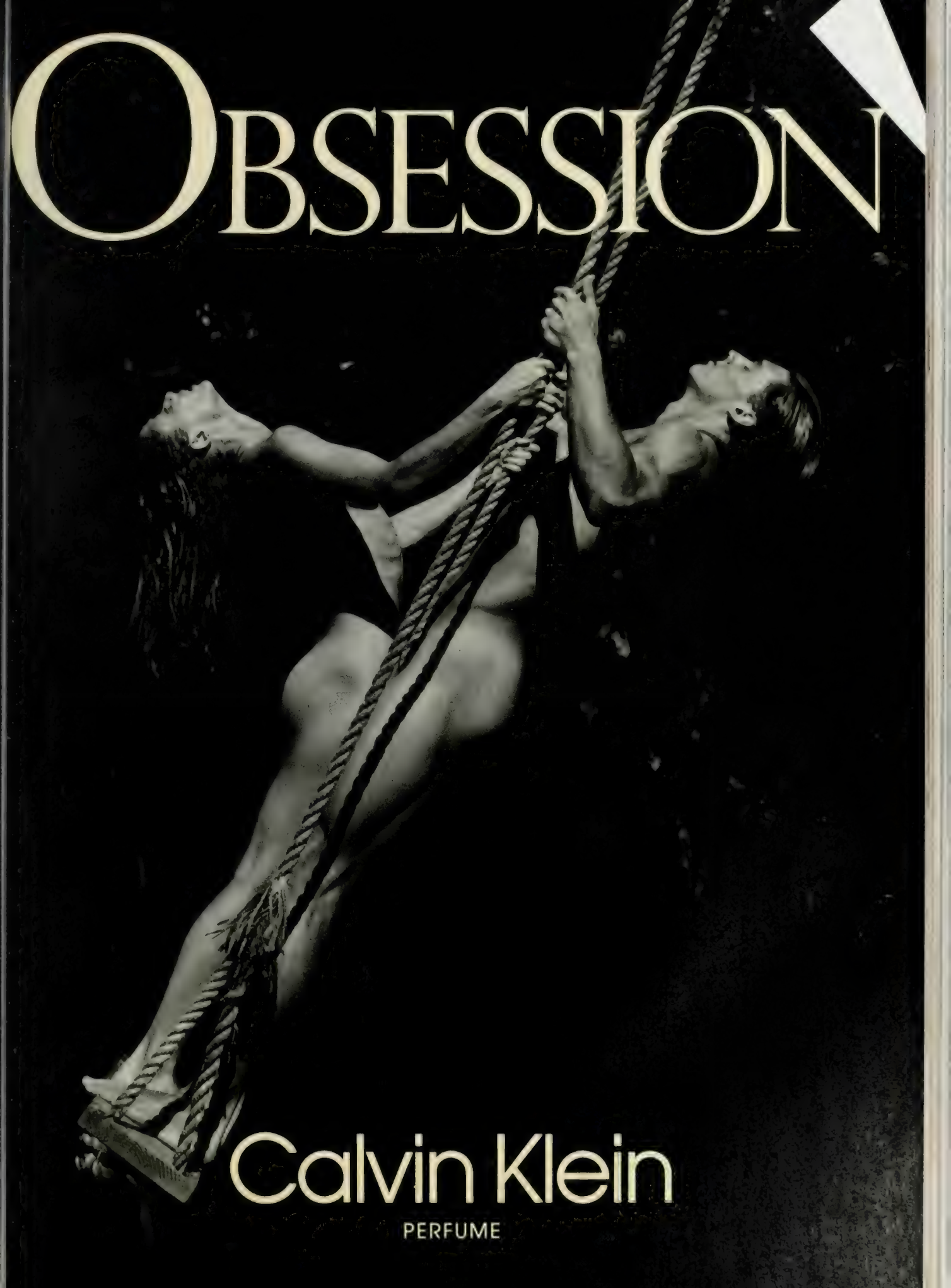
MARK MANDEL
Teaneck, New Jersey

For someone who says she only "wants to see," Leni Riefenstahl managed to miss seeing an awful lot. Curious, isn't it, how someone with such an eye for detail and light could have overlooked so much darkness. For her to deny any culpability is to deny the effectiveness of her medium and her talent.

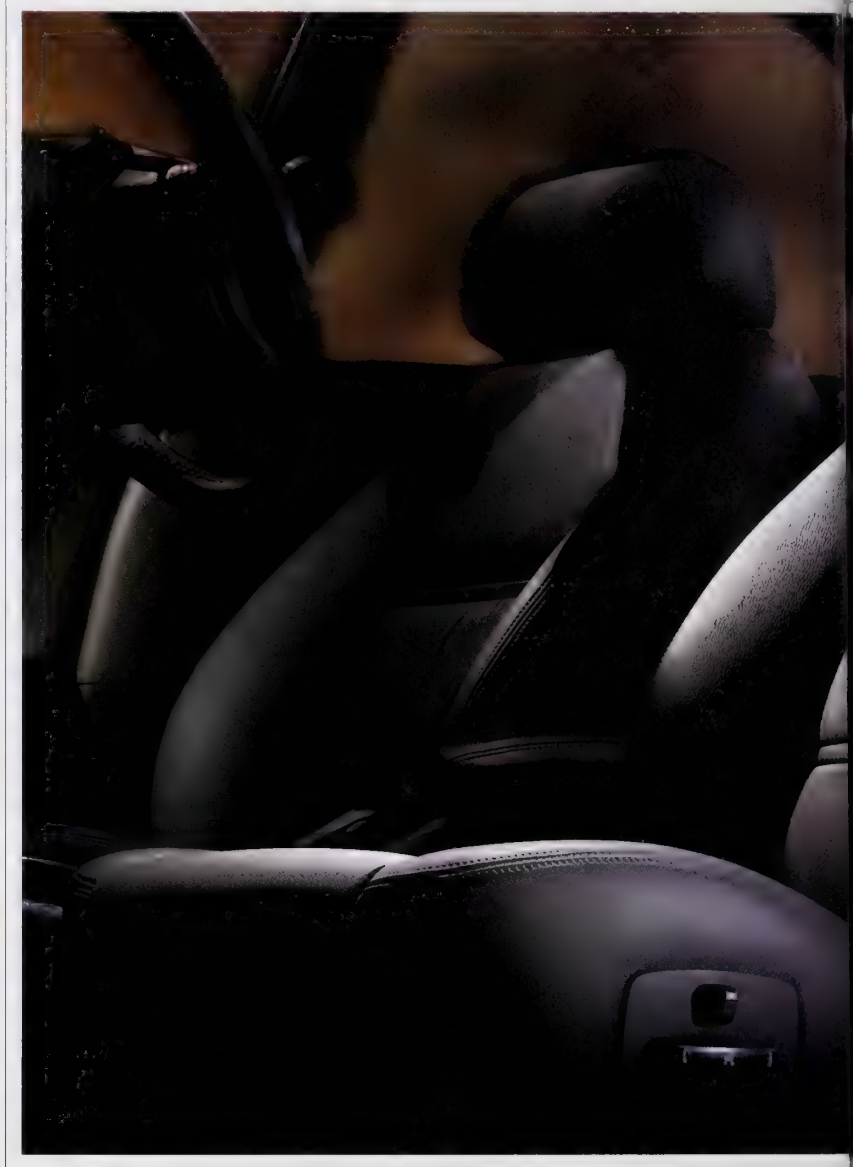
WENDY HERZOG
Washington, D.C.

Martin Loiperdinger and I are wrjting a book about Leni Riefenstahl, and I took the time to fax detailed information to *Vanity Fair*, as requested. I was thus particularly upset to read such a fatuous piece from Stephen Schiff, who appears to be a master of cliché and potted moralism. The portrait of Leni [pages 254–55] was taken in 1926, not 1939. In the opening sequences of *Triumph des Willens*, Hitler, we are told, "enters one of the ancient stone buildings." Hitler, however, enters Nuremberg's leading hotel, the Deutscher Hof, built in 1913. Is Schiff's informed visual eye incapable of spotting the difference between medieval walls and a modern hotel? More fundamental is Schiff's willingness to pass along all the same old stories Leni has been giving in broken English to feature writers since she went to London in 1932. The Goebbels diaries, relentless in detail, reveal that Leni met *six* times with Goebbels in the spring and summer of 1933 to arrange financing for the party-rally film of 1933, *Sieg des Glaubens*. The film was not a rush job; it was seen all over Germany, and the credits tell us plainly that the Propaganda *(Continued on page 42)*

PAUL COX


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rough tight turns (we are, after all, lking about a sports sedan).

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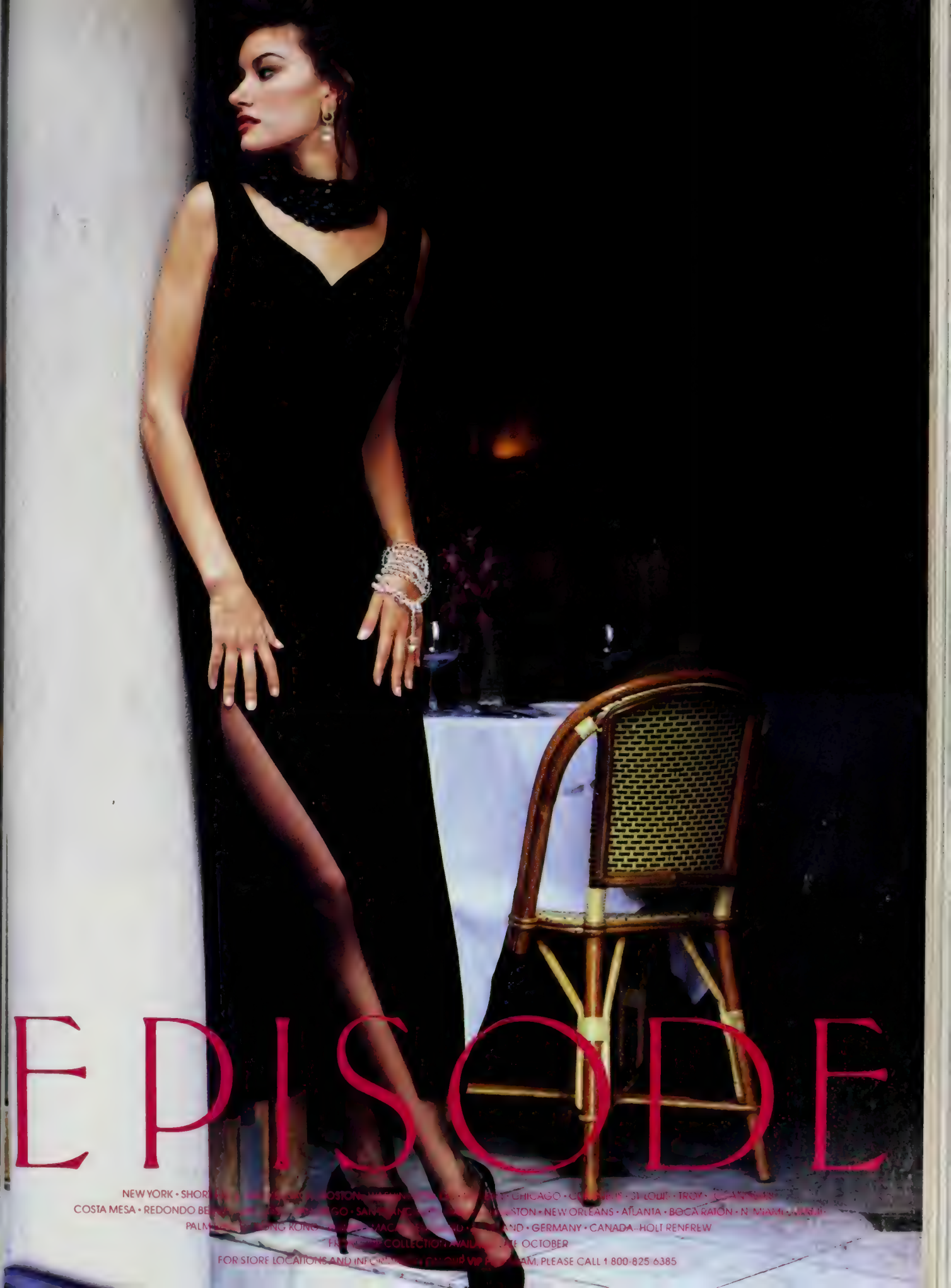
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Letters

(Continued from page 34) Ministry produced the film. All of Leni's Nazi films were officially sanctioned. I feel you have done your readers a great disservice in publishing such an uninformed piece about a major subject and a major filmmaker.

DAVID CULBERT, Professor of History
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

EDITOR'S NOTE: The picture Professor Culbert mentions is a personal photograph given to Vanity Fair, *along with the 1939 date, by Leni Riefenstahl.*

STEPHEN SCHIFF REPLIES: I'm puzzled by the vehemence Professor Culbert brings to his hairsplitting, especially since in his original fax to Vanity Fair *he writes that "much of the criticism of Riefenstahl is too extreme. It comes from saying that the woman who made* Triumph of the Will *MUST be a big-time Nazi war criminal"—a point completely in keeping with my article. Moreover, nothing I wrote contradicts Culbert's assertion that Riefenstahl's Nazi films were officially sanctioned or that they were seen all over Germany. On the contrary: as I state, Hitler commissioned and approved of these films; naturally, they then went into release under the imprimatur of the Propaganda Ministry. To support his argument that Riefenstahl and Goebbels spent months "arranging financing" for the party-rally film* Sieg des Glaubens, *Culbert relies on Goebbels's diaries, but the diaries say nothing of the kind. In fact, during the period Culbert discusses, Goebbels doesn't mention a party-rally film at all, let alone its financing. (Riefenstahl has never denied meeting with Goebbels.) When Professor Culbert calls my article "uninformed," what he really means is that I find his analysis unconvincing.*

Gored to Tears

Gore Vidal ["Gore's Lore," by Arthur Lubow, September] has become, unhappily, a compulsive iconoclast. Whatever the icon—God, country, Mom, or apple pie—you set it up and he'll knock it down. Considering his horrendous relationship with his own mother, I wonder if each icon that Vidal shatters isn't really the same one: that Medean mother. And yet he treasures her photograph, suggesting that even iconoclasts can have shrines.

MRS. DANIEL MORRIS
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

I am the displeased administrator of the Maurice Grosser Estate. Gore Vidal has used *Vanity Fair* to "out" Grosser and to reveal to the public that he died of AIDS. Nasty business, that Gore Vidal, and naughty you for being his vehicle. Maurice probably would not have minded much that Vidal gossiped to Arthur Lubow in print about him if they had at least given him a little plug, like "perhaps the foremost realist painter of our times." That's rather more important a fact about Maurice than that, half a century ago, he was Virgil Thomson's lover. Furthermore, Gore's pose as an old auntie coyly winking when he says "the lifelong friend, as they say" these days amounts to literary cowardice. Not to mention his callousness in saying Maurice was "a *hero* in his set, for valiance. The dedication it takes to get AIDS at that age." Gore's art suffers exactly because it is so cut off from everything about our times, and *his* tragedy is that, immense though its dimensions, AIDS has managed not to touch his circle, by his own admission. An activist friend, in response, told me, "Fuck that has-been ostrich struggling for a comeback."

LOU RISPOLI
Woodside, New York

Labor of Love

Why did *Vanity Fair* profile such an untalented, lowbrow human being as Courtney Love ["Strange Love," by Lynn Hirschberg, September]? To pose her in a Demi-esque manner was a mockery of the healthy, beautiful pregnancy of Demi Moore. Did you really think that by airbrushing out the cigarette in Courtney's hand you would make her any less unsavory?

VANESSA HARRINGTON
Pound Ridge, New York

I'm a little confused. Color me vacant, but didn't Madonna already do dark roots and smeared eyeliner back in the early 1980s?

AMY LOESEL
Owosso, Michigan

Bi-Partisan Response

I am writing to you as part of BiVocal, the bisexual media advocacy network. In "The Trail of a Hustler" [September], Ann Louise Bardach writes that "the claim of bisexuality is usually a bogus one—most women who say they're bisex- *(Continued on page 50)*

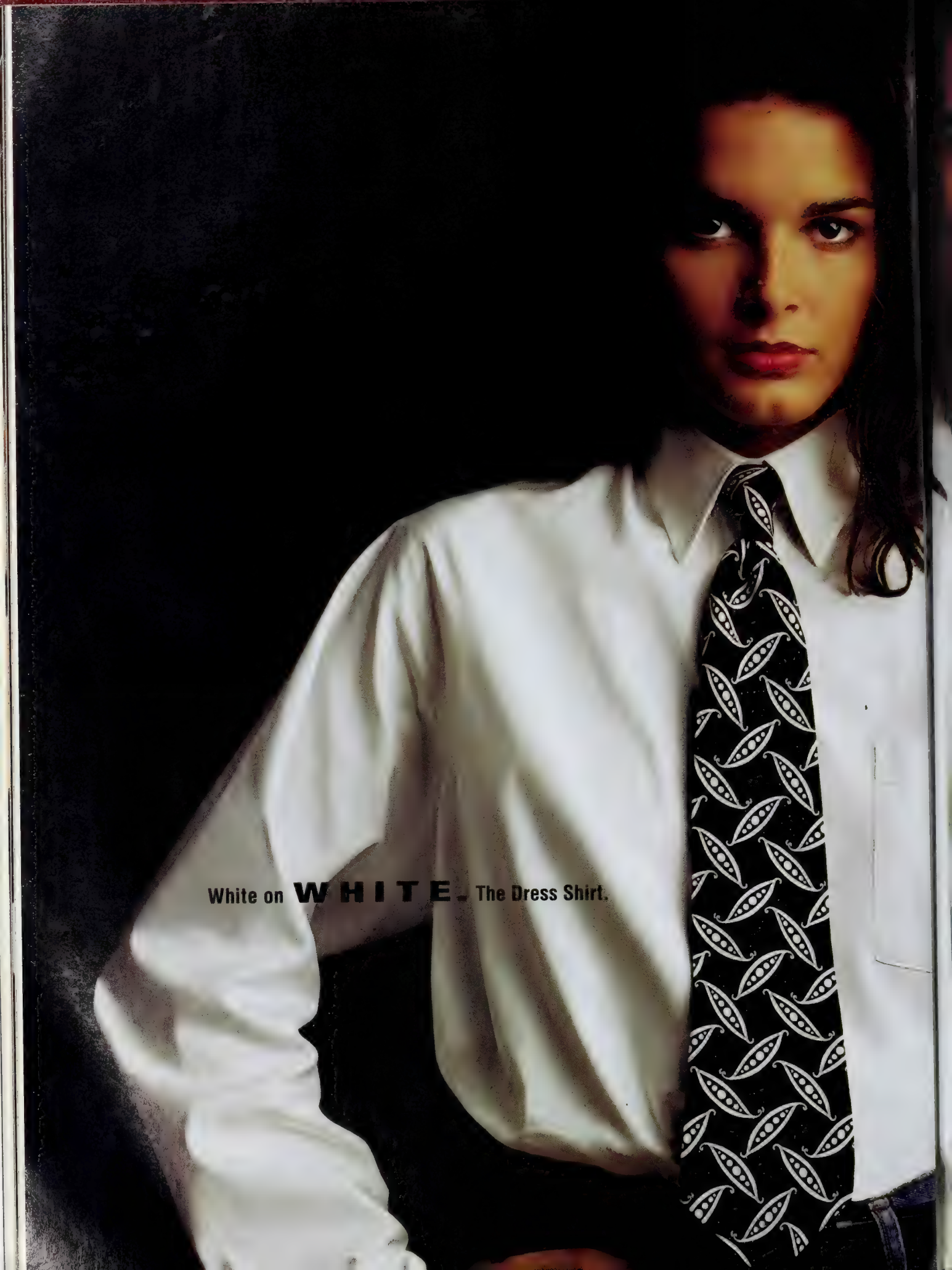
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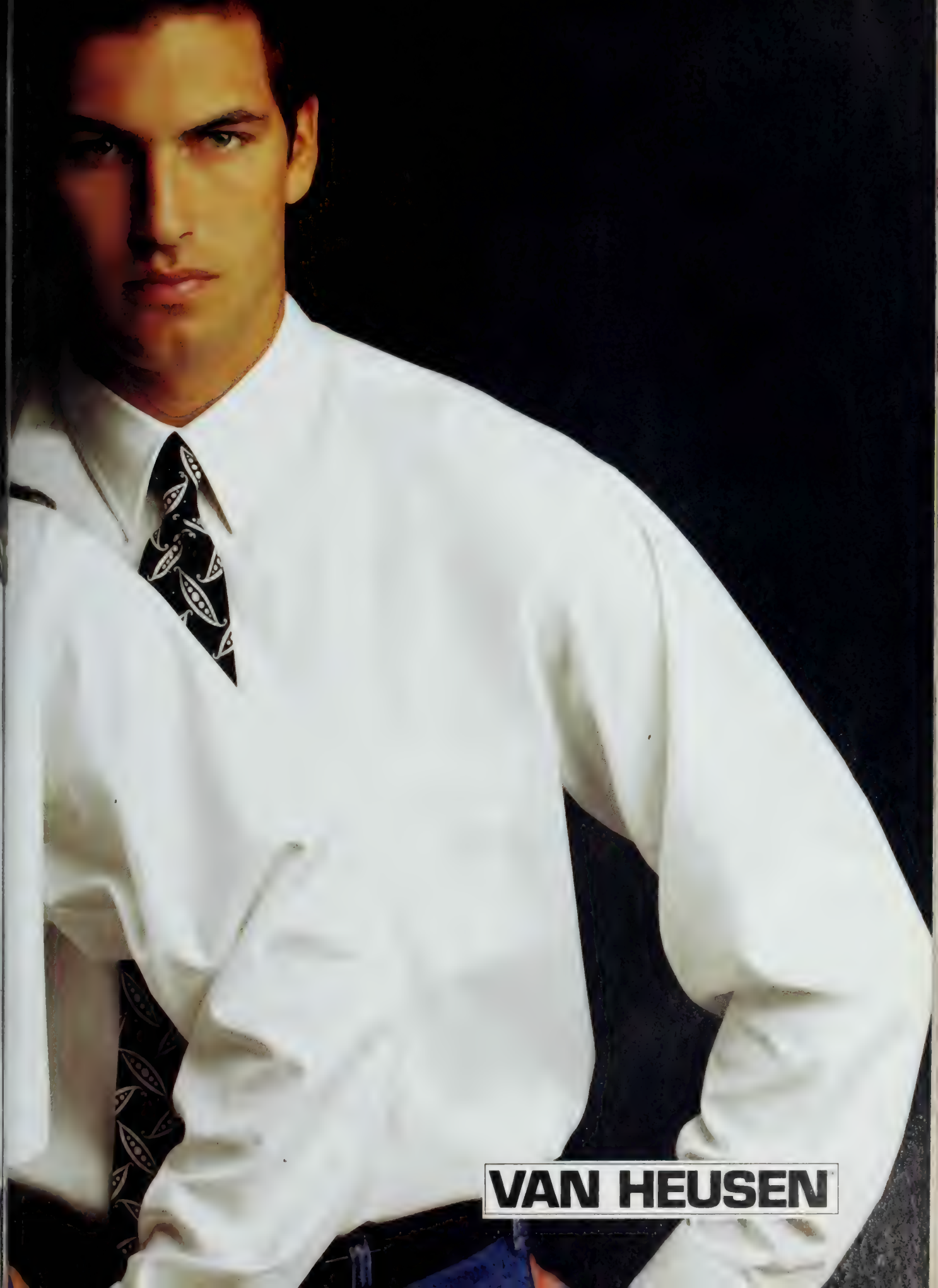




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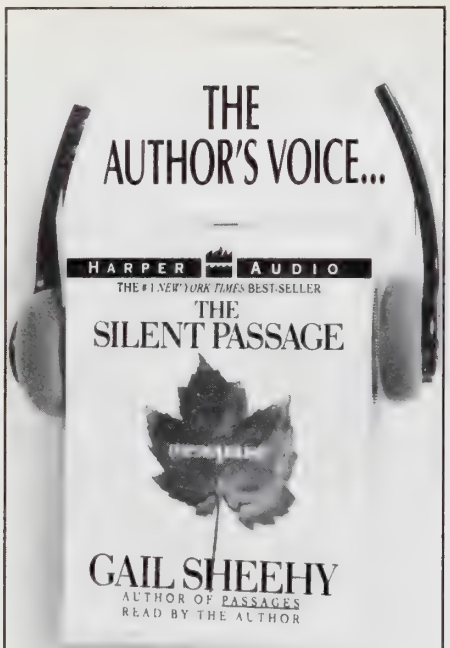
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Letters

(Continued from page 42) ual turn out to be straight, while almost all men who claim they are are actually gay.'' All of the research done into bisexuality contradicts Bardach's naïve and hostile opinion. Publications such as *Bi Any Other Name* and *Bisexual Lives* have documented the extent and diversity of bisexual life-styles. I am also angry that Bardach's editors were not informed enough to challenge her claims.

JO EADIE
Nottingham, England

Roe v. Wade

Leslie Bennetts's vicious portrayal of my former wife, co-counsel, and friend, Sarah Weddington [''A Woman's Choice,'' September], made me physically ill. Perhaps, in some strange way, Bennetts thought she was being kind by picturing Sarah as a tragic martyr, pilloried by evil forces. I found it demeaning, and so did everyone else I have talked to. Sarah is not a tragic figure, and her career is not blighted. She has worked in the White House, traveled around the world several times, met many of the great leaders of the day, and influenced the U.S. Constitution. Should she choose, she could probably get elected to almost any office she ran for. Her political career was cut short by the election of Ronald Reagan, not because of *Roe* v. *Wade*. As for the statements about me, the only thing I want to argue with is that I would interrupt Sarah when she was with clients to ask her to prepare lunch. To think that I would risk losing one of our law clients over lunch is ludicrous to anyone who knows me. Anyone who *really* knows Sarah would know that if I had done such a thing I would have lost an important piece of my anatomy. Finally, about ''who was smarter,'' there is one way I have been smarter than Sarah: the friends I have chosen would have better sense than to give a reporter such nasty ammunition.

RON WEDDINGTON
Austin, Texas

Much Ado About Camille

I don't quite understand the uproar over Camille Paglia [''Paglia's Power Trip,'' by James Wolcott, September]. After all, women who hate other women have *always* been revered and put on display in our society. In fact, I would venture to say old Camille is just what the status quo has been praying for. Back to the kitchen, Phyllis Schlafly, the boys have a spectacular new cover girl. And, by God, misogyny 1990s-style has found the ultimate dream date!

TISH PEARLMAN
Amsterdam, the Netherlands

The photo of that hard-eyed female Camille Paglia leaning over ''my centurions'' smacks more of Caligula and his day than any sortie into the 21st century. I suppose Renny and Bri ought to be grateful for their employment, and that she doesn't refer to them as ''my gladiators.'' ''My'' indeed. How fond.

ALICE J. REID
Oakland, California

Tartt, but Not Sweet

As a resident of Oxford and an English professor at Ole Miss, I found James Kaplan's article on Donna Tartt . . . well, illuminating [''Smart Tartt,'' September]. The anecdote about stuffing the Kappa House Sunshine Box with Sartre's ''Hell is other people'' is neat, but if Tartt is such a T. S. Eliot scholar, she should know Eliot's remark ''Hell is oneself.'' Nothing shows the Continental versus Anglo-American difference better, or better highlights Tartt's own views.

DAVID GALEF
Oxford, Mississippi

And Another Thing...

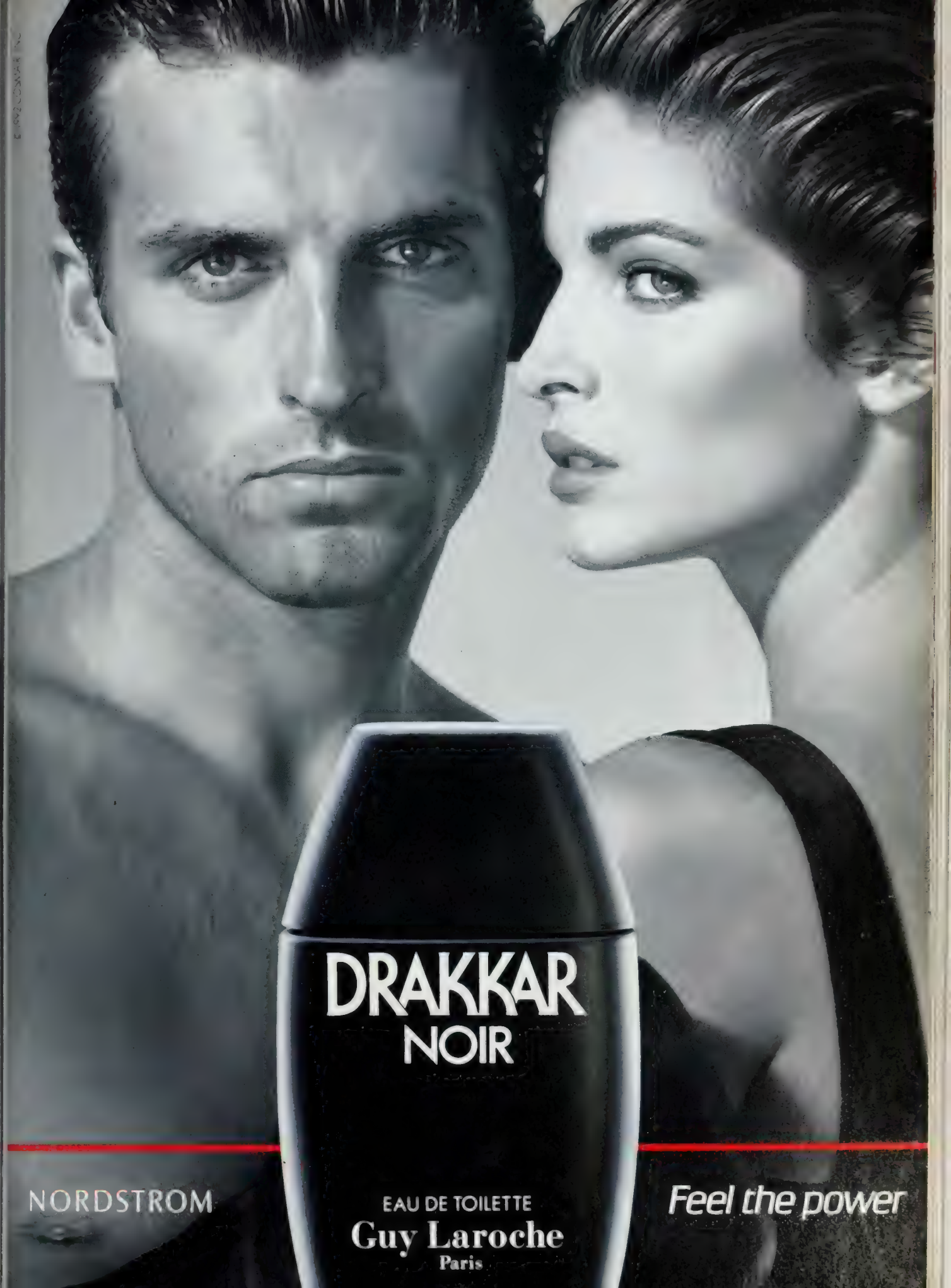
Has anyone ever pointed out how often the word ''*Zeitgeist*'' is used in your magazine?

SHELLEY D. JAMES
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Regarding the profile of Robert Graham by Amy Fine Collins [''The Bernini of L.A.,'' September], I don't care who you are, brilliant sculptor or ''regular person.'' You should put out your cigar if it is bothersome to those around you. Shouldn't you?

CHERYL ZADEN
Los Angeles, California

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, Vanity Fair, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.


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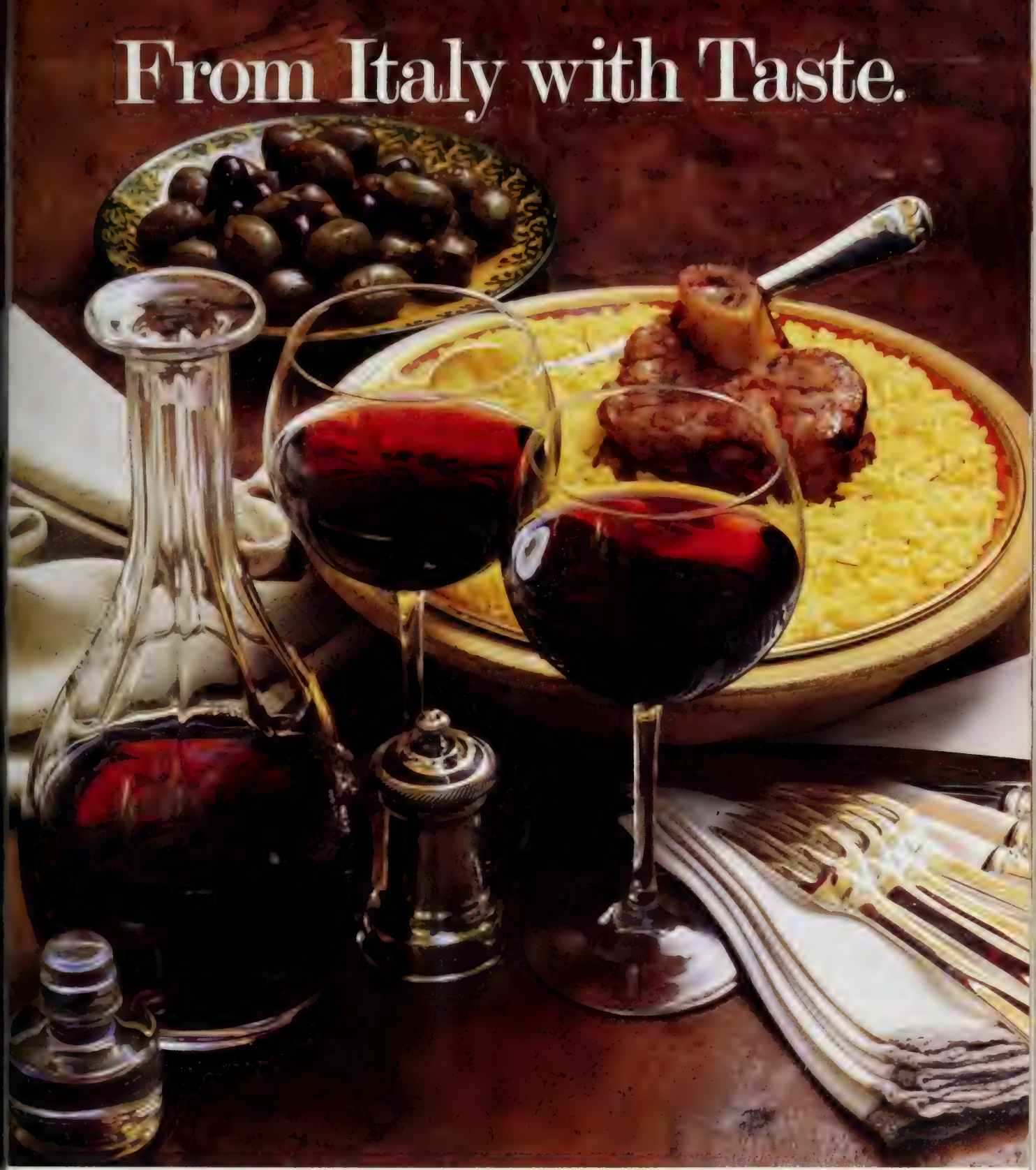
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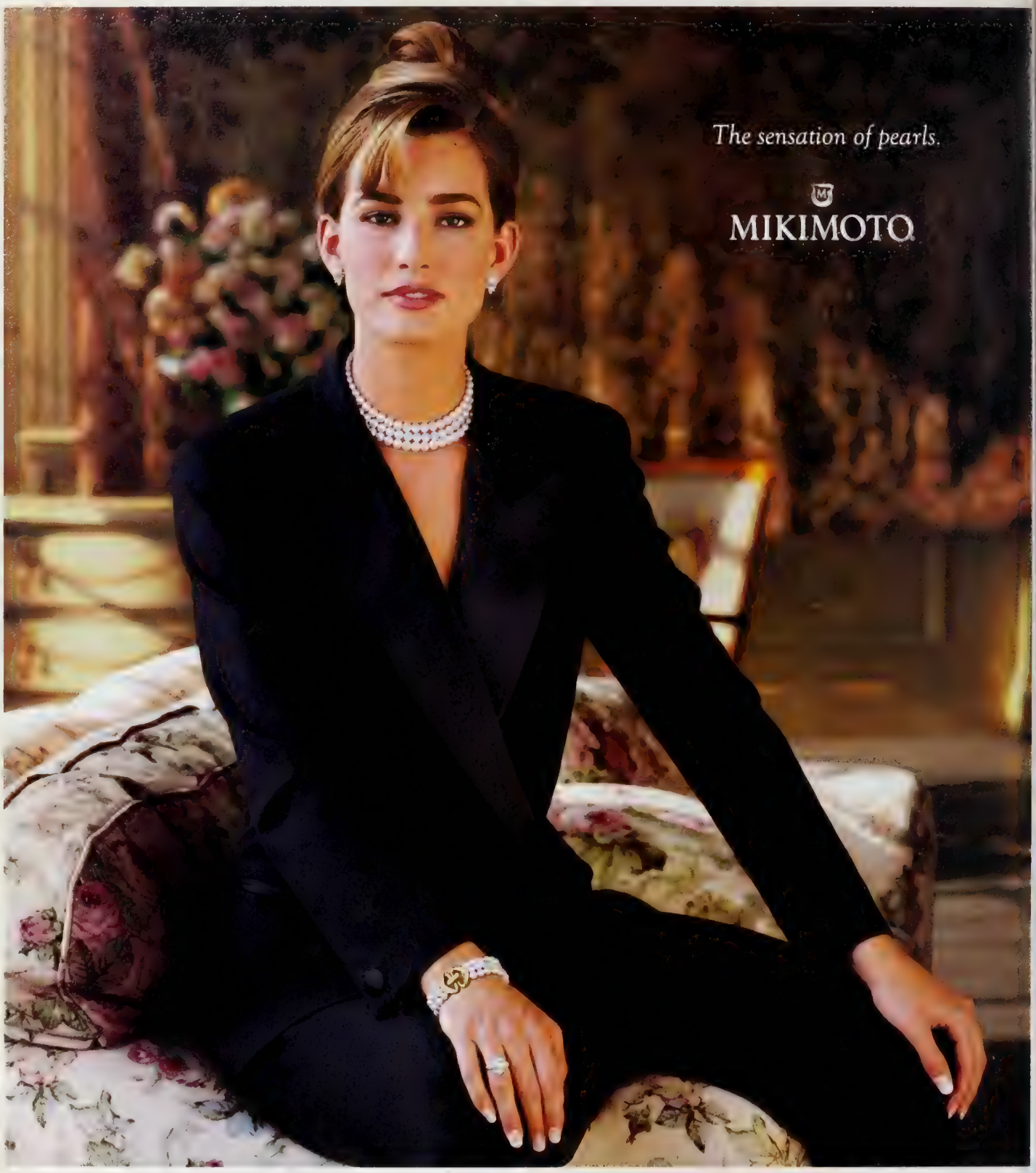


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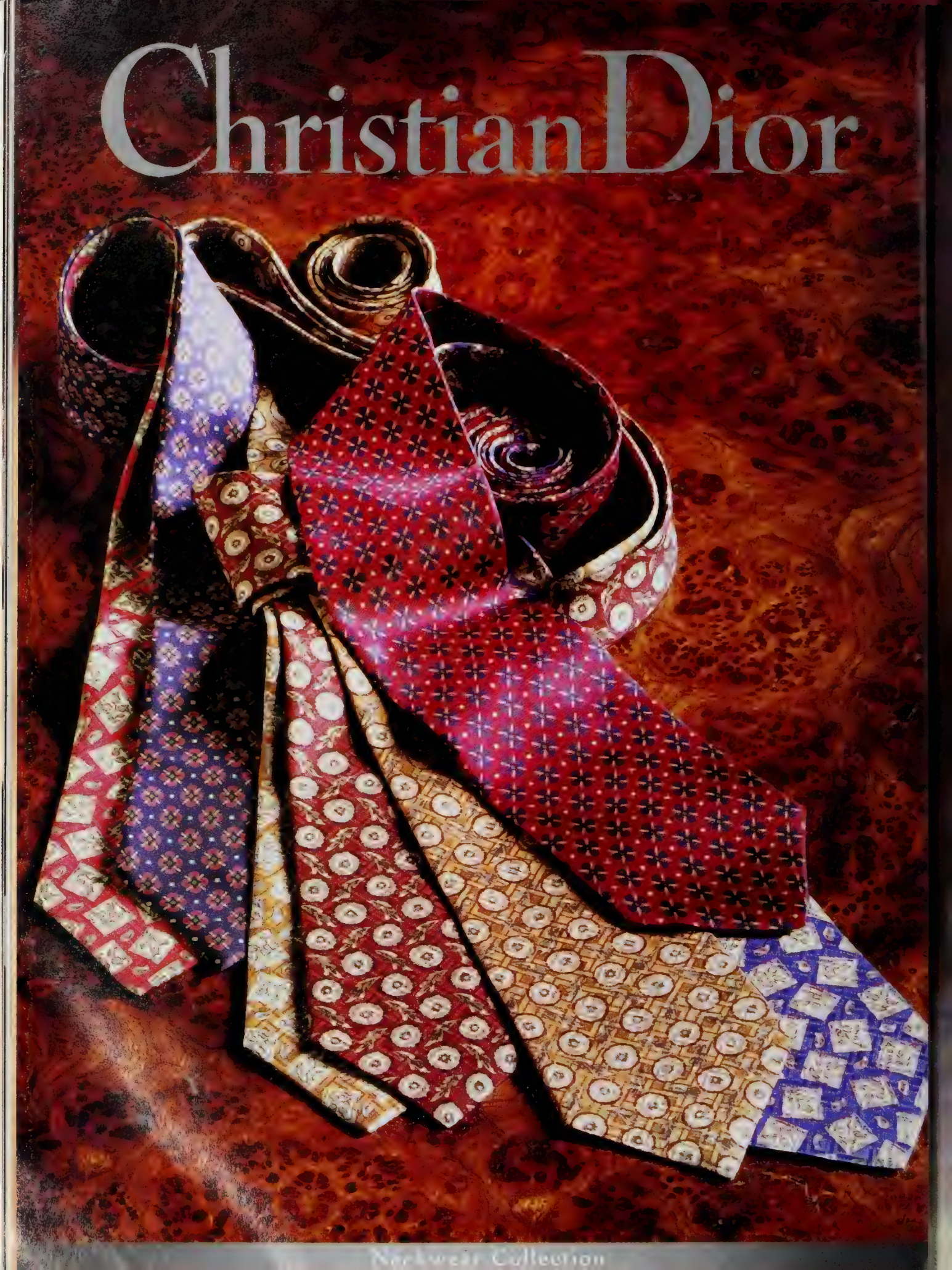
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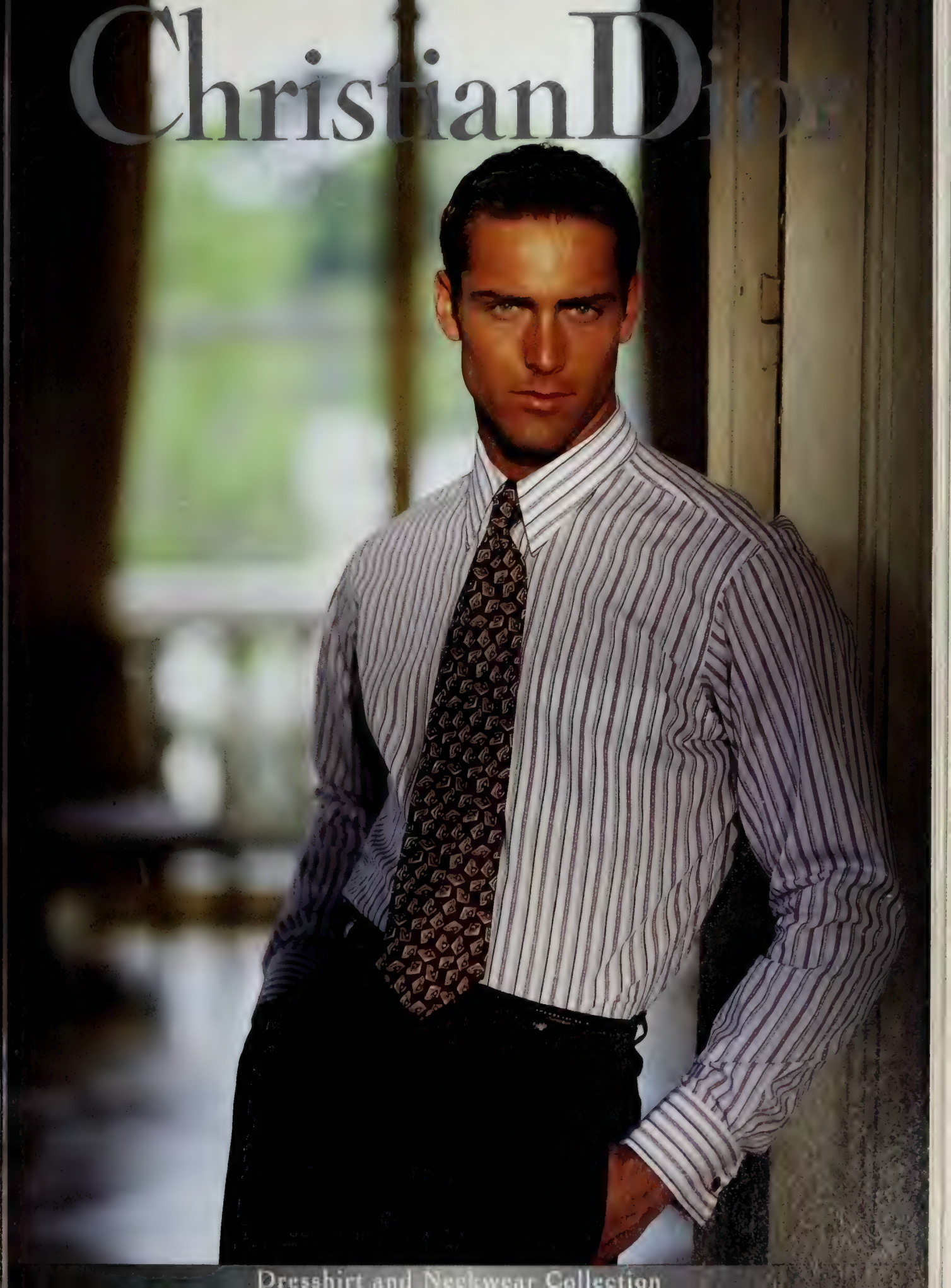


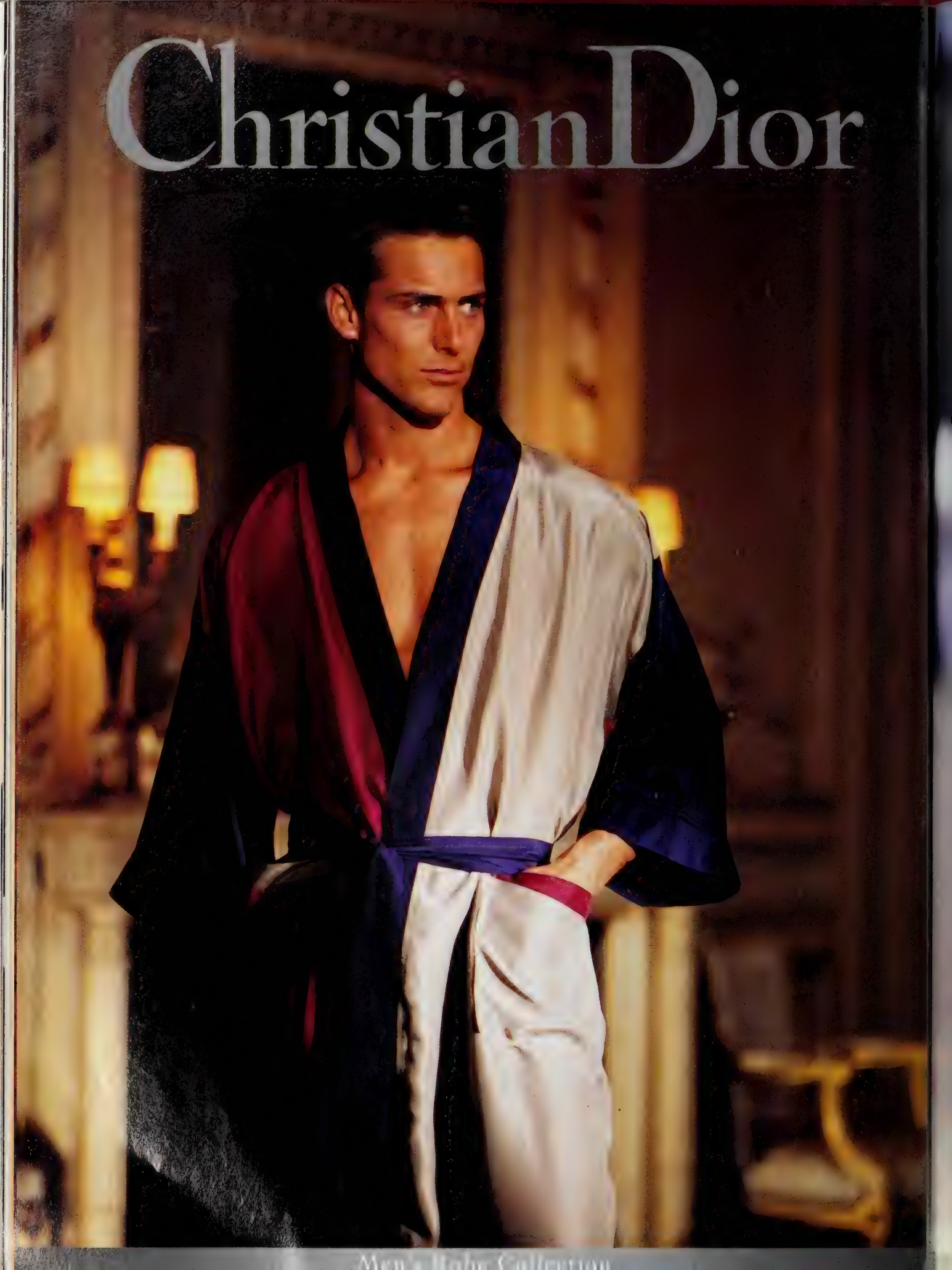
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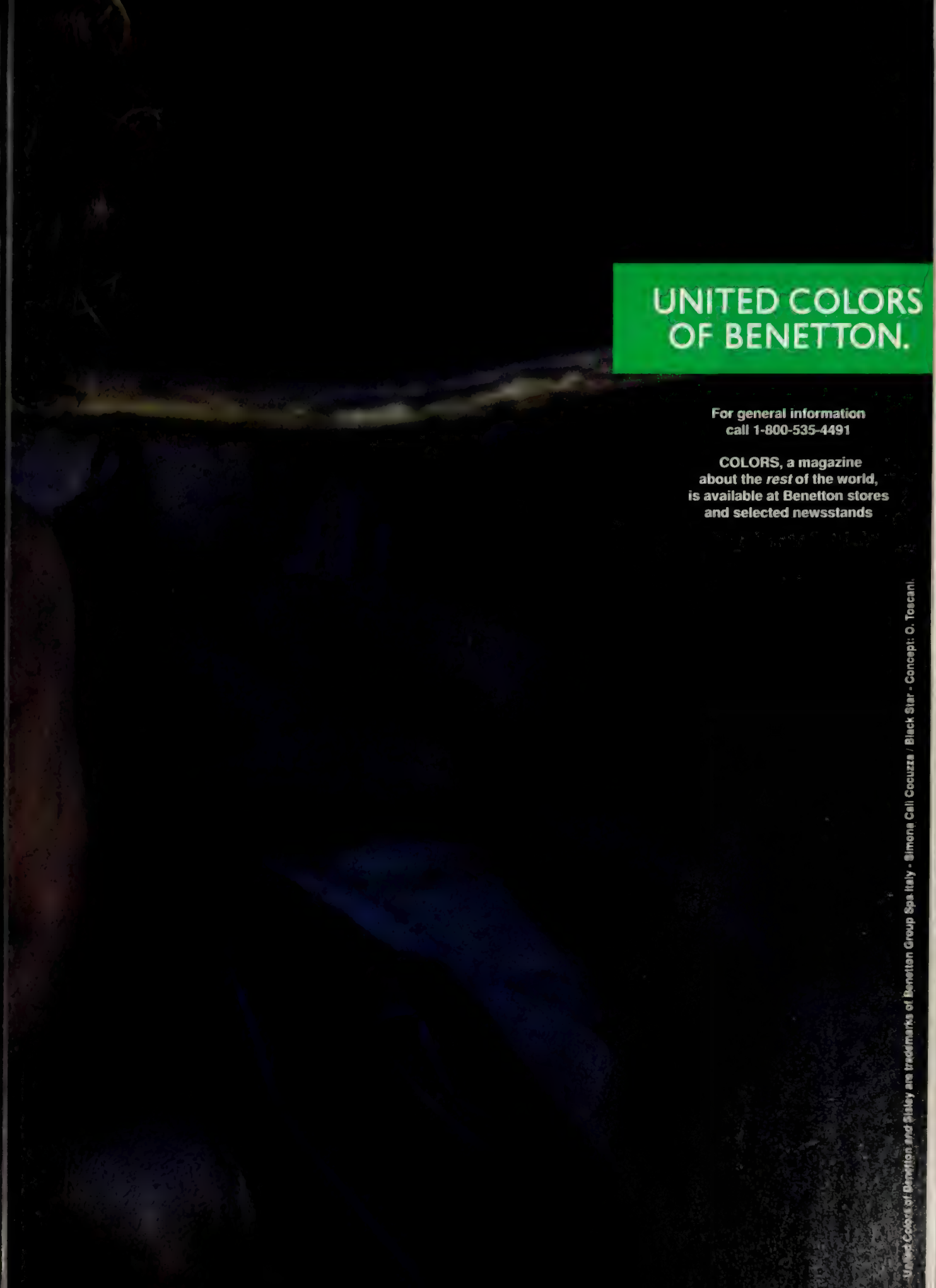


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BOURGEOIS BLUES

Why do America's few intellectuals cringe when called an elite? And what do the Squidgy tapes have to do with it?

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Sitting around after some trifling dinner, where the wine bill alone came to more than most people's rent, and while I dare say sneering at the concerns of ordinary working Americans, Martin Amis and I once evolved an after-banquet word game. The point (not, you understand, that we felt it *needed* a point) was to take any well-known phrase or title containing the word "heart" and replace that with the simple word "dick." This yielded results spanning the candidly puerile ("I Left My Heart in San Francisco"; "Heartbreak Hotel") all the way through the mysteriously apt ("Heart of Darkness"; "The Heart of the Matter") to the strangely moving ("Be still, my heart"; "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter"). I never expected this game to be of any practical *use* until I read Woody Allen's buttonless interview with *Time* magazine, wherein he defended the proposition that Father Knows Best, as it bore on his own case, by saying with every evidence of feeling that "the heart wants what it wants." Up until then, the best instance of the game's weird potency had occurred in the title of the autobiography of Wallis Simpson, Duchess of Windsor: *The Heart Has Its Reasons*. Now, if only a member of the Kennedy tribe had composed a memoir called *King of Hearts* or *Notes from the Heartland* or even *First in the Hearts of His Countrymen*...

It has, all things considered, been a rotten bad year for the dynastic principle. If you take seriously the dullest phrase of the moment, which I think is certainly the expression "role model," your brow must be in a state of semipermanent furrow. For anguished New York lumpen intellectuals, the abrupt springing apart of Woody and Mia, uncrowned king and queen of the dual monarchy of Upper East and Upper West, has made even the consoling idea of dysfunction seem, well, dysfunctional. For those, and by gosh they are *many*, whose brains ceased to function at the same time as J.F.K.'s did, the effort to work up the Kennedy mystique by way of the Clinton pastiche must seem vaguely but definitely unsatisfactory, as must the stubborn recidivism of Kennedy clan members. You can't make that soufflé rise twice. Most of all, though, the abject decline of the House of Windsor has broadcast dismay among the rabble of the wellborn and those who live vicariously by its doings. From Elvis the King, disappointment may be inescapable and even somehow allowed for. But the "Squidgy" tapes, and the Fergie pix, occasion a white-trash crisis of absolutely Vesuvian dimensions. As in the other cases, this crisis arises from a failure to make the essential distinction ("Kind Hearts and Coronets") that I attempted to set out above.

I take it you have read the Squidgy transcripts by now. Whoever gave this nickname to the Spencer girl, Queen of the Sloane Rangers, is arguably morally responsible for her bulimia, to say nothing of her compulsions for astrology,



A rotten year for dynasties: Mia, head of the House of Farrow (carrying Crown Prince Satchel), and Charles, heir to the House of Windsor.



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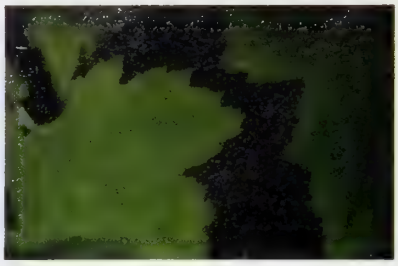
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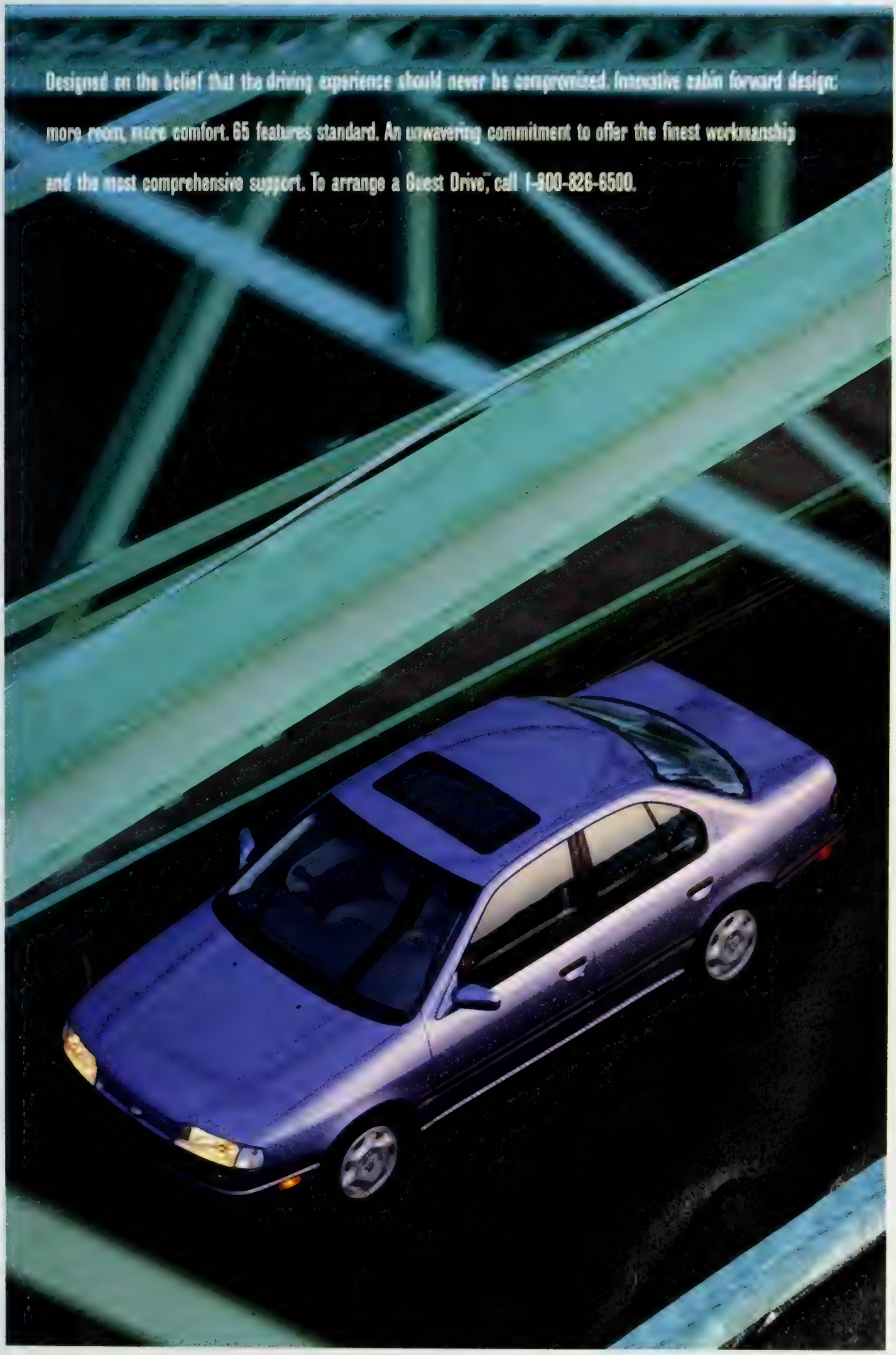


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"personal growth" artistry, trash TV, and cry-for-help non-death plunges and lunges enacted in various taxpayer-funded palazzi. Here is a sample exchange between the "fairy tale" starlet and her paramour James Gilbey, who speaks affectingly about his own pounding heart (you should pardon the expression):

He: Ummm, Squidgy . . . what else? It's just like unwinding now. I am just letting my heartbeat come down again now. I had the most amazing dream about us last night. Not physical, nothing to do with that.

She: That makes a change.

He: Darling, it's just that we were together an awful lot of time and we were having dinner with some people. It was the most extraordinary dream, very vivid, because I woke up in the morning and I remembered all aspects of it. All bits of it. I remembered sort of what you were wearing and what you had said. It was so strange, very strange and very lovely too.

She: I watched *EastEnders* today.

I should say here that I always thought "fairy tale" was exactly the right description of the Charles-Diana betrothal, and also that all details in the foregoing dialogue are entirely surplus to my own poor requirements—a rape of my privacy rather than hers, since she has turned into a nifty little tabloid informant on her own account. Still, you have to whistle and marvel a bit. Listen closely and you can actually hear the rush of oxygen between the ears. A comparable tape of the mewings and clawings of Wallis Simpson, once the very toast of Baltimore, would at least have picked up a well-chosen remark or two about the Munich agreement (pro) or the Baldwin Cabinet (con) or the Archbishop of Canterbury (X-rated). Now we hear that there is *another* tape to come of the Spencer minx; this one even more "explicit," with (who knows?) muttered bedroom hints and even pet names for Mr. Monster. That's what you get for founding a monarchy and a church on the family values of Henry VIII.

The British have no choice but to take all this, and much, much more besides, on the chin. To them, the monarchy is the special symbol of nationhood, the emblem of historical continuity, the seal on the unbroached integrity of the Isles, the elusive ghost in the national machine, the hint of magic at the heart of the unwritten constitution, and also the consolation for the rude decline in the value of the pound sterling. But why is it that one cannot cruise an *American* supermarket without crashing into a Squidgy gallery at the checkout? How come *People* magazine was shrewd enough to know that the Spencer girl would be a chartbuster? What gives with *The New York Times* best-seller list, which showcases at least one book each week on the gorgings, reelings, and pukings at Buck House? How about *The New Yorker*, which features an ad for some bauble with the brash rubric "Princess Diana Wears This Necklace," adding breathlessly that the Duchess of Windsor patronized the same designer, one Kenneth Jay Lane, who for good measure styles himself "The King of Costume Jewelry"?

How satisfying to see the Palace brought low by its own populist former allies as they flaunt, with full Sloane collusion, Squidgy's drivel and Fergie's undraped *poitrine.*

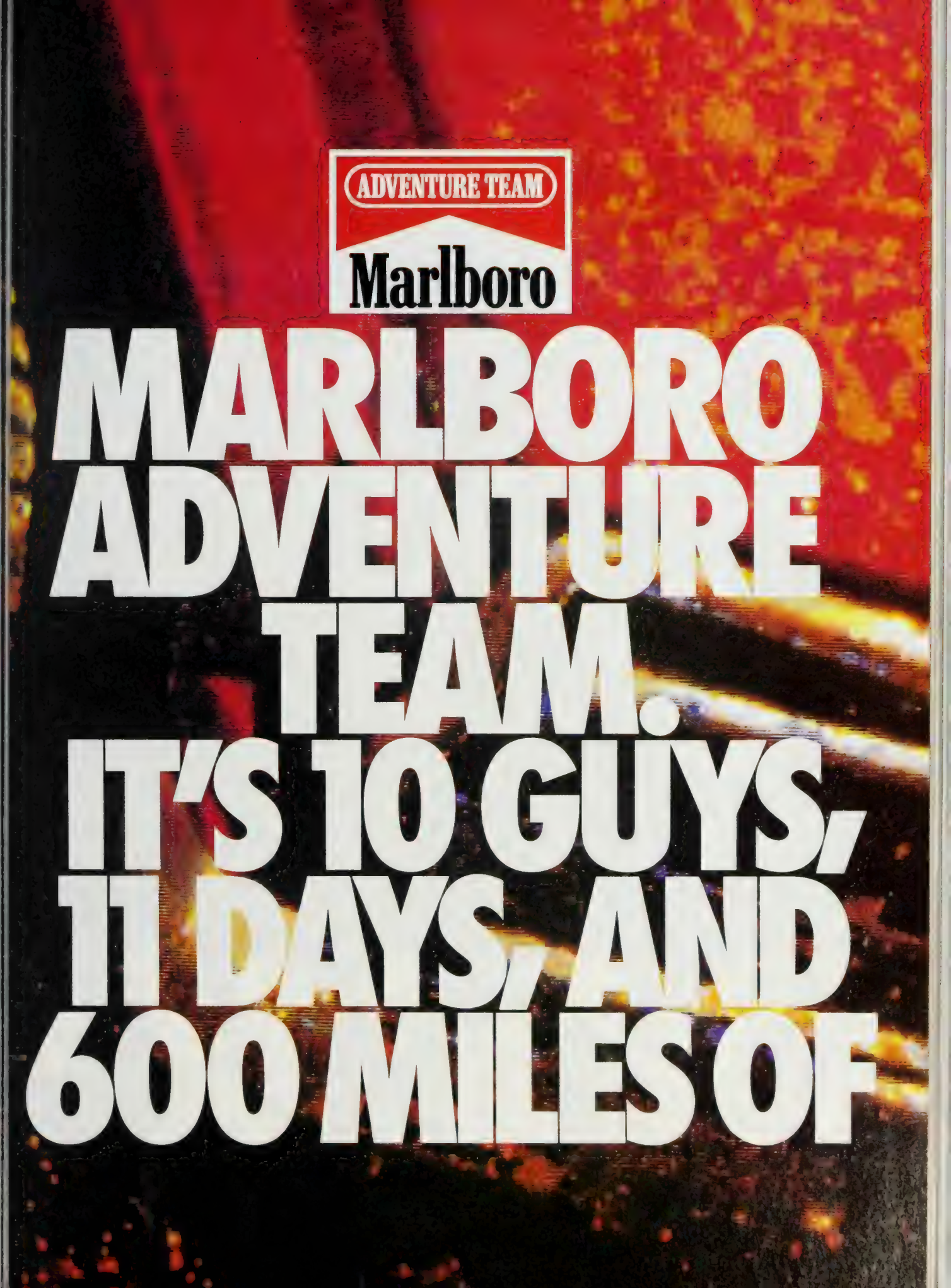
Some claim to see in this aping and fawning the revival of a domestic American royalism, what my old comrade Lewis Lapham in his upcoming book calls *The Wish for Kings*. And it's true that there are distressing symptoms such as ceremonial presidents, overstuffed First Families, crude thirsts among military men for foreign decorations, and sweet deals with princelings from Riyadh to Brunei. But it's the social and aesthetic confusion that reaches out to grab you, a confusion that apparently stems from American insecurity and from a misunderstanding of the word "elite." Not to bang on too much as if one were William Safire—a man *of* the people, if not exactly *for* or *by* them—I can still state with confidence that the word derives from the French verb *élire* and the Latin verb *eligere*. In both cases, this is the verb "to choose" or "to select." It is the root and origin of the word "election," a specimen of which is now in its last muddy stages. It implies the desire, and the ability, to think and choose for yourself. It does not mean what fools take it to mean.

What fools are these? They are of two kinds: the snobs who play on aspiration and insecurity, and the slobs who play on resentment. Among the first are the marketers of junk, who want to lend a cachet to their wares. A "Princess Di" haircut; an address in a dead-end tract development called Sherwood Forest or Buckingham Oaks or some such swirling nonsense; a hotel called the Salisbury or the Balmoral. Avoid these as you would a diner called Mom's or a poker player named Doc. The populist here is playing the same trick as the snob, asking you to take on a falsified second identity.

It's often noticeable that the person who rails against "elites" and the person who profits by oligarchy are the same person. In the United States, during the current, degradingly stupid election campaign, one child of privilege and defender of pelf (Dan Quayle) tried to incite the plain folks against the swimming-pool and security-guard set in Hollywood. Not since George Bush jeered at "Harvard Yard" in 1988 had there been such obvious demagoguery. But it was apparent at once that Hollywood wanted to deny or evade the accusation, stressing its commitment to family entertainment, and joking that the vice president was attacking fictional characters (a lame defense that certainly didn't apply to Woody Allen). In the same way, the best riposte anyone could devise to Bush's pseudo-populism in 1988 was the echo-chamber taunt that he himself was "a Yalie."

In a manner that may be analogous, the Crown in England has always been the secret weapon of the oligarchy, in alliance with the mob, against democracy and the intelligentsia. Walter Bagehot, in his Victorian pro-monarchist classic, *The English Constitution*, made the point explicit by writing that "as long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffuse feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding."

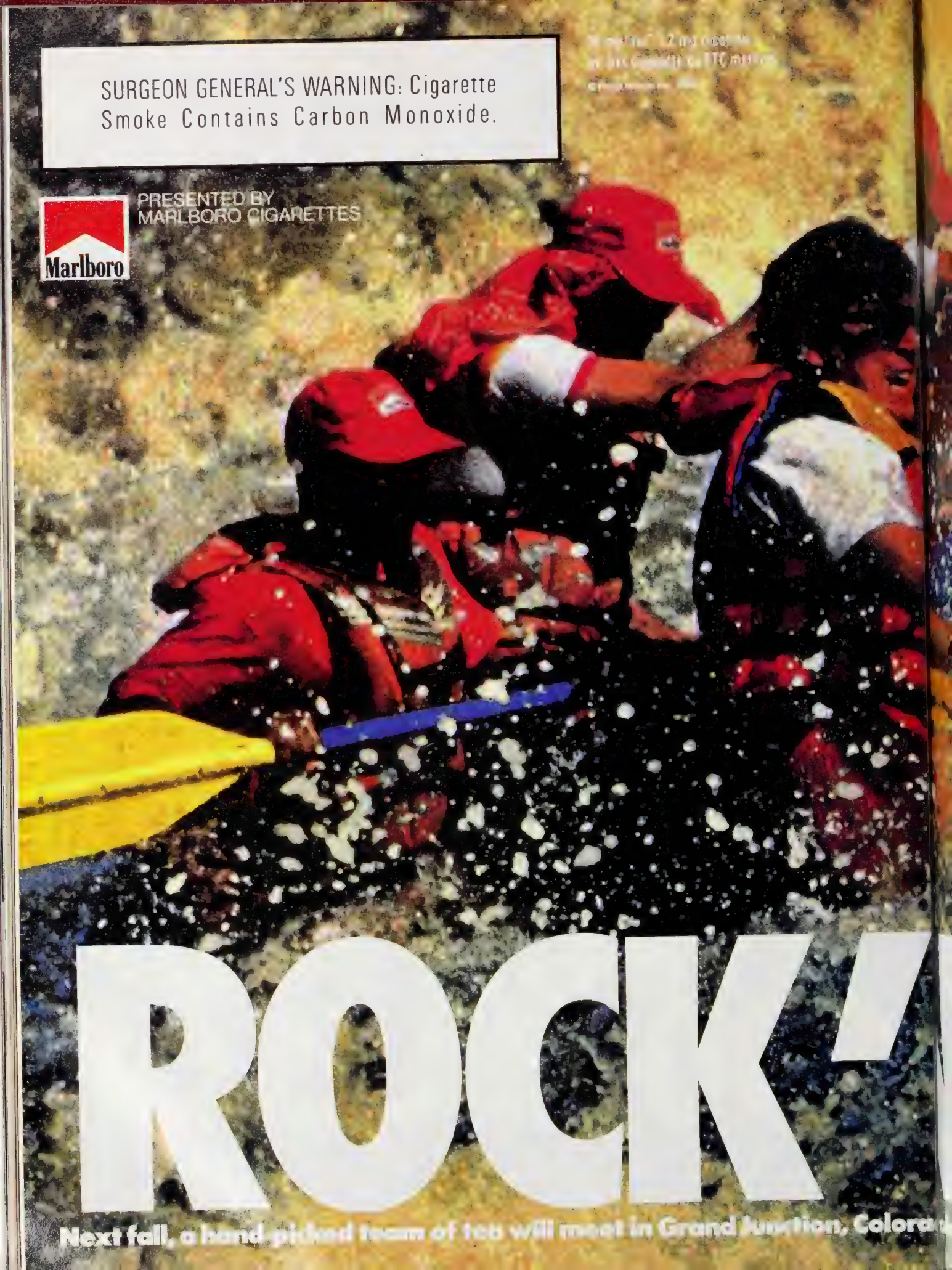
He added that the sovereign was "head of our morality." In other words, welcome to the realm of illusion as it provides a bulwark for the Establishment—Bagehot was a founding father of *The Economist*, and the Queen refers to the monarchy with unsentimental aptness as "the Firm"—against the subversive life of the mind. "Church and King" was the cry not of the elite but of the rabble as they broke windows and smashed printing presses to intimidate the pointy-heads of the En- *(Continued on page 89)*


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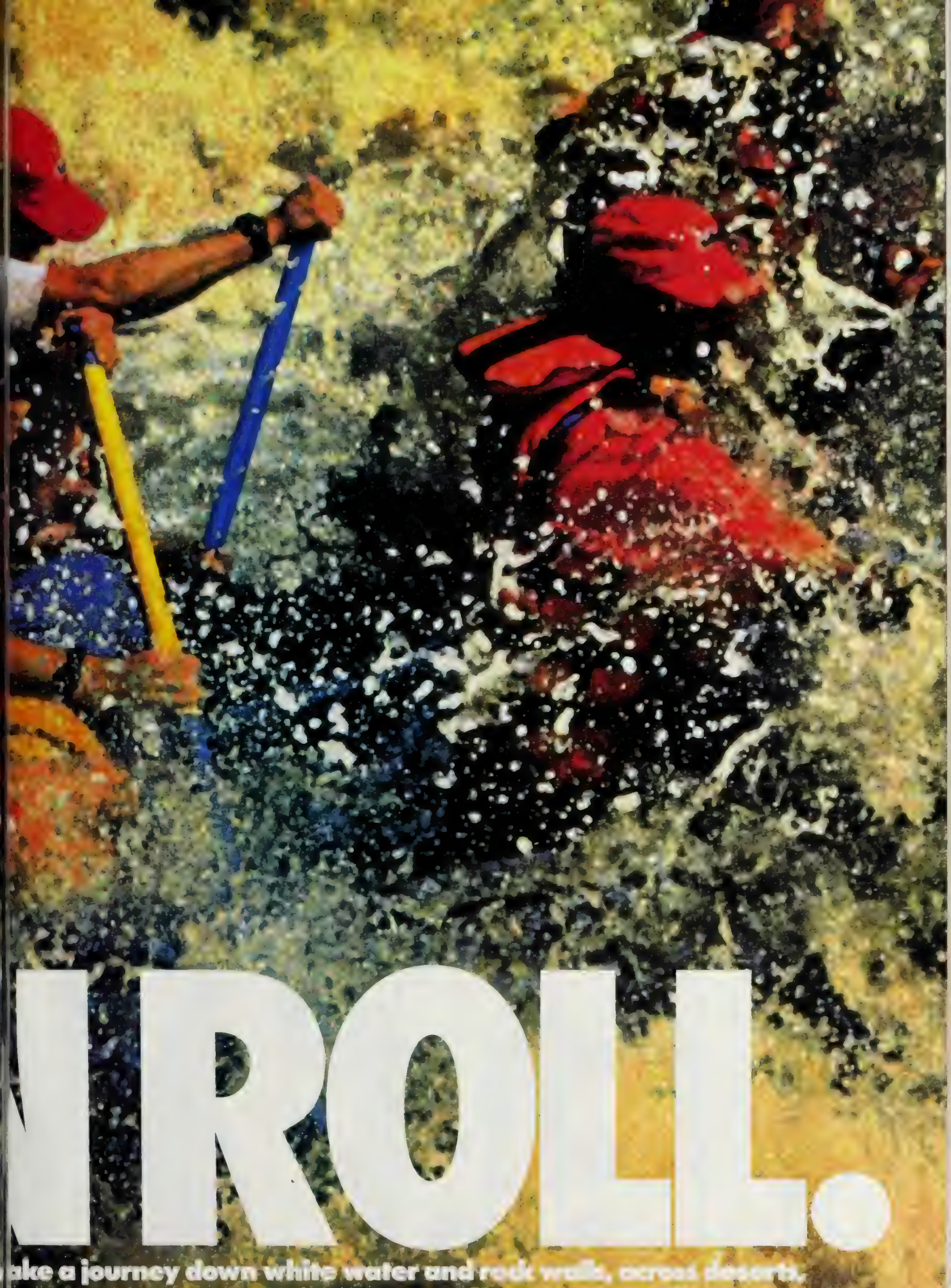
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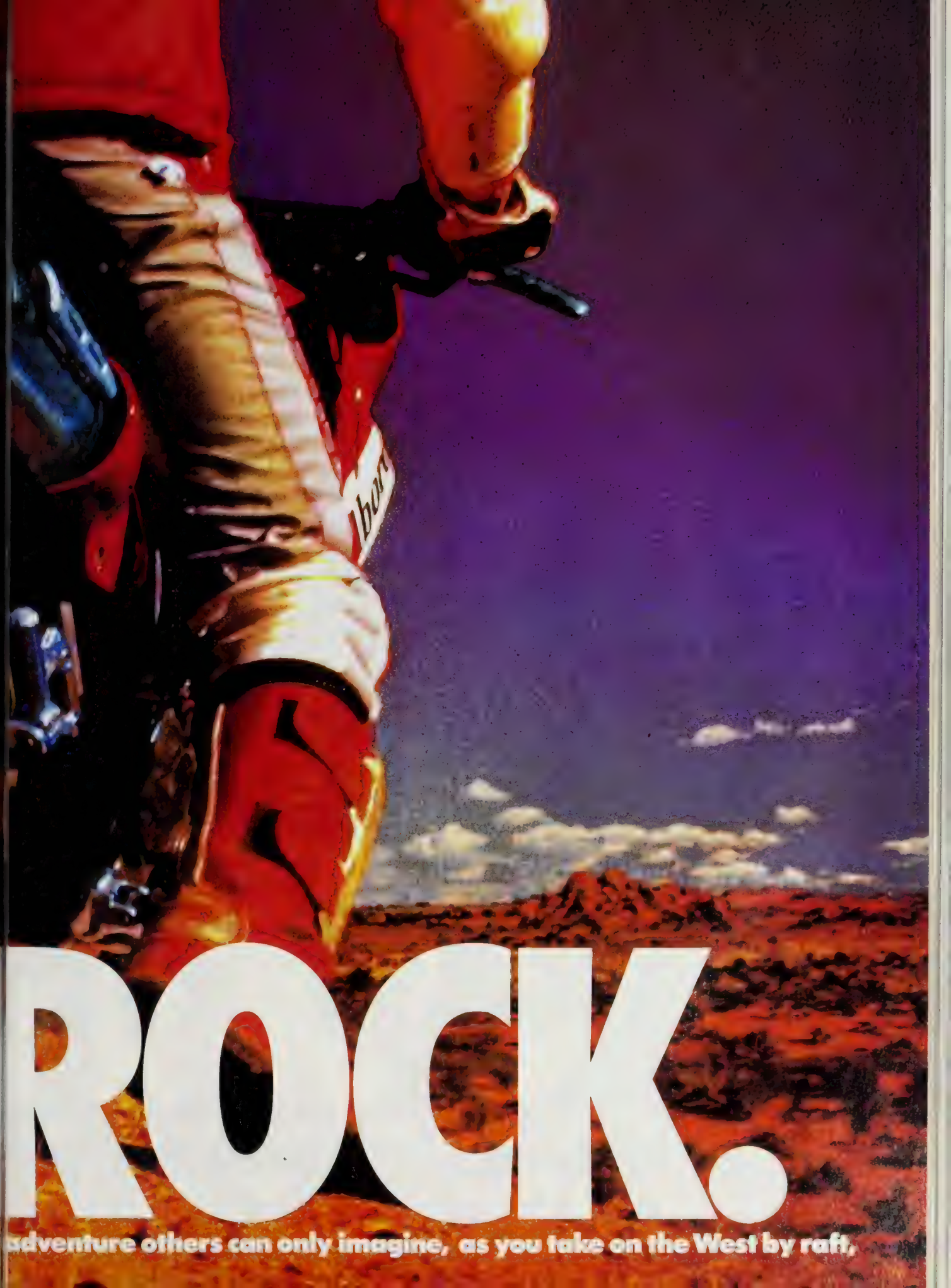
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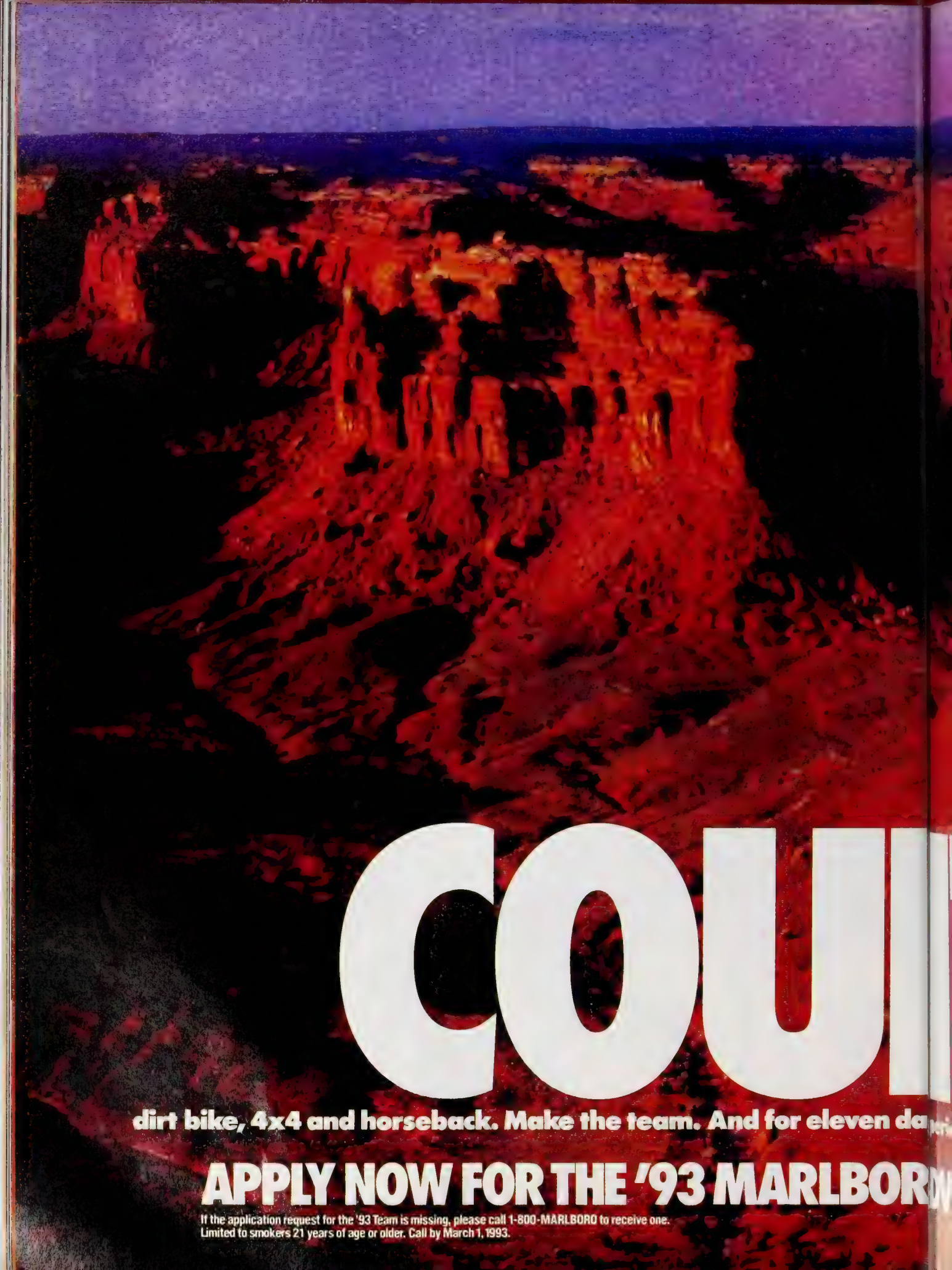
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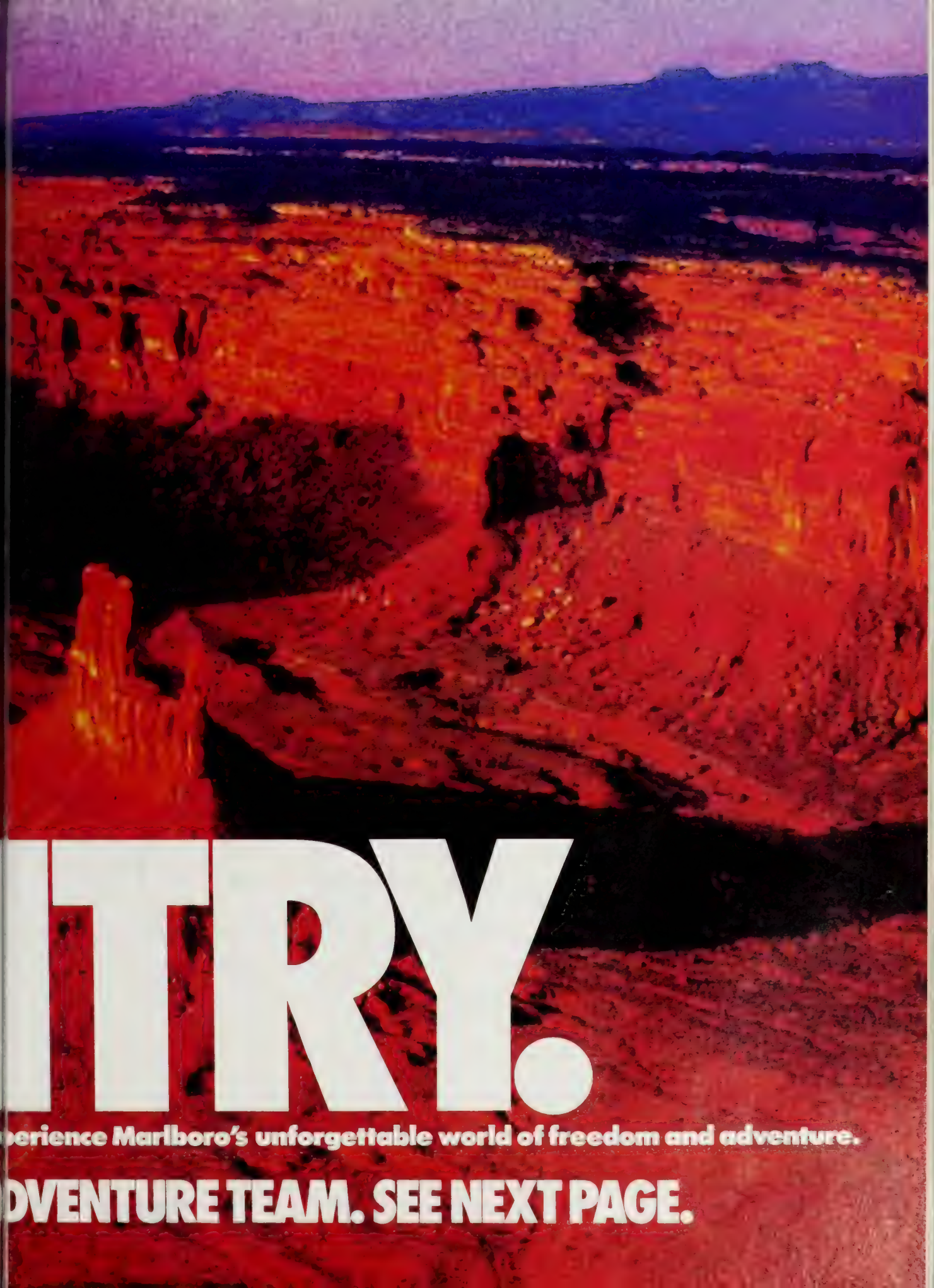


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Cultural Elite

(Continued from page 78) lightenment.

Until very recently, the striped-pants smoothies in the Buckingham Palace press office fed a continuous diet of royalist anodyne and pabulum to the yellow and gutter press—a steady process of dumbing down that was very useful in dissolving those awkward moments of sickly national introspection that followed, say, the loss of Empire. That's why it's so intensely satisfying to see the Palace brought low by its own populist former allies as they flaunt, with full Sloane collusion, Squidgy's drivel and Fergie's undraped *poitrine* (another development, by the way, quite surplus to one's own requirements). At just this moment, too, and as if to confirm that the Crown and the crowd have a common instinct, Queen Elizabeth's attorneys have graciously indicated that they might be willing to discuss the ticklish question of Her incomplete tax return. Well, really. What timing! Just like a Leona Helmsley plea bargain, only slightly more vulgar.

A great merit of Susan Sontag's ravishing new novel, *The Volcano Lover,* is the subtle way in which it captures this historical snob-mob symbiosis. When the brutish, uncultured, British-patronized King of Naples saw his rule challenged by a group of Frenchified eggheads and poets at the turn of the 18th century, he and his ghastly wife went straight to the lumpen elements for succor. Down with the godless, ivory-tower, un-Neapolitan elite! On with the show!

> A hunting crowd, looking for the telltale signs of Jacobin identity (apart from having something worth stealing): a soberly dressed man with unpowdered hair; someone with trousers; someone with spectacles. . . . For this is something like nature—which, notoriously, does not act in its own interests or make judicious discriminations. Even before this energy exhausts itself, it will doubtless be reined in by the rulers who have sanctioned it.

Or, perhaps, "reigned in." At any rate, the phrase "judicious discriminations" is the one to keep your eye on. It means the same as election or elite. Sontag's fine passage anticipates by almost a century of narrative time the nightmare of the Dreyfus case, where once again nobles and bishops incited street resentment and random violence against universities, magazines, discussion clubs ("self-selected," naturally), and other centers of unwholesome, Jew-like, supercilious disloyalty to the manly, patriotic virtues of the majority.

Don't think this trick cannot be played in America, because it already has been by Joe McCarthy, scourge of the tenured and contemplative classes, and was further attempted by Ross Perot and Dan Quayle. Of course, plain, honest Mr. Perot fell to his silly *knees* when given the Winston Churchill Award by Prince Charles. And, of course, all of the Rea-

Dress like Hemingway, but confine yourself to drinking Lite. Wear a green eyeshade, but don't dare shout, "Hold the front page."

ganites lay down and bleated like lambs whenever a sprig of the British royal house deigned to deplane at Andrews Air Force Base. The trouble was that a showbiz and Sloane monarchy started to fuse with a celeb or dollar elite, so that Di preferred John Travolta, and Charles ate from the hand of Walter Annenberg, and *People* magazine could rate Windsor and Sinatra on the same social register. Once everything is reduced to this undifferentiated cultural gunk, we're only one wild lurch away from being told, as we were by the oligarchic wing of the Republicans, that the model American family is the defiantly unaffected Swaggarts, or the unassuming Jim and Tammy Bakker. ("Y'all *come,* y'hear.")

Actually, it is a real shame that America *doesn't* have a cultural elite. It could really use one, or make better use of what it has by way of one. What if critics didn't give "two thumbs up" to seemingly every film produced by the Hollywood plebs, or if bookshops did not keep the best-seller list on display by the till? What if "studies" and opinion polls didn't tell people what they thought, and how? What if no one apologized for the "great books" by saying unctuously how "accessible" they really are? What if people, bewildered by status chaos, did not take their tone and their tune from confected "role models"?

I think idly of George Konrád, the greatest writer of modern Budapest, who put up with years of abuse as a bespectacled, elitist dissident and also with a certain amount of innuendo about being a scholarly Semite, divorced from the "concerns" of ordinary, decent, bigoted jerks. He wrote, mildly but firmly, the following advice in 1987, when he thought he might well die unacknowledged (his best titles are *Antipolitics* and *The Loser,* neither of them ill-chosen):

> Have a lived life instead of a career. Put your days in the safekeeping of good taste. Lived freedom will compensate you for a few losses. . . . If you don't like the style of others, cultivate your own. Get to know the tricks of reproduction, be a self-publisher even in conversation, and then the joy of working can fill your days.

Judicious discriminations. . . In 1990, Konrád was apparently offered the presidency of Hungary (and declined), but that's not my point. My point about the missing cultural elite is that—unlike the indiscriminate non-elites of the hereditary or the commercial or the Irish bootlegging or the show biz and celeb—*anyone* who really wants to can join.

Committed as I am to reading the fashion section in *USA Today* (which always comes out as *USA Toady* when I type it), I was naturally bewitched to see that fall styles include the return of long skirts and also of statements in men's wear for women. One salient suggestion: "Dietrich-like black tuxedo for evening. Add a long, slim cigarette holder. Don't light it."

That admonition bespeaks a world, almost *the* world, of modern kitsch. Things must be not just imitations; they must be *inauthentic* imitations. Dress like Hemingway, but confine yourself to drinking Lite. Wear a green eyeshade, but don't dare shout, "Hold the front page." This decaffeinated style is especially horrible when applied to women. Evelyn Waugh caught the ghastly effect, in *The Loved One,* of the homogenization of the most protean sex:

> A man could leave such a girl in a delicatessen shop in New York, fly three thousand miles and find her again in the cigar stall at San Francisco, just as he would find his favorite comic strip in the local paper; and she would croon the same words to him in moments of endearment and express the same views and preferences in moments of social discourse

So, "be" Marlene Dietrich, but don't be caught dead in *The Blue Angel.* "Love" her voice but eschew the strong drink and cigarettes that gave it that timbre. Don't run the risk of being

thought to behave "inappropriately."

The other day, I interviewed a grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, who wanted to alter the "perception" that his gallant members wore hoods and burned crosses, and who had set up a media-training center to forward this bold new image. Without those sharply pointed heads and crackling crosses, I asked him, what is the point of having a K.K.K. at all? He didn't see the point of this question. Pointlessness is the point. Missing the point is the point.

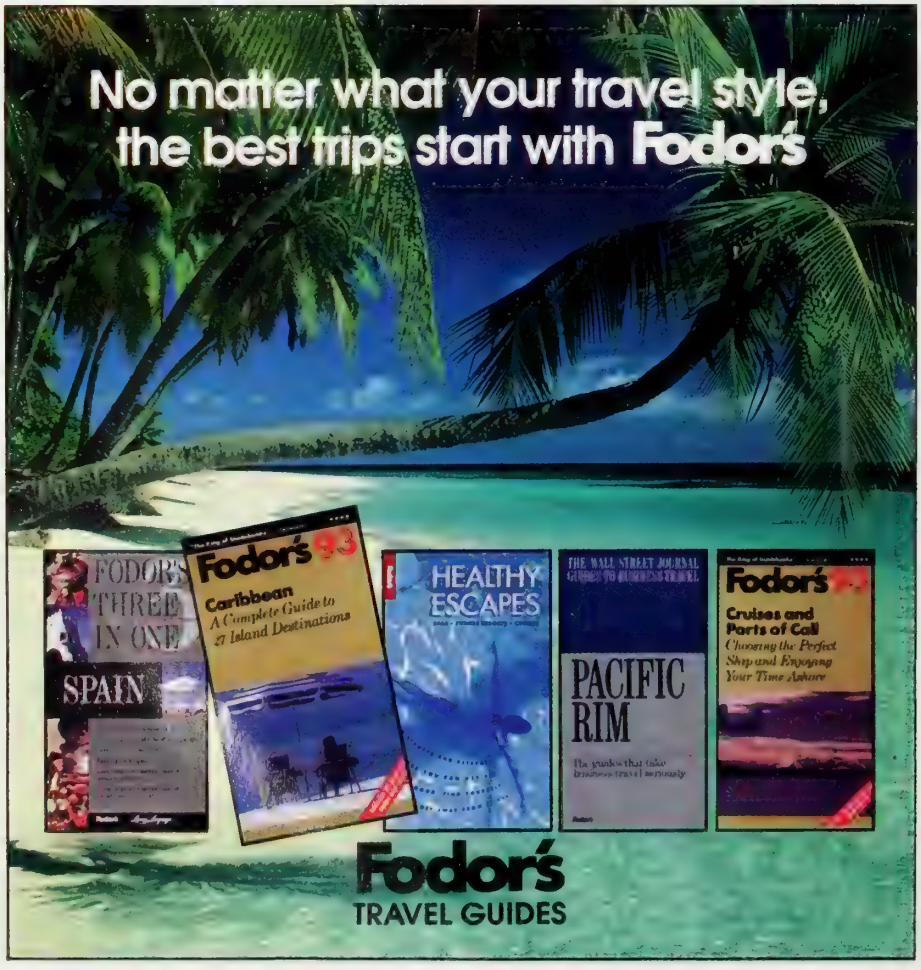
William Morrow has just brought out a book, "written" by Jean P. Sasson, which describes itself as the true-life story of a Saudi Arabian princess. "Princess Sultana," as she is marvelously pseudonymized, is of course too much in danger of losing her life to tell the tale under her own name. I read gaily along, expecting—and getting—the usual lip-licking secrets of the harem. Thwarted passion, deadly envy, silken cords, barbaric cruelty, rough sex, ritualized religion—the lot. And then I came across the episode of "Nadia," a friend of "Sultana's" who had formed the habit of giving herself freely to men without, in some fragrant Saudi fashion, "going all the way." Nadia was caught out by her daddy. The consequences were, well, dire. As "Sultana" records:

> A few days later, my father came home early from the office and called Randa and me into his sitting room. We sat disbelieving when he told us that Nadia was going to be drowned in her family's swimming pool, by her father, on the following morning, Friday, at ten o'clock. Father said that Nadia's entire family would witness her execution.

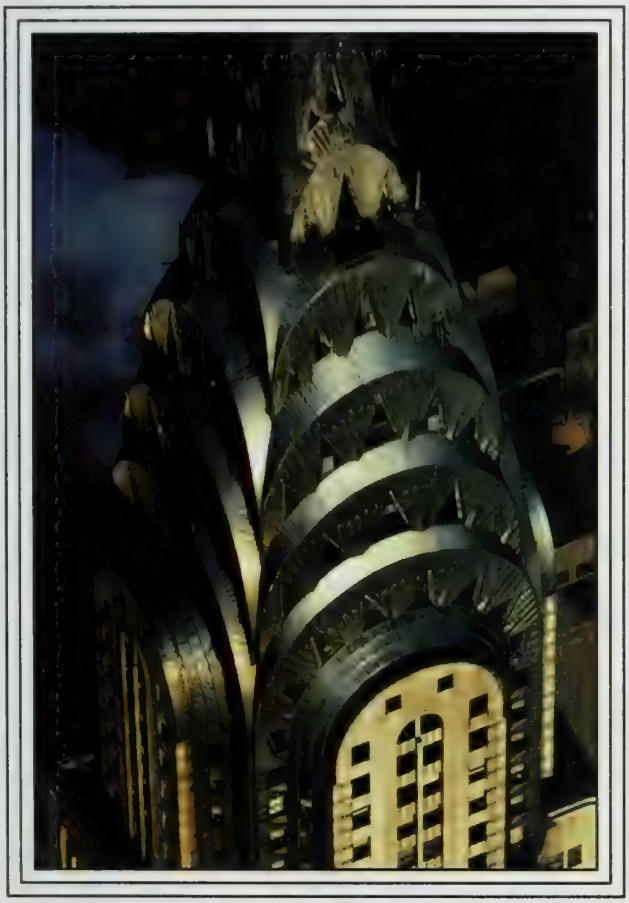
The swimming pool, eh? A good touch, suggestive of modern conveniences in the desert kingdom and all that. I had the satisfying sensation of realizing that I didn't believe *a word* of it. Did they carry on using the pool after they had it cleaned? Were the staff told not to gossip on pain of a thousand lashes? I don't think so.

So much intimate detail is given concerning "Sultana's" family—its births, marriages, and deaths (hatchings, matchings, and dispatchings)—that no kin scanning the book could be in any doubt that the source was the tempestuous "Sultana" herself. Induction says, then, that the book is a concoction, artfully packaged to tell us what we think we already know about the downside of the Valentino myth. More publishers should be publicly kicked to death, more often, for doing this class of thing. □





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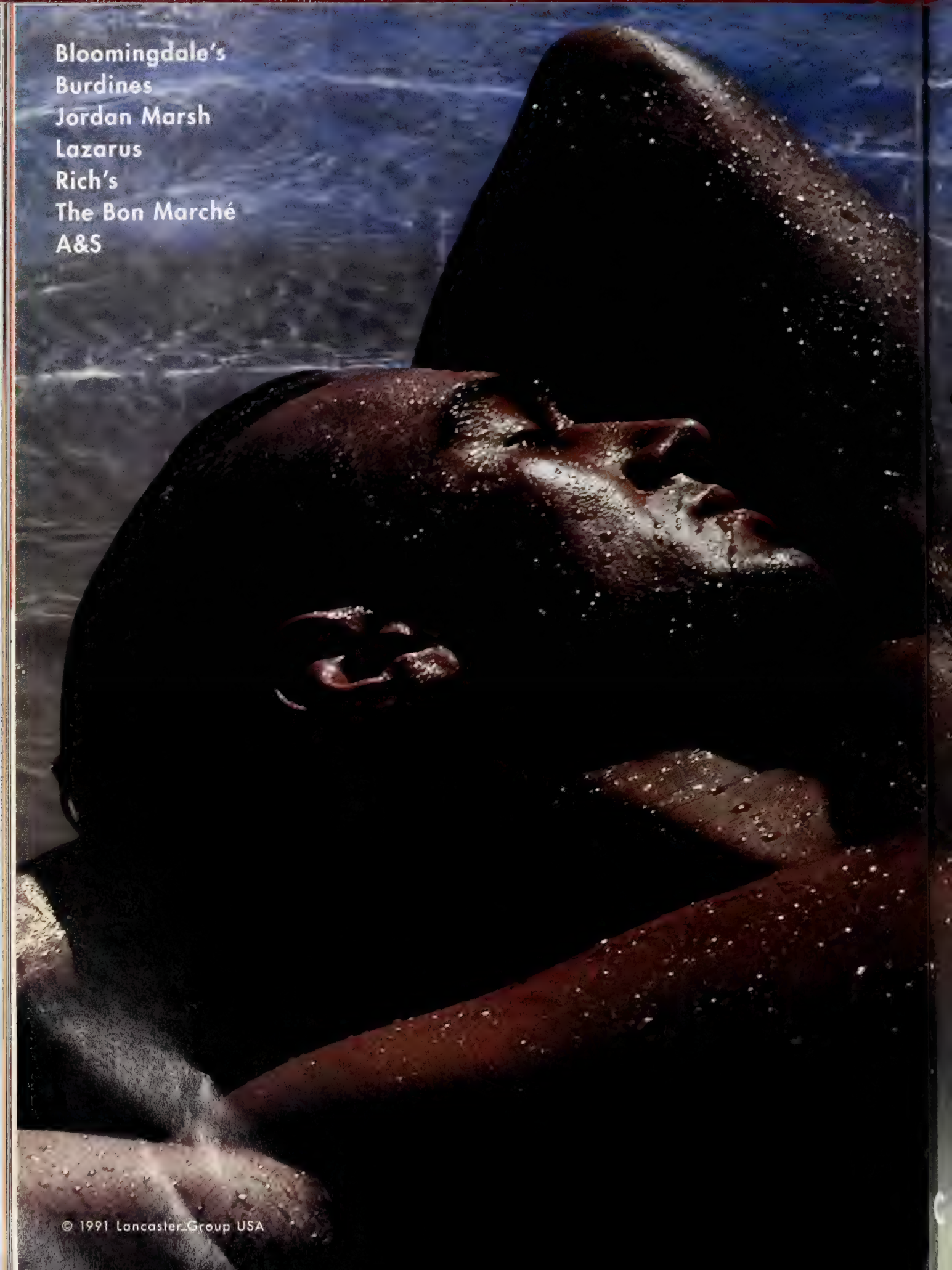
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Moshi, moshi: **Etsuko Hattori and Marie Hennekinne, wife of the French ambassador to Japan.**

GINZAN POSES

Kissing air and exchanging business cards with Tokyo's elite, a closed Society-within-a-closed-society

BY LUISITA LOPEZ TORREGROSA

In high heels and head-to-toe pearl-gray Chanel, Midori Nishiura swings through the revolving doors of the Imperial Hotel, a cream Chanel bag hanging from her shoulder, a pink business envelope under her arm, and a headband on her long hair. She is here to collect me, as she put it, to take me to lunch. She instantly stands out in this hotel lobby, a stately bastion of the Tokyo establishment. Her heels make her taller than any other woman in the room, her skirt is tighter and shorter, and she moves fast. Within seconds of our introduction, Midori, a British-bred modern Japanese socialite, sweeps me into her chauffeured Toyota sedan and, settled back in the comfort of the backseat, opens up a floodgate of tales of London that leave me, if not her, rather breathless.

So, she was dining with Prince Charles and other titles one evening and her friend "the poor Prince" was not himself, staying strangely aloof from the conviviality. The next day, she found out why: the Diana bombshell, the lurid stories of bulimia and suicide attempts. "That girl!" exclaims Midori, who tells me she knew Diana's circle of friends before she married Charles. It seems that Midori went to the same styling salon where the future Princess had her legs waxed, and everyone always talked about how emotional and flighty she was. Which is why Midori wasn't really surprised at the revelations. "She was always doing anything to get attention."

Midori, who is coy about her age (she looks like she's in her early 30s), quickly runs down the story, the high points at least, of her youth—childhood in a strict British boarding school ("like being in jail"), teenage years at the Royal College of Music in London (voice, piano, flute), where she lived with a friend of her family, an aristocratic widow. Midori's father, a wealthy retired land developer and opera lover, owns two homes in the most exclusive neighborhood of Tokyo, Denenchofu, a leafy suburb of big houses and lawns 50 minutes from downtown. Midori has her own pied-à-terre in central Tokyo.





We are now gliding down the glittery streets of Ginza, the marble-and-glass corridor of exorbitantly expensive high rises, weaving through lunch-hour traffic past rows of palatial jewelry stores and designer shops, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, Guy Laroche, Gucci. We pull up at the private restaurant where we have a reservation, Uraku, which is tucked behind a heavy, lacquered black door on the ground floor of Seibu, one of Ginza's premier department stores. The restaurant has no waiting line, no plaque outside, no menu in the window—in fact, no windows at all. No one can come in off the street. Uraku, which serves members only, resembles a gallery, with diamond-polished marble floors,



Social studies: ***From above,*** **former prime minister and Mrs. Noboru Takeshita, Czech and Slovak ambassador Jan Winkelhofer, and Midori Nishiura; designer Hanae Mori and husband Ken Mori; former U.S. ambassador Mike Mansfield and Sony chairman Akio Morita.**

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columns, and antique *objets d'art* in the ornate foyer. The dining room, in grays and the softest pastels, is furnished with massive silk-upholstered armchairs and linen-covered round tables. A buffet of Western and Japanese cuisine, Chateaubriand to sushi, is laid out on silver serving platters on a table in front of a wall draped in gray silk. There's no chatter, only whiffs of muted conversation, and not even the faintest plinking of forks on china. There are only a few diners this afternoon, almost all women in pearls.

Sipping her Pellegrino and taking small bites of her linguine, Midori is unusually candid about her life in and out of Japanese high society. She wants me to know she is not a mere socialite, a frivolous girl. She is quite clear on this point: she doesn't pursue powerful men to advance her social standing. "I am modern but old-fashioned." She has a legion of "devoted friends," many in the top layers of business and politics, and in the few years since her return to Tokyo from London she has managed to build for herself a long résumé that fills all the sides of her four-part business card.

She's the editor of a business-arts magazine aptly named *Corporate Culture*, and the hostess of a television talk show, *Let's Talk About the World*, which draws diplomats, ministers, and other pillars of the power structure. She teaches at a charm school on weekends, and runs "image" campaigns for high-toned European designers and artists (she's currently arranging a Japanese tour for her dear friend Charlotte de Rothschild, a British soprano whose voice, Midori concedes, is more salon than opera-house). On any given weeknight she's swinging from an embassy reception to a private dinner with intimates such as the finance minister, Tsutomu Hata, and his wife, Yasuko, who is on the board of Midori's businesses. Like much of high society, she flees Japan in August, usually for Salzburg. To her, Milan and London are puddle jumps away, much preferable to Karuizawa, the ritzy resort in the mountains northwest of Tokyo, which has been "overrun" by the teenyboppers of New Money.

Devoted to her coterie of high-powered friends, Midori can be unsparing when it comes to other society women. "Some of these women have nothing to do but gossip," she confides. "They have all the money, but they're jealous, *vicious*. All these women are competing with each other. Afraid their husbands will be taken away. They're bitchy. Telling lies, devoting all their time to ruining people." She's had her own run-ins with the dowagers, she admits. ("They resent her British accent and that she's pretty," agrees a friend of Midori's.)

"You know, they're really unsophisticated country bumpkins," Midori whispers. "The Japanese don't have the true breeding, the style. . . . Here, it's all money rather than taste or education or accomplishments. If the store puts a high price on anything, they buy it. *Everything* is turned commercial, all these businesses encouraging people to buy this product, that product. Look, even these office girls and nightclub hostesses carry Chanel bags. It's terrible!"

She fondles her Chanel bracelets, saying, "I wore Chanel, hats and gloves, when I was a child. . . . I usually buy my clothes in Europe. You know, they don't send all their styles to the stores here. Here everything has to be very conservative."

"Some of these women have nothing to do but gossip," confides one Japanese socialite. "They have all the money, but they're jealous, *vicious*."

I mention the name of a well-known society woman, who happens to be in Milan on a fashion trip. "Oh, she's *no-bod-y*," Midori says with a shrug, a tinge of rancor in her voice. I go through other names. She waves them all away. "We don't have really a high society as such. It's all full of the nouveau riche, industrialists, people who are either rich or famous or both. It's all company money anyway. Once they retire, they're nothing."

It's near three and we are running out of time. Even private restaurants in Tokyo close down around now, and we are being politely asked to go. The waiters hover, eager to clean the table. But Midori is in no hurry to get back to work, so we go to Komatsu, a chic department store that carries European labels, from Prada Milan to Gianfranco Ferre. Midori wants to pick up a couple of baubles. The owner, Kei Kosaka, is a good friend of hers, "the only one in Japan who understands the international jet set," she says. Goes summer fishing in Iceland and spends September in Paris. The store, floor after floor of shining opulence, is almost empty of browsers. But the uniformed clerks stand guard, watching out for the ambling shopper who just might wish to plunk down $1,200 for a handbag.

Our brief shopping tour over, Midori orders the chauffeur to drive me back to the Imperial, and there I leave her to her cellular phone and her messages, riffling through her bag for her fat black Filofax to check her next engagement.

Sweeping into the drive of the French Embassy, at the end of a narrow street in Tokyo's Minami-Azabu district, the Mercedeses, Rolls-Royces, and black Nissan and Toyota limousines unload the suited and groomed, their buff-colored engraved invitations handed over to the pinstripes whose job—which they do with the infamous snootiness of the French—is to keep out party crashers. Beyond the embassy gates, police cars and guards stand vigil. It is Bastille Day, and the embassy is holding a large midday reception for Tokyo's ruling class: top-ranked ministers, corporate leaders, high-level diplomats, and charity mavens—the floating world of Tokyo's high society.

The embassies, with their endless string of receptions and dinners, keep Tokyo's social flow moving all year long, bringing together the rarefied world of Japanese high society with the international community. There is not just one Japanese high society, an ambassador's wife tells me with the confidence of one who has learned her way around, but several: the imperial family and the Old Guard, the diplomats and top government ministers, and the corporate community. From embassy receptions to corporate parties, from gallery openings to private soirées, Tokyo's elite move in circles within circles. "Each group has its own little world."

For all of Japan's celebrity as the world's economic superpower, the world's largest creditor and arbiter of wealth, outsiders know little about the personalities, the lives and tastes and fables of the country's wealthiest people. The Japanese are famously clannish, insular,

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aloof. And nowhere is this more pronounced than in the uppermost reaches of high society. "The rich in Japan don't live like the rich in Europe and America," explains a Japanese businesswoman with close ties to Tokyo society. "If they did they'd be laughed at." But contrary to the state-sanctioned national image of a middle-class people with no social ambitions and no class lines, there is in fact a tightly knit, carefully guarded elite. Old blood, new blood, old money, new money—it's all there, and the inevitable consequences are finely drawn distinctions in social status and style that exert a strong, though almost subterranean, influence on all of Japan.

At the heart of the country's elite is a crowd of about 500—cliquish and tight-lipped. "You see the same people over and over, everywhere you go," says a jaded society insider. What with all the same faces bumping into one another week after week, they have to run out of the standard cocktail-party pleasantries. Few in uptight Tokyo stand around openly gossiping, but the dirty little secrets drift out. There's sex, of course. Men running around on their wives. Bitter divorces. Face-lifts and implants. Business flaps. There's the woman in the fashion business, one story goes, who was a user and she was having an affair with a prominent Frenchman, a couple of them, and she would tell people her husband was gay, so she had to do something. Then there's the well-known head of a famous jewelry store who married a much younger woman, who's in trouble for overspending. Money runs through many of the stories, as it does the world round.

But Japan has no Annette de la Renta, no Georgette Mosbacher or Gayfryd Steinberg. No mingling of the flash with the class. The crossover of politics, entertainment, philanthropy, fashion, and the arts that gives New York and European society their frisson simply does not exist in Japan. Occasionally an established film star like Toshiro Mifune mingles in the crowd, but generally the entertainment celebrities, fashion designers, models, and artists revolve in their own orbits. And unlike high-society Europeans and Americans, with their polyglot social life and movable feasts, from the Hamptons to Provence to Aspen to the Seychelles, the wealthy Japanese tend to isolate themselves. They do go shopping on Rodeo Drive and in Paris and Milan, but they don't buy houses in Gstaad, and by and large they really don't mix with the Western world's social elite. "The Japanese are often thought by foreigners to be very reserved," says Professor Chie Nakane in her classic sociological study, *Japanese Society*. "A more accurate description would be that Japanese on the whole are *not sociable*. This is partly because, once outside their immediate circle, they are at a loss for appropriate forms of expression. They have not developed techniques for dealing with persons 'outside,' because their lives are so tightly concentrated in their 'own' groups." While they tend to view themselves as superior to other Asian nations, the Japanese are not really part of the Asian social world, either. They are an island.

Tokyo's social scene goes into full swing in late spring. After the Cherry Blossom Ball, thrown by Tokyo's leading charity, the International Ladies Benevolent Society, there's the Emperor's Garden Party in May, attended by diplomats, government officials, business leaders, and a few stars of the art and music worlds. Then there's designer Jun Ashida's spring party, usually at a hotel, where the fashions come with canapés. It's no disco, though. Ashida is Mr. Establishment Couturier, a publicity master who lives very nicely in a Western-style house in Aobadai, in central Tokyo. His parties, replete with royals, prime ministers, diplomats, and other Old Guard fixtures, make the society pages. ("Jun's fashions, as always, were superchic, original, wearable.") In a town with some of the better-known and most avant-garde fashion designers around—Issey Miyake, Yohji Yamamoto, Rei Kawakubo (Comme des Garçons)—it is Jun Ashida who gets the most press. And, of course, Queen Hanae Mori. She's an empire. She snaps her fingers, they come running.

"The rich in Japan don't live like the rich in Europe and America," explains a Japanese businesswoman. "If they did they'd be laughed at."

Outdoor parties dot the spring calendar, and few are splashier than the annual bash at Lilo and Mitsuo Maruyama's California-style home in Tochigi-ken, about 90 minutes north of Tokyo. The drive is a pain, guests say, but hundreds make it out there. The Maruyamas—she's a platinum-blonde German, he's a graying industrialist—may lack the bona fides to suit the snootier society women, but they draw the diplomats and the business leaders and their wives, who drink around the swimming pool, traipse through the Japanese and Western gardens, and munch on Lilo's German specialties (she used to run a restaurant in Tokyo). The Maruyamas are about as close as society comes to living in glamour in Japan: art from all over the world, Rolls-Royces, an apartment in Tokyo, July and August in Europe, and travel to far-flung places like Belize.

The party season slows in July and August. Early fall swings into a round of the traditional symphonies, opera and art openings, fashion shows, and important corporate receptions. This year the society set was touting the gala events surrounding the grand opening of the Tobu shopping complex, the largest in Japan—the centerpiece is a special exhibition of the Habsburg treasures at the new Tobu Museum of Art. Charity parties and corporate galas crowd the Christmas–New Year's holiday season, though by then many in high society are already wintering in Hawaii.

More important than the yearlong social calendar of parties are the private, intimate gatherings defined by business connections, family, and school ties. And so there are clubs and clubs and clubs. Rooted in what Professor Nakane calls the "amazingly delicate and intricate system of *ranking*" in Japanese society, the clubs confer status and define individual worth. "These are discreet places," a socialite emphasizes. "They are where business is done."

Among the most restricted is the men-only Kasumi Kaikan, high up on the 34th floor of a tile-and-glass Mitsui office building that overlooks the Imperial Palace and its vast park grounds, where doddering aristocrats play billiards and Japanese chess and recall the old empire. The Kasumi Kaikan, which translates as the Peers Club, is frequented by the emperor himself and is so exclusive that most of Japan doesn't even know it exists. It has only about 950 members, all male descendants of nobility and a handful of "new aristocrats," the scions of the wealthy families who controlled the industrial complex of prewar Japan. I am invited *(Continued on page 106)*



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(Continued from page 100) to lunch one day by Sadao Umekoji, a sprightly 83-year-old son of Kyoto courtiers who traces his family line back 1,200 years. Over a passable dish of sole meunière, Mr. Umekoji reminisces about the grand old houses he grew up in, attended by a dozen servants. He speaks about the ancient art of sword-making, on which he is an expert, and details the lore of the authentic kimono, the 12-layer gown that is a far cry from the imitation costumes sold in stores. He points approvingly at a nearby table where a dozen women are discussing another revered ritual, the incense ceremony. He enjoys his life, he says genially, his modest two-story house, and his occasional lectures on Japanese traditions, and regards the sleek, gadget-crazed Japan of today as an amusing but passing phenomenon. "America," he adds, "is a bye-bye culture."



Tokyo pop: Teenagers ogle the Youthquake fashion show at Gold.

The Peers Club is by no means the only refuge for the nobility that had titles stripped after World War II: there is a club for ex-barons and their descendants, one for ex-dukes, another for ex-viscounts. But the clubs that really matter center on business, like the Mitsui Club for company executives. (For golf, there's the Koganei Country Club, where annual membership costs nearly $2 million.) The private clubs—where geishas entertain and the liquor and cash flow—cater to the cream of the corporate set.

"The question is, Who controls society?" says Gregory Starr, the American-born editor of *Tokyo Journal* and a longtime society-watcher. "Tokyo is a *business* city. Business controls everything. Even the arts. It's all one big promotion. Trends are taken in and regurgitated as corporate image." Another society insider, who spends half his life on the party circuit, puts it this way: "Big business here pretty much does what it wants to do." But, for all the money, the social scene often lacks flair and imagination. No one would dare to imitate the excesses of a Malcolm Forbes, with his extravagant tent party in the Moroccan desert. "I used to go to those embassy parties with my wife," says Starr, who has lived in Japan for 22 years and was married to a Japanese socialite. "I wondered what those people talked about. All they ever did was exchange business cards."

As anyone who has ever set foot in Japan knows, the *meishi* ritual is no simple gesture of courtesy or professional networking. "This act has crucial social implications," Professor Nakane says. "Not only do the name cards give information about the name . . . and the address; their more important function is to make clear the title, the position, and the institution of the person who dispenses them. . . . By exchanging cards, both parties can gauge the relationship between them in terms of relative rank, locating each other within the known order of their society." With all this heavy meaning attached to the most fleeting social intercourse, Japanese gatherings often seem stifling to an outsider—and even to Japanese themselves. The point is, it's all deadly serious, and business is always the ultimate goal: every party and reception promotes something, a designer, a store, a brand name, a country.

The Kasumi Kaikan is frequented by the emperor himself and is so exclusive that most of Japan doesn't even know it exists.

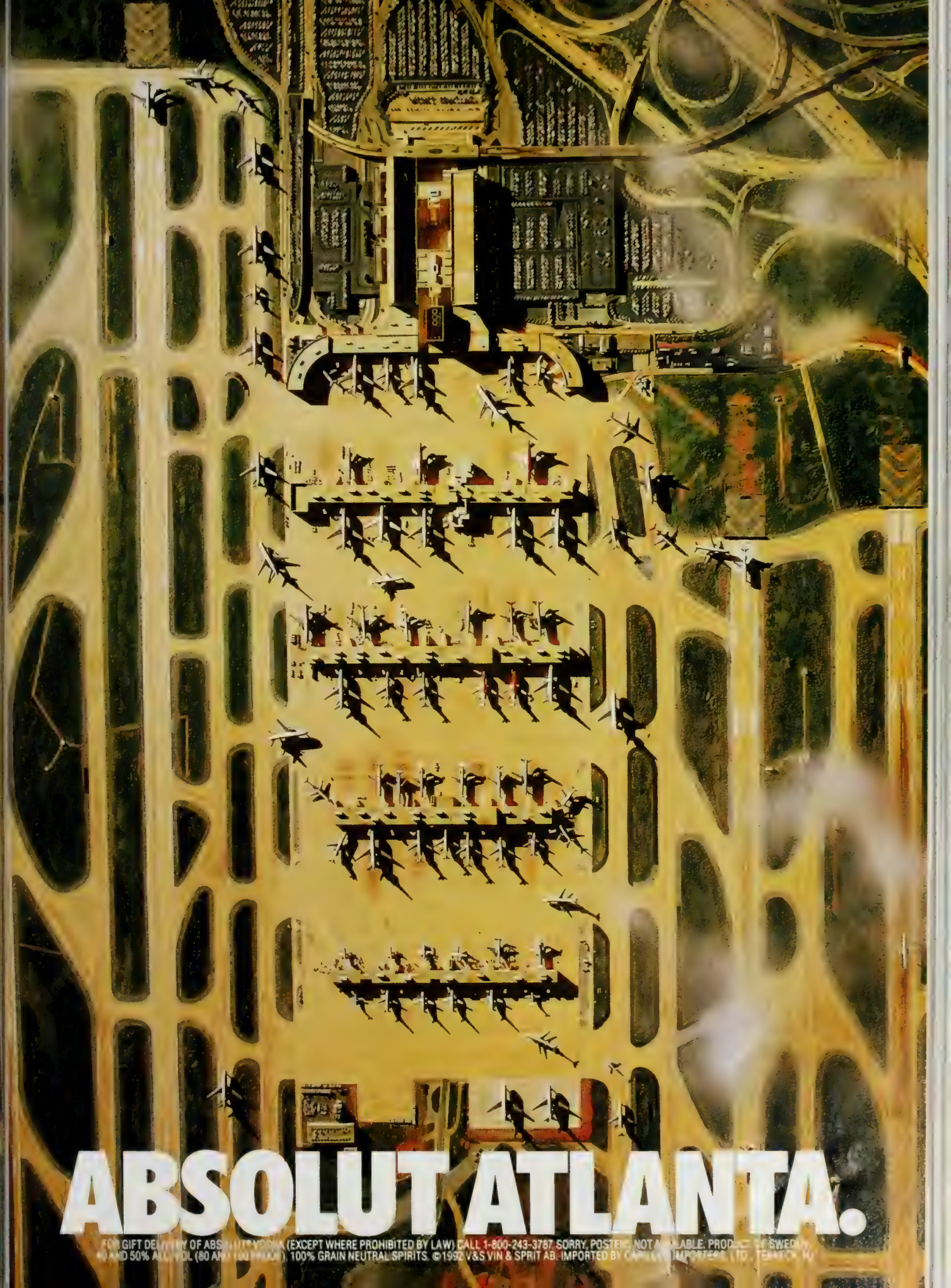
At the French Embassy, little French flags are stuck everywhere. The buffet tables showcase French cheeses of all varieties, French wines, champagnes, liquors, and bottled water (four kinds). Outdoors, where it's drizzling, half a dozen tables are set out under tents, and Pernod, Ricard, and Evian canvas umbrellas dot the landscaped grounds. Solitary middle-aged men in dark, silky business suits, wineglass in one hand, cigarette in the other, wander aimlessly from table to table, picking at the petits fours, occasionally stopping to bow, shake hands, and exchange cards. There are foreigners of all accents, and women in pearls and designer suits. It is all choreographed, a set piece.

The head of Cartier/Japan nods pleasantly, taking out his card, while his wife, a former actress with blond-streaked short hair and a trim black dress, extends niceties. The husband of the emperor's younger sister, himself a top corporate executive at Sony, breaks into a tight-lipped smile, a chill in his eyes. A 70-ish woman in a pale-green suit and pearls, her face dusted with white powder, her eyebrows tweezed and penciled on in a thin arc, and her hair swept up in a beehive, gives me the tip of her fingers and a distant look. The wife of a British diplomat draws me to her side and confides that Tokyo is oh-so-dull, these parties deadly. "I don't know if I'll ever get used to it." The burly ambassador from a northern-European nation bubbles a little too much at the news he's been transferred to Rio.

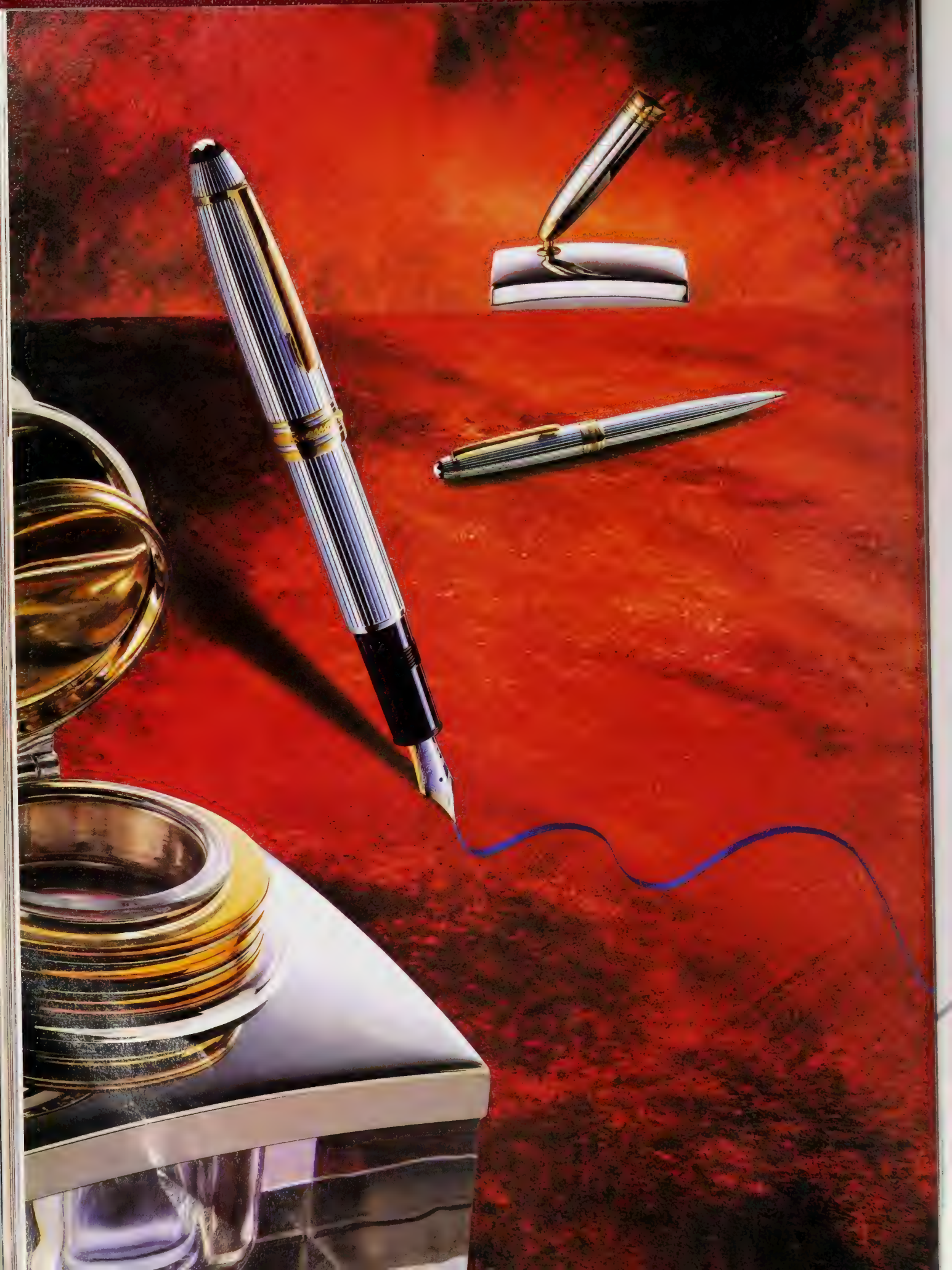
"When we were posted to Tokyo," we thought, Why are we being punished?" confesses Maria Teresa Avila, the wife of the ambassador from Ecuador, an aristocratic-looking, hazel-eyed Mexican-born matron in de rigueur pearls, small earrings, and below-the-knee dress with no décolletage. "But now we've been here three years, we love it." They just adore it, the Japanese are so charming, so polite. She's gushing now, air-kissing a flock of similarly dressed, similarly buoyant women buzzing around her. "All you have to do is think about Japan as the opposite of everything we know, and don't try to change it. Of course, it's easier for us because he's No. 1. Here, forget it if you're No. 2; the gap between 1 and 2 is *huge*."

Coming from a small country, she can't entertain on a grand scale, but she does the charity work, attends the bazaars, and makes the rounds of all the parties that are the lifeblood of embassy life. It's no secret that some embassy parties are more important than others. The British and French have the social cachet. The Swiss and the Italian run closely behind. The American Embassy,

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The art of writing

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the kingpin of them all by political standards, does not quite measure up. "All they serve is pizza and hot dogs," a frequent guest at the embassy says. A Japanese socialite turns up her nose. "The American Embassy is nothing. They are open to *everybody*."

For thousands of years Japan existed in almost total isolation, and for almost two millennia it was ruled by emperors and shoguns. Its separation from the West ended little more than a century ago, and imperial rule was crushed less than 50 years ago, with Japan's defeat in World War II. But the wealthy merchant families who financed the country's war machine and lost almost everything—Mitsui, Sumitomo, Nomura, Yasuda, and Iwasaki (Mitsubishi)—have popped up again as some of the most powerful corporate names in modern Japan. The imperial family, heirs to the Chrysanthemum Throne, was rendered politically powerless by a postwar, U.S.-mandated constitution but was allowed to keep the trappings of grandeur: its green-roofed compound in the imperial park in the heart of Tokyo, with its fabulous gardens and ancient moat.

"Tokyo is a *business* city. Business controls everything. It's all one big promotion. Trends are taken in and regurgitated as corporate image."

The old aristocracy may not matter very much anymore, but party hosts in Tokyo swoon for this or that princess to sit at their table. The imperial family, the world's oldest royal family, has lost none of its aura. There are no stylish, tormented Dianas or bawdy Fergies in the bunch (and woe to Japanese royalty should there ever be any public scandal). The emperor himself, Akihito, who is revered, and his wife, Empress Michiko, make their cameo appearances, showing up at an embassy reception or a benefit or greeting heads of state, and these days venture out to other countries in Asia. The dozens of princes and princesses do their duty demurely, cutting ribbons and welcoming dignitaries at gala receptions.

Within the elite, none have more power than the Old Guard ladies, the elders of the tribe of wives and widows who run the charity balls, fund-raisers for socially correct high-minded causes (relief for victims of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines and famines in Africa, and animal welfare in Japan; forget AIDS). With their bloodlines and big money, this constellation of tough-minded, pinched-lipped society queens hold themselves up as arbiters of who's who, and what's what, in the top ranks of Japanese society. "Some of these old women have sort of appointed themselves guardians of the empire," says one observer who knows many of them. "They only want things done the way they always have done them."

There's nothing in Tokyo like Le Cirque, nor, for that matter, the Ladies Who Lunch. The Old Guard doyennes might dine at the Dynasty restaurant at the Hilton or at the Star Hill at the Capitol Tokyu, but more likely they'll choose a private club, a place like Uraku. Occasionally they'll drop in for afternoon tea at the Rendez-Vous Lounge of the Imperial Hotel, carrying the silken shopping bags from Mitsukoshi, the Bergdorf's of Ginza.

For all their obsession with high-priced labels and international brand names—and their well-earned reputation as a fad-crazed country—the Japanese put on a stunning display of drab. The ladies come in their conservative 1950s-style suits, long-sleeved blouses buttoned to the collar, loose skirts hemmed just below the knee, and plain short-heeled shoes. Sitting stiffly around the low marble-topped tables of the Rendez-Vous Lounge, they never cross their legs. These are women who take tiny steps when they walk, as if their feet were bound, who wear silks and antique brooches, who never look harried or speak out of turn. They chat quietly, never raising their voices and never laughing out loud. And they don't blow kisses.

Every year in the spring the women of the International Ladies Benevolent Society break out of the winter doldrums to put on the first big social event of the season, the Cherry Blossom Ball, in the chandeliered Heian Room of the deluxe Okura hotel. Royals and V.I.P.'s, diplomats and corporate leaders come in their black-tie and evening gowns. The only photographers allowed inside are hand-picked for their discretion. The ladies don't want a picture of a royal chewing his sushi with his mouth open in the next morning's paper. The money raised at the ball now goes to such Third World countries as Indonesia, though, according to insiders, up until recently the Old Guard ladies were content to keep most of the donations in Japan. "Finally," says one insider, "the ambassadors' wives took a rather strong stand that some of it had to go to lepers' colonies in Indonesia as well as other countries."

With scores of women active in the social circuit, it's hard to say who the major players are, but they all have this in common: they married rich, powerful men. Kazuko Aso, the widow of Takakichi Aso, an industrialist, is the daughter of former prime minister Shigeru Yoshida and, not inconsequentially, the mother of Princess Nobuko of Mikasa, a social butterfly herself. Sumiko Mikimoto, a pianist and a dramatic figure with her white makeup and severe bob hairdo, has to do nothing much but carry her name. The wife of the chairman of the Mikimoto pearl empire—she's simply rich. (An Arab ruler came to Tokyo last year and spent $2 million in one throw at Mikimoto.) Yurie Yasuda, an imposing presence with her taut face and tinted glasses, has just given up her home for a condominium in central Tokyo and is very well off, the widow of the head of Yasuda, the insurance company that purchased van Gogh's *Sunflowers* for $39.9 million.

The trim and chic Etsuko Hattori, a youthful sixty-something, is married to Reijiro Hattori, chairman of the Seiko Corporation. They also own the upscale Wako department store, in Ginza. Another family member, Kumiko, a 40-ish mother of two, belongs to all these society groups, too, but she works for her husband, Yasuo, who owns yet another Ginza clothing store and holds Shakey's pizza and Famous Amos cookie franchises in Tokyo.

And then there's the most talked-about society lady in Japan, Yoshiko Morita. She fills the bill: a family descended from samurai, a college education, and marriage to one of the richest, most powerful men in the country, Akio Morita, the chairman of the Sony Corporation. In private, she is gossiped about mercilessly. For one thing, her husband's fame (he's done American Express don't-leave-home-without-it ads) makes the society ladies somewhat anxious. Morita was criticized when he built his contemporary mansion in Aobadai in



The art of writing

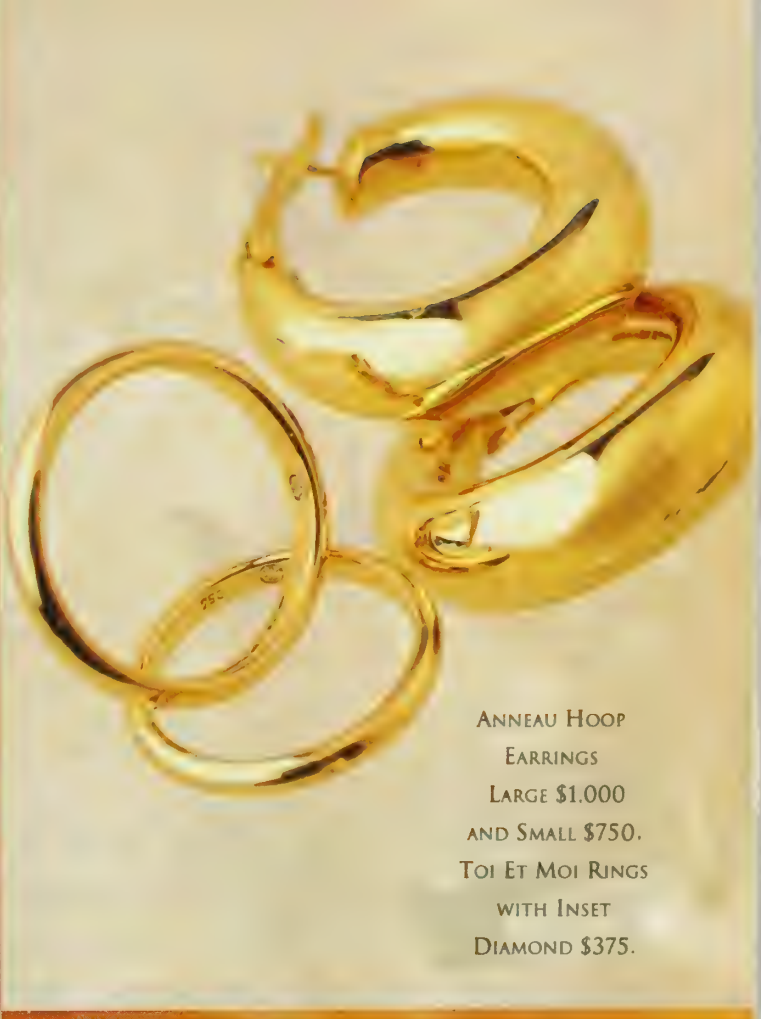
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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

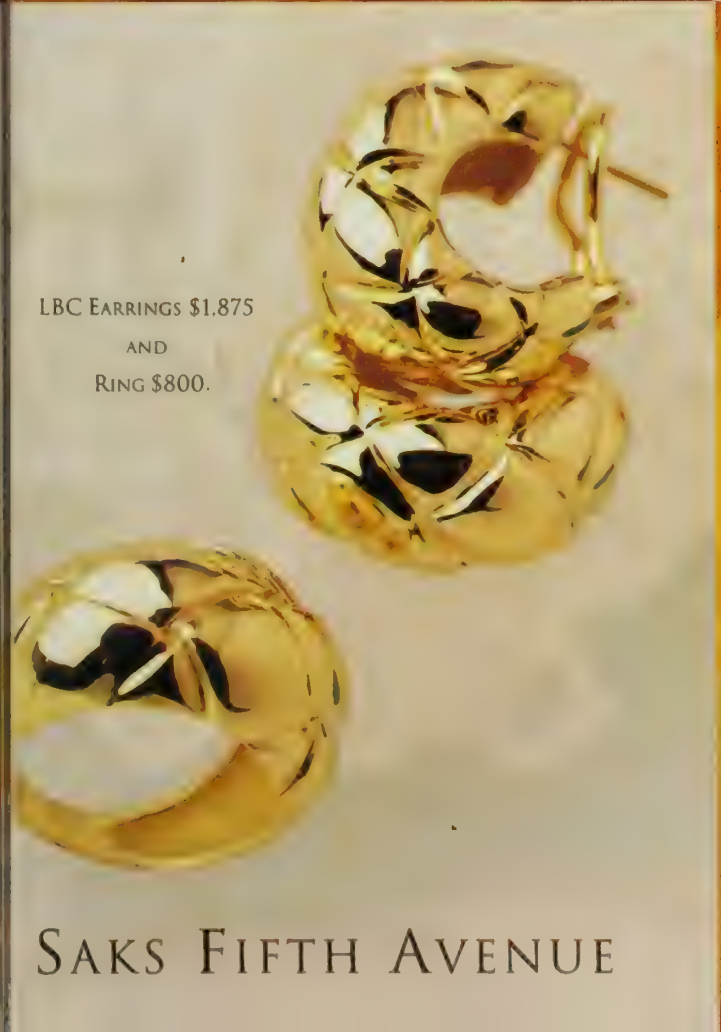

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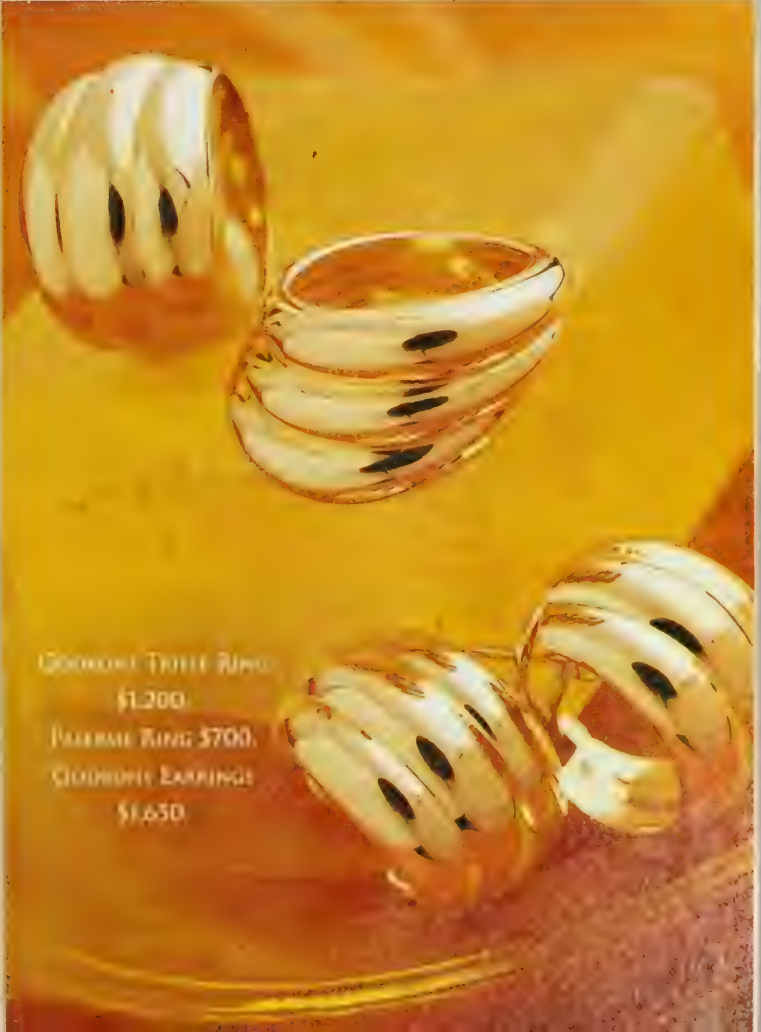
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Anneau Hoop
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and Small $750.
Toi Et Moi Rings
with Inset
Diamond $375.



LBC Earrings $1,875
and
Ring $800.



Georgini Trefle Ring
$1,200.
Paloma Ring $700.
Georgini Earrings
$1,650.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

the 1960s. It was too Western, too big, too showy. He rides in Mercedeses, has company airplanes and helicopters at his disposal, apartments in Manhattan and Hawaii, takes time off to go to Salzburg and Bayreuth for the music festivals, and dines with the Rothschilds and princes of Europe.

But Morita does not consider himself a member of their august circle. "Japan's postwar success has made many people rich," he wrote in his autobiography, *Made in Japan: Akio Morita and Sony*, "but today there is no such thing as the great wealth of the landed families of Britain or the Continent, wealth that seems to survive upheaval, change of government, even war." He recalls telling a Rothschild friend in Paris, "There is a major difference between you and me. Yes, I am rich. But you are wealthy."

Despite this distinction, the Moritas are invited to just about everything there is in Japan. And even when her husband is off on business, Yoshiko often appears by herself. "She's a very strong woman who wants to be recognized in her own right," a friend of theirs says. But a Japanese woman who knows her is less flattering: "Wives just don't meddle in business in Japan."

"They stick to the old traditions," says Japanese-society columnist Bill Hersey. "All the money is hidden behind their big walls."

When the Moritas lived in New York in the 1960s, in a flat on Fifth Avenue, they entertained hundreds of luminaries in the business, fashion, and arts worlds. Yoshiko Morita was taken in tow by Diana Vreeland, the late editor of *Vogue*, and mingled easily with the glitterati. Out of her New York experience, Mrs. Morita wrote a book, *My Thoughts on Home Entertaining*, which apparently did little to change the Japanese custom of entertaining in restaurants and hotels.

Mrs. Morita continues to test the bounds of Japanese tradition. This spring, when she was introduced at a Tokyo speaking engagement as "Mrs. Akio Morita," she opened her remarks by saying, "I am not Mrs. Akio Morita. I am Yoshiko Morita." In ultra-conservative Japan, this defiant touch of female independence is scandalous. To the lasting chagrin of society, she hosted a long-running television show on haute couture that cast a friendly eye on Western styles. And for a time she joined the wife of an insurance executive and an actress to run a little P.R. firm that promoted events like the opening of a Kentucky Fried Chicken branch.

Bill Hersey knows Michaela von Habsburg, was her boyfriend, in fact, way back. "She wanted to get married. I didn't." This is just the sort of personal item that Hersey would hesitate to print in his "Party Line" column in *Tokyo Weekender*, a free shiny sheet that circulates mainly in the foreign community. Tabloid in size, not in tone. The news is small-town: gushy, mushy, upbeat. Hersey's column is full of boldfaced names, ambassadors and royals and visiting celebrities. Journalists in Tokyo laugh at Hersey, call him "Bill Hearsay," but Akio Morita will wave him over to sit at his table, and Mike Mansfield, the former U.S. ambassador to Japan, who visited Tokyo this summer, hugs him when he sees him in public.

The day I meet him, in the coffee shop of the Capitol Tokyu Hotel, he is wearing gray sweatpants and a green polo shirt, and his hair, which he combs up and over to cover the thin patches, is flopping over his ears. This restaurant is his office: his faxes are brought to his table, his cellular phone keeps him in touch, and he can let the tab run. Right now he's in the middle of a promotion for a music store, and his young assistant, an aspiring movie producer, is showing him pictures of the bare-bottomed women the music-store promoters hired to draw the crowds. "You know, in Japan you've got to have this kind of thing to get people in the door," the assistant complains. "Don't know what there is about this place."

The photo selection over, Hersey settles down to his iced coffee. "Now, the Saudis throw the most elegant parties," he begins. "Not the biggest parties, but the most elegant, really. The food, the service, the table settings. When they do a party at the hotel [the Saudi ambassador and his wife live at the New Otani], she goes in and supervises. They've got palm trees *everywhere*." I'm struck by the realization that he talks just like his column.

We go on in this way awhile, names he knows (everyone), places he's been (everywhere). For an Ohio boy, he says, he's done some "crazy, funny things." Now in his 50s, he's been in Japan 24 years and has worked as a model, fashion editor, and English teacher. Then, 15 years ago, he latched onto this column, and now, in his own way, he's a celebrity. He's one of the few outsiders who can weave his way in and out of society, mixing with the Old Guard and the demimonde, the models, the musicians, the nightclub acts. He can rattle off where all the big stars stay in town—Elizabeth Taylor and the Rolling Stones at the precious and exorbitant Hotel Seiyo, Michael Jackson at the Capitol Tokyu, Jodie Foster at the Imperial. He's got tie-ins with some of the glitziest clubs in Roppongi, the international bar mecca of Tokyo, and he frequently squires visiting Hollywood stars around town. ("Last time Sigourney Weaver was here she was shy and didn't know how to dress, but now she's *superchic*.") He raves about Jodie Foster ("beautiful, brilliant, strong") and adores Elizabeth Taylor. "I sit at those dinners they give for her when she comes to town, with 150 of the richest men around, like Ryoichi Sasakawa, the philanthropist-shipbuilder billionaire, who gave her a million-dollar check for AIDS."

When it comes to his immediate circuit, however, he's cautious, his antenna is up. Society columnists in Tokyo, the few there are, concentrate on corporate and embassy receptions, tame stuff, and the flings and foibles of high society go unreported, if not altogether unknown. There's no Liz Smith or Billy Norwich, no daily dose of kiss-and-tell. And no one wants to talk for attribution—"Don't quote me" is all I hear. Even the love life of 32-year-old Crown Prince Naruhito is under wraps. The Japanese news media readily agreed to the Palace's recent request for a blackout on the prince's quest for a bride, a show of press loyalty, if not timidity, unheard of in other countries. (Last year, when a weekly magazine poked fun at Prince Naruhito's nerdy hairstyle, the Imperial Household Agency sharply rebuked the editors, and the criticism was echoed by the general public.)

"Look, this is not New York," Bill Hersey tells me. "I used to write for *W* in Japan, which is run by Hanae Mori's son, and I'd done a story about Imelda Marcos, and he padded the story with all these figures, and jewelry and money, without telling me about it, and I



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got into a big spat with him. And he said, You have to write more gossip, like they do in New York. And I said, *This isn't New York.* You don't get invited to Mike and Maureen Mansfield's party at the American Embassy and then turn around and write bad things about their guests, because that's it. You're finished." (Mori says that he does not remember the incident.)

The Japanese, he reminds me unnecessarily, are a closed society. "They stick to the old traditions. If you have money, you don't show it. All the money is hidden behind their big walls." But all this discipline, this rigidity, is beginning to change, he says. "The young have all this money and no responsibility. There's a lot more drinking among them now. The drug cartels are beginning to come in here, and once they do, these kids are going to go for that. It's going to change everything."

Late at night, when the silvery subways have stopped rolling and the half-drunk salarymen have gone home to their wives, Tokyo's fledgling café society comes to life. It's gay night at Yellow, a basement club in a chic marble building on the pricey Nishi Azabu strip, and the place is mobbed. The disco floor, cavernous, smoky, and lit up by flashing lights, is crammed with glistening male bodies, their torsos twisting to the beat. Upstairs at the bar, designed in minimalist high-tech black and grays, there's no place to breathe. Yellow lays out a whole package: drag queens from New York, videos, live entertainment featuring wannabe Madonnas, and special drinks (strawberry daiquiris, for the Key West touch). "It's a bit of a change," says a club denizen, in her late 20s and savvy. "Up until recently the gay scene here was very, very hush. Now it's getting trendy."

The whirl doesn't slow down for the crowd of ponytails and spiky cuts, Japanese and foreign models, babes in skirts up to here and the chichi designers who dress them. Technotronic music one day, New Age riffs the next. Drugs too—ecstasy, speed, but not cocaine. Marijuana smoking is rife. Every month the subterraneans move around, from club to club, from D.J. to D.J., from disco to disco, from Yellow to Wanna Dance to Gold. "Raving," which is what, say, Madonna does when she takes over a club for the night and no one but her friends can get in, is the happening thing. One night it's the gay crowd, another the rich society kids who drive into town in Maseratis and Ferraris, another the techno-nerds in their plaid shirts and bad haircuts. "It's pretty exclusive," says the club kid, "because if you're not in the know, you can't find out what's going on."

Over at Gold, in a seven-story waterfront warehouse, something called Inter Zone is throwing a party to celebrate the kickoff of a book titled *Media Ecstasy*, a New Age–techno tract that's in vogue among the young intelligentsia (other sizzlers include *Kitchen*, by a 20-ish author named Banana Yoshimaro). Gold, they tell me, is once again one of the hot clubs of the moment, which in the short life span of Tokyo clubs can mean it will go under the next day. Its busy July schedule included things like "Dance Virus," "Go Techno," and "Yo! Home Base!" The most ordinary-sounding event is "Larry's Birthday Bash à la Garage Style." One gets the drift.

A firecracker goes down the front of the comedian's oversize diaper. It explodes. The audience jumps around, howling and clapping.

The warehouse, an ugly space inside and out, with an aluminum-like exterior and a bare concrete interior, is already thick with smoke, and the book party is just beginning. The main action is up on the third floor (the top floor, with a sauna and other hedonic delights, is always closed off, reserved for rich executives). The third floor is in blue-black darkness. The bar is crowded, of course, and several people, wearing heavy black goggles and earphones plugged into small Mega Brain keyboards, sit silent and immobile, drugged aliens, on a couple of couches. They are seeing flickers of light and hearing blips of sound, over and over, "a super mind expansion system," a New Age hallucinogen.

All around the room, video monitors display computer images of people like Bill Gates, the software-genius billionaire, and Stephen Jay Gould, the writer-academician. But it's William S. Burroughs who's the icon of this "unofficial reality" subculture. A strange idol, old, almost passé in America. But in Tokyo, books about him sell out, and the David Cronenberg *noir* film *Naked Lunch*, based on Burroughs's 1959 classic about heroin and homosexuality, has these techies enthralled. "I can't explain the film," a kid in buttoned-up plaid tells me, "but it's incredible." He's too strung out to make any sense.

In the room around the corner, D.J.'s play high-volume rock 'n' roll, but no one's dancing. A couple of tables are loaded with plates of pork, roast chicken, roast beef, cheeses, crackers, bread, and Coke in plastic glasses. Under the flashing disco lights, the food looks greenish, like it's been there for years, but the crowd descends on it and it's all gone in minutes. A Japanese comedian, dumpy in cutoff tuxedo pants, bow tie, and baseball cap turned backward, comes onstage and the warm-up gets under way. Next come the Blues Brothers Japanese-style, four balding, brawny middle-agers in dark suits, Ray-Bans, and fedoras. The crowd, standing and clapping, laps it up.

After half an hour of pratfalls and slapstick, the performers are ready for their big finish, setting off firecrackers, which pop all over the stage and spray the crowd. With the music blaring and the crowd whooping, one of the Blues drops his pants, turns his bare bottom to the audience, and someone sticks a firecracker up his behind. Another Blue lights it, it explodes, and the guy hops up and down. The crowd screams with delight. Another comedian comes out in an oversize diaper, his paunch bulging, his legs white and hairy. A firecracker goes down the front of his diaper. It explodes. And the audience jumps around, howling and clapping.

But the party isn't over. The crowd streams down the metal staircase to the second floor for the high point of the evening, a live performance by a well-known porn star. She is a sight, all right. A pasty on her crotch and metal cups on her nipples, spike heels, and a whip. A television monitor with a blank blue screen is set by the stage. The music rises, her body turns and twists and bends and stoops. She ropes a guy with her whip, and the crowd swoons, then waits. This goes on for a while. Finally, the grand finale. She slides a miniature camera inside her vagina, and the camera projects the image on the TV monitor next to the stage.

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LAND ROVER RANGE ROVER

The next morning I'm off to the Inland Sea, to the island of Naoshima, where fashion designer Issey Miyake and architect Tadao Ando are throwing a gala for "a very select group" to preview a hotel-museum complex Ando has designed. The party, I was told at least three times, is strictly for "la crème de la crème." By now I'm used to the Japanese fondness for "crème de la crème" and "select groups." The other part of its allure is the very remoteness of the place and the lore of the Inland Sea, which poets and artists have romanticized for centuries. After an hour's plane ride from Tokyo to Takamatsu and a 20-minute ride to the boat terminal, party guests are ferried across the sea. The water is choppy and dark, the sky gloomy, the mountains misty. It looks more like a movie set than a seascape.

From a distance, the hotel-museum, called Benesse House, rises out of the top of a cliff. Concrete bungalows shaped like desert tents are clustered near the narrow beach strip. It all has a very desolate look. The moment we step onto the dock, a bevy of chirping boys and girls in white T-shirts with MIYAKE '92 emblazoned in red on the back swarm around us. Carts are waiting to take us up the hill. The festivities are due to start in an hour or so, but dozens of people are already crowded into the lobby, which is tiny, barren, and gray. There's a stunning framed Irving Penn photograph of a model in a Miyake outfit, and the registration counter is jammed with promotional material: Miyake books, posters, postcards, and Benesse House brochures. Miyake T-shirts, rolled in rubber bands, are stacked on wooden crates. And, of course, there's a selection of Miyake clothing for sale.

Downstairs, the party is hitting its stride. Rock 'n' roll blares out of speakers, but no one is dancing, not even tapping a foot. It's shortly after noon and there's no room left in the bar. Guests sit on straight-backed chairs set against a wall and crowd around a table laden with china plates heaped with food. The bartender can't keep up with the requests for wine, beer, and champagne. A top executive with Suntory, the spirits and beer conglomerate, is sipping a beer and casting his eye about, smiling. This is his party; his company is helping to pay for it. He tells me all this is designed for "very selected guests": top businessmen, fashion editors, advertising executives. They are here to sample the products, and to buy them.

Miyake's press handler, a tall Japanese woman in shorts and T-shirt with a braid down to her waist, takes me in hand and suggests I go down to the gallery, where the designer is putting the final touches on his plastic mannequins. There's a concrete ramp to the gallery, which rises two stories and is topped with a dome and a skylight. Everything is concrete gray but the clothes hanging on the mannequins. Photographers and aides are hovering around Miyake, who's in a Miyake T and dark pants. He comes toward me, smiling, hand out. He limps and he doesn't look Japanese. He has wavy hair, a thin mustache, and his skin is the color of light coffee beans. We walk through the gallery into the museum, where Louise Nevelson and Frank Stella hang, through the party room, where maids are setting out the hors d'oeuvres. We sit on the terrace, which looks out on the sea.

"I think Japanese people have been running too fast," says Issey Miyake. "It's about time they think about themselves as human beings."

Somebody in Tokyo told me Miyake is a recluse. But here, smoking his Mild 7 and talking as if he had all the time in the world, he is Mr. Congeniality. At 54, Miyake has been around the fashion business a long time. He has a worldly sophistication from his time in Paris, London, and New York. And he lives like a wealthy man. He has an apartment in Akasaka, one of Tokyo's most expensive neighborhoods, a house in the Japanese countryside, an apartment on the Right Bank in Paris, a hairdresser in London. He spends seven months in Tokyo, and the rest of the time in Paris and London. When he goes to New York, he stays at the Mayfair and dines at Le Cirque; he pals around with Irving Penn and Richard Avedon, and calls Anna Wintour, the editor of *Vogue*, his friend. He knows everybody in the business. The names roll off his tongue.

Miyake is one of those celebrities who may be more celebrated abroad than in their own countries. When he's in Tokyo he doesn't cruise the clubs or play up to the high-society women. "What I'm afraid of most," he's telling me, "is to design for celebrities. Then you yourself become a celebrity, in your work, in your life." The names Armani, Versace, Lauren, come up. He calls them "walking publicity." Self-promoters. "I would never, never mention who wears my designs. People might talk that they wear my design, but I don't mention it. Some people create a trend, and this is the source of their power. That is something I try to avoid.

"My concept," he says, "is to give people something different. But you know, Japanese want to be the same, not different." Miyake has clearly thought a lot about Japanese society. "I think Japanese people have been running too fast," he continues, "developing too fast. It's about time they calm down and think about themselves as human beings, how they should live, instead of having the gimmicks and toys and materials which, you know, their money buys."

Gazing out at the gray sea, he pauses to smoke and then goes on quietly. "Japan is a small island country and we haven't experienced revolution or drastic political changes, but I think it's time to stop thinking of ourselves as little islanders, that we live in the world and we have to think in terms of the world. . . . You know, it's like my designs. Maybe it's time we open the twisted pleat and see what's inside and what we are, where we are from."

Suddenly, it starts drizzling, and the rain obscures the distant mountains across the Inland Sea, completely curtaining little Naoshima, this dot of an island where we are sitting. We are cut off from the center of Japan, much as Japan itself so often is cut off from the world. Miyake's circle, and this party we've come such a long way to attend, seems a distinct sphere, a microworld. The music from the party wafts out to the terrace, but no one inside the glassed-in gallery is dancing. They are smoking, drinking, and talking intently about merchandising, promotion, and business, the passion that runs through all levels of Japanese society.

As I get up to leave, Miyake makes sure I get a bottle of L'Eau d'Issey, his latest attempt to capture the pure essence of Japanese culture. The perfume, which is sold in London and Paris and will soon debut in New York, is not available in Japan. □



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BASQUIAT CASE

Jean-Michel Basquiat's resurrection—a Whitney show, a pair of biographies, maybe a film or two—raises an old question: great art or even greater hype?

BY DAVID D'ARCY

Long before August 12, 1988, when Jean-Michel Basquiat was found dead of a heroin overdose in his Great Jones Street studio in lower Manhattan, the 27-year-old artist's career had been on a decline. In less than a decade, Basquiat had become the closest thing the art world had to a rock star, but the drugs that had ruled his life since his high-school days had begun to crowd out everything else. The temperamental Basquiat had broken ties with almost a dozen dealers and had seen his work and his self-created myth of a black street prodigy fall from fashion almost as quickly as they had gained acclaim. Once gushing critics had been lukewarm about his last gallery show, five months earlier. And he was so paranoid he even thought his landlord, the Warhol estate—which represented Basquiat's late friend and promoter—was threatening to evict him from the loft where he lived and worked.

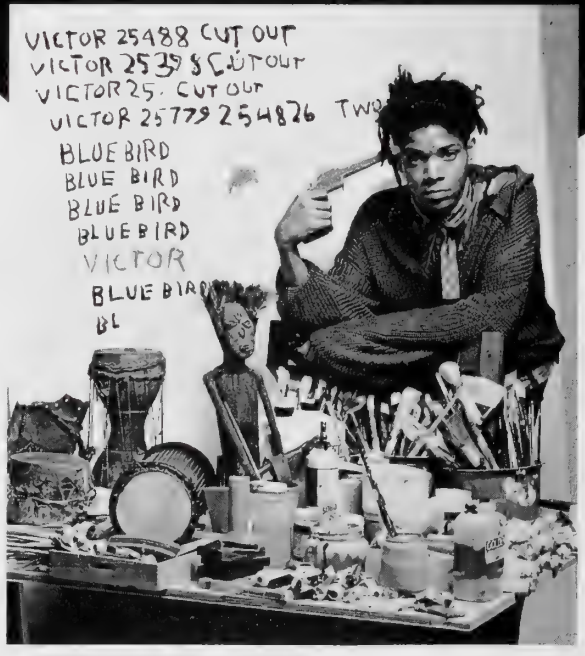
Within months, however, it became clear that Basquiat's death had resurrected his reputation. His prices soared upward as investors joined frenzied new buyers determined to own a work by the untrained black genius suddenly being likened to two other dead art saints: Arthur Rimbaud and Vincent van Gogh. Prices of his paintings, which had never risen above $50,000 while he was alive, catapulted to the half-million-dollar mark. Then, in late 1990, the entire contemporary-art market went into a free-fall, and those same canvases were selling for 50 percent, or less, of their former value.

Now, four years after Basquiat's death, his work is undergoing a new surge of promotion. Two unauthorized biographies, by Phoebe Hoban and Robert Knafo, are scheduled for publication in 1993. The painter Julian Schnabel has written a screenplay about Basquiat, which he hopes to direct. A concert of Basquiat's music (performed by members of his former downtown band, Gray, defunct since 1980) is planned. And, most important by far, a retrospective of more than 80 of the artist's works opens at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York this month. The show is sure to be a Basquiat referendum for critics, as well as for an army of collectors who bought the graffiti-inspired painter's works by the dozen. Meanwhile, fierce legal battles have arisen over the Basquiat estate, most of which pit Basquiat's accountant father against Basquiat's last dealer, who vanished in March with creditors in pursuit. Only one other artist in recent years has gained comparable attention so soon after a highly publicized death. That was Andy Warhol, Basquiat's mentor, but Warhol had at least ridden a three-decade career of self-promotion.

"It's important to understand why Basquiat was a signal artist of [the 80s]," David Ross, the Whitney's director of a year and a half, told me in his office. "This is the first time to consider the career, this body of work, and look at it seriously, try to understand the language that he evolved."

No fewer than six scholars and critics have contributed essays to the Whitney catalogue, and they compare Basquiat to a whole range of geniuses, from Leonardo da Vinci to Jackson Pollock to Charlie Parker. According to Yale professor Robert Farris Thompson, an authority on African-American art, Basquiat's hastily improvised canvases have all the historical significance of Parker's saxophone: "At his best, Basquiat parallels, in art, Parker's influence-switching jazz, point for point." In another essay, *Village Voice* writer Greg Tate declares, "Since slavery and oppression under white supremacy are visible subtexts in Basquiat's work, he is as close to a Goya as American painting has ever produced."

The catalogue writers make much of the graffiti-like words and numbers that swarm across the artist's crowded canvases. Curator and former dealer Klaus Kertess places Basquiat in the pantheon of the Beat *poètes maudits* William S. Burroughs and Jack Kerouac: "All, to varying degrees, embraced and beatified the life of the underclasses. All, in differing ways, relied on the strategies of juxtaposition and im-



Jean-Michel Basquiat in his New York studio in November 1987, less than a year before his death from an overdose.

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provisation. Like Rimbaud before them but less programmatically, all found in drug addiction a kind of spiritual discipline and expansion of consciousness.''

Whitney curator Richard Marshall said that the Basquiat show falls into the Whitney's ''mid-career'' retrospectives of contemporary artists, even though the idea for the show occurred after Basquiat was dead. ''If he were alive, it wouldn't rule out the possibility,'' Marshall argued. ''These are the kinds of questions you can't answer—he is dead.''



"Basquiat is as close to a Goya as American painting has ever produced," declares Greg Tate.

It isn't only the Whitney that is singing the artist's praises these days. For the last important show of Basquiat's works, at the Robert Miller gallery last fall, the Museum of Modern Art's newly appointed curator of contemporary art, Robert Storr, contributed an admiring, elegiac essay. Storr also included four of Basquiat's drawings in MOMA's retrospective of work from the last decade.

Celebrating artists who die young is nothing new, but in Basquiat's case some critics contend that martyrdom, rather than art, is the glue that keeps his fragile myth intact. One SoHo dealer put it simply: ''If he hadn't died, he wouldn't have had this fame, this retrospective, these books—nothing would have happened.''

Dead or alive, Basquiat hardly merits a retrospective, according to author and art critic Robert Hughes, who from the beginning dismissed the Basquiat phenomenon as a mixture of hype, overproduction, and a greedy art market. ''Babble,'' said Hughes. ''Visual rap of a not-very-high order.'' Hughes even predicted in a wry 1988 Basquiat postmortem called ''Requiem for a Featherweight,'' published in *The New Republic*, that a museum retrospective wouldn't be far off. ''There is more bad faith attached to the cult of Basquiat than to any painter that I've ever heard of in this century in America—it has become a kind of coercive farce,'' Hughes told me. ''He's a sort of Ishmael: 'And I alone survived the wreck.' What is especially not edifying is the art market saying, 'This is what we're going to save from the wreckage of the 80s. This is what we're going to set before the world as the pinnacle of American promise, and we're going to do this for reasons that are specifically built into the rhetoric of political correctness—because he's black, because he was exploited by the art system.' And the wonderful thing is you now have the same art system that exploited him turning around and trying to do a job of expiatory canonization on him. This would be comic if it weren't nauseating.



Basquiat with Annina Nosei at her SoHo gallery in 1986, *top*, and *Riding with Death* (acrylic and oil stick on linen, 98 in. by 114 in., 1988), *above*, from his last show.

''Given a few years' decent training,'' Hughes allowed, ''he might have come to something as an artist. It's not Basquiat who is fraudulent, it's the whole poisonous atmosphere of the 80s. Now, of course, they have to desperately try to save the situation.''

While Basquiat's admirers routinely praise his energetic, spontaneous early works, *Riding with Death*, a painting from Basquiat's last gallery show, in 1988, which is featured in the Whitney retrospective, may shed light on just how much Basquiat himself needed to be saved at the end. A cadaverous human outline astride a silvery creature, sketched in oil against a somber grayish background, the work bears little resemblance to the animated fields of words, letters, symbols, and monstrous human heads on which Basquiat built his reputation in the early 1980s. In the Whitney catalogue, Klaus Kertess praises the painting as ''an electrifying icon of the Faustian contract entered into by Basquiat and his bebop and Beat heirs, in their high-risk art and life. Portraying a raggedly drawn, emaciated, black stick figure astride a glaring and glaringly white, four-legged skeleton, it begs the question, who is in control here?''

At the time the work was made, Basquiat was hardly in control. Painter Rick Prol remembered painting that canvas with an enervated Basquiat, and when he discussed it, Prol sounded proud. ''Wow. It really looked good that I kind of did this thing to it,'' he recalled. ''The big silver-gold metallic and weird thing, like death riding on a skeleton.''

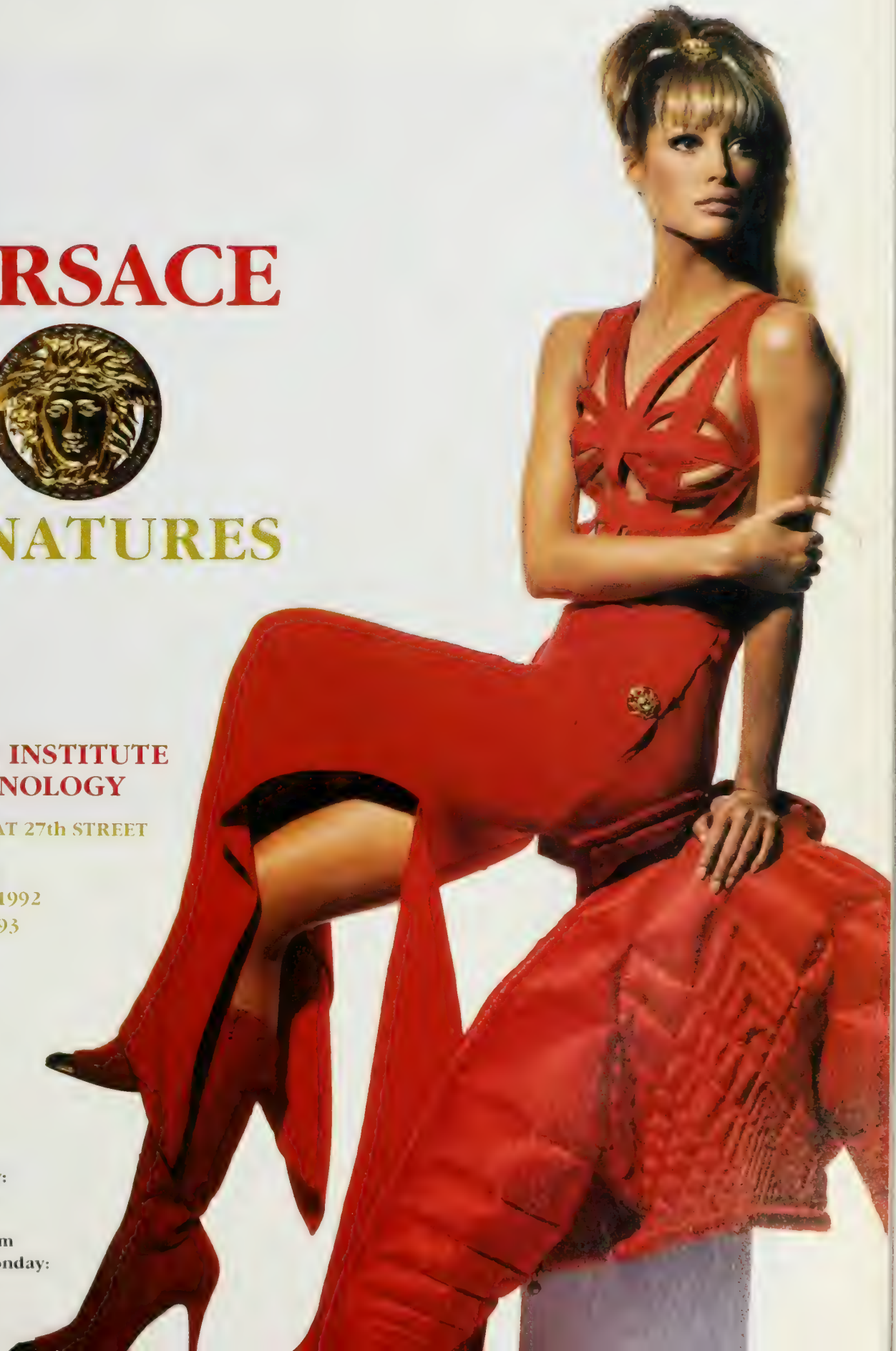
It was early last spring, and we were in Prol's studio, a graffiti-scribbled storefront off Avenue B that used to be B-Side, one of the East Village's better-known galleries, where Prol showed and sold his work. By the mid-1980s virtually all such galleries had closed, giving way to sidewalk cafés and boutiques for an encroaching clientele of New York University students. Prol was preparing for his biggest show of paintings in recent years. He sat surrounded by paintings, most of them large, silhouetting solitary figures in pain against monochromatic backgrounds—more often than not with knives plunged into their necks. The paintings called to mind the work in Jean-Michel Basquiat's last gallery show.

Basquiat had admired Prol's work,

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Finlandia. Vodka From The Top Of The World.

Nearly five months 'til the Savonlinna Ice Carving Championships and already we find Erkki Hokkanen busy sharpening his skills. Folks tell us he has yet to win the title. Seems there are those who deem Erkki's work "a bit ahead of its time." Erkki's reply roughly translated: "Hey, it's not like the grand prize is a lifetime supply of Finlandia or anything."



and had told Prol so when the two met in the early 1980s at the nightclub Area. That was also when Prol learned firsthand about Basquiat's debilitating drug habit. "He bent down and he came up and his face was all white," Prol remembered. "He had a thing—it was tinfoil and it was filled with coke."

Prol recalled that late in 1987 he was discussing the collapse of the East Village art scene with Basquiat. "I told him I didn't have a job then," Prol explained. Buyers once interested in Prol's grotesque style were gravitating to the colder, conceptual, geometric work that had become the new SoHo chic almost overnight, particularly the work of such artists as Jeff Koons and Peter Halley. Basquiat, Prol told me, was sympathetic, and shared some of his own frustration over "being used" by art dealers, and even by the recently dead, novelty-obsessed Warhol. Basquiat had just made a bitter exit from Mary Boone's fashionable gallery, and was looking for a new painting style that might recapture the critics. "There was serious Basquiat-bashing going on then," Prol said.

Soon afterward, Prol got a call from Vrej Baghoomian, Basquiat's new dealer. "Vrej came to me and said, 'Jean-Michel has a show coming up—it could be good for you and good for him.' "

The Teheran-born Baghoomian had started in New York art circles as business manager for his cousin, the dealer Tony Shafrazi, who by the late 1980s had parlayed the notoriety he gained from spray-painting Picasso's *Guernica* in the Museum of Modern Art into a flourishing gallery of celebrity artists. "Vrej ran a kind of a little thing in the basement, where artists who needed fast money would bring a painting," one of Basquiat's friends told me. "Vrej would give them cash, and Vrej's own business evolved out of that. It turned out that he had developed quite an impressive inventory that was built through this method."

Baghoomian arranged for Prol to work for Basquiat as one in a long line of studio assistants. Prol would paint dark, richly colored backgrounds on Basquiat's canvases (in a style closer to Prol's than to Basquiat's), and then he would help color the figures on those backgrounds. His job was clear: to make sure the paintings got painted.

"Vrej wanted me to be there to inspire him," said Prol, "and Vrej wanted to make sure he had the paintings. It was, like, 'Don't die yet,' you know?"

Prol, who had been living off the sale of his own paintings just a few years before, was paid $15 an hour to assist Basquiat in the Great Jones Street warehouse, which the Warhol estate rented to the artist for $4,000 a month. Prol said it was strewn with bags from the nearby fancy grocery store Dean & DeLuca. Basquiat spent most of his time upstairs, where he slept, and would call down directions to his assistant.

"It's not Basquiat who is fraudulent," said Robert Hughes, "it's the whole poisonous atmosphere of the 80s."

"He was strung out," said Prol. "Vrej wanted me to encourage Jean-Michel to paint. I would wake him up at eight at night. He was able to do a lot in a few minutes, even when he was strung out. He had a very deep connection. He was very serious." Prol said Basquiat at that time was reclusive and isolated, almost paralyzed by constant drug use. The two were under pressure to turn out paintings for Basquiat's last show, which opened in April 1988 at Baghoomian's gallery. "He didn't put much into them," said Prol. "Basically, I would paint the background sometimes. Then he'd draw and I'd fill in; then he'd draw and I'd fill in again."

Some days, Basquiat simply didn't work at all. Other days, he would come down briefly and finish a painting. "They were done in an hour, half an hour, or even less," said Prol, who described the works as "big drawings. I helped him execute them. I may have given him ideas, but there was nothing about me inventing anything.

"It wasn't a collaboration," Prol pointed out, distinguishing the arrangement from that of a highly promoted 1985 Basquiat-Warhol project, which flopped commercially, "but inadvertently things became collaborative."

"My hand was even in a lot of the paintings," said Prol. "There were a lot of things that wouldn't have happened if he had painted them. But that's just arbitrary. How can you take credit? You paint this background, then you kind of run out of that color and you use something else."

For example, Prol recalled, "there was one painting, my hand was really evident." Basquiat noticed Prol's hand in that painting and sought to discourage his assistant's role. "He looked at it," Prol told me, "and said, 'The next time, don't do that; make it flat.' I almost got the feeling that he wanted to make sure I was anonymous, you know? He didn't want me in there. He was very much of a control freak. I just think that what happened was that I happened to be assisting someone who happened to have been better-known than me."

From Basquiat, Prol went on to paint for Mark Kostabi, whose much-derided painting assembly line started workers at seven dollars an hour. Prol, the former East Village star, got $10. It wasn't long before he was promoted to being an "idea person," at $12 an hour, but Kostabi World laid him off when the art market languished last winter.

Many Basquiat admirers discount the extent of Prol's participation. One of those is Jeffrey Deitch, a former art-investment adviser at Citibank who championed Basquiat's early work and now counsels collectors from an office high in Trump Tower. "Some of those works in the last show were among the best works Jean-Michel ever did," Deitch maintained, rejecting allegations that another artist would be the creative force behind a Basquiat canvas. For Deitch, Basquiat's strength as an artist was the uniqueness of his mark. "He was that kind of artist—he did it himself. This was gestural work," Deitch said. Deitch admitted that he did not go to Basquiat's studio regularly during the last year of Basquiat's life, but he stubbornly insisted that, aside from the Warhol project, "he was not the kind of artist who worked collaboratively. He just didn't do that." According to Prol, Deitch never visited the studio when the two were working.

Mary Boone and others see the late Basquiat paintings as clearly inferior to his earlier work—thrown onto the canvas to get money and drugs. But haste in painting, Basquiat's earlier dealer Larry Gagosian counters, doesn't necessarily mean creating bad work, at least not in Basquiat's case. Gagosian says he sold more than 200 of the artist's works in



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the early 1980s. "I mean, he was prolific. He could paint three paintings a day. Picasso painted two or three paintings a day. It doesn't have anything to do with how good they were."

Some critics dismissed Basquiat's final show—much of which was completed in a week—as a desperate last gasp. But no matter how speedily they were executed, those paintings were seen by some observers as a new direction, in which the hand of his studio assistant was unmistakable.

Ironically, in the sale catalogue of work from the Swedish collector Fredrik Roos's estate last February, Christie's East placed two works by Rick Prol on the same page with a Basquiat drawing, and the similarity of style in the two artists was inescapable. Prol's works sold for far less than the Basquiat, one of them for $1,430, the other for only $220.

When Basquiat worked by himself, he would often do four or five drawings simultaneously, sitting cross-legged and watching television, in a sea of hundreds of scrawled sheets, none of which he threw away. Today, lawyers handling the Basquiat estate still don't have an exact count of the hundreds of drawings, paintings, and objects he left behind. In fact, John Cheim, director of the Robert Miller Gallery, which represents the Basquiat estate, acknowledged that no single body is empowered to rule on the authenticity of Basquiat works. Basquiat didn't always title his creations, and since he moved from dealer to dealer, sold many works privately to get as much cash as quickly as possible, exchanged paintings for drugs and restaurant meals, and simply gave art away, even his dealers can't calculate his total output—particularly alongside what some see as a growing proliferation of fakes.

Alison Buscher of Christie's said that when a Basquiat piece offered for sale seemed doubtful she would contact two of Basquiat's former dealers, Annina Nosei and Vrej Baghoomian, as well as the estate's dealer, Robert Miller, for authentication. After all three called her last November, concerned about the authenticity of a 1982 drawing said to be by Basquiat, the drawing was withdrawn from a sale. "The consignor was angry," Buscher said. "He swore he got the drawing directly from Basquiat. But if three dealers were concerned about it, we couldn't sell it."

Anthony Grant, the director of contemporary art at Sotheby's, agrees that the absence of a single authenticating body for Basquiat is a problem, although he says the works in question are usually drawings in the $10,000-to-$15,000 range, rather than paintings, which now sell for between $50,000 and $70,000. "In the end," Grant says, "the expertise isn't really that deep."

That expertise, however, may be needed today more than ever, since the announcement of the Whitney show has thrown all sorts of Basquiat works onto the market—canvases, drawings, pieces of furniture Basquiat signed or daubed, even doors, floorboards, tabletops, and any other surfaces on which acquaintances remember him leaving a distinctive mark.

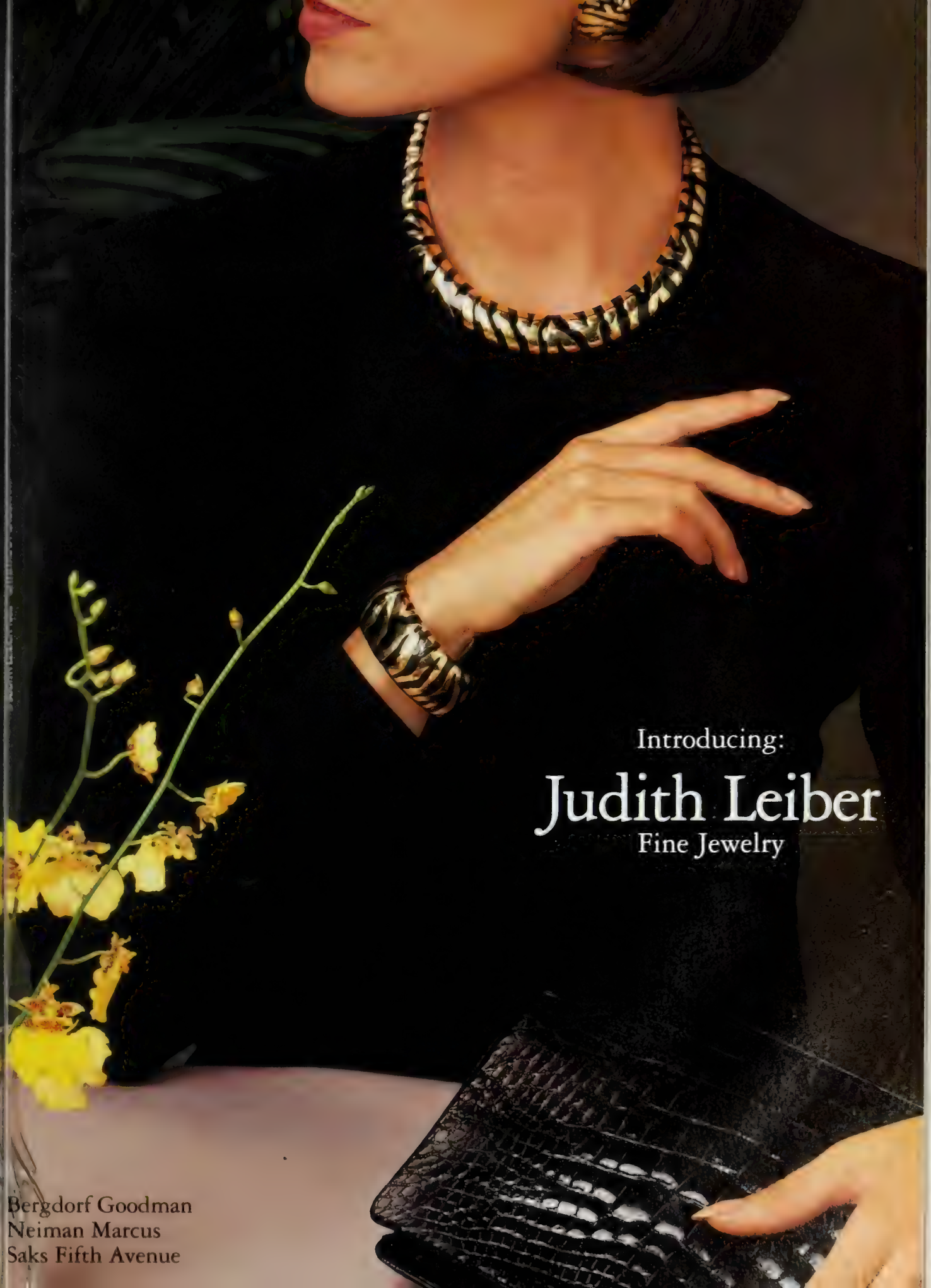
Art dealers report that some of Basquiat's former drug suppliers are trying to sell works the artist gave them in lieu of money. Fellow junkies are also out to unload Basquiats. One art dealer remembers getting a call from an addict who owned a Basquiat drawing, offering to "meet at a cash machine," provided the dealer could come up with $300 that night.

Needless to say, all the Basquiats being offered for sale are not real. "It's a perfect scenario for someone to exploit fakes," observed Larry Gagosian, who showed Basquiat's work in Los Angeles in the early 1980s, "because you have an artist who's dead, so you can't ask the artist if it's his own work. You also have an artist who frequently didn't sign works. You have an artist who gave away a lot of work without any gallery intervention or registration of work by a gallery. And you also have an artist who people would steal work from. Girlfriends and various people who'd pass through his life and his studio would thank him by stealing art right from his studio. So you have a perfect mix in these circumstances for fraud."

Others see a different logic at work. "There could be no easier artist to fake," commented Robert Hughes. "We're not talking about faking a Renoir," said a dealer. "If you can forge this kind of painting, it says something about what it is." Gagosian and other dealers downplay the threat of fakes to Basquiat's market.

Annina Nosei, who was the first New York dealer to show Basquiat's art, in 1981, remembers searching the East Village for his works after he died, "going into a basement of someplace in the

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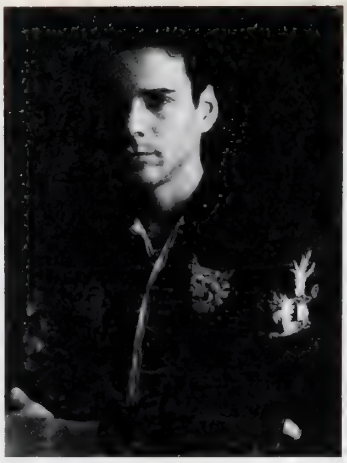
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L'ART DE VIVRE

again,'' Zounek stated bluntly, adding that, not long ago, even esoteric Basquiat memorabilia—from splattered T-shirts to cowboy boots—had a market, similar to that for the relics of a saint. Zounek remembered one case, of a door in the East Village apartment of a friend of Basquiat's on which the artist had painted a head. He had also written CAT on a milk box in the apartment. ''I tried to sell that stuff a couple of times,'' Zounek said, ''and a European dealer told me, 'I'll pay $60,000 for them.' The owner wanted twice that.''

The first indications from a flurry of bottom-feeding may suggest that the boom-bust contemporary-art business is slowly working its way upward again, with Basquiats showing vague signs of health. ''I am advising people that this is an excellent time to buy,'' said Jeffrey Deitch.

Some of those signs were evident last May, when Christie's held its major sale of works from the estate of Fredrik Roos, who had acquired Basquiats by the dozens and who died of AIDS two years ago. Collectors and dealers crowded into the Christie's sale, rubbernecking to see who would risk bidding. Two Basquiat paintings were on the block on Tuesday, May 5. Each had the trademark head. Both sold for more than the auction house had estimated they would bring. Prices were not quite half what they would have been three years ago, but Basquiat fared better than his contemporaries.



Rick Prol, who helped Basquiat with the paintings for his last show and whose own works, such as *Pantheon* (oil on linen and wood, 112 in. by 74 in., 1982), *below*, resemble Basquiat's.

"I would paint the background sometimes," said Rick Prol. "Then Jean-Michel would draw and I'd fill in."



Whatever direction the market takes, a mire of Basquiat lawsuits remains unresolved. The artist, though an accountant's son, died without a will, owing huge amounts to everyone from the I.R.S. to his favorite restaurant, Mr. Chow.

Administration of the estate, with an estimated value of between $5 million and $20 million, fell to Jean-Michel's next of kin, his father, Gerard Basquiat, whom the artist had seen only occasionally since leaving home as a teenager. Soon after Basquiat's death, Vrej Baghoomian began an offensive. Landing a celebrity artist had been a coup for the dealer, who just a year before had operated off the books in his cousin's basement. Basquiat's death helped Baghoomian understand just how valuable a coup that had been, and he wasn't about to let go of it. The dealer maintained that Basquiat had made him his representative in perpetuity, granting him 50 percent of the sale of any Basquiat works. Baghoomian admitted he had no record of that oral agreement, but asked the estate for 90 canvases and works on paper he claimed to have purchased before Basquiat's death. Gerard Basquiat struck back in a legal battle that one critic has compared to ''scorpions in a sock.''

The Basquiat estate rejected Baghoomian's claim and sued the dealer for 17 or more paintings which it said were the property of the estate. Those paintings had been sold for cash. Baghoomian responded, and as his original claim languished in New York's overburdened Surrogate's Court, Baghoomian declared that he had reached an agreement on exclusive representation with Gerard Basquiat. ''That was a pretty outrageous claim, even for an art dealer,'' said Robert Cinque, the litigator for the Basquiat estate.

In May 1989, after the Robert Miller Gallery was named representative of the estate, Baghoomian sued for $40 million, claiming that Gerard Basquiat had breached his contract and that Robert Miller had defamed him in court. Soon another claim appeared, that of Kelly Inman, Jean-Michel's friend and bookkeeper, who had lived in the Great Jones Street studio for several months before his death. She claimed that her role as Basquiat's business manager entitled her to 50 percent from the sale of the works, and supported Baghoomian's claim to represent the artist exclusively. In August 1991, Baghoomian's $40 million suit was dismissed, but the estate has yet to recover the 17-odd paintings the dealer claims to have sold. Attorney Robert Cinque would not discuss efforts to locate them. Dealers suspect the works are in European collections, far from the I.R.S. and U.S. courts.

In May the estate obtained a $209,000 judgment against Baghoomian for copyright infringement, claiming that a catalogue the dealer published for a fall 1989 retrospective reproduced Basquiat's work without permission.

Also pending, in federal court last spring, was a case filed in 1990 by New Jersey art dealer Michelle Rosenfeld, who claimed the estate owed her $900,000, the market value of three paintings she said Jean-Michel had promised her in exchange for $1,000 she gave *(Continued on page 144)*

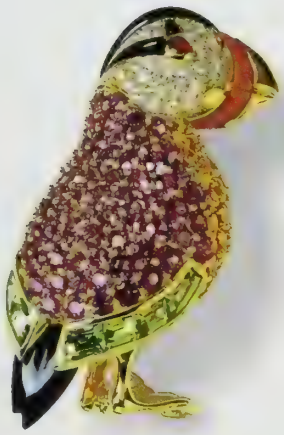
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(Continued from page 138) him in 1982.

"Here, too, is a pretty bizarre situation," said Cinque. "She claims to have bought something from him more than five years before he died, and the first time she claims she hasn't gotten what she's bought is after he died."

Rosenfeld's attorney, Michael O'Donnell, counters that his client had repeatedly asked the artist for the paintings while Basquiat was still alive. "He assured her not to worry," O'Donnell said, "that she would get them eventually. He just needed them now for his career." At summer's end, attorneys on both sides had been notified that the Rosenfeld case might be called in federal court any day.

Gerard Basquiat's lawyers lament that Basquiat *père*'s legal bills are huge, but dealer Mary Boone feels there's more going on in the courts than a parade of dealers and collectors out for a windfall.

"Jean-Michel always sold out of his studio," said Boone, referring to dealings undertaken privately (and illegally) to avoid paying agreed-upon percentages to his dealers. From 1984 to his death, Basquiat's dealers were paying him a retainer of anywhere from $15,000 to $30,000 a month (obviously not enough to support the artist's drug habit). "The paintings to Michelle Rosenfeld . . . [when he promised those] he was getting a stipend from Bruno [Bischofberger] and me. He was selling those paintings out of the studio. And then, on top of which, he told us about it. His idea of a contract was you did what it said and he did what he wanted," continued Boone, who nevertheless filed a deposition in support of Michelle Rosenfeld's claim against the Basquiat estate. "The father was not involved, and all they're trying to do is keep money in the estate."

As Gerard Basquiat has battled to enrich his late son's estate, he has been resolutely uncooperative with authors seeking to research Basquiat biographies. The estate's lawyer Michael Ward Stout says the elder Basquiat was troubled by belabored details of Jean-Michel's drug addiction in magazine articles about the artist's death. (Basquiat did not respond to a written request to discuss his son and his son's art for this article.) Several biographers planning books on Jean-Michel have been either rebuffed by Gerard Basquiat or asked to meet conditions that would preclude a complete and critical study. The elder Basquiat has also enlisted his two daughters in the effort to freeze out the press, and requested that his son's former teachers neither speak to journalists nor provide any documentation about Jean-Michel's school days.

Gerard Basquiat did offer to pay for the production of a documentary film about his son's life by BBC director Geoff Dunlop. Dunlop ultimately chose not to collaborate with the elder Basquiat, fearing that his participation would keep the film from becoming an independent critical project. Basquiat asked him not to talk to those friends of Jean-Michel's who he suspected might speak critically about the father-son relationship. Dunlop did make an hour-long film, *Shooting Star*, which focuses more on a young black novice at the mercy of the art world than on the tensions within his family. The documentary showed on British television, but it has not been shown in the United States, for fear that it might trigger a lawsuit. The Basquiat estate has also warned of its possible opposition to Julian Schnabel's screenplay for a feature dramatization of Basquiat's life, with the working title *Build a Fort, Set It on Fire*, a slogan Basquiat used to write on SoHo walls. Recently, however, there were signs that the elder Basquiat might become involved in Schnabel's production, which still lacks funding.

Geoff Dunlop fears that a sanitized version of Jean-Michel Basquiat's career may turn out to be the artist's official history. "This is tragic, in a sense. To clean him up is to completely misunderstand him. I think Jean-Michel would be enraged and deeply distressed to think of his father controlling the way he is remembered and displayed."

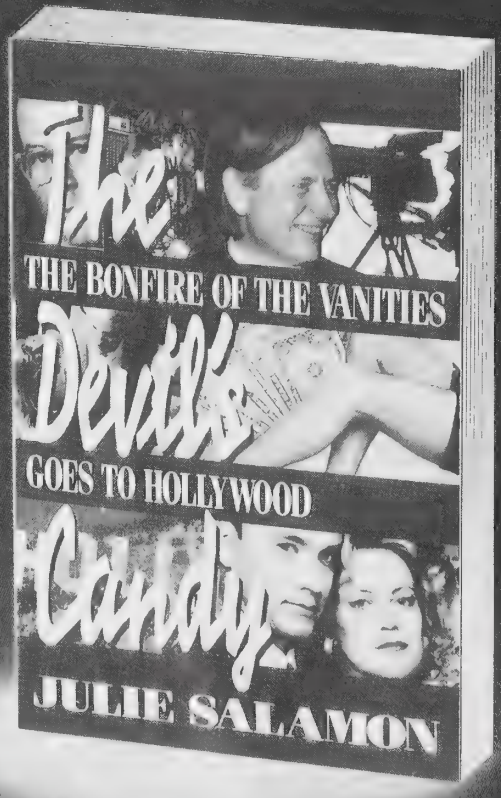
The young painter spoke often of coming from a troubled home ruled by a stern, brutal father. He ran away at 15, he claimed laughingly in a 1986 video interview excerpted in Dunlop's documentary, because "I was smoking pot in my room and my father came in and he stabbed me in the ass with a knife. And then, you know, I thought I'd better go before he killed me." "I have never heard a credible version of reports that Gerard was a violent father," said Michael Stout, "and knowing his daughters, it's inconceivable to me. Jean-Michel and his father were very tight."

Rick Prol calls the elder Basquiat's

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approach to his son's life story a kind of image control that's simply misrepresentation. "It would be like van Gogh's brother saying, 'He didn't shoot himself. He got shot by accident.' "

Questions about Basquiat's early life are not answered in any of the six essays in the Whitney Museum's retrospective catalogue. Although curator Richard Marshall denies that Gerard Basquiat had any editorial control over the publication, the text seems thoroughly sympathetic regarding the artist's father. "Start with his parents," Robert Farris Thompson writes earnestly. "Basquiat's well-dressed, hard-working, tough-minded, ambitious father, Gerard, set examples of style, heart, and drive. Succeeding, as an accountant, in both white and black New York, playing tennis, living well, he exuded confidence."

As preparations for the Whitney's Basquiat retrospective were being made last spring, Vrej Baghoomian, the last U.S. dealer to represent the artist when he was alive, disappeared. On March 24, Baghoomian's gallery made urgent calls to artists who had consigned their work, announcing that the doors would close that night. The gallery director surrendered his keys to the building manager, and as the building superintendent held off an angry artist brandishing a stick in the lobby, gallery employees exited by the back stairs. None of them received severance pay.

More than a month earlier, Baghoomian had told me he was "overwhelmed" by litigation with the Basquiat estate and said he would be delighted to discuss the lawsuits when he came back from a few weeks' vacation. Baghoomian never returned, not even for the mid-March opening of a show of paintings by Tony Fitzpatrick, one of a number of artists working in what might be described as a "school of Basquiat" style. It turned out that Baghoomian was deep in debt.

The Basquiat estate's claim against Baghoomian for paintings the dealer sold is still pending, although it is not clear whether Baghoomian will be present to defend himself when that case comes to trial. The estate admits that collecting won't be easy. In late May, representatives of the finance company Rosenthal and Rosenthal converged on Baghoomian's house in Douglaston, Queens, with a court order, a locksmith, and Robert Fisher, a lawyer and court-appointed bankruptcy trustee. "We found his wife, his children, his dog, his parakeets, his rabbit—everything but him," Fisher said, adding that approximately 40 paintings had been taken from the home to a Manhattan warehouse. So far, Rosenthal and Rosenthal has not seen a cent of the $1.2 million it lent Baghoomian to buy art. Dozens of other creditors are also still unpaid.

All the frenzied activity has brought Jean-Michel Basquiat a new celebrity, which, given the role of fashion in the art world, can't help but buoy the value of his work for a while. The artist's grave, however, conjures up his collectors' greatest fear, the anonymity that threatened to be Basquiat's fate just four years ago. It is virtually impossible to find, located near the center of Green-Wood Cemetery, where Brooklyn has buried its dead for more than a century, overlooking New York Harbor, with Manhattan in the far distance. The headstone, marked JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT, ARTIST, DEC 1960 AUG 1988, is barely eight inches high, and is flanked by those of two other Brooklynites, named Russo and DeLorenzo. But for the inscriptions, they are indistinguishable, as identical as the bricks lining a garden. The inexpensive plot isn't exactly potter's field, but neither does it seem remotely like a shrine to a fallen genius.

Green-Wood Cemetery is a world away from SoHo, although dealers these days call that neighborhood a graveyard, too, as art galleries shut down and works that collectors might have gobbled up a few years ago go unsold. In a collapsed market, it's hard to disinter the appeal of artists whose popularity rode on easy money in the hands of hundreds of new collectors. Basquiat's critics continue to identify him with everything that was wrong with the 80s art boom: an overhyped, overexploited burnout victim who ended up in a faceless Brooklyn grave after a seven-year career. His admirers insist that he was unique: an untaught primitive who made his own mark on the canvas without the aid of Xerox machines or video cameras. In what promises, for better or worse, to be the year of Basquiat, the art world will learn whether its life-support system is still strong enough to sustain the Basquiat legend. □




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Safire in his Washington, D.C., office. "The tension between the governed and the governing is what makes the world go round. It's not love."

SAFIRE AND BRIMSTONE

Nixon and Agnew once mouthed his speeches; later, he won a Pulitzer. Washington columnist William Safire is one complicated (and influential) fellow

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS

In the hierarchy of Washington status totems, the exhibit hanging in William Safire's hallway, just to the right as you enter the front door, ranks near the very top.

Matted and elegantly framed is one of Safire's own columns, clipped from the *New York Times* op-ed page of May 19, 1988, when Vice President George Bush was lagging in his race to move up to the Oval Office. Titled "Bush the Underdog," the column—faintly disdainful, in the way that only Safire can be—offered "George" 10 items of political advice, including an admonition not to panic.

Scrawled all over the newsprint are the ingratiating responses of George Bush. In the thick of his career's most important campaign, Bush took the time to respond to every one of Safire's points with comments such as "Agree," "Right on!!" and (in response to Safire's instruction that he work to establish his own identity in the voters' minds) a plaintive "Doing that but not many know I am doing it." He attached a winsome note—framed with the column—saying, "I liked this column... Working hard. A lot of stuff rubbing off on me right now but no 'panic' on my part. Thanks. Best wishes."

In a profession that coyly disclaims the power it holds over the lives of politicians, Safire's mounted trophy is as raw an acknowledgment of journalistic clout as you can find. To see Bush so nakedly flattering Safire confirms the latter's informal title: he is the most influential conservative columnist—and possibly the most influential columnist, period—in America.

Safire has come a long way since 1973, when *Times* publisher Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger whimsically hired him away from his job as speechwriter to President Richard Nixon and conferred on him the prize of a *Times* op-ed-page column. Washington journalists—not least those at the *Times*—were horrified. "In terms of impact, it would be like hiring Roger Ailes today," says former *Washington Post* executive editor Benjamin C. Bradlee.

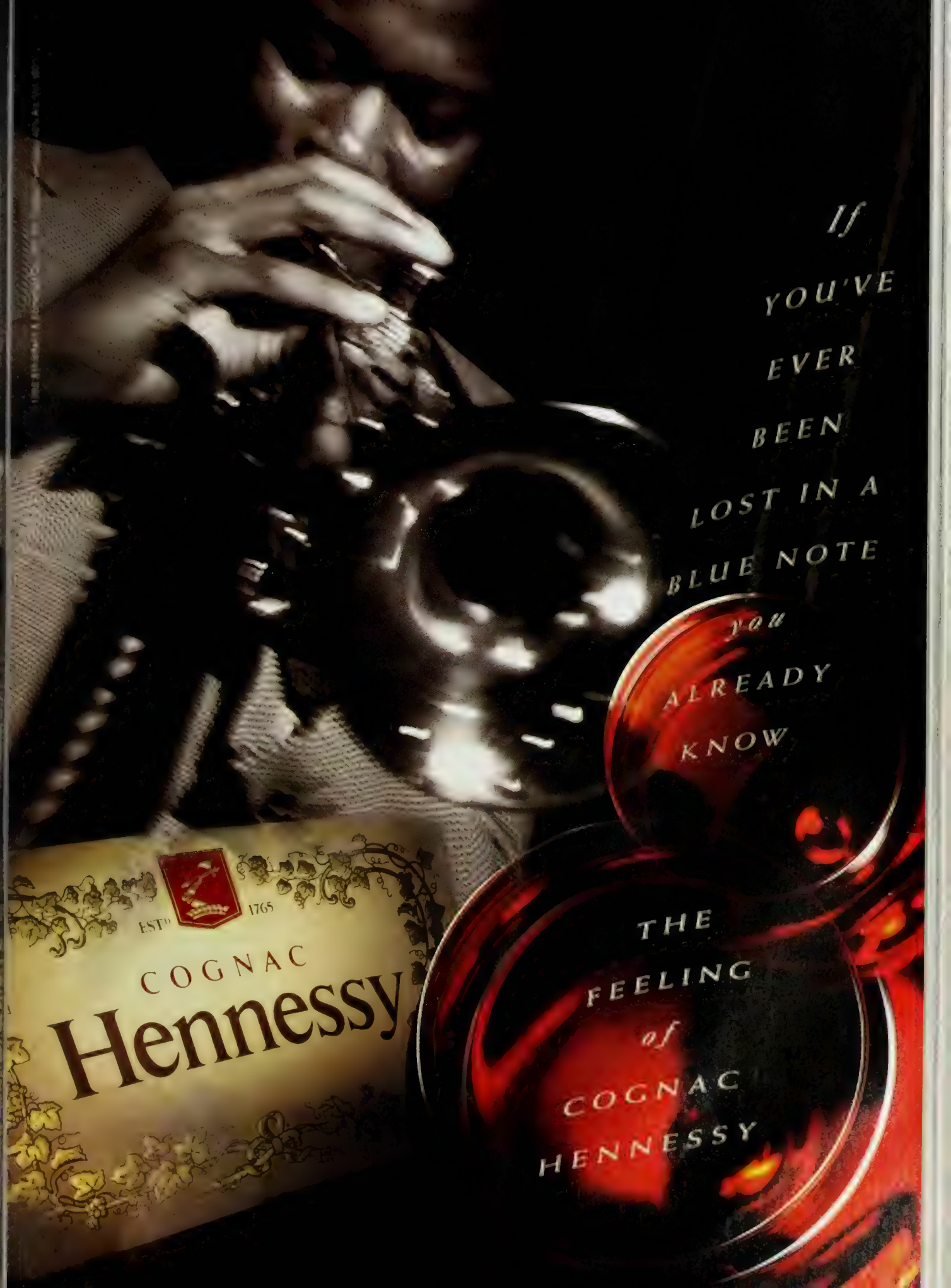
But over time Safire devised a formula that has made Monday's and Thursday's "Essay" the most urgently read column in Washington—a combination of punchy writing, far more original reporting than can be found in any other columnist's work, and, in strategic doses, an unmatched level of vitriol. Most columnists—especially at the good gray *Times*—employ an Olympian voice that runs more to sorrow than to anger. Safire alone will cheerfully sink a hatchet between his target's shoulder blades.

When James A. Baker III was secretary of state, Safire called him "the Iceman of Foggy Bottom." Nixon, he believes, is "our only thinking ex-president." Safire called Bush's first chief of staff, John Sununu, "a pompous ass"—while he was still running the White House—and wrote of Teddy Kennedy, "The torch has been passed to a clammy hand." Of the major columnists covering public policy today, only Michael Kinsley of *The New Republic* and, sporadically, George Will of *The Washington Post* write with a similar tartness.

Helene Safire used to worry that if her husband kept it up they'd get dropped from the dinner circuit. Then she recognized one of those little ironies that make Washington such a friendly place to live: "With the column, people fall all over themselves to be nice to him. The more cruel he is to them, the more they want to befriend him."

Safire also has a remarkable versatility. In addition to his news column, he writes the wildly popular "On Language" in the Sunday *Times* magazine. He gives speeches 12 or 15 times a year, at $20,000 a pop after agents' fees; he is something of a book factory, author of collections, anthologies, and two novels as disparate as it is possible to imagine from one writer: the political potboiler *Full Disclosure*, published in 1977, and the thousand-page historical novel *Freedom*, about Abraham Lincoln and the

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Civil War, in 1987. He compiled *Safire's Political Dictionary*, a staple of the political buff's library. And this month alone he has three books coming out from three different publishers—an anthology of history's great speeches, an anthology (composed with his brother) of advice on writing, and an ambitious work of nonfiction, *The First Dissident: The Book of Job in Today's Politics*.

To Safire's credit, nearly two decades of success has not lulled him into the calcification that afflicts most senior Washington writers. He is always off on something new, and Safire's fans have learned to expect the unexpected. But even some of his closest friends are stumped by his latest departure. Written in Safire's trademark style, peppily didactic and laced with puns, *The First Dissident* is nonetheless a sober, even somber meditation, undertaken with an intellectual seriousness unimaginable in most of Safire's peers.

In the words of Martin Tolchin, a *Times* reporter who has known Safire since their shared adolescence on New York's Upper West Side, it's a bit of a mystery "why somebody who has done so well in life—Pulitzer Prize, successful author, wonderful family, great friends—became fascinated with Job."

Not just fascinated but, in Safire's own word, "haunted," since as long ago as his sophomore year in college, when he began collecting books about Job. The mystery only deepens if you take at face value Safire's explanation that he identifies with Job as a voice of dissent against authority. From a man who seems God-like in his power to inflict total Jobean suffering on the pols and poltroons of his chosen world, it is startling to hear that he aligns himself with the supplicant, not with the mighty.

It is, after all, God who says to Job—as Safire says to his subjects—"I will ask questions, and you shall answer."

"The tension between the governed and the governing is what makes the world go round," Safire says. "It's not love; it's that tension, because that tension exists in love affairs. The whole idea of control is at the heart of human relationships. Control and resistance to control."

This, Safire says, is why he is so interested in power. Keep this interest in mind: he is so mild in manner that it is easy to miss the core Safire, a man who has spent his life studying and pursuing power.

"He's not an imposing person," notes Stephen Hess, a former colleague from the Nixon White House who is now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution. "When you're with Safire, you don't get the feeling you're hanging around with Walter Lippmann."

He is, to begin with, the last 62-year-old man in America who wears Wallabees, those blunt beige shoes you may remember from the 70s. On a typical Monday in his downtown-Washington office, they are the anchor for a panoply of dull colors: socks in dusty teal, trousers in olive drab, a shirt of tan, all of vaguely army-surplus quality. Even his glasses are a plastic amalgam of greenish beige, and his eyes also seem to take on this scheme, offering the only color in his pale, round face.

Such a harmless face.

The first clue to the real Safire is his office. Nestled into a corner of the *Times*'s posh Washington bureau on I Street, it is styled in shades of gray and blue, with antiques lovingly collected from as far away as London, and with built-in bookshelves dominating a whole wall. Across a hallway that houses his longtime assistant, Ann Rubin, is another office, for Jeffrey McQuain, the research associate who comes in five mornings a week to do the raw reporting for Safire's language column. Safire is legendary among *Times* employees for his territorial instincts: "The first thing you



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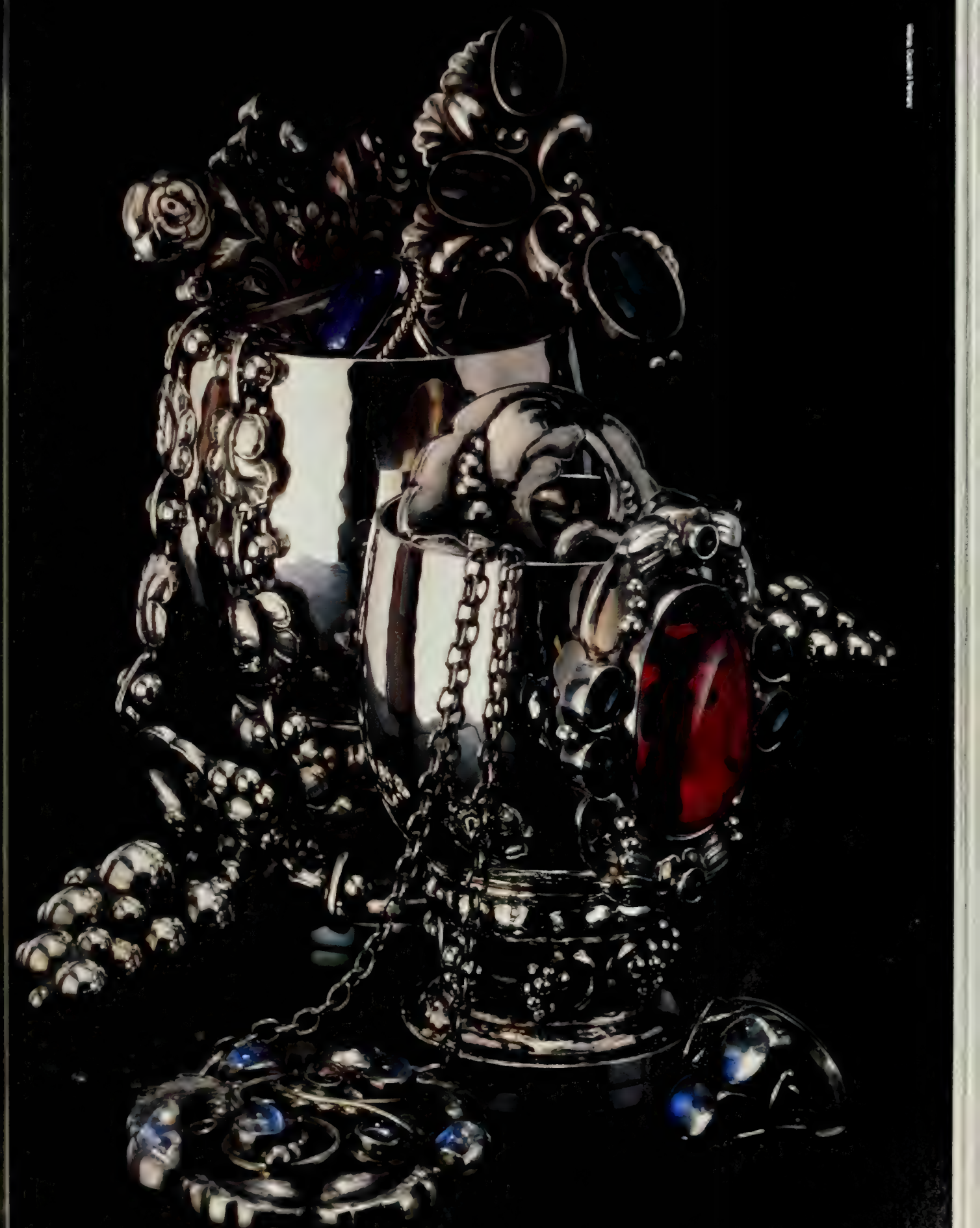
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knew, Safire was knocking down walls and taking over space, and you never dared challenge him, because he'd go over your head to the publisher," says former colleague John Finney.

The second clue is his manner. Soft-spoken, cooperative, always polite, Safire is indefinably controlling in conversation: he has the performer's patter all arranged in his head, and he's not especially pleased to greet any question that attempts to slip him out of this gear and into something more like conversational exchange. He's never evasive, exactly. But he's elusive, a man deeply guarded by a wall of affable wit, with the compulsive punster's way of deflecting inquiry. Invited to explore the irony of his identifying with Job, he begins, "I have ironies in the fire everywhere."

Says Frank Mankiewicz, vice-chairman at the public-relations firm Hill & Knowlton, "I have always the sense that he's holding something back. It's like you can't let everything out, because terrible things might happen: you have to keep something in reserve."

"It's an essentially Hebraic thing," adds Doubleday & Co. senior vice president and editor-at-large Herman Gollob, who has edited some of Safire's books. "Hope for the best, expect the worst."

In fact, Safire firmly presents two versions of himself to public view—and is happy to leave you wondering about the contradictions. One is the crusading Safire, who is as willing to take on Republicans as he is Democrats; whose most passionate columns defend civil liberties or rail against cynicism in foreign policy. This is the man who has made a mission of exposing America's repeated betrayals of the Kurds, both in the mid-70s, when the U.S. colluded with Iran to abandon support for the Kurds agitating for freedom within Iraq, and in the wake of the Gulf War. And this is the man who spent years writing a dense meditation on the Book of Job.

The other is the man who entices you to believe that this is all an act, who says, lightly, "Outrage is my shtick." This is the man who glosses over Watergate, and who still speaks with authorial pride of having put into Spiro Agnew's mouth the phrase "nattering nabobs of negativism." This is the man who once left journalism for public relations because he thought it would give him more power, who made his name in corporate P.R. (literally made his name, adding an *e* to Safir, the name he was born with), who lives in a big house in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and who is "totally in love with his life-style," according to Bradlee.

Small wonder that Safire likes to speak of an ideal man he calls "the opportunist with principle." The fact is there's an element of humbug to Safire's public persona: his profile as an iconoclastic conservative willing to take on anyone is a matter as much of shrewd marketing as of ideological fervor. For while there is a core Safire ideology—hawkish on defense, conservative on economic issues, libertarian on matters of privacy—his first concern is not always ideological. Coexisting, and sometimes competing, with that ideology is a web of personal loyalties that exerts a powerful force on Safire's opinions.

The key to Safire is that he neatly sidesteps the categories into which all Washington is divided. His anchor is a highly personal sense of outrage, drawn less from the political tradition of Washington journalism than from the entertainment-oriented journalism of New York in the formative days of his young manhood. At heart, he is a curious blend of Walter Lippmann and Walter Winchell.

Safire's income is rumored to be more than half a million dollars a year, and the Safires live very well, with a weekend house on the Shenandoah River and a 20-room house in the secluded Kenwood section of Chevy Chase. The house is grand, by the standards of Washington, surrounded by an imposing fence of iron and brick. In the garage is a Mercedes.

Helene Safire draws a guest into the library, a room dominated by massive rosewood bookshelves that are filled with Safire's most treasured books, primarily leather-bound, including contributions from his father's library. Prominent among them is a collection of the works of the early-19th-century British essayist William Cobbett, who was thrown out of both England and the United States for angering their governments. "Bill loves Cobbett," murmurs Helene. "So irascible."

The British-born Helene is, at 54, quite beautiful, with a touch of Audrey Hepburn about her. After the couple's two children, Mark and Annabel, left home, she became a jewelry designer, selling her distinctive, sculptural works on consignment at Saks Fifth Avenue.

The Safires' house is the physical embodiment of their passion for the social whirl. For some of Washington's most ambitious journalists, the development of important sources shades imperceptibly into the development of friendships. Safire's friends are a mixture of Washington and New York, of journalists and politicians, of Democrats and Republicans. Among them are Bradlee, Mankiewicz, Gollob, Finney, Tom Wolfe, Leonard Bernstein, Jerry Zipkin, Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, Mike Wallace, Ted Kennedy, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Jack Kemp, Bob Dole, Bill Buckley, Henry Kissinger, Alexander Haig, Nancy Reagan, Lee Radziwill, Pat Buchanan, Ben Bradlee, Jr., Jeff Greenfield, Jeff Bell, Ken Adelman, Richard Perle, Richard Viguerie, Richard Darman, Richard Wirthlin, Richard Nixon, Richard Cohen, Richard Reeves, Richard Holbrooke, Richard Gephardt, Richard Gere, Richard Avedon, Richard Burton, Richard Rodgers, Richard Rogers, Richard Rodriguez, Richard Rorty, Richard Rosenbaum, Richard Rosenthal, Richard Rosenzweig, Richard Rosenzweig, Richard Rosenzweig

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bly into social climbing; the Safires are content with the blurriness of this line.

They give carefully planned dinners for 24 or so important people at a time ("no lemons" on the guest lists, observes Bradlee). In addition, they hold a big dinner annually—some 135 people—to break the fast after Yom Kippur. They invite Jewish members of the *Times* bureau—and almost everybody who is anybody and who happens to be Jewish.

"It's truly an anti-Semite's wet dream," jokes *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen. "It's the night when all the powerful Jews in Washington assemble to formulate a media line and tell the government what to do."

Call it loyalty, call it shrewdness: Safire waters his friendships carefully—and happily patches it up with those he has crossed. For some years after Safire discovered that Henry Kissinger had ordered the tapping of his home telephone when he was a White House aide, he refused to speak to Kissinger. And for a time, some of his liveliest columns were those in which he hounded Kissinger's actions. But eventually he decided to make it up by inviting Kissinger to his 50th-birthday party. When he published his Lincoln book, it was Kissinger who threw the book party.

"The one thing that disappointed me was when he got seduced again by Henry Kissinger," says Albert Hunt, *The Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau chief. "The lure of Henry's social and diplomatic status was too great, and Bill finally caved. . . . He really used to stick it to Kissinger, and it seems to me that when a guy wiretaps you, you should never forgive him."

In fairness, Safire also works hard at his friendships with people who are not powerful or famous. But he takes a patent pleasure in rubbing elbows with the mighty.

Says National Public Radio correspondent Daniel Schorr, a good friend, "He does reflect some of a kid who grew up poor and now has money and enjoys using it." To portray Safire correctly, he says, "part of it is to fill out this kid who made it all on his own, and found fame and fortune, and I suspect will always measure where he is now against where he was as a kid."

The first important fact of Safire's life was the Depression, into which he was born on December 17, 1929. His father was a wealthy thread manufacturer, successful enough to support a Park Avenue life-style. (Oliver Safir, who named his company Oliver Twist, is readily identified as the source of his son's incorrigible punning.) But the Depression drove the company under, and in 1934, the year after he lost his business, Oliver Safir died of lung cancer.



Safire hitched his wagon to Nixon's star in 1959, after he engineered the impromptu "kitchen debate" between Khrushchev and Nixon at the American Exhibit in Moscow (Safire is second from right).

Bill Safire has only the faintest memories of his father—mostly of his dying at home. "When I heard that line in the Clinton speech [accepting the Democratic nomination], 'I never met my father,' that hit home," he says.

Safire was one of three sons, younger by nine years than his closest brother. His father left an annuity that barely saw the family through. "I can tell you precisely," says Bill. "My father's trust fund would send my mother $167 a month, and that was to raise three kids. This was the late 30s, early 40s, so that wasn't poor, but it was lower-middle-class, or middle-class."

Helene Safire stresses these early family struggles over money as a key to understanding her husband. "He's had to fight and scrape and make it every inch of the way," she says. "He hasn't had help from anybody."

The widowed Ida Safir twice moved the family to Los Angeles and back, finally settling, when Bill was about 11, in an apartment hotel at 92nd Street and West End Avenue.

"She was a very strong Jewish mother," says Bill. "You always felt her hand in the middle of your back." She insisted on getting her children the best education. "We would come home with three A's and a B, and she would focus on the B," Safire recalls.

Gladys Safir, who married Bill's oldest brother, Marshall, speaks of Ida with fond asperity. "I would say domineering, but that's maybe not so nice," she says. Ida was "fanatically attached to" her youngest son; "he was with her all the time," says Gladys, adding, "but it never made him neurotic." Gladys's theory—shared by Bill's wife—is that Safire developed his equanimity in defense against his mother's excited attentions. "Maybe he was so calm because she was so excitable," she says.

Bill was always good in English class; on the strength of those grades, he won a Regents' Scholarship to Syracuse University, where he supplemented his stipend by waiting tables. The summer after his sophomore year, his brother Leonard, the second son in the family, who had a job with radio and television personality Tex McCrary, got Bill a temporary post working on McCrary's celebrity newspaper column, "New York Closeup."

At only 19, he was interviewing the likes of Mae West and Lucky Luciano. Offered the chance to stay on at summer's end, he decided to quit school.

"As I recall, my rationale was instead of learning writing from a writing professor I could go out and talk to John Steinbeck and Somerset Maugham. . . . This is an education with a faculty second to none.

"But," he acknowledges, "there was an economic incentive to get out and go to work." The decision, Helene Safire stresses, is "*very* important" to Safire's sense of self. She believes he has always been self-conscious about it: "He's *constantly* feeding his brain; it's like he's compensating for the fact that he didn't stay in college."

McCrary was one of the earliest television celebrities, forerunner of the Oprahs and Donahues of today. With his former-model wife, Jinx Falkenburg, he had fingers in radio, television, print journalism, politics, and eventually—at young Safire's urging—public relations. He was a cottage indus-

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try, employing not just Safire but such other young comers as Barbara Walters and book agent Bill Adler. He was also a character, with a background in tabloid journalism and a wiseacre charm still apparent today. "I was never a civilizing influence on Bill's life," says McCrary, now 82. "The contrary—I still believe in tabloid journalism. For us, the three *r*'s were rape, rot, and ruin."

Working for McCrary was an education that would influence Safire's entire career. It was an atmosphere in which journalism and promotion knit together seamlessly. "Closeup," a question-and-answer column, was signed by Tex and Jinx but was written for the most part by Safire and other eager beavers; appearing in the *New York Herald Tribune*, it was frowned on as celebrity fluff by the legendary paper's traditionalists, according to *The Paper*, Richard Kluger's history of the *Tribune*. When Safire interviewed someone who didn't speak with the requisite verve, he learned that he could simply polish the quote to an aphoristic shine.

After a stint in the army, Safire returned to New York and began producing McCrary's television and radio shows.

It was then, in the early 50s, that Safire changed his name. His family name, Safir, was pronounced the same way, but was too often muddled by strangers into "Safer" or "Saffer." So Bill—after conferring with his brothers, who both decided to stick with tradition—simply began signing his name with an *e* on the end. It was the act of a man who hopes or expects to hear his name repeated often by strangers: a man hungry for fame.

Safire got interested in public relations because he sensed that the molding of public opinion was a newly powerful—and lucrative—science. It was the golden age of Madison Avenue, and the American corporation was at its cultural peak. "I thought that was a most adventuresome career at the time," he says. "Those were the heydays of public relations. . . . And you could do big, exciting things working on the inside rather than nibbling around the edges, the way television would."

McCrary's P.R. firm was founded in 1955; five years later, Safire went out on his own, with an office in the Seagram Building and a client base that included Good Humor and Ex-Lax.

According to Martin Tolchin, Safire cut a glamorous figure as a young bachelor, dating show girls and haggling with Toots Shor about whether his table assignment matched his status. But in 1962 he met Helene Julius, a former model and pianist who was on a month-long visit from London. Conscious that he was working against a deadline, Safire made up his mind in only two weeks to propose. It was, he says, "the best impulse I ever had."

At the same time that Safire was conquering this new world of corporate P.R., Tex introduced him to politics. McCrary was an Eisenhower intimate and—with help from Safire—orchestrated the 1952 Madison Square Garden rally that helped to draw Eisenhower into the race. Gradually Safire's client list grew to include such moderate New York politicians as Jacob Javits and Nelson Rockefeller. In 1966 he helped run the unsuccessful Long Island congressional campaign of future C.I.A. director William J. Casey.

But it was one politician he met in these years who would become the second major influence in his life. In 1959 he had attended the American Exhibit in Moscow on behalf of a client, an American homebuilder. And it was there that Vice President Nixon had his legendary impromptu debate with Soviet premier Nikita S. Khrushchev. It was Safire who steered the two men into his client's model kitchen, then jammed the exits; it was Safire who—on behalf of an A.P. photographer unable to get a good view—took the famed picture of the two men arguing the merits of capitalism.

"In Washington, just by lasting, you can overcome any taint. I mean, Richard Nixon has overcome the taint of Richard Nixon. Why shouldn't Safire?"

And after watching Nixon handle the encounter, Safire decided that this was the star to which he would hitch his wagon.

Starting with Nixon's 1960 campaign, Safire worked his way into Nixon's promotional brain trust. All through the mid-60s he helped plot the former vice president's return to national office. Part of Nixon's appeal for Safire was his underdog quality; Safire prides himself on going against the grain, and in the mid-60s Nixon supporters were an extremely rare breed.

Yet Safire is vague about the progress of his ideological development. His mother was a lifelong Democrat, as his brothers still are. Having become, under Tex's wing, a Rockefeller Republican, Safire gradually grew more hawkish. Today he calls himself a libertarian conservative.

The libertarian edge has allowed Safire to seem more moderate than some of his Nixon-era brethren, such as fellow speechwriter Pat Buchanan. "I think of Buchanan as the evil twin of Safire," says a liberal *Times* colleague of Safire's. And even back in the Nixon White House, Safire was seen as something of a closet liberal.

One of his roles was as a sort of diplomat to the press corps. With an uncanny instinct for his market—for how *Newsweek*'s needs differed from *Time*'s, for example—he planted a steady stream of humanizing anecdotes about the administration's doings.

"They were always so good that even though you knew you were being used you always went with them," says Alan L. Otten, formerly Washington bureau chief for *The Wall Street Journal*. "He was still a good P.R. man, selling the Nixon administration instead of Tex McCrary or model kitchens."

At the same time, he was known as a man who could write a savage attack line—as he did for Vice President Spiro Agnew during the 1970 midterm elections. Yet his good relations with the press made him faintly suspect within the White House. In his memoir of the Nixon years, *Before the Fall*, Safire writes hilariously of being banished from presidential favor (and from Tricia Nixon's wedding), receiving not so much as a nod in the hallway for three months, for the sin of urging the president to have more contact with the press. How deep this suspicion ran he did not realize until after he left the White House, when he discovered that he had been one of 13 government officials whose telephones were tapped.

That Safire has never been tainted by Watergate may be explained as much by his distance from power in the Nixon White House as by his virtue. While



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Nixon apparently valued Safire's perspective, the Haldemans and Ehrlichmans never trusted Safire enough to try to enlist him in conspiracy.

While Safire has acknowledged some of the evils of the Nixon White House, he remains a dedicated Nixon apologist. As Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, has pointed out, Safire has consistently trivialized Watergate by appending the "gate" suffix to every scandal he has written about, from "Lancegate" to "Billygate" to his current passion, "Iraqgate."

Safire's subliminal message is that every president has done what Nixon did. While he has long acknowledged that the Watergate cover-up was a dreadful mistake, he still maintains that Nixon should have burned the Oval Office tapes, even after their existence was made public.

Safire has even forgiven Nixon for what he had to admit, on hearing the tapes, was disturbing evidence of anti-Semitism: "You hear these references to Jews—and usually New York Jews, for some reason, not Cleveland Jews or Los Angeles Jews. I can explain it away to myself by saying he lumped Jews in with liberals and New Yorkers as those who always opposed him. But there were frankly too many references on the tapes, and too many locker-room cracks."

Safire deals with this, he says, by stacking up Nixon's troubling jokes against his long support of Israel and against what Safire believes was the Nixon administration's good track record in hiring Jews. "When you look at Nixon," Safire says, "you can't take any one fact; you have to look at them all."

Nixon is, simply, Safire's core political loyalty, and nothing will shake him from it.

But loyalty is one thing, prosperity another. By 1973, Safire—who had sold his P.R. firm for a quarter of a million dollars in 1969—was running out of money, and getting ready to move on. During the '72 campaign, he and Mankiewicz—then an adviser to Democratic nominee George McGovern—had been invited to write competing editorials for the *Washington Post* op-ed page. Safire had acquitted himself well enough that the *Post* was interested in hiring him. When he mentioned this to the *New York Times* publisher, with whom he was seated at a charity dinner, Sulzberger offered him a column on the spot.

The *Times*, conscious of its growing audience in the suburbs, had been looking for a conservative columnist for some time. But the choice of Safire outraged *Times* reporters and editors, who gave him a chilly reception. Safire remembers eating alone in a restaurant near the *Times* bureau. A colleague walked in and, drifting by, said, "Ah, Safire, lunching with all your friends?"

He began his column the same week Nixon gave a televised address acknowledging the existence of the Watergate cover-up and promising action. His second column, titled "Comeback Time," argued that Nixon had cauterized the damage in a speech that was "forceful and positive."

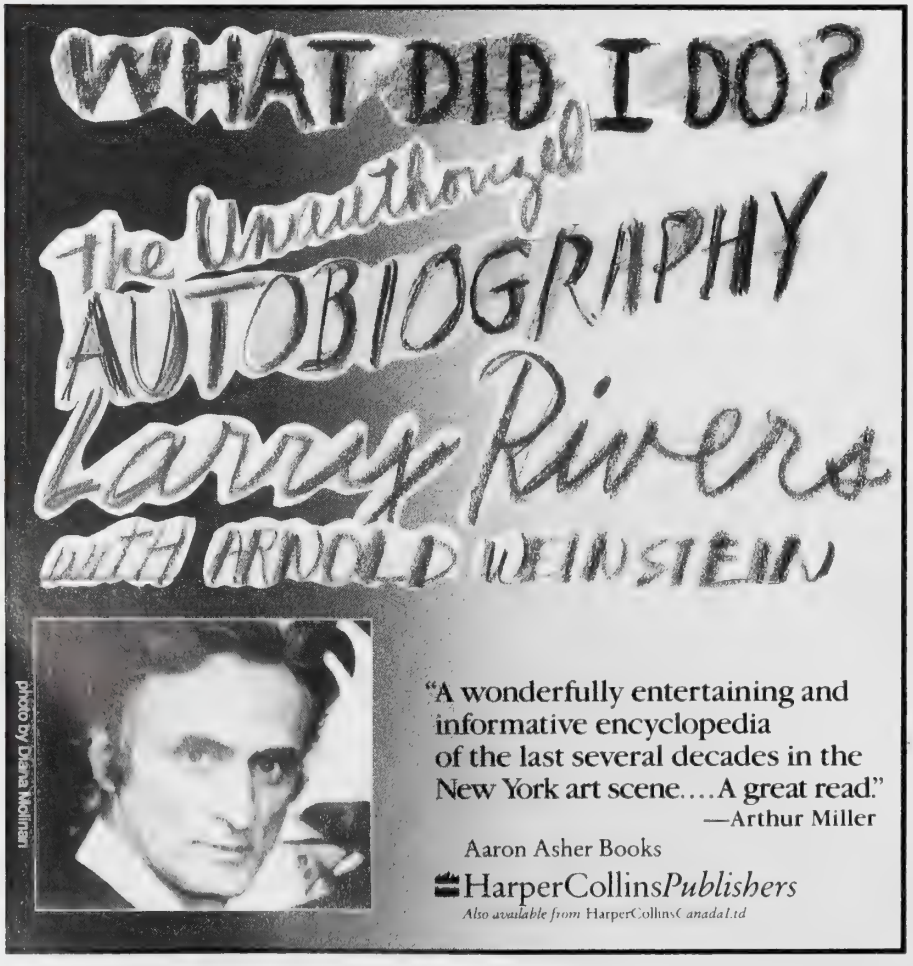
Star reporter David Halberstam soon wrote a letter to Sulzberger saying, "Safire . . . is a paid manipulator. He is not a man of ideas or politics but rather a man of tricks. . . . It's a lousy column and it's a dishonest one. So close it. Or you end up just as shabby as Safire."

But by the end of the year, Safire showed he was willing to eat crow. His first judgments of Watergate, he wrote, had been "really wrong. Not mistaken, not slightly off base, not relatively inaccurate—but grandly, gloriously, egregiously wrong."

His new colleagues began softening toward him—especially when news broke of the telephone taps. "It was a great turning point in people's minds at the *Times*," Safire recalls. "Because it meant I was one of them." Nor did it hurt that Safire responded with a scorching column saying, "I did not knock myself loose for Mr. Nixon in 1959 and 1960, and then cast my lot with him through the long, arid, comeback years of 1965 through 1968, to have him—or some lizard-lidded paranoid acting in his name without his approval—eavesdropping on my conversations."

But his true salvation was the discovery that old-fashioned reporting could set his column apart. His first foray into reporting came in 1975, when he read the report of the Senate Church committee, formed to investigate U.S. intelligence activities. Safire noticed a discreet allusion to President John F. Kennedy's "friend," and became one of the first in the major mainstream papers to write about Kennedy's relationship with Judith Campbell Exner and Sam Giancana. Reading a government report hardly qualified as investigative reporting, but already Safire was bestirring himself more than many columnists do.

His reputation was sealed in 1977,



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when he pursued the story of Carter-administration budget director Bert Lance's financial dealings at a time when Senate investigators were dragging their feet and most reporters were following suit. It set Safire's pattern of returning like a dog to a bone, column after column, to a story that grips him. Unlike most columnists, Safire has shown a willingness to dig in and prosecute—even when he is accused of doing exactly that.

As the Lance case first showed, Safire's hectoring investigation, reported twice a week in *The New York Times*, had the power to set every other news organization's agenda. Though Lance was never convicted of banking irregularities, he was forced to resign from office. And Safire's work on the story won him a Pulitzer Prize.

By the time the Reagan administration dawned, Safire was a certified institution—at once goad, booster, and pipeline to the new administration. A former White House official notes that Safire's column "was the subject of very serious discussion in morning staff meetings. The fear is he's going to give everybody else a story idea."

Today he also seems popular in the *Times* bureau, where reporters credit him as a generous colleague who is quick to offer both tips on a story and praise for the result.

Of course it helped that, as Safire's star was rising, Nixon was gradually working his own transformation from unindicted co-conspirator to senior statesman. "In Washington, just by lasting, you can overcome any taint," says a journalist who is critical of Safire. "I mean, Richard Nixon has overcome the taint of Richard Nixon. Why shouldn't Safire?"

Another important element in Safire's redemption was his Sunday column, "On Language." It has enormous national appeal, drawing more than 15,000 letters a year. Says Safire, "If I write a column on abortion, I'll get 30 letters. But one of my language columns—say, a column on the derivation of 'the whole nine yards'—that'll get 100."

Within Washington, the column served Safire in a different way. The capital has a moribund intellectual life but a huge intellectual vanity, and Safire's role as a language maven placed a seal of unusual respectability on all of his work. "It depoliticized him," notes Richard Holbrooke, an assistant secretary of state in the Carter administration. "Some years ago I ran into him at a movie theater and I said to him, 'I think that's a great column.' He laughed, and said, 'All you liberals say that. That's your way of being nice to me without having to praise my daily column.' "

How good is Safire's political column? One thing to bear in mind is that some of Safire's virtues are relative: You don't have to do the reporting of a Bob Woodward to outstrip the investigative efforts of other columnists. And a little liveliness goes a long way in contrast to the chin-pulling prose of most columnists. Says Stephen Hess, "You're not comparing him with Socrates; you're comparing him with Tony Lewis and Abe Rosenthal."

But by that admittedly lax standard, Safire does write the most interesting newspaper-based column in the country. What is less clear is whether Safire deserves his reputation as the principled conservative, the man of crusty integrity who calls them as he sees them and produces consistently surprising conclusions. Even some of his friends say that that reputation is a sign less of his contrarianism than of his continued skill at public relations.

It is true that he happily attacks some Republicans. He once wrote a cutting column on Nancy Reagan, at a time when she was still a sacred personage. He has been one of the few journalists who have written scathingly about the Teflon-coated Jim Baker. And recently he has been deeply critical of President Bush, especially on foreign policy; so great is his dyspepsia that he says he is considering voting for Clinton.

Most recently, he has launched one of his Lance-like crusades over Bush-administration policy toward Iraq in the days before Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. There are indications that the Bush administration, in addition to cozying up to Hussein through trade concessions and loan guarantees, ignored warnings that Hussein was diverting U.S.-guaranteed agricultural loans to finance a nuclear capability. Safire has charged that the administration stymied the Justice Department's investigation of an Italian-owned bank in Atlanta that was involved in the loans.

"Iraqgate" is the classic Safire story, containing a combination of solid reporting from sources within the bureaucracy, and documents unearthed by a congressional investigation. Yet like some other Safire stories, "Iraqgate" contains miasmic suggestions of skulduggery that can't

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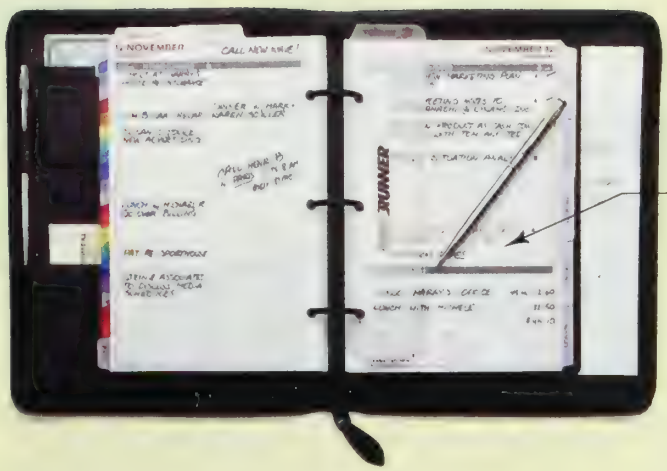
fig. A



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where our memory is located.

(Hippocampus.)

fig. B



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be completely substantiated. Beyond the strictures of libel and privacy law, Safire isn't required to meet the same informal standards of proof that bind news reporters, and his patented rhetorical methods—especially his habit of stringing together a series of insinuating questions—tend to conceal the seam between his reporting and his opining. While reporting is commendable in a columnist, Safire's hybrid identity allows him to get away with a sleight of hand: because he's an opinion writer, he can publish stories that would probably be shot down by an ordinary reporter's editor; but because he comes on as a hard-edged reporter, he doesn't always acknowledge that what he's really selling you is his opinion.

Once you strip away all the dudgeon, a close reading of Safire's work confirms what even some of his best friends suggest: that he is not the contrarian he would have you believe. Says Schorr, one of Safire's good friends, "Bill is an extremely good public-relations person: he knows what sells. . . . I'm not sure how much of the contrarian in Bill is that he really is a contrarian, and how much is that it works well to write a column that attacks something."

Or, in the words of one senior administration official who admires him but has felt his lash, "He goes for the jugular, but that's just his niche: it's how he plays the game."

Within this niche, three basic concerns can be seen to guide Safire. One is the greater good of Richard Nixon. Another is the greater good of Israel—more precisely, of the Israeli government. And the third is the greater good of a range of men and women who happen to be Safire's friends.

Almost anyone interviewed about Safire's work eventually stops, pleads to go off the record, and says something along the lines of what Rowland Evans, one of the few journalists willing to discuss this issue on the record, said: "He's a little bit hung up . . . on the question of Israel." A good many of Safire's admirers say they simply don't trust his writing on the Middle East; a few say they don't even bother to read it.

Says a former senior administration official, "You *know* he's carrying water for the Israeli Embassy. . . . They say he's unpredictable, but he's totally predictable on anything that impacts Israel." The major mistake of Safire's career as a columnist, cited by Victor Navasky as Safire's "minigate," came when he quoted without verifying—and without revealing as his source—an Israeli-government release that had manufactured a quote from Baghdad's official newspaper to justify Israel's 1981 bombing of Iraq's nuclear facility.

Safire is unruffled by these criticisms. "When it comes to Israel, I'm consistent," he says. "I always have been a hawk on the Soviet Union, on U.S. defense, and so on. So for me to be a hawk on Israel is consistent."

About Nixon and the Middle East, his biases are at least perfectly clear. Murkier is Safire's tendency to advance his friends' interests in his column.

At one level is the relatively benign practice of plugging friends' books, or going out of his way to quote perspicacious things they say. On a graver level is the accusation that Safire goes easy on friends—even when they clearly deserve criticism. He was, for example, a great defender of McCarthyite lawyer Roy Cohn, whom he had known in his New York days. And for years he sidestepped criticism of C.I.A. director Casey.

It was the act of a man who hopes or expects to hear his name repeated often by strangers: a man hungry for fame.

Former *Times* executive editor A. M. Rosenthal, a close friend of Safire's, says he believes Safire's loyalty "has prevented him from taking on people I think he should have taken on." The presidential campaign of Pat Buchanan, he says, was a case in point. "I think he's been very gentle about Buchanan . . . on the subject of his anti-Semitism, on the subject of his general, all-around son-of-a-bitch-iveness."

Safire has the disarming habit of copping to most of the criticisms made of him. Of the charge that he tends to coddle friends, he says, "I think it's fairly well taken. I did anguish a bit about Pat Buchanan," for instance. "Because, hell, we'd been through the wars together. . . . I did hesitate before zapping him. And I like to think I made up for that by pointing that out publicly. . . . So, do I give an old friend a light tap instead of a straight shot to the chops? Sometimes, yes. But I like to point it out to the reader." (In fact, when Safire finally did some mild wrist slapping of Buchanan, he sounded positively enthusiastic. His column said, "Mr. Buchanan—the anti-intellectual intellectual, the most likable hater—will be a political factor for a long time.")

But there are those instances where he covertly boosts a friend's agenda. In 1976, for example, when CBS threatened to fire Daniel Schorr for leaking a congressional report to *The Village Voice*, Safire wrote a column suggesting that CBS chairman William Paley was really exacting revenge for Schorr's on-air suggestion that Paley had been involved with the C.I.A. The CBS-C.I.A. story was a legitimate one to explore, but Safire failed to tell the reader that his own ire had been roused by the fact that Schorr was a friend.

Another example, described in Joseph E. Persico's biography of William Casey, concerned Casey's bureaucratic war as C.I.A. director with his deputy, Bobby Ray Inman. Inman, a straight arrow with a sterling reputation on Capitol Hill, had been foisted on Casey as a guarantee that Congress would not be shut out by the C.I.A. As relations between Casey and Inman soured, Inman got zapped with increasing frequency in Safire's column. "Inman noticed that every time Casey got into trouble, a certain columnist started knocking *him*," writes Persico. Safire denies that Casey was the source for any of his columns about Inman. But the fact remains that his criticisms were of great benefit to one of his oldest friends—and a man who was almost certainly a prime source for other columns.

"It's a bit of a burden to be a friend of mine, because you are seen as a potential source," Safire says. "If you start figuring . . . the reason I went after Inman was because of Casey, and the reason I went after Lance was, I dunno, something else, you can find motives for every target. Look, if you're a conspiracy theorist, it works."

But you don't have to be a conspiracy theorist to note that Safire, with his powerful berth and his relative freedom from even the elastic editorial overseeing that constrains news reporters, will always have a certain exemption from close scrutiny of his motives.

Loyalty seems, to Safire, far more than a convenience. Friends are full of tales about Safire's coming through in a crisis, or remembering them at moments


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when other friends had abandoned them. Safire's loyalty makes him a nice man.

But it also forms an unassailable system for getting ahead in Washington. To be sure, Safire is not the only big-foot journalist in Washington who has cozy relations with the powerful and tends to favor his sources. He just happens to be the only one who does all that while also maintaining a reputation for unflinching honesty.

This is the heart of the Safire contradiction, which is finally placed in focus by Safire himself as he describes his passion for the Book of Job.

For centuries, Safire explains, this anomalous chapter of the Bible has been wildly—often deliberately—misconstrued, its central human figure seen as an advertisement for the virtues of patient suffering. This was, Safire says gleefully, a cover-up: "It was in the Bible, and they couldn't ignore it, and they couldn't condemn it, but they could ameliorate it and pour soothing syrup all over it—and that's what they did for a couple of millennia." In fact, Safire argues, the unknown author of the Book of Job threw down a radical challenge to the pieties of early Christianity, creating a character who damns his unfair treatment and demands an accounting from God. When God decides to test Job's faith by killing his children and wiping out his cattle and covering him with boils, Job doesn't take it lying down; he asserts man's right to question why a just God would allow a faithful servant to suffer so.

The First Dissident is a relentlessly political work, arguing that the Book of Job is a pattern and metaphor for all dissent against authority. "What I've done here," Safire explains, "is to take the theological challenge to authority and say, Any challenge to authority is political: now let's look at the earliest challenge and show how it gives us lessons for constructive challenge today."

This is all crystal-clear. The confusion arises when Safire tries to explain why he was so fascinated by Job in the first place. "To identify with Job—more than that, to feel the surge of rage in a relatively innocent man that rattles the gates of heaven—was to align myself with the age of dissidence," he writes.

Safire, in other words, sees himself as a dissident. "I identify with dissidents rather than governors," he says, "with challenge to authority rather than authority. And, sure, the power of being on the op-ed page of *The New York Times* confers authority, but the way I try to use it is to goad and to criticize and to go against the grain."

He seems perilously close here to inviting ridicule. "If that's how he sees himself, that's wonderful," says Abe Rosenthal. "But we're all working very comfortably for this Establishment organization that gives us the freedom to dissent as much as we wish. . . . At worst, you're somebody who might get a scowl from the man at the next desk."

Despite his crusades for causes such as that of the Kurds, Safire's nearly two decades of columns are almost devoid of challenges to the realities of power in America, the settled circumstance by which some have and others have not. He writes rarely about domestic policy, almost never about the poor. For all his energy in afflicting selected specimens of the comfortable, Safire has never seemed especially interested in comforting the afflicted—which would, for a man in his position, be by far the more radical choice.

Safire remembers eating alone in a restaurant near the *Times* bureau. A colleague walked in and, drifting by, said, "Ah, Safire, lunching with all your friends?"

The great likelihood is that Safire's cherished idea of himself as a challenger is driven not by the passion of the dissenter but by the feelings of the outsider. It is far easier to make this case, to trace the strands that might contribute to such a self-image: he was a fatherless boy in a man's world, a Republican in a family of Democrats, a Jew in the Nixon White House, and a Nixon advocate at the height of Watergate. His very attraction to Richard Nixon, in fact, points up his affinity for the outcast.

There are, finally, the strangely poignant souvenirs that surround Safire on the walls of his home, where there is more on display than his triumphant exchange with George Bush.

On the dining-room wall, for example, is the framed evidence of the Safires' presence at a 1981 state dinner for Israeli prime minister Menachem Begin, at which Helene sat next to Vice President Bush. They have mounted and framed not only the menu, and the invitation, and the program for the evening, and photographs of themselves with Bush and with Begin, but also their place cards and the little card that indicated their table assignment and even the vice president's place card ("The Vice President," it says), which they purloined from the table on leaving.

"We always take them off the table when we leave," says Helene Safire, "to prove we were there."

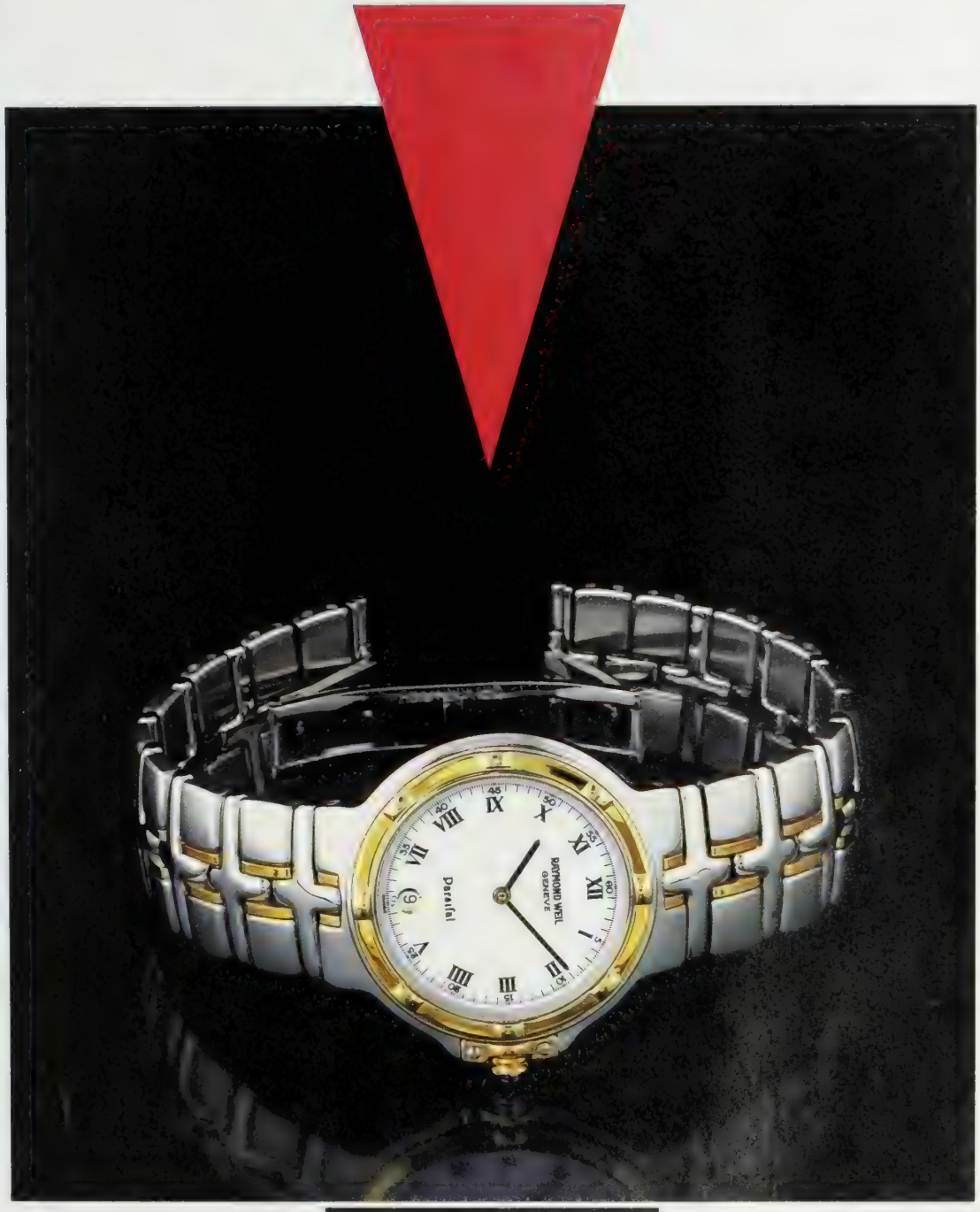
There is a formally framed doodle on White House stationery by John Ehrlichman, snatched warm from his hand after a meeting and carefully titled *Wall Sconce—The Cabinet Room*. There is a pro forma note from Teddy Kennedy thanking Mrs. Safire for her role in promoting the American Film Institute at the Kennedy Center. There is a photograph of Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan, which Bill Safire methodically mailed to the office of each former president in turn for his signature.

If some of Safire's mementos are historically fascinating—the rough draft of a speech penciled by Nixon poolside at Camp David, for example—the greater number seem like the sort of Washington flotsam that would be borne home by a thrilled contributor from St. Louis after a once-in-a-lifetime audience with the president.

It was Stephen Hess who first directed my attention to these walls. "Go to their house," he instructed, "and look what's on the wall. And ask yourself, Why is that on the wall? This man has arrived . . . so why does he need all these pictures? Is it to remind himself who he is?"

All of us have both a public self and an inner picture that holds by far a greater clarity in our doubting mind's eye. The contrast between the George Bush column that greets you at Safire's front door and the odd displays of uncertainty that surround you, once you penetrate farther into the house, suggests that, however greatly Safire has succeeded in making himself one of the most powerful voices in public life, that success is not entirely real to him.

He may write as the insider's insider, but he lives an older truth. □



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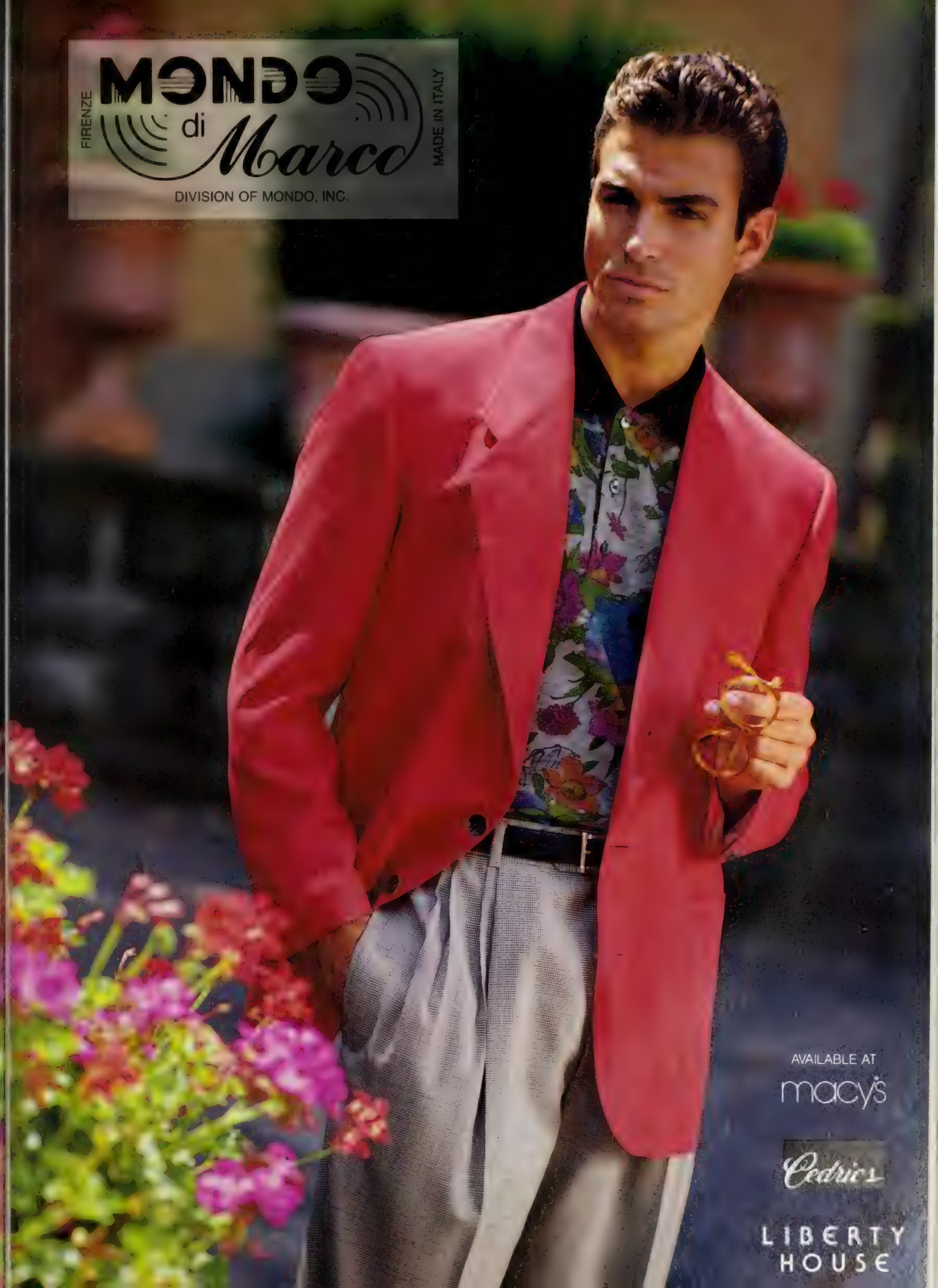
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SHE GOT A KICK FROM CHAMPAGNE

When the ubiquitous, frothy, and, yes, beloved Bubbles Rothermere died in August, London lost one of this century's last true eccentrics—and a Lady to boot

BY FRANCIS WHEEN





Bursting on the scene: Bubbles arrives at the Royal Court on Gala Night, 1991. *Below,* in her starlet incarnation, in 1954.

Watching her enter a room, you wouldn't know whether to laugh or applaud. It was a preposterous sight. A short, portly, giggling figure clad in innumerable knee-length layers of silk, taffeta, velvet, and lace, looking like a cross between a pantomime dame and a pair of Regency curtains. "She was," one friend observed, "the only woman I knew who insisted on wearing designer Zandra Rhodes's entire collection all at the same time." Around her left leg, for no obvious reason, would be a surgical bandage. On her feet, as likely as not, a pair of sneakers. A bow of pink silk rested like an exhausted butterfly on the whirling ringlets of her hair; in her hand there would be a large glass of pink Dom Pérignon on the rocks, which she stirred with a stubby finger—or, if she was feeling genteel, with a swizzle stick that she carried for the purpose. Only when the fizz had left the champagne would she deign to drink it. Hence her nickname: Bubbles.

The name had been invented by Nigel Dempster in *Private Eye* magazine in the 1970s, and it was used by friend and foe alike. But Bubbles herself hated it. "It sounds superficial and I'm really the reverse of that," she told one interviewer. "It doesn't sum up anyone intelligent." She preferred to be called Pat or Patricia. Her formal title, however, was Viscountess Rothermere. Her husband, Sir Vere Harold Esmond Harmsworth, the third Viscount Rothermere, is Britain's only surviving hereditary press baron. He has also ventured across the Atlantic—briefly investing in *The Soho Weekly News* and *Esquire*—and still owns part of Whittle Communications.

On August 12 this year, Bubbles died of a heart attack while staying at the family's villa at Cap d'Ail, France—a house which had previously been occupied by Greta Garbo. The prominence given to this event was worthy of the death of Garbo herself. The *Daily Mail,* which is owned by Bubbles's husband, carried a long report beginning on its front page. Another Rothermere newspaper, the *Evening Standard,* filled two pages with tributes. But even papers which were not obliged to do so seemed to think her passing was important—a full page in Rupert Murdoch's *Sunday Times,* a double-page spread in Lord Stevens's *Daily Express.* The serious, liberal *Guardian,* whose pages are laden with earnest analyses of educational reforms and European monetary policy, cleared much of its back page for a news story headed simply: BUBBLES DIES ON RIVIERA AT 63. It printed no fewer than three pictures of the late viscountess.

At which point some readers must have wondered if they'd missed something. The spouses of media bosses do not usually enjoy such a send-off. If Anna Murdoch died tomorrow, the obituaries would be brief—and Anna Murdoch has actually written several novels. What, apart from attending a lot of parties and keeping a million silk-

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP, BY EDWARD HURST

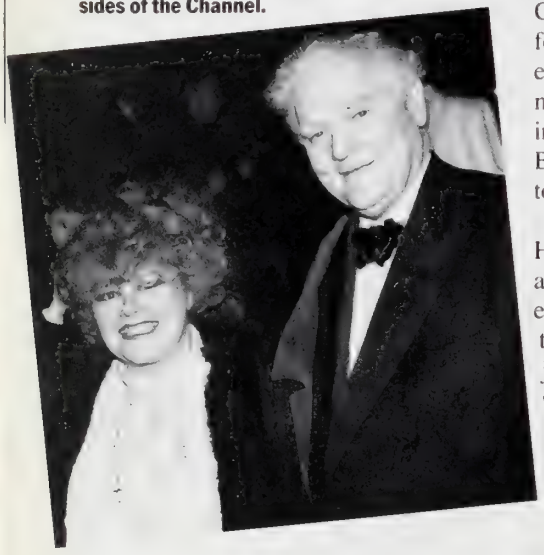
© 1982 Yves Saint Laurent Pictures Corp.



worms in gainful employment, had Viscountess Rothermere ever done?

Back in the mid-1950s, when Great Britain still had a film industry, there were creatures known as Rank starlets. One such was Diana Dors, née Fluck, who was marketed as England's answer to Marilyn Monroe but ended her career, 30 years later, as a bloated wreck surviving on bit parts in soft-porn movies and guest appearances on "celebrity" game shows. Another was Joan Collins; a quarter of a century later, she too was earning her living in low-rent films with titles like *The Stud*—until, suddenly and implausibly, she soared to international fame as Alexis Carrington of *Dynasty*.

Tale of friction: Lord and Lady Rothermere, together in New York in 1986, spent most of their time on opposite sides of the Channel.



Had she accepted Zanuck's offer, she might now be wearing heavy mascara and even heavier shoulder pads in a glossy Aaron Spelling soap opera.

And then there was Beverley Brooks. Born Patricia Matthews, the daughter of an architect, she had married a racecar driver and former guards officer, Christopher Brooks, when she was 18. "I had told Christopher I didn't really want to marry but wanted to have a career as an actress," she recalled. "He said, 'It doesn't matter—I will encourage and help you.' " Which he did, paying for her to attend a drama school near their house in Chelsea. A talent scout from the Rank Organisation chose her from 1,000 other young women at an audition and offered her a seven-year contract as a "starlet." Soon afterward, she was chosen by the society photographer Baron as one of the 10 most beautiful women in Britain.

Under her stage name of Beverley Brooks, Patricia had small parts in several British films of the period, most visibly in *Reach for the Sky*, a hugely successful 1956 biopic about the wartime fighter pilot Douglas Bader. She carried her role well enough to be noticed by Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century–Fox, who invited her to work for him in Hollywood. Had she accepted, she too might now be wearing heavy mascara and even heavier shoulder pads in a glossy Aaron Spelling soap opera. But fate had other plans for Mrs. Christopher Brooks.

For she had begun a romance with the Honorable Vere Harmsworth, a tall, amiable, but lackluster heir to a newspaper empire. "We fell in love, and Vere used to haunt our home," she later told the journalist Peter McKay, one of Harmsworth's employees. "He would park his Bentley outside the house in Chelsea and just sit there. Christopher once dashed out and told him: 'Why don't you leave my wife alone?'

"The funny thing is," she added, "they were both at Eton together and had been friends."

In one busy week in 1957, she divorced Brooks on Monday and wed Vere Harmsworth on Thursday. "I just had to decide—Hollywood or Vere—and in the end I chose Vere." He was one of the most eligible bachelors in the land. "When I married my husband," she often said, "I didn't just marry a man, as my father-in-law pointed out to me, I married an empire."

Alfred Harmsworth, who founded the dynasty in the late 19th century—when, in the words of one historian, "the Harmsworth family descended on Victorian London like a band of pirates"—used to boast that it was an empire built on useless information. He had begun his first magazine, *Answers to Correspondents*, in June 1888, armed only with a £1,000 loan and a recognition that compulsory education, which had been introduced eight years earlier, would create a huge new market of readers. The magazine was packed with such headlines as CAN SNAKES KILL PIGS? and THE STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN TUNNELS. It was a great success. The logical next step was to apply the technique to newspapers. When Alfred and his brother Harold bought the London *Evening News* in 1894, they introduced a column of recycled stories from *Answers to Correspondents* under the all-purpose heading SOME INTERESTING ITEMS. Two years later, Alfred founded the *Daily Mail*, a halfpenny newspaper whose advertising slogan boasted that "four leading articles, a page of Parliament, and columns of speeches will NOT be found in the *Daily Mail*." Popular daily journalism for a mass readership was something new to England. The Harmsworths' fortune was made, and honors were showered upon them. Alfred became the first Viscount Northcliffe, brother Harold the first Viscount Rothermere. Another brother, Cecil, was given a barony for good measure, and two others, Leicester and Hildebrand, became baronets.

This was the business that Bubbles married into in 1957. By then the papers were being run by the second Lord Rothermere, Vere's father, a chilly, aloof figure whose only memorable deed was divorcing his second wife for her adultery with Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond.

There was still plenty of money sloshing about: a trust fund settled on Vere by his father was worth $6 million in 1968. But the three main newspapers in the group—the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Sketch*, and the London *Evening News*—were all in decline. Vere himself seemed to have little enthusiasm for the business. The dynastic ownership would probably not have survived—still less prospered—without the fierce ambition of his former Rank starlet.

In 1966, at the age of 67, Vere's father married for the third time and soon afterward the new Lady Rothermere, a Texan named Mary Murchison, gave birth to a baby boy. Bubbles, who had two daughters by Vere, knew that unless she too could produce a son the title—and the family fortune—would pass to Vere's new little half-brother. "Doctors told me that if I had another child it would kill me," she claimed. However, "I was determined Vere should have an heir. I told him that if I could not give him a son, then he should divorce me so that another woman could." She gritted her teeth and set to work, exercising and dieting according to the instructions of one Dr. August J. von Borosini in his

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book *Son or Daughter by Choice*. She prayed a lot, too. On December 3, 1967, Jonathan Harmsworth was born. "All is fair in love and war," Bubbles said. "I think that God realized it was poetic justice and everything worked out fairly."

Three years later, she again exerted herself on Vere's behalf. Her account of how he came to take charge of the family firm in 1970 was typically brisk. "We were in Jamaica swimming," she told *Tatler* magazine, "and there was heavy pressure from the opposition to sell to the *Express* [the Rothermere group's arch-rival]. 'Look,' I said to Vere, 'you can swim any day of your life, but decisions are being made that are going to affect you and my son. Why are you not at those meetings in London?' He said, 'I haven't been invited. And now we're being pressured into selling the *Sketch*.' I said, 'Well, even if you are not invited you should be there because it's my son's money and heritage.' I told him, 'I'm booking a plane back tomorrow and either you're coming or you're not.' The moment we arrived we were driven straight to Warwick House: just my father-in-law, his wife, my husband and myself met. My father-in-law said, 'I'm being screwed. I either have to trust somebody completely or sell.' I told him, 'Never sell.' And he said, 'I will go along with it, if you promise to stay with Vere.' And I said I would. So the next morning he cancelled all negotiations . . . and made my husband chairman. Vere was so shocked, he retreated to my bed for a fortnight!"

When he eventually peeped out from under the blankets, Vere surprised himself by discovering quite an appetite—and aptitude—for running newspapers. He merged the loss-making *Evening News* with its rival, the *Evening Standard*, and then cleverly acquired sole ownership of the new, monopolistic, and highly lucrative paper. Meanwhile, the wilting *Daily Sketch* was subsumed into the *Daily Mail*, which in 1971 went tabloid and pitched itself profitably at "career women," swiftly trouncing its old adversary, the *Daily Express*. A more recent creation of Vere's, the *Mail on Sunday*, was launched in 1982 and now has a circulation of roughly two million copies.

Richer than he ever expected to be, Vere moved to Paris as a tax exile in 1978 and has run the company from there ever since. His wife remained in London. After that first catalytic intervention, she did not involve herself in the business. Having secured her son's inheritance, she threw herself into what looked like a gigantic, continuous celebration of her good fortune. It was life as a party. She gave dinners for Princess Margaret and cocktail receptions for Andy Warhol; she cruised London in her Bentley searching for revelry by night. You could see her at half a dozen different places in an evening, if you had the stamina. A grand soirée, a masked ball, a dull little P.R. launch, a late-night twirl at Annabel's or Stringfellow's—all were equal in her sight. No matter that she hadn't been invited, or wasn't a member; no one would dare to refuse her admission. And she never, ever stopped smiling.

"What she was," according to the American film producer Lester Persky, an old friend, "was a defiant beauty that fought time and catapulted it back. She wasn't worried about age, but she was worried about being happy. She pursued happiness . . . She was a gal who was living life as best she could." An English journalist who knew her reached the same conclusion, though for less flattering reasons: "She wasn't sad because she was too stupid to be sad."

You could see her at half a dozen different places in an evening, if you had the stamina. A masked ball, a dull little P.R. launch, a late-night twirl at Annabel's—all were equal in her sight.

Others believe, however, that all the frenzied merrymaking of her later years was a desperate camouflage for her grief at the absence of Viscount Rothermere—and, more wounding still, the knowledge that he had a long-established companion in Paris, a Korean hand model named Maiko Lee. Bubbles retaliated by recruiting frisky, handsome young men, either as employees or as "walkers." Many were distinctly rough-edged. Her former butler Shane St. Dennis was jailed for four years in 1980 for stealing thousands in valuables and cash from her and other employers. Bubbles was reluctant to give evidence against him, and it was only after the judge issued a warrant for her arrest that she turned up, testifying that the butler had always struck her as being "charming and helpful."

Her most regular escort of the 1980s was one Ashley Roy, who had a £100,000 price placed on his head by the London underworld as his punishment for helping the police with their investigation of a cocaine-smuggling ring. In 1987, her hairdresser Michael Lupo was convicted of four murders, and the following year her former personal secretary was found guilty of forging checks worth £15,000.

There are tales galore of chauffeurs going to collect her from the apartment in Eaton Square and being greeted by the chatelaine stark naked. But most of the flirting seems to have gone no further. "She would always flaunt her young male escorts, but no one took it seriously," says one of her closest friends, Caroline Graham.

Whenever Vere visited London, the toyboys were banished and the viscount and viscountess would promenade around the salons of Belgravia like a devoted couple. One year, at Bubbles's annual Christmas party at Claridge's for *Mail* journalists, Vere was being introduced to the features editor of the *Mail on Sunday*, Sue Douglas. After shaking her hand, he absentmindedly held on to it for a few moments. Suddenly, Douglas was aware of a "black taffeta cannonball" which came hurtling across the room, slapped her hard on the face, and said, "You get off my husband!"

No wonder his lordship preferred to live abroad most of the time. "There was always lots of fighting and lots of friction, but they were very close," says Graham. "A lot of the friction between them was about who would inherit what. . . . When they sold their New York house it was all 'I want those pictures!' and 'No! I want them!' " Graham describes them as "a lethal couple."

And so they remained, even after many years of near separation. Last fall, Bubbles infuriated Vere by arriving 20 minutes late for his mother's funeral. In response, she complained to friends, he refused to pay for her Christmas knees-up at Claridge's, forcing her to cancel it. She was distraught. For a woman who lived to party, no more cruel or unusual punishment could be imagined. □


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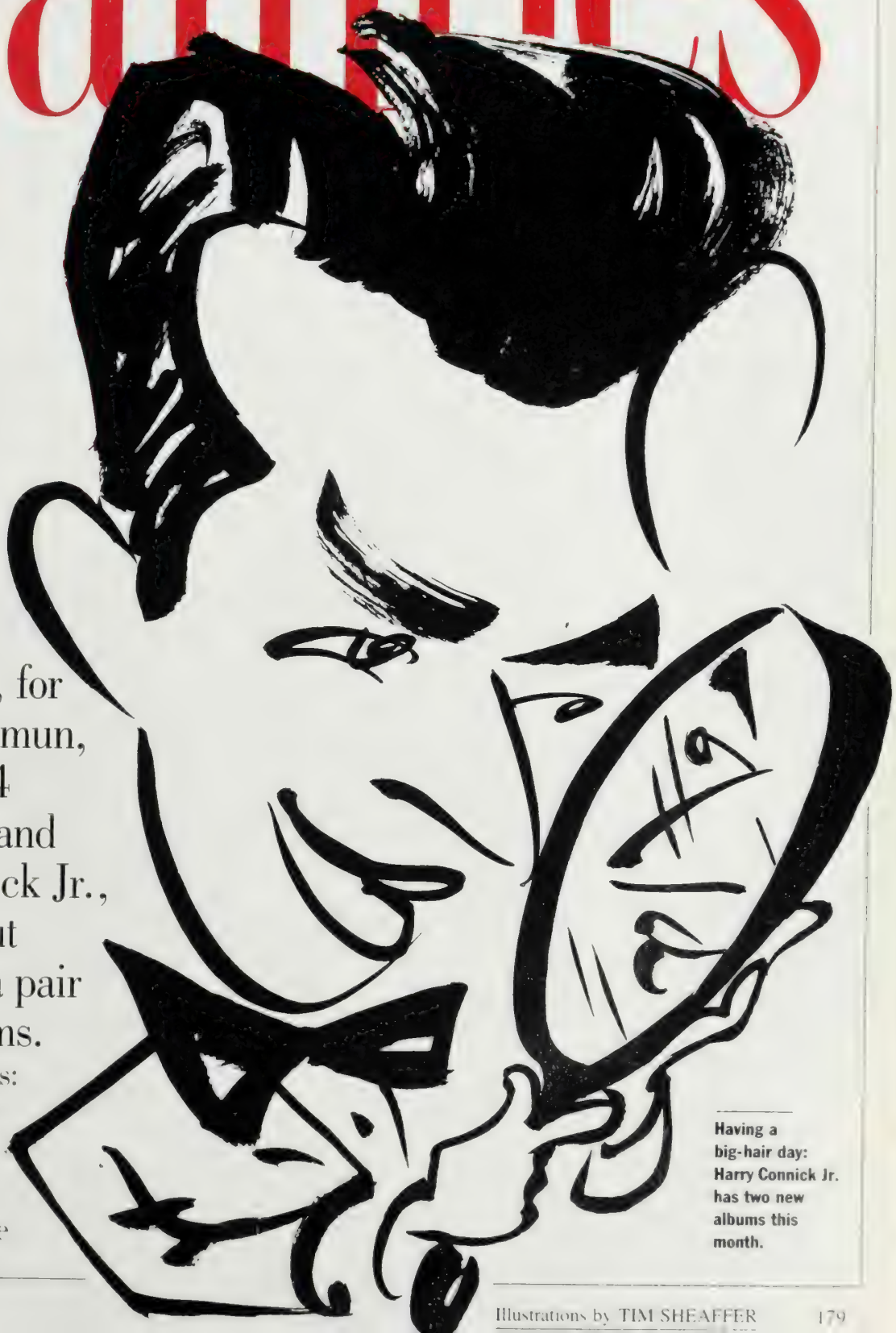


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We're just wild about Harrys

Vanities



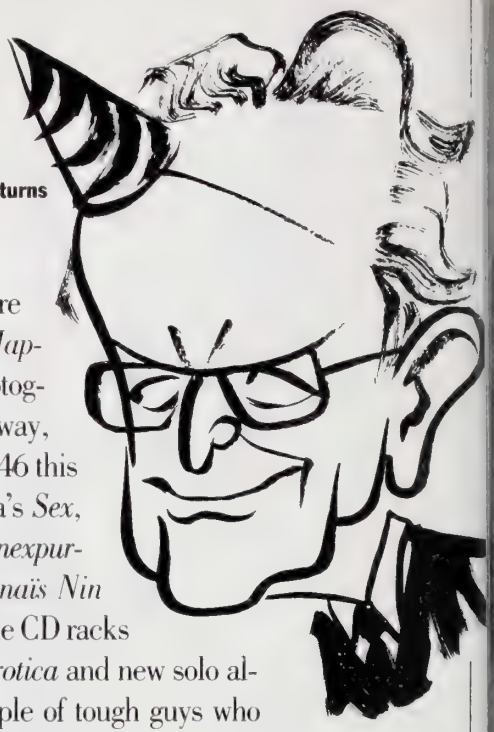
Let's give thanks, a little early, for Harry Blackmun, who turns 84 this month, and Harry Connick Jr., who turns out *11* and *25,* a pair of new albums.

About those Harrys: Justice Blackmun, the author of *Roe* v. *Wade,* is of course one of the

Having a big-hair day: Harry Connick Jr. has two new albums this month.

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

Vanities



Having a big birthday: Justice Harry Blackmun turns 84 this month.

Supreme Court's saving graces. Does the lesson of the Blackmun Surprise—he was an unknown, conservative-seeming Nixon appointee—inspire a bit more confidence in a certain unknown, conservative-seeming recent appointee to the Court? Well, no, but as for his namesake, Connick Jr., he's obviously resumed an album-naming habit begun five years ago with *20*. (*11* was recorded by the child Connick in 1978.) Will we still need him, will we still feed him, when he's (ready to release) *64*? Connick is a hugely talented pianist and arranger, not to mention a whiz at Tetris, but he shares with Justice Blackmun an inability to sing like Sinatra. If Connick—or Blackmun—is offended by that comparison, so be it. (Frank himself can't possibly be offended, can he? It's just that despite the fairly likable fellow portrayed in the some-holds-barred CBS mini-series *Sinatra*, we'd just...as soon...he weren't...offended.) Frank, the Harrys—we're all on a first-name basis this month, a jolly state of affairs reinforced by a glance at the committee for "A Venetian Serenade," on November 11 at the St. Regis in New York: right there between the *H*'s and the *J*'s is the single word "Ivana." A phone call to the novelist's HQ to find out about the streamlining drew a refreshingly candid response: "Marketing." So the former Mrs. Trump is now a business concept in heels. (Future trivia quiz: "Ivana once had a last name. It was [a] Ciccone, [b] Sarkisian, [c] Leitch, [d] Trump.")

Another futuristic streamlined business concept: ordering quality clothes from TV. If Diane Von Furstenberg's idea—selling "somewhat collectibles" (all of them made of silk) on the cable channel QVC for two hours on November 7 (and every two months thereafter)—catches on, shoppers may soon give up the catalogues they've already abandoned the department stores for. But the bottom line this November is Fear and Sex. Richard Rhodes's *Making Love: An Erotic Odyssey* is already leering from the bookshelves, there to be joined by *Mapplethorpe* (the photographer, by the way, would have been 46 this month), Madonna's *Sex*, and *Incest: The Unexpurgated Diary of Anaïs Nin 1932–1934*. In the CD racks are Madonna's *Erotica* and new solo albums from a couple of tough guys who are *frankly unafraid* to keep their long-running day jobs—Keith Richards and Mick Jagger. (Even the Kinks, uncharacteristically sensing a trend, are readying a new album called *Phobia*.) This month will see a Friday the 13th, and the 50th birthdays of sex researcher Shere Hite and Martin Scorsese (whose *Cape Fear* colleagues, De Niro and Lange, are reunited in Irwin Winkler's down-by-the-seamy-side *Night and the City*). London has its annual Royal Sex Maniac's Ball, Los Angeles the "Pleasures and *Terrors* of Domestic Comfort" (emphasis ours) exhibition at LACMA, and Paris—well, do *not* be alarmed by those huge, overfed shapes standing around the gardens of the Champs-Élysées. They are not disoriented American tourists at all—just sculptures by Fernando Botero, on view through January. (*Do* be alarmed, if you're in the L.A. area, by Robert Glenn Ketchum's powerful photographs of environmental mayhem, at the Huntington Library.) In Washington, loads of functionaries are *deeply afraid* for their jobs, especially if the prevailing mood continues to indicate that the only thing we have to fear is the Republican ticket itself. Finally, although fear and sex are implicit in this issue's striking cover, we're—precisely—*afraid* that *V.F.* may have missed another—yes—*sexy* cover opportunity: November 1992, after all, is the month Demi Moore turns 30.

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS



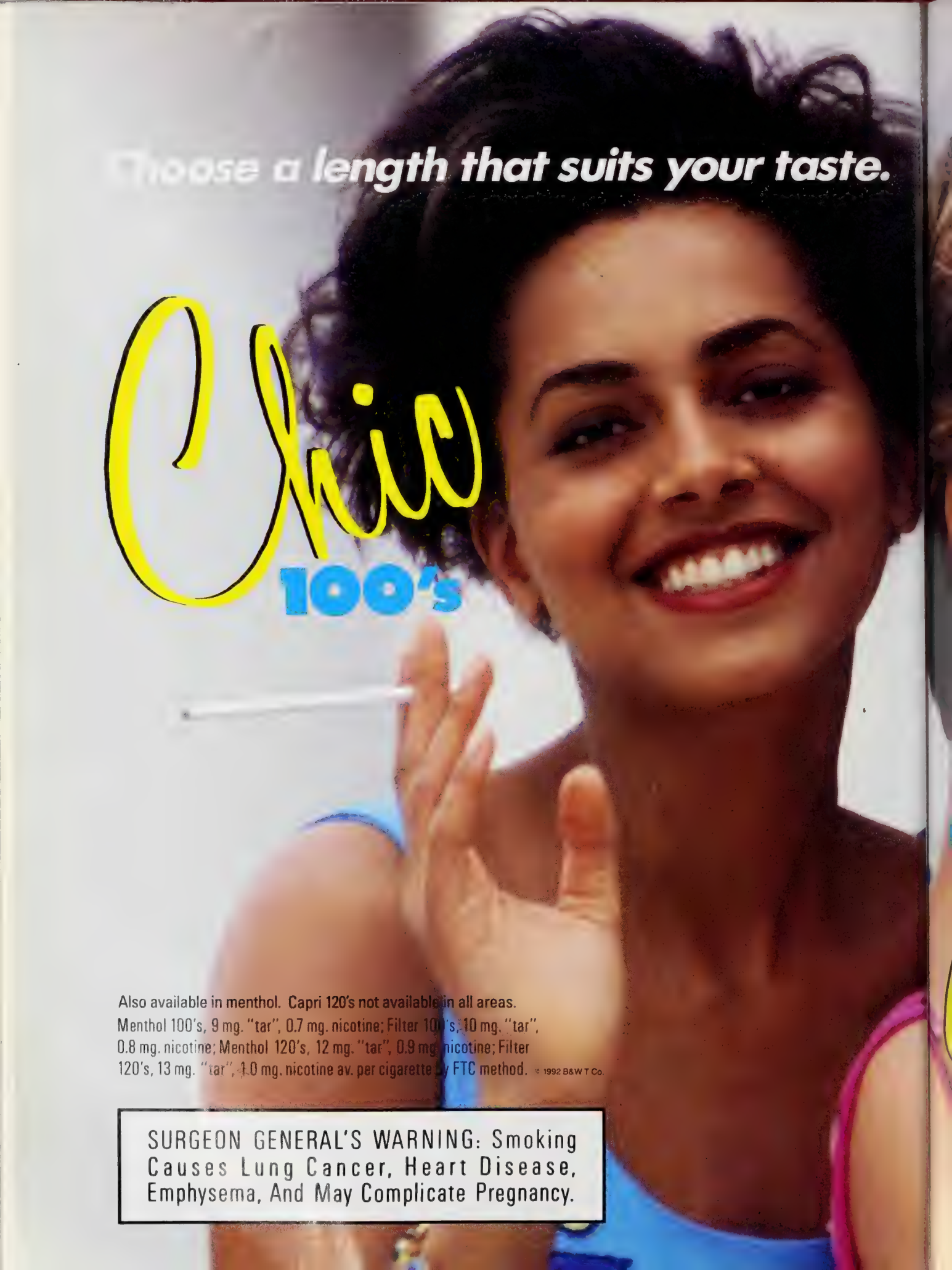
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Marlene at the beach: Dietrich in the water off Long Island.

Falling in Love Again

She lived so long—90 years!—and accomplished so much!

Marlene Dietrich was a complex amalgam of a great number of women. Each with a unique view, stance, personality. Each composed of an incomparable face and figure, and all, thank fortune and nature, in possession of Those Legs. She not only possessed but knew what to do with them.

When toward the end of her career she undertook the performance of her spectacular solo show, she played a delicious trick one night that neither I nor any other man or woman in the audience will ever forget. Appearing in her figure-caressing, floor-length, beaded-and-sequined Jean Louis gown, she slowly and methodically revealed, inch by inch, one of those glorious gams we had all come to see. Noël Coward doubted that Helen of Troy could have been "one-quarter as good as our legendary, lovely Marlene."

Alexander Liberman, her friend of more than 40 years, took pictures of her in comfortable, intimate surroundings that do nothing to detract from the legend. Rather, they add a warmth and naturalness that make her charmingly human in Liberman's about-to-be-published *Marlene: An Intimate Photographic Memoir* (Random House). Here is the Marlene I remember and miss: in her kitchen, at the beach, in a Checker cab, smoke from an ever present cigarette wreathing her ravishing features.

She was the most experienced and seductive flirt of her time, turning that heady activity into an art form. A friend who knew her better than I told me that on the night he met her at a dinner party she flattered him by constantly meeting his eyes across the candlelit table. Before dessert she had arranged that he change places with her dinner companion. As they sipped their coffee, she said, "I would like very much to see you again." The phrase, whispered in her husky monotone, held him in her thrall. He could say nothing except, "Why?"

"Because," she purred, "you remind me of my first great love."

He told his wife the story as they drove home through Bel-Air. "I'm still shaking," he said.

His wife later told me she always regretted what she said: "Do you think she's ever said that to anyone before?"

But what if she had? Marlene was someone to dream about.

The Dietrich story may be over. The Dietrich stories are not. Around the world there are men and women who knew her, worked with her, envied her, and loved her. The books still to be written about film in the 20th century will surely include much more than passing references to Marie Magdalene, who invented and became . . . Marlene.

—GARSON KANIN

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Single White Narcissus

Fabio is a 220-pound hunk of a romance novelist who may prove to be the most enterprising superstud since Schwarzenegger

The Milanese stud Fabio is 220 pounds of chiseled Continental flesh who has managed to parlay a career as cover model for tacky romance novels into a formidable Fabio empire. Books featuring his likeness sell so well that his publisher now allows him to "write" them as well as adorn their covers. Sales of Fabio calendars are burying most cheesecake pinups. And a Fabio TV pilot has already been shot for CBS. Somehow, in the midst of his marketing fantasia, America's newest superstud found time to answer some pressing questions for GEORGE WAYNE.

George Wayne: *Why are you so different from any other brawny, blond, blue-eyed hunk?*

Fabio: Maybe it's because I'm humble. I don't come across as cocky, or full of myself, I guess.

G.W.: *How much time do you spend in front of the mirror each morning?*

F.: Not very much. I go in, take a shower, brush my teeth, blow-dry my hair, and then I'm out.

G.W.: *Your image is on the covers of more than 350 Avon romance novels. You've sold many a trashy love story dressed as a Viking, pirate, prince, etc. Now Avon has given you a six-figure contract to write three books, and you've never written a word in your life! Some women novelists are upset at your getting this deal.*

F.: True. But I have great fantasies, and that's what women want—fantasy. Most of the women writers are happy for me getting this deal. There are only five or six writers who are upset. All the big writers in the business are on my side.

G.W.: *You have a number, 1-900-90FABIO, where women can call to talk to you. What do you talk about?*

F.: I talk about the differences between men and women, and ways to improve communication between the sexes.

G.W.: *I understand, however, that you don't have a girlfriend. Do you have a boyfriend?*

F.: [*Laughs*] No. I love women, I'm sorry. I adore women. For me, women are the best thing God ever put on earth.

G.W.: *Does Fabio mean fabulous in Italian?*

F.: [*Laughs*] No, but in America it does.

G.W.: *How big are your arms?*

F.: About 18 inches [around].

G.W.: *What about the third arm?*

F.: [*Laughs*] It's in proportion to everything else.

G.W.: *My God, it must be humongous! You also have the most enormous breasts I've ever seen on any man. How long have you been working out?*

F.: Since I was 16. I started working out after I broke my leg skiing. I was a competitive skier from when I was five. When I broke my left leg, I went to the gym for rehabilitation; that's how I got into working out.

G.W.: *You have so many physical assets. What is your least favorite?*

F.: I'm happy with myself...

G.W.: *That's easy for you to say.*

F.: I think everybody should be happy with themselves. I appreciate every single thing God gave me. It is important to love yourself and to love other people.

G.W.: *You say you are negotiating to do another TV pilot for CBS, but would you consider doing a soft-porn movie?*

F.: No, never.

G.W.: *What if the co-star were Sharon Stone?*

F.: Well, if it's a film like *Basic Instinct,* maybe. I don't believe that in order to act you have to show intimate parts of your body.

G.W.: *Lately, you've been peddling your very own pinup calendar.*

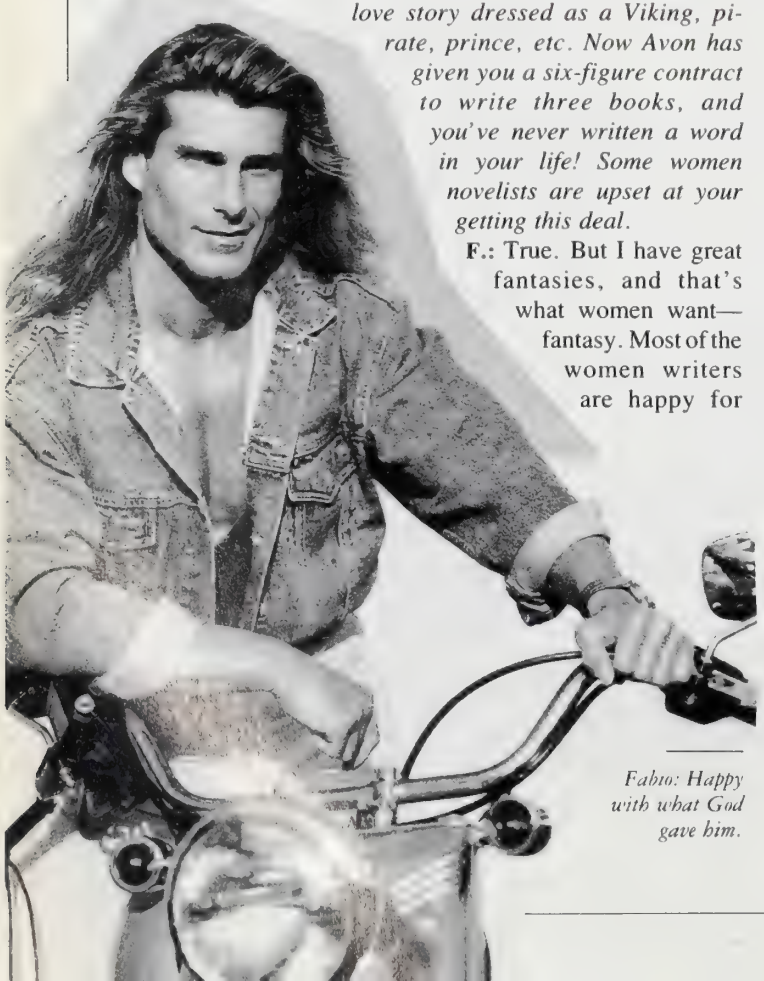
F.: I'm very proud of my calendar. I'm the first man to ever have his own calendar. My calendar sells more than Cindy Crawford's and Claudia Schiffer's.

G.W.: *Oh, let's not talk about her.*

F.: My calendar sold 200,000 copies in one month. They can't keep it on the shelves; it's already in its sixth printing. In December, I'm going to be signing my calendar in Beverly Hills.

G.W.: *Yeah, but I wanted to see you in a G-string, and your calendar doesn't show that.*

F.: Well, you'll have to wait to buy the 1994 calendar.



Fabio: Happy with what God gave him.

ALBERT SANCHEZ

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The *Hello!* Curse

Fanzine or scourge? How *Hello!* bites—sometimes mortally—the hands that feed it

In a spiteful, suspicious, score-settling world, the British magazine *Hello!* is a little haven of prelapsarian innocence. No unkind thoughts cross its mind; no impure motives are ever attributed. In September, while the raucous London tabloids were sniggering over a tape recording of the Princess of Wales murmuring endearments to a man who was not her husband, the cover headline on *Hello!* ran simply: PRINCESS DIANA PUTS ASIDE HER PERSONAL WORRIES IN HER CONCERN FOR OTHERS.

Being interviewed by *Hello!* means never having to say you're sorry. Whether you're a soap star or a mass murderer, the questions are always roughly the same. "Is your work important to you?" "How does country living suit you?" "It's great to see you looking so well. When's the baby due?" Shortly before the Gulf War the satirical magazine *Private Eye* published a spoof issue of *Hello!* featuring an imaginary interview with SADDAM HUSSEIN: FAMILY MAN, DOG LOVER AND GOLFER, which reproduced the *Hello!* technique all too plausibly. " 'I understand you do a lot of work for charity?' he asked. 'I only wish I had more time for that sort of thing,' the Iraqi dictator replied sadly. 'People in my position can do so much, I know.' "

Launched in May 1988, *Hello!* now sells almost half a million copies a week in Britain. Even celebrities who never talk to the press will queue to be pampered by its sympathetic hands.

Some of them, however, may regret it afterward. In January 1991, Princess Diana's brother, Viscount Althorp, presented his six-day-old baby for inspection by the magazine's readers and gushed about his love for his wife; days later, the tabloids caught him having an extramarital fling. The following month, the Queen's nephew, Viscount Linley, talked to *Hello!* about his furniture-making enterprise; his business premises were destroyed by fire shortly thereafter. In May 1991, Julia Roberts and Kiefer Sutherland spoke to *Hello!* of their forthcoming marriage. "She's very beautiful and has a very, very big heart," Sutherland cooed. "We can't be apart from each other for too long." Within months, they were apart permanently.

Hello! *often means good-bye.* Left, *the friendly logo.* Right, *Kiefer's paean to Julia. They were apart for good within months.*

Superstitious folk began muttering about "the Curse of *Hello!*" Monica Seles dropped out of Wimbledon shortly after telling the magazine of her plans to win the tournament. The nuptials of *Dynasty* star Emma Samms and lawyer Bansi Nagji were reported in the magazine as the BRITISH SHOW BUSINESS WEDDING OF THE YEAR; the marriage was over within six months. In September 1991, on the very day that *Hello!* carried a lovey-dovey interview with Marla Maples and Donald Trump ("Marla is a wonderful woman"), the New York papers revealed that the couple had temporarily gone their separate ways. The curse was swifter still with the actress Jane Seymour, who appeared in *Hello!* positively gurgling with love for her husband, David Flynn (THE HAPPY FAMILY ALL GET TOGETHER AS JANE SEYMOUR CELEBRATES HER 40TH BIRTHDAY); even before the issue appeared on the newsstands, the couple had split.

Recent victims include Jerry Hall, who spoke to *Hello!* of her love for Mick Jagger only weeks before she ditched him, and the Duke and Duchess of York, whose separation was announced less than a year after they had posed for a 48-page *Hello!* feature presenting them as models of domestic bliss. When the features editor of *Hello!* went to Amman in August this year to finalize plans for a photo spread on King Hussein, Jordanian monarchists must have feared the worst—and with good reason. No sooner had the woman from *Hello!* arrived than the king had to be rushed to the hospital, suffering from a "mystery illness" which turned out to be cancer of the kidney.

Who's next? Rod Stewart and his new wife, Rachel Hunter, have appeared in *Hello!* several times this year and must therefore, as he nervously concedes, "be in the frame." But the fearless singer insists, "We're going to beat this curse. I'm determined."

—FRANCIS WHEEN



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In the Blood



FIROOZ ZAHEDI

Happy for hemoglobin: Anne Parillaud stars in Innocent Blood.

It is the shining accomplishment of Gallic actress Anne Parillaud to portray those two most questionable commodities—the characters she plays are French and violent—in such a way as to make them highly appealing. In the title role of last year's La Femme Nikita *(currently being remade in English, starring Bridget Fonda), Parillaud played a ruthless assassin for a top-secret, C.I.A.-like government agency; in the recently released* Innocent Blood, *she made her American debut as Marie, a modern-day vampire who tangles with a group of mobsters in Pittsburgh. "I think violence is very subjective," says the fiery gamine, who won France's César Award for* Nikita. *"What is violent to one person isn't to another." Indeed, this sensitivity to the nuances of molestation is borne out in Marie's actions. She likes to sink her fangs into the necks of only those who she feels* deserve *to die: yet another French innovation in the world of dining.* —HENRY ALFORD

Hot Type

The lavish *Siegfried and Roy: Mastering the Impossible* (Morrow), written by the illusionists themselves with **Annette Tapert,** proves to be a veritable Rosetta stone for other November books. Taking turns narrating the story of their rise from war-torn Germany to sequin-choked Las Vegas, the authors have composed their book as a series of alternating texts—a technique also used by **John Updike** in his new novel, about a New Hampshire college professor, *Memories of the Ford Administration* (Knopf). As we follow Siegfried and Roy from venue to increasingly glittering venue, we are afforded a backstage glimpse of the creation of some of their illusions. In one, Roy is made three feet tall, just five inches taller than the 31-inch-tall protagonist of **Armistead Maupin's** anti-Hollywood romp, *Maybe the Moon* (HarperCollins). In another, poor Roy is handcuffed, put in a sack, and then locked in a trunk—an event that sounds as if it were lifted from the pages of historian **Antonia Fraser's** *The Wives of Henry VIII* (Knopf). Having dedicated themselves to the preservation of the almost extinct white tiger, they recount various examples of several of their own pets' misbehavior. Two books published by Nan A. Talese/Doubleday this month echo the theme of animal-produced peril: stray dogs circle Beirut in **Oriana Fallaci's** haunting anti-war novel, *Inshallah;* a character in **Ian McEwan's** new novel undergoes a religious conversion after she has a terrifying experience with the title's *Black Dogs.* While visiting New York City in the mid-80s, two of the showmen's tigers, Vegas and SiegRoy, were kidnapped; in **Paul Lindsay's** novel, *Witness to the Truth* (Random House), an F.B.I. agent recruits a "dirty dozen" squad of F.B.I. renegades to solve an ominous kidnapping. Siegfried and Roy's nonfiction account of their career in magic posits their book at the intersection of fact and fantasy—a confluence reverberated in **D. M. Thomas's** fictionalized reconstruction of the J.F.K. assassination, *Flying In to Love* (Scribner's). "When I look back," writes Siegfried toward the conclusion of the book, "I feel as if my whole life has been magic," a sentiment that seems to be shared by **Robert Manning,** whose memoirs, *The Swamp Root Chronicles* (W. W. Norton), end, "Perhaps I'll write a book. I'll call it *Lucky Bob.*" Currently the highest-paid performers in live entertainment, Siegfried and Roy have worked together 25 years. They have met rejection; they have met fanfare. They are, in a word, survivors—unlike many of the people mentioned in **Don Lynch** and **Ken Marschall's** *Titanic: An Illustrated History* (Hyperion). —H.A.



The authors of Siegfried and Roy: Mastering the Impossible *meet the pope.*

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Decca Delivers

At last, the doyenne of death in America goes back to where it all begins

Of course it makes sense that the critical eye cast on death in the book *The American Way of Death* should one day take on the business of birth. It just didn't occur to the author. "I never had any intention of writing about childbirth, though one knew of course that the American Medical Association was rather hellish," muses Jessica Mitford upon the publication of *The American Way of Birth* (Dutton). "I wasn't remotely interested until I ran into the midwife I mention in my first chapter. I tried to do her as an article, but then it became a book."

One advantage of *Birth* over *Death* is that it's easier to write from experience. Mitford tells us of her own deliveries, from a politically ultra-correct confinement in a socialist clinic in pre-war East London to more exquisite birth-givings in Northern California. In between was a travail in Columbia Hospital in Washington, D.C., where "the anesthetic given. . .was unlike anything I'd heard of before or since—possibly a short-lived fad of the moment. It consisted of hot air pumped up one's rectum, rather agony while being administered, but it must have served its purpose, as I remember almost nothing about the actual birth except for the joyful moment when the nurse handed me the baby, wrapped in pink for a girl."



Jessica "Decca" Mitford charts The American Way of Birth.

From this passage, even if that's not the word I'm looking for, old loyalists will readily see that the Mitford style is undimmed. They will also expect, and they will jolly well get, some condign thrashing of greed and sloth and exploitation as practiced by the medical profession upon women in their hour of second-greatest extremity. She sticks up doughtily, but without any particular holistic superstition, for the wisdom and practicality of the home-birth midwife. And she has stern words for the professional doctors' lobby in its campaign against these compassionate and minimalist free lances. "Why the implacable hostility of the medical establishment to their practice? A possible answer, as Deep Throat told Woodward and Bernstein: 'Follow the money.' "

If many of those loyalists have the notion that Mitford still lives in England, it may be because so many Mitfords do. The fabulous and not-so-fabulous Mitford girls range in ability and adorability from the late, divine Nancy and the current Duchess of Devonshire all the way to Unity, who pined to be the mistress of Hitler, and Diana, who succeeded in marrying the British Fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley. (Decca herself—an old nursery name by which Jessica has been known all her life—once had a chance of killing the *Führer*, but, as she ruefully recounts, rather muffed it.) At any rate, the household of Lord and Lady Redesdale, the Mitford parents, grew quite accustomed to new arrivals. Having taken out American citizenship in 1944 because, as she winningly recorded, the American Communist Party expected it of one, Mitford has been the scourge of the petty American racketeer ever since. Bennett Cerf of Random House found himself covered in ridicule for sponsoring a fool-and-his-money scheme called the "Famous Writers School." The California Department of Corrections has yet to recover from the exposure of its medical experiments, for profit, on live prisoners. And most pricey morticians have at one time or another taken Decca's coffin measurements just for the exercise, and the relief. *The American Way of Death* was one of those books that not even the cleverest P.R. consultant could offset.

Iconoclast in every other respect, Mitford may be the only transplanted Brit to live in Oakland, California. For this she can thank her husband, Bob Treuhaft, who moved there to defend local Reds and strikers. "It's a hellhole, of course," she says cheerfully, "except you can really live a small-town life, know the chief of police by name, and have real, personal enemies. I'm now 75 and Bob is 80, so it looks as though we'll stay."

—CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

JESSE FROHMAN



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Some Like It Hot

At L.A.'s one natural hot spring, the water is 105 degrees, the massages merciless

I told my actress friend O-Lan Jones to meet me just north of Beverly on Oxford at the edge of Koreatown: you have to take your natural hot springs where you find them. A wildcatter found this one at the turn of the century, capped it, and forgot about it. Not until 1931 was it rediscovered and tapped for drinking water. The Beverly Hot Springs (213-734-7000) was built six years ago, but the ladies in Mercedes took until now to discover it. And the studio people (Peter Guber), the screenwriters (Alison Cross), the rock managers (Ron DeBlasio), the stars (Carrie Fisher), and the mega-stars (Madonna). And, of course, us.

At the front desk we were handed towels and cotton robes, and ushered into the women's spa: a rock grotto, darkly lit, with tiled pools, one hot and one cold. (There's a separate grotto for men.) The whole place smelled of eucalyptus. A sign read NO NOISE/NO SWIMMING, which cramped our style, being the noise types. But that was nothing compared with the water. All the women seemed to know how to melt into it slowly, but to me it was just *too* hot. (The thermometer read 105 degrees Fahrenheit.) I had the feeling that if I stayed in it I'd wind up a chili pepper—red, shriveled, and filled with yellow seeds.

Then we heard our names called. A stern Korean woman led us into a chamber with lots of Shiatsu massage tables. Here, too, everyone seemed content. As my handsome young Korean masseur started in on me, *I* felt pulverized. So did O-Lan. "It felt," she said as we staggered off for a "body scrub" and "body care," "like they were trying to get information."



O-Lan Jones and Eve Babitz in the swim; the pureed cucumber came later.

The "scrub" was done with what felt like acrylic steel wool. And the "body care" was almost as brutal as the Shiatsu. It was as though they were trying to make sure you didn't think about sex, and, by gum, it worked. Even when they spread this fragrant, newly puréed cucumber all over me, I was afraid to relax. And yet the place was filling with more and more spa people, none of whom seemed to mind paying $25 to $30 for use of the pools, $45 for Shiatsu, $35 for a body scrub, and $45 for body care. Later, I asked a regular how he could like the Shiatsu when it hurt so much. "Oh," he said, "didn't you know you could ask for 'soft' instead of 'medium hard'?"

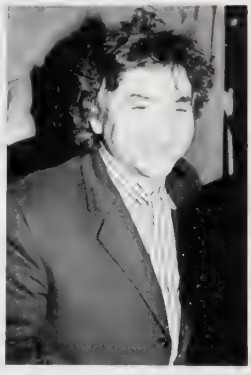
So we did the unthinkable: we went back. This time, because we weren't scared, the water didn't feel as hot. The Shiatsu (soft) felt less than punishing. And the body scrub/body care put me at one with the universe. Although I still agree with my friend Alison Cross. "When someone is doing to my front what they do to you there," she says, "*they* should be paying *me*."

—EVE BABITZ

Night-table Reading



Jane Stanton Hitchcock *(novelist,* Trick of the Eye, *Dutton):* The Secret World of Opus Dei, *by Michael Walsh (Grafton), and* The Jesuits, *by Malachi Martin (Touchstone). "I love mysteries, and to me the Vatican is the last great mystery on earth."*

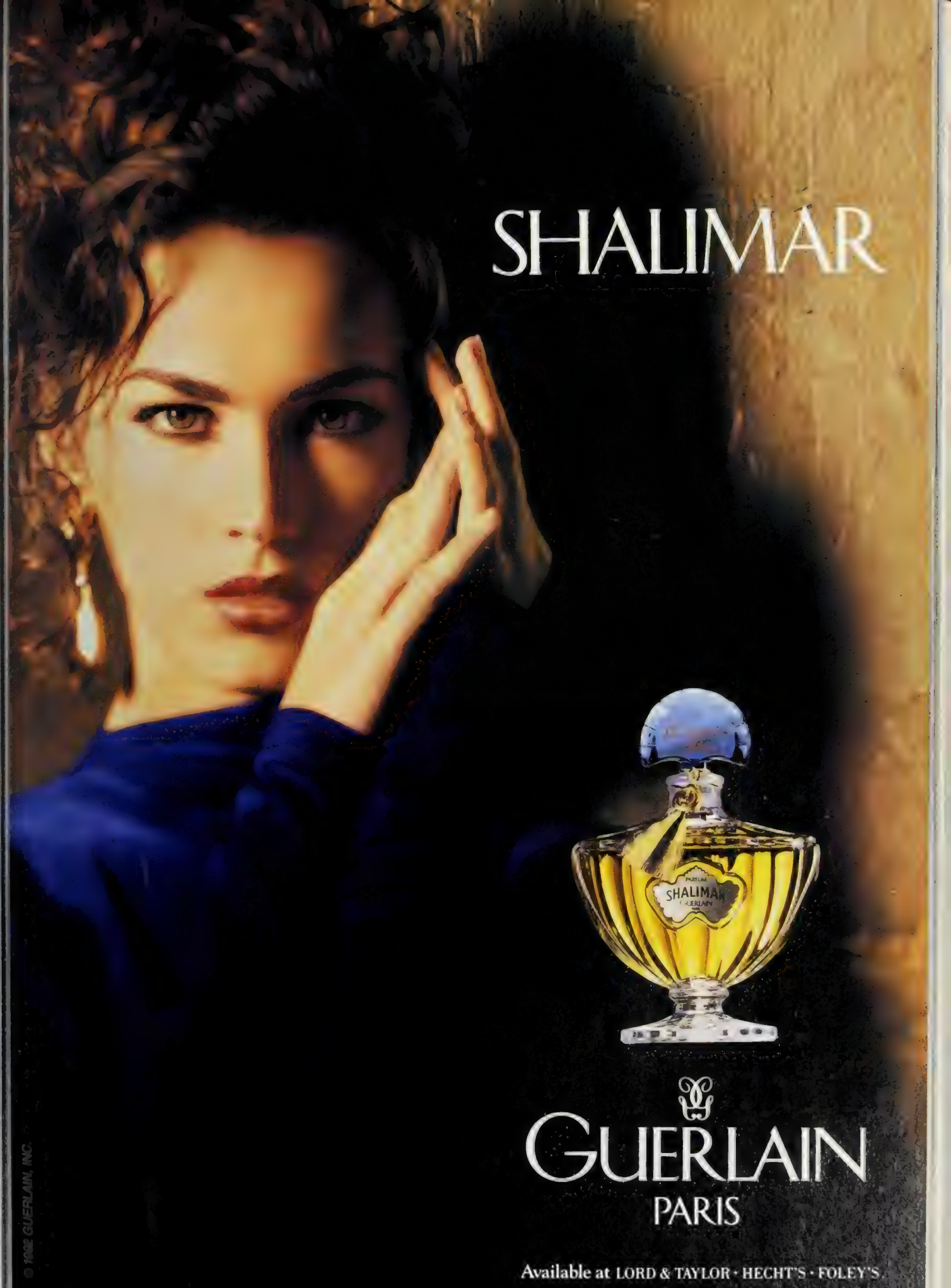


Brian McNally *(restaurateur):* Revolting Rhymes, *by Roald Dahl (Bantam). "It is a very funny, deeply disturbing children's book; every child should read it and be stripped of all innocence."*



Joan Ganz Cooney *(co-founder, the Children's Television Workshop):* Truman, *by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster). "It causes me to long for a political leader who would make decisions based on what's right for the country, without first consulting polls."*

PHOTOGRAPH FAR LEFT, BY SALLY HERSHBERGER ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



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It's the season for the Brooklyn Academy of Music's NEXT WAVE Festival. Now celebrating its tenth anniversary. This innovative series of music, dance, theater, and music theater performances is what's fresh. What's different. What's growing—all over the world. A nurturing of international artists side by side with efforts by Philip Glass, Robert Wilson and others. There's whimsy and the spirit of the 60s in Mark Morris's "The Hard Nut," a swinging yet ironic interpretation of the Nutcracker. And "Frida," a visual, passionate musical tale of the artist Frida Kahlo. And so much more budding. The NEXT WAVE Festival. October 14th-December 27th, 1992. Ticket and subscription information: 718-636-4100. Call today, for you never know what may flower.

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Bono sings and Madonna works the phones at Cafe Tabac



In the room they come and go, talking of Madonna's latest video: Celebrity power brokers cram cheek by jowl into Cafe Tabac.

As with any hot restaurant, Cafe Tabac is not about the food (fairly unextraordinary stuff along the lines of steak frites and glorified cheeseburgers which take a long time to get to your table). It's about the whole crazy scene—one that combusts seemingly every celebrity and power broker in town into a mad spectacle of schmoozing and boozing.

On the upper level of this ravenously descended-upon East Village establishment, practically every night is a gossip column come to life, with boldfaces acting boldly all over the room. One night, Liza Minnelli was late for her reservation and had to be squeezed into a tight corner table she wasn't thrilled with. Another evening, Madonna impulsively started answering the phone and taking reservations (though she neglected to write them down). And Bono and Paul Simon had the music turned off so they could work on a song over dinner, Bono serenading the place with the fruits of their efforts for dessert. Considering that the restaurant's music consists of loud rock tapes, including unthinkable 70s stuff by Paul McCartney's Wings, everyone was thrilled.

But Cafe Tabac isn't about the music either. It's about the gossiping and the craning of your head to scream over other people screaming. It's about getting so intoxicated by the distinct aroma of power in the air that you dance on a table and fall to the floor as everyone pulls out his cellular phone and calls the press about it. It's about how the people downstairs are glad they got a table, while the people upstairs are glad they didn't get a table downstairs.

Ex-model Roy Liebenthal opened Tabac—his first restaurant—last January. The bistro-as-both-theater-and-playground concept—so popular in the 80s—is still viable, Liebenthal feels, and his incredible success bears that out. "People like to socialize," he explains, "and although that's looked at as a superficial form of human behavior, it's healthy. Everyone criticizes it, but they all do it." For their health, no doubt.

Rather than get too caught up in the glamour of the schmooze, Liebenthal tries to distance himself, coming off as more than a bit jaded. "I think that would be a fair word to use," he says. "It hasn't changed my life. My role is just to serve the room and make the payroll. It's become so expected that every star who comes in town comes in. Why is that?" Before one has time to wonder, four more celebrities traipse in, the waiter's indeterminate accent has gotten weirder, and someone has fallen off a table as Kevin Costner waits for *his*. Call the press? No, they've been here for hours.

—MICHAEL MUSTO



Table A: *David Geffen, Barry Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg, and Calvin Klein.* Table B: *Liza Minnelli and Lorna Luft.* Table C: *LL Cool J and Russell Simmons.* Table D: *Madonna and Alek Keshishian.*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS INTERPRETED BY ADAM TIHANY.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin 47% alc/vol (94 Proof) 100% grain neutral spirits © 1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J. © 1992 Adam Tihany


SUZANNE STEHLIK bought a
Saturn coupe because she didn't have
enough excitement in her life.



Like some kind of comic book superhero, Suzanne seems to lead two lives. During the week, she's a mild-mannered property tax analyst for a large corporation. Come the weekend, though, you could say it's a different story.

This is Suzanne at her current favorite, skydiving, but it might have been something else. She scuba dives. She skis. She'd like to go sailing, but she gets seasick. Oh, and she owns two Rottweilers, and a cockatiel that can whistle half of the Flintstones' theme.

Anyway, she'd been driving a humdrum sort of econobox, and she came to feel she needed something else. Something more like her weekend, less like her week.

The Saturn SC2



Why is our SC2 so fun to drive? For some, it's the 124 horsepower engine. For others, it's the sport-tuned suspension. But for you, all we can say is, "Here's the key."

What Suzanne bought was a Saturn coupe. She says it was like finding the shoe that fits—it has the styling, the handling, the performance and all the other fun-to-drive stuff her freefall/underwater/cartoon self wants.

SATURN

And, funny thing, the price didn't bother her property tax analyst side one bit.

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Wigging Out

Uncle Miltie and Geraldine were first, but they had nothing on today's drag explosion

Sometime in the last year, the oddest thing happened: drag popped out of the box.

Suddenly, talk shows can't get enough of drag queens' sensationalism. Pop-rock videos milk their well-accessorized charisma. This year's Wigstock, the eighth annual Labor Day celebration of outrageous coifs, too much eyeliner, and too high heels, drew television cameras and larger-than-ever crowds to New York's Tompkins Square Park. Drag isn't just more socially acceptable now; it's the baton twirler at the head of the parade.

As with every sexual trend these days, Madonna gets a bit of the credit—for putting her male backup dancers in Gaultier bras. But so do the B-52's and George Michael for casting drags in their videos, and the novelty band Deee-Lite for its cross-dressing entourage. Designer Todd Oldham introduced runway model Billy Beyond, whose feminine strut titillated the fashion world. Jennie Livingston brought drag to the movies last year with *Paris Is Burning,* her documentary about a group of colorfully oppressed voguers. Everyone felt sorry for the drags, and as a result, the most unlikely people were longing to be around them. Or even be them. Drag was so ready for mass consumption that it seemed almost passé when marketing whiz Tama Janowitz titled her new novel *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group.*

"It's a reaction to the political climate," says drag performer Lahoma Van Zandt of transvestism's new breakthrough. "Everyone's snapping from what we've been living through the last 12 years—this horrible family-values garbage." Family values as the White House defines them dictate traditional roles—man as breadwinner, woman as homemaker, single mother as tramp—so dated they're almost campy entertainment in themselves. In its counterassault, the gay community has bonded more tightly than ever, and drag has become a politics of defiance, of sexual freedom, of pride. But the culture is diverse: for every angry statement, there's a joke to offer relief from the crisis of AIDS and the realization that at the highest levels so little is being done.

Why such mass appeal? Perhaps because most Americans realize they don't fit into Dan Quayle's stereotypes, either. Nor are prejudices as widely and deeply felt as the White House seems to think. Especially after Houston, with the Bush-Quayle ticket wrapped in far-right, born-again rhetoric, a lot of voters feel downright contentious, and able to appreciate the light rebellion of drag. The fact that drag performers deal in positive, likable energy makes them easy to embrace—as does the audience's awareness that the drags are spoofing themselves in the act.

Amid this new burst of sequins, some drag stars have emerged and made strides not seen since the late underground-film star Divine became a celebrity in John Waters's films. Mannequin Lypsinka (real name, John Epperson) elevates the lip-sync experience to an art form, mouthing perfectly every inflection, every punctuation mark, every breath of well-known songs. This year you could have read her lips in George Michael's "Too Funky" video and in a Gap ad, in which she draped a denim jacket over her own glittering gown. Chanteuse John Kelly, who has capped many a Wigstock with his warbling rendition of Joni Mitchell's famous tribute to the original Woodstock festival, performs regularly at La MaMa and the Kitchen; this spring, he will play Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall as Dagmar Onassis, illegitimate daughter of Aristotle Onassis and Maria Callas. Dame Edna Everage (Australian performer Barry Humphries in drag) has gone so far as to nab her own specials—on NBC yet. Edna is a middle-aged frump who fancies herself a royal as she sniffs bunches of "gladdies" and performs a love/hate tango with show biz that's even edgier than Lypsinka's. She loves celebrities, but subtly cuts them down with her barbs. On her two recent specials, Edna fielded admiring remarks from the likes of Mel Gibson, Larry Hagman, and Cher, with whom she sang "I Got You Babe" in the most sexually ambiguous cover of that song since Madonna and Sandra Bernhard's version. She even accepted lingerie from Kim Basinger and seemed delighted that they were—as the matron called th m—slightly "soiled." And now Edna's a celebrity herself, because she's funny and, in her dowdy getup, no sexual threat to anyone.

Television is definitely drag's new medium. *Liquid Television,* on MTV, recently featured a segment titled "Art School Girls of Doom," starring Cody Field and Gina Varla Vitro as wacky gals in search of love and laughs. New York cable offers *"Come 'N Get It!,"* a deadpan cooking show in which a stubbled beauty whips up high-cholesterol treats; *On Patrol,* featuring three tasty tomatoes acting vulgar at various soirées; and *The Brenda and Glennda Show,* in which two drags-on-the-street ask political questions of passersby. For a mainstream audience, drag by remote control is the safe, private way to share the fun.

The New York clubs, where much of this drag mania began, are now so colorful that when a guy with a bra made of grapefruit halves shows up at the velvet rope, he's not only let in but ushered into the V.I.P. room. It wasn't always this way. In the late 80s, everyone was wearing little black outfits and sitting around Victorian lounges like Nell's, succumbing to the nation's mood of repression. To the rescue came boutique owner turned party promoter Susanne Bartsch. A platform-shoed, temporary-tattooed cartoon figure, Bartsch hosted blowouts at the Copacabana that were Barnum & Bailey–like in their sparkle. A drag queen played old disco music, and



JOSEF ASTOR

Read her lips: The popular Lypsinka entertains with each pore and sequin on her body.

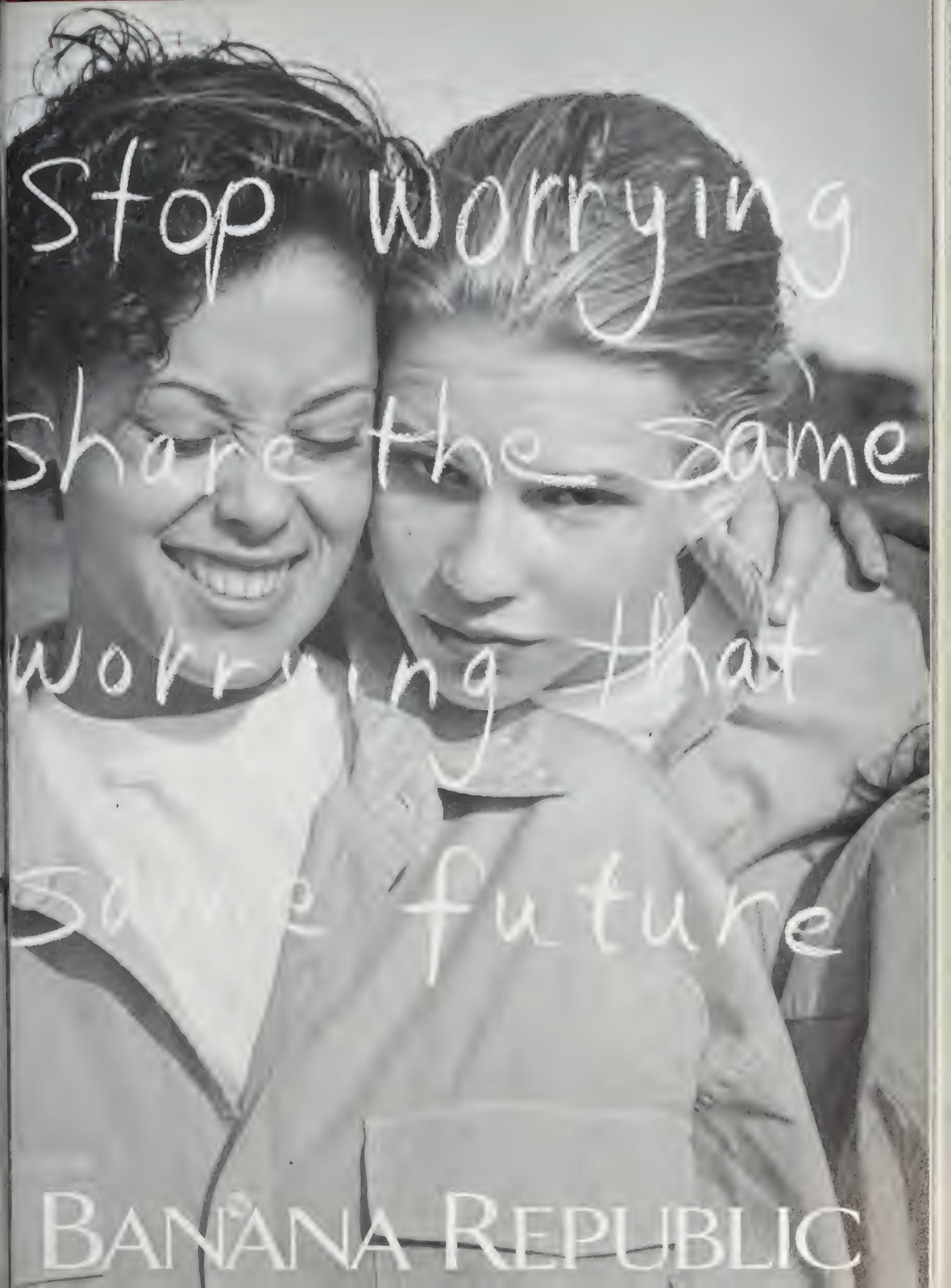
other such characters were paid to dance onstage and atop go-go boxes before a suited-and-feather-boa'd crowd. Now her events at Tavern on the Green feature performer Joey Arias "channeling" the spirit of Billie Holiday, and dozens of other camp icons popping out of corners. Bartsch's parties have amassed such a following that she's turned them into a cottage industry, spanning "Love Ball" AIDS benefits and an upcoming book on drag. To put an extra spin on things, Bartsch herself looks like a very well turned-out drag queen.

Now at the Roxy, Lahoma runs through the crowd unspooling toilet paper on strangers and sizing them up sexually. Onstage she vamps, sings, even picks up a can of dog food with her foot. Not long ago at the Pyramid, an East Village bar, she and her friend the "Lady" Bunny staged *Shee-Haw*, an all-drag version of *Hee-Haw*, and a lesbian show called *Up with Dykes*. "We ended the show with an arm-wrestling match to the theme from *Rocky*," beams Lahoma. "The audience had no idea *what* we were doing."

For eight years now, Bunny has crystallized the downtown drag experience by organizing Wigstock, featuring drag performers strutting their stuff until darkness falls and their makeup melts. With the audience dressing up as much as the performers, the event makes for a stunning visual testament to the widening drag boom. Acts include DeAundra Peek, who purposely (one hopes) sings off-key; the Boy Bar Beauties (the Ziegfeld girls of the East Village); and tall, glamorous RuPaul, a New Age blaxploitation diva who has just landed a contract with Tommy Boy records.

Among Wigstock's growing legion of fans is Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, who perennially comes onstage to present Bunny with a proclamation, saying the event is "the celebration of difference, which makes us all richer." Amazingly enough, more than a few drag queens are making money, too. —M.M.


We better
that we don't
past and start
we'll have the


Stop worrying
share the same
worrying that
future
BANANA REPUBLIC



After all these years, the spotlight remains fixed on Elizabeth Taylor *—and it seems it always will. But Taylor has been making that spotlight follow her to where it can really do some good: the* AIDS *battleground.* NANCY COLLINS *reports*

VANITY FAIR
NOVEMBER 1992



PORTRAIT OF A HUSTLER Taylor, between AmFAR fund-raisers. "I'm a good con artist—in fact, one of the best. There's certain things only I can do."

Liz's AIDS Odyssey

Photographs by FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



"I wanted to retire, but the tabloids wouldn't let me.
So I thought, If you're going to screw me over, I'll use you."



THE FACE OF AIDS
Taylor on her way to the Eighth International Conference on AIDS, in Amsterdam, July 1992, and, *right*, at the conference with members of ACT UP. "I'm not bullshitting, I'm not there to sell or gain anything. . . [but] to get something done."

"I don't give a shit what people think."

Elizabeth Taylor, as usual, is speaking her mind.

She is talking about what people think of her stand on the world's most explosive epidemic. And she is talking about people's reaction to her new 40-year-old husband, Larry Fortensky.

Both subjects bring fire to her eyes. Perhaps the most famous eyes in the history of Hollywood. The lavender ones with the double rows of upper lashes.

We are sitting in her home in Bel-Air, the surprisingly modest ranch-style number that she walked into and bought on sight, furniture included, 11 years ago. Elizabeth Taylor looks very good these days. At 60, she has the face of a woman 20 years younger. One presumes that plastic surgery has abetted this timelessness, but nips and tucks alone could not produce the slyly youthful woman who sauntered into her living room cuddling a fluffball of pooch called Sugar. Her hair hangs loosely and casually, brushing her shoulders. Her tight black jeans emphasize her birdlike legs, and a baby-blue scoop-necked sweater, provocatively punctuated with tiny holes, drapes seductively over what may be one of the 20th centu-

ry's most widely photographed bosoms.

She perches on a fat, white oversize chair. Her carefully pedicured feet, exposed in sexy thong sandals, barely brush the ground, a reminder of how tiny a package one of the most powerful women in the world comes in. "I'm AmFAR's best fund-raiser," she says, referring to the American Foundation for AIDS Research, the organization of which Taylor is founding national chairman and which in 1992 alone raised $20.6 million. "I have to show up. I can't send somebody in as my stand-in." Besides, she continues with a laugh that grows into a cackle, "I'm a great hustler, a good con artist—in fact, one of the best. There's certain things only I can do."

Like talk to the president.

Last July, Taylor told George Bush—and the rest of the world—what she thought of his AIDS policy. "I don't think President Bush is doing anything at all about AIDS," said Taylor to a packed press conference in Amsterdam at the Eighth International Conference on AIDS. "In fact, I'm not even sure if he knows how to spell 'AIDS.' "

It was the A-I-D-S shot heard round the world, front-page news from Tokyo to Washington. Cornered at a press conference the following day, Taylor was set upon by the medical reporter for CNN:

"Secretary [of Health and Human Services Louis] Sullivan announced the administration will not be browbeaten by movie stars or anyone else on their AIDS policies."

"Excuse me. Who said that?"

"Secretary Sullivan."

"Well, I wasn't addressing my remarks to him," shot back the movie star. "I was addressing my remarks to the president."

When you're as famous as Elizabeth Taylor, when a single utterance can command worldwide media attention, you are, almost by definition, political. And in the last seven years Elizabeth Taylor has proved herself a political force to be reckoned with.

"Elizabeth put a face to AIDS," says independent producer Gary Pudney, a former vice president of talent and specials at ABC, who helped Taylor organize her first AIDS effort. "*The* face."

Indeed she did—and before AIDS became the charitably correct disease that it is today. In the winter of 1985, when Taylor heeded the plea of seven gay men (two of whom have since died of AIDS) to sign on as chairman of the first major AIDS benefit—the Commitment to Life dinner, which netted $1 million for AIDS Project Los Angeles, a community-based service group providing hands-on care to AIDS patients—she was out there alone. No celebrity of Taylor's stature up to that point had had the courage to put his or her weight behind a disease that was then thought to be the province of gay men. Elizabeth Taylor brought AIDS out of the closet and into the ballroom, where there was money—and consciousness—to be raised.

"The first time I died was overwhelming. This time it galvanized me. I thought, I've got to do something to help people who are *really* sick."

She could hardly have known then that the disease would touch her own life. In July 1985 her old friend Rock Hudson surprised even Taylor when he announced to the world he had AIDS. "Oh, God, yes, I knew he was gay," says Taylor, "but I thought he had cancer."

In 1991 her personal secretary Roger Wall, diagnosed to be HIV-positive, swallowed a handful of sleeping pills rather than face a lingering death. "It was one of the biggest losses of my life," says Taylor.

But nothing prepared her for the news that her former daughter-in-law had been stricken. Aileen Getty (divorced from Taylor's son Christopher Wilding) was diagnosed in 1985 and now has "full-blown AIDS. I have two grandchildren under 10 whose mother is dying of AIDS," Taylor says softly. "My grandchildren ask their mother, 'Mom, will you be around for my ninth birthday?' 'Will you be alive for my 14th?' "

Elizabeth Taylor says she cannot remember a time when she wasn't famous. Neither can almost anyone else. Roddy McDowall, Taylor's co-star in *Lassie Come Home*, says the first time he saw the nine-year-old, "I just broke out laughing. It wasn't the face of a child. It was the face of a young beauty, even then."

As the beauty grew, everything about her assumed larger-than-life proportions. By 18 Taylor had married the first of her seven husbands (in order, Nicky Hilton, Michael Wilding, Mike Todd, Eddie Fisher, Richard Burton, Senator John Warner, and Larry Fortensky). She would be the first actress to be paid a million dollars (for her role in *Cleopatra*), and she would pick up two Oscars. She has "died" almost as much as she has lived, surviving 21 operations, and two brushes with death. And her diamonds—among them the 33-carat Krupp—are bigger than the Ritz.

Hollywood power broker David Geffen recalls a phone conversation with Taylor. " 'Listen, I'm going on a boat trip to Yugoslavia,' I said to her, 'and

was wondering if you could recommend some places to stay.' And she said, 'I don't know. Whenever I was in Yugoslavia, I stayed with Tito.' "

The Elizabeth Taylor legend is what makes Taylor's involvement in AIDS so powerful and so complicated.

"People always ask, 'Does Elizabeth Taylor work hard?' " says Bill Misenhimer, the first director of AmFAR and now chief financial officer of AIDS Project Los Angeles. "You've got to put it in perspective because what's hard work for Elizabeth isn't necessarily what everybody else would call hard work. Anybody who wanted to see her came to her. Once, we had a board meeting at the Bank of Los Angeles. She came and afterwards she said, 'So this is what a bank looks like.' She'd never been in one."

Gary Pudney tells of a meeting he had with Taylor. "When we had the show formulated," he says, referring to the Commitment to Life dinner, which Pudney produced, "there came the moment when it had to be presented to the boss. The show was laid out on cards, so I went to Elizabeth's armed with my easel. It's hot as hell and I'm standing there by the pool—in my suit and tie—waiting for Herself to appear. When she finally did," he laughs, "she was wearing a very revealing red bikini and a very large diamond.

"Her body was spectacular. She proceeded to recline on a chaise longue, and at that point I really begin to sweat—because it's a little disconcerting to make a presentation to a major screen goddess in a reclining position. I began to explain the show and she said, 'Just start flipping the cards.' She wanted to get right down to business. And she was fantastic in her grasp of what we were doing: the show's pacing, her critique of the musical numbers, the speeches. No dummy she. But the interesting thing was she never talked about what she'd be doing or where she'd be in the show. She was more concerned with overall effect."

Taylor has always kept her eye on the big picture. She sails past the details: only an eternal optimist could walk down the aisle eight times (she married Burton twice). Only a woman focused on informing the world about AIDS would not bat a double eyelash when asked if she and her husband practice safe sex. "Larry and I are regularly checked," she replies rather icily. "And at the present moment we do not use condoms. If you're in a monogamous relationship for a certain amount of time and are true to each other and have tested negative a couple of times for AIDS, I think you're safe."



SEX AND SOBRIETY
Taylor with Larry Fortensky several months before their wedding. "This is her first truly sober marriage."

"Moving Elizabeth is like moving Michael Jackson." Bill Misenhimer is talking about transporting a mega-star. Even going on a commercial plane "is a chore," says Dr. Mathilde Krim, AmFAR's founding co-chair and current chairman of the board, "because of the need not to be seen. Whenever we can, we arrange for a friend to offer a private plane."

But Learjets are the least of it. The Elizabeth Taylor business begins before she walks out the door. And she tells AmFAR not to walk her out the door for an event that will raise less than half a million. "You don't want to take the Elizabeth Taylor mystique," comments Misenhimer, "and make it commonplace." (For all AmFAR-related appearances, Taylor picks up the tab for herself and her entourage—such as hairdresser José Eber—who donate their services.)

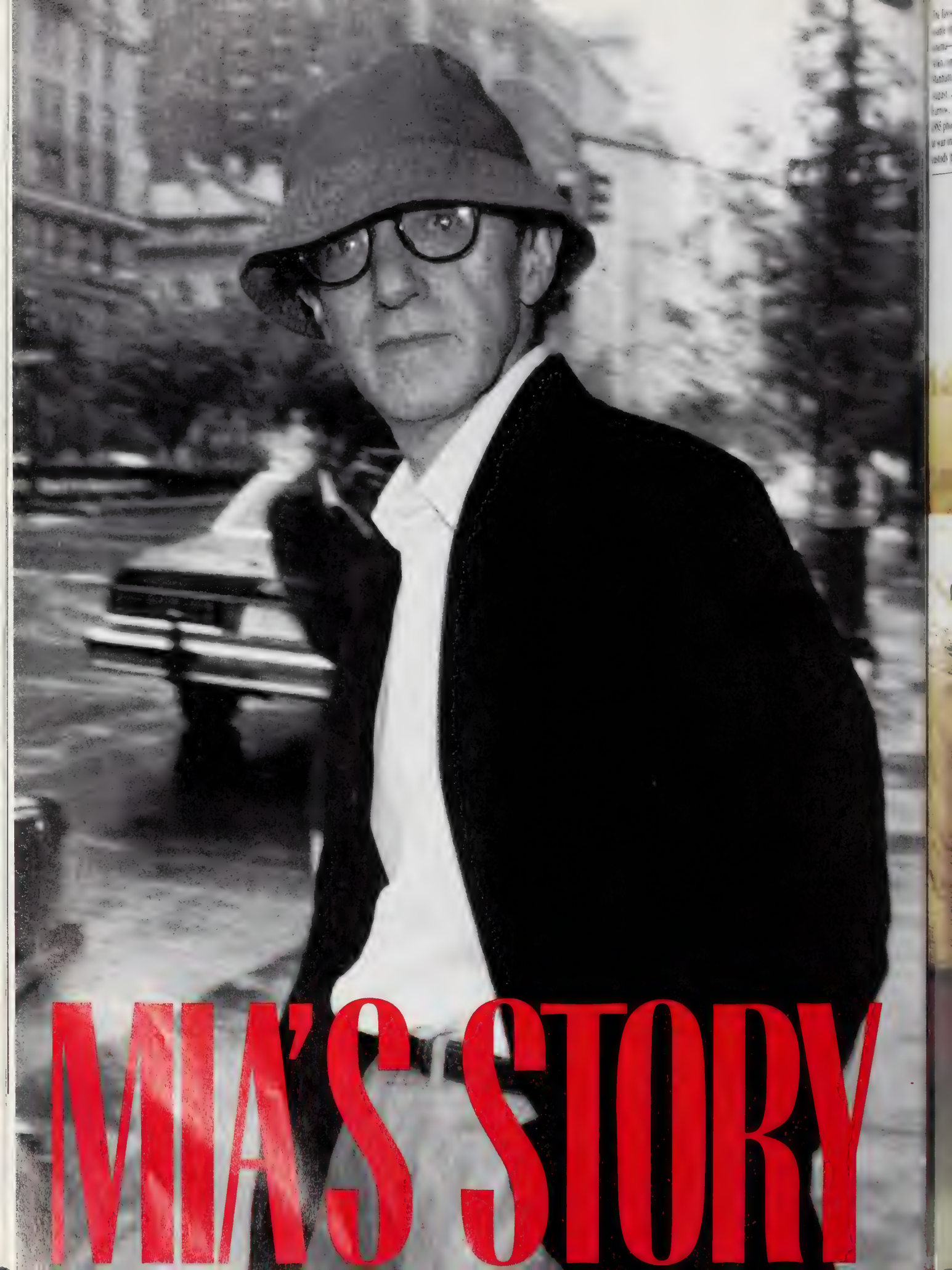
"Elizabeth is always impeccably dressed and made up," admits Krim, "her hair always just as she wants it. But she has to be like this because she's bigger than herself. The stress of having to live up to expectations, in terms of beauty, is becoming harder at her age, I'd imagine. It's more difficult to look gorgeous and sexy when one is 60 than when one is 35. It's remarkable that she can still do it and gets away with it."

Or that she wants to. As one friend observed, if Taylor didn't have to rise to the occasion in her appearances for AmFAR, she would probably at this stage in her life "stay home and eat."

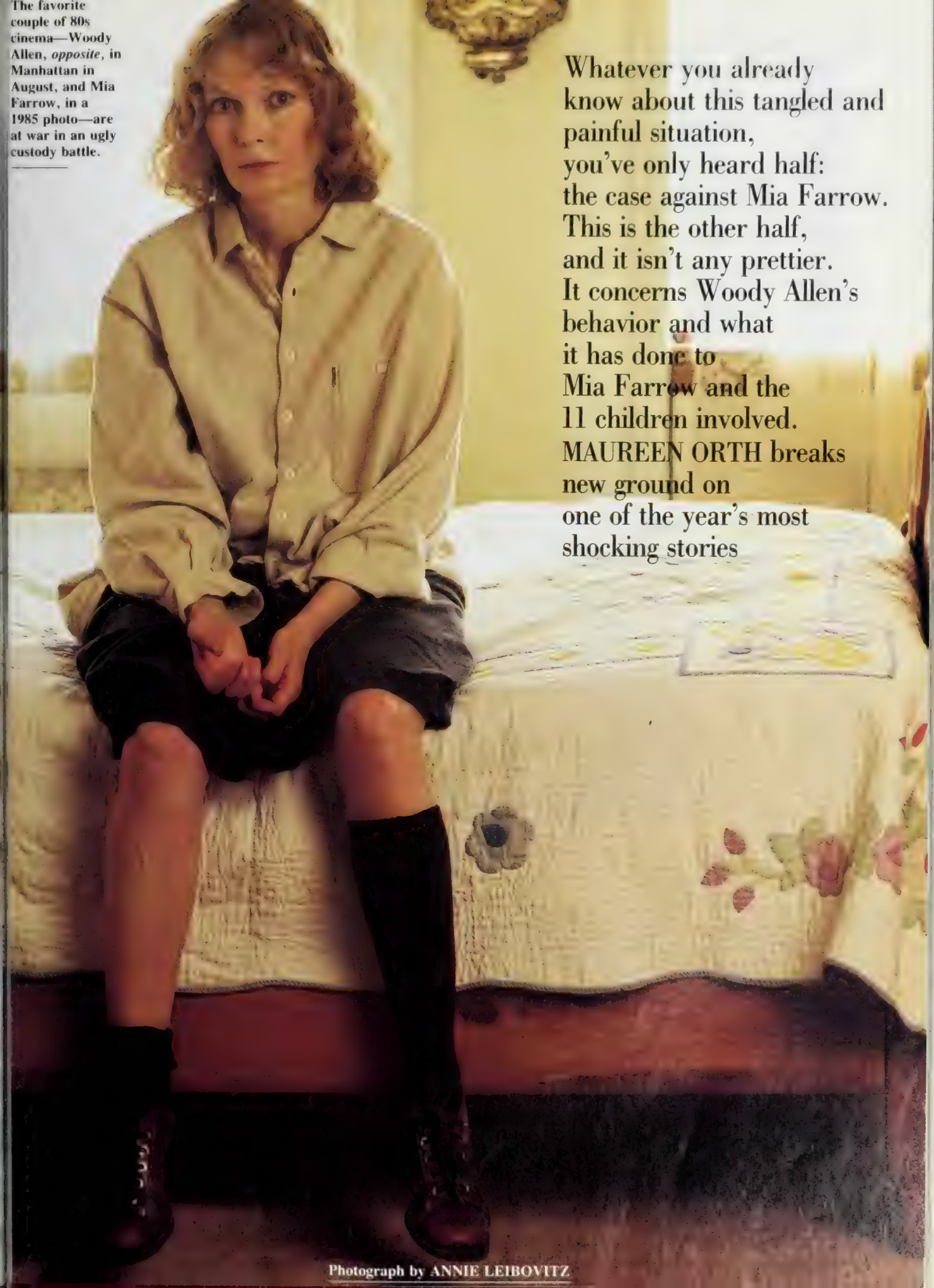
The public's love affair with Elizabeth Taylor baffles even some of her closest friends. "You'd think everyone would say, 'O.K., I've seen her,' " says songwriter Carole Bayer Sager, a close friend. "We're not talking about *the* Moment of Michael Jackson or Madonna, which five years from now will have been *a* moment. The reaction to Elizabeth is phenomenal."

Even at a Michael Jackson concert. Last summer, while at the International Conference on AIDS, Taylor drove from Amsterdam to Brussels to catch her good friend Jackson at work. When she arrived at the stadium, her limo cruised to the middle of the field. "All eyes were on the car," says a photographer who accompanied her. "As soon as the door opened and Elizabeth appeared, everyone turned away from the stage and started screaming, 'Liz! Liz! Liz!' And these were kids, not middle-aged people."

After the concert, because of car trouble, Taylor and company didn't pull back into *(Continued on page 262)*



MIA'S STORY



The favorite couple of 80s cinema—Woody Allen, *opposite*, in Manhattan in August, and Mia Farrow, in a 1985 photo—are at war in an ugly custody battle.

Whatever you already know about this tangled and painful situation, you've only heard half: the case against Mia Farrow. This is the other half, and it isn't any prettier. It concerns Woody Allen's behavior and what it has done to Mia Farrow and the 11 children involved. MAUREEN ORTH breaks new ground on one of the year's most shocking stories

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

There was an unwritten rule in Mia Farrow's house that Woody Allen was never supposed to be left alone with their seven-year-old adopted daughter, Dylan. Over the last two years, sources close to Farrow say, he has been discussing alleged "inappropriate" fatherly behavior toward Dylan in sessions with Dr. Susan Coates, a child psychologist. In more than two dozen interviews conducted for this article, most of them with individuals who are on intimate terms with the Mia Farrow household, Allen was described over and over as being completely obsessed with the bright little blonde girl. He could not seem to keep his hands off her. He would monopolize her totally, to the exclusion of her brothers and sisters, and spend hours whispering to her. She was fond of her daddy, but if she tried to go off and play, he would follow her from room to room, or he would sit and stare at her. During the school year, Allen would arrive early at Mia Farrow's West Side Manhattan apartment, sit on Dylan's bed and watch her wake up, and take her to school. At her birthday party last July, at Farrow's country house in Bridgewater, Connecticut, he promised that he would keep away from the children's table so that Dylan could enjoy her birthday party with her friends, but he seemed unable to do that. Allen, who was a fearful figure to many in the household, was so needy where Dylan was concerned that he hovered over her through the whole party, and when the cake arrived, he was right behind her, helping to blow out the candles.

Calling attention to someone's birthday-party behavior may seem trivial at best. However, Dr. Coates, who just happened to be in Mia's apartment to work with one of the other children, had only to witness a brief greeting between Woody and Dylan before she began a discussion with Mia that resulted in Woody's agreeing to address the issue through counseling. At that point Coates didn't know that, according to several sources, Woody, wearing just underwear, would take Dylan to bed with him and entwine his body around hers; or that he would have her suck his thumb; or that often when Dylan went over to his apartment he would head straight for the bedroom with her so that they could get into bed and play. He called Mia a "spoilsport" when she objected to what she referred to as "wooing." Mia has told people that he said that her concerns were her own sickness, and that he was just being warm. For a long time, Mia backed down. Her love for Woody had always been mixed with fear. He could reduce her to a pulp when he gave vent to his temper, but she was also in awe of him, because he always presented himself as "a morally superior person."

One summer day in Connecticut, when Dylan was four and Woody was applying suntan lotion to her nude body, he alarmed Mia's mother, actress Maureen O'Sullivan, and sister Tisa Farrow when he began rubbing his finger in the crack between her buttocks. Mia grabbed the lotion out of his hand, and O'Sullivan asked, "How do you want to be remembered by your children?" "As a good father," Woody answered. "Well, that's interesting," O'Sullivan replied. "It only lasted a few seconds, but it was definitely weird," says Tisa Farrow.

Woody's own mother was heard to remark on his fawning behavior with Dylan when Woody and Mia would take the children over for visits. "She's the Wicked Witch of the West, Dylan," Woody, who seemed to have intense negative feelings for his mother, once said to the little girl. "Twist her nose off."

> Several times while Woody was visiting, Dylan locked herself in the bathroom, refusing to come out for hours.

No such favoritism was shown toward four-and-a-half-year-old Satchel, Woody's own son by Mia. Father and son seemed to have been allergic to each other from the start. Mia told friends that Woody appeared to be disturbed by her cesarean, from which she took a long time to recover; he was aghast at her nursing, particularly at a tube device that carried milk from a bottle down next to her nipple during the first week to give the baby formula when her own milk didn't come in immediately, as well as at the fact that Satchel wasn't fully weaned until he was two and a half. She said that Woody referred to the baby, who cried a lot, as "the little bastard," and that once, when Satchel kicked Woody, Woody twisted Satchel's leg until he screamed, and said, "Do that again and I'll break your legs." On another occasion, Satchel poked Dylan in the eye in Woody's presence. Woody scooped up the little girl, cradled her in his arms, and railed obscenely at Satchel. "I just don't buy it when a parent becomes so constantly angry at such a little boy," says Casey Pascal, who witnessed the scene. Pascal, Mia's friend since boarding-school days in England, also has a seven-year-old, plus twins Satchel's age, and often visits Mia both in the country and in the city. "Woody clearly said he wanted a girl. Satchel was wrong from the beginning for him."

Dylan, who has just begun second grade, tests in the upper-

90th percentile. Contrary to recent reports in the press, she has, according to family members, never been in therapy for an inability to distinguish fantasy from reality. She has been in therapy for separation anxiety (she didn't want to be left by her parents at nursery school) and for her shyness. Indeed, people wondered how she could cope with so much doting attention from her father—behavior that many people frankly didn't know what to make of. "When she just wanted to giggle and run away and play, he'd be right behind her. And I just looked at it, and I'd shake my head and think, I hope this is a great thing," says Pascal. "It was to the point that when we would go over there I wouldn't run over and talk to her or anything. I'd talk to Satchel, but it's like you don't even dare talk to Dylan when he's around." And was Pascal aware of the rule that Woody was never to be left alone with Dylan?

"It was a really good rule," she says. "There was no other way she could get away and get out."

Several times last summer, while Woody was visiting in Connecticut, Dylan locked herself in the bathroom, refusing to come out for hours. Once, one of the baby-sitters had to use a coat hanger to pick the lock. Dylan often complained of stomachaches and headaches when Woody visited; she would have to lie down. When he left, the symptoms would disappear. At times Dylan became so withdrawn when her father was around that she would not speak normally, but would pretend to be an animal.



As they were: Soon-Yi, Woody, and Mia carrying Dylan, crossing a New York street in 1985.

On August 4, Woody was in Connecticut to visit the children, and Mia and Casey went shopping, taking along Mia's two most recently adopted children—a blind Vietnamese girl named Tam, 11, and Isaiah, a seven-month-old black baby born to a crack-addicted mother. While they were gone, there was a brief period, perhaps 15 minutes, when Woody and Dylan vanished from sight. The baby-sitter who was inside searched high and low for them through the cluttered old farmhouse, but she couldn't find them. The outside baby-sitter, after a look at the grounds around the house, concluded the two must be inside somewhere. When Mia got home a short time later, Dylan and Woody were outside, and Dylan didn't have any underpants on. (Allen later said that he had not been alone with Dylan. He refused to submit hair and fingerprint samples to the Connecticut state police or to cooperate unless he was assured that nothing he said would be used against him.) Woody, who hated the country and reportedly brought his own bath mat to avoid germs, spent the night in a guest room off the laundry next to the garage and left the next morning.

That day, August 5, Casey called Mia to report something her baby-sitter had told her. The day before, Casey's baby-sitter had been in the house looking for one of the three Pascal children and had been startled when she walked into the TV room. Dylan was on the sofa, wearing a dress, and Woody was kneeling on the floor holding her, with his face in her lap. The baby-sitter did not consider it "a fatherly pose," but more like something you'd say "Oops, excuse me" to if both had been adults. She told police later that she was shocked. "It just seemed very intimate. He seemed very comfortable."

As soon as Mia asked Dylan about it, Dylan began to tell a harrowing story, in dribs and drabs but in excruciating detail. According to her account, she and Daddy went to the attic (not really an attic, just a small crawl space off the closet in Mia's bedroom where the children play), and Daddy told her that if she stayed very still he would put her in his movie and take her to Paris. He touched her "private part." Dylan said she told him, "It hurts. I'm just a little kid." Then she told Mia, "Kids have to do what grown-ups say." Mia, who has a small Beta video camera and frequently records her large brood, made a tape of Dylan for Dylan's psychologist, who was in France at the time. "I don't want to be in a movie with my daddy," Dylan said, and asked, "Did your daddy ever do that to you?"

According to people close to the situation, Mia called her lawyer, who told her to take Dylan to her pediatrician in New Milford. When the doctor asked where her private part was, Dylan pointed to her shoulder. A few minutes later, over ice cream, she told Mia that she had been embarrassed to have to say anything about this to the doctor. Mia asked which story was true, because it was important that they know. They went back to the doctor the next day, and Dylan repeated her original story—one that has stayed consistent through many tellings to the authorities, who are in possession of the tape Mia made. The doctor examined Dylan and found that she was intact. He called his lawyer and then told Mia he was bound by law to report Dylan's story to the police.

Mia, who never sought to make the allegations public, also told Dr. Coates, who is one of three therapists Woody Allen has seen on a regular basis. Coates too told Mia that



Togetherness: On the balcony of Mia's Manhattan apartment watching the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in 1990, from left, Mia, Dylan, Daisy, Moses, Woody, Satchel, and Lark.

ARNALDO MAGNANI

When Mia saw the photos, she told friends, "I felt wa

she would have to report Dylan's account to the New York authorities, but that she would also tell Woody. Mia burst out crying, she was so afraid. Ironically, the next day, August 6, Woody and Mia were supposed to sign an elaborate child-support-and-custody agreement, months in the negotiating, giving Mia $6,000 a month for the support of Satchel and Dylan and 15-year-old Moses, the other child of Mia's whom Woody had adopted on December 17, 1991. Mia believed Woody's sessions with Dr. Coates had definitely improved his demeanor with Dylan, but because of her concern about Woody's past history, she had insisted that he not have unsupervised visitation until Dylan and Satchel were through the sixth grade, and that he no longer be able to sleep over at her country house, as he had so far insisted on doing, but stay in a guest cottage across the pond.

One of Mia's lawyers, Paul Martin Weltz, notified Woody's lawyer J. Martin Obten of an incident by hand-delivered letter. On August 13, Allen's lawyers responded with a jolting pre-emptive strike. They filed a custody suit against Mia Farrow, charging that she was an unfit mother. They have also denied any suggestion of child abuse or therapy for it.

In Houston the week Mia and Woody's problems surfaced publicly, the Republicans at their national convention were unsheathing rhetorical swords to do battle over family values. But the war over the meaning and value of family between Mia Farrow and Woody Allen knocked George Bush and Dan Quayle off the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Woody told *Time*, "Suddenly I got a memo from her lawyers saying no more visits at all. Something had taken place. When I called Mia, she just slammed down the phone. And then I was told by my lawyers she was accusing me of child



vas looking straight into the face of pure evil."

nolestation. I thought this was so crazy and so sick that I cannot in all conscience leave those kids in that atmosphere. So I said, I realize this is going to be rough, but I'm going to sue for custody of the children."

The stage was set for a gripping morality play starring wo people so famous that they are routinely referred to by heir first names the world over. Their reputations and ca-eers were suddenly at stake, and the lives of innocent hildren and a young college student were caught in the cross fire. Woody Allen maintained he had done nothing wrong, but suddenly he was under criminal investigation because of statements Dylan had made. Things had begun o unravel seven months earlier, when Farrow discovered hat Allen was having an affair with her 19- or 21-year-old adopted Korean daughter, Soon-Yi. Was it incest? Mia Farrow believed Allen to be a father figure to 9 of her 11 hildren, not just to Satchel and the 2 he had adopted, and felt that his behavior could not be excused or rationalized.

Farrow—who, contrary to Allen's subsequent assertions that their relationship was nearly over by January, still thought they would be spending the rest of their lives together—made the discovery of Allen's affair with Soon-Yi when she found a stack of Polaroids taken by him of her daughter, her legs spread in full frontal nudity. Woody would later say publicly that the pictures had been taken because Soon-Yi was interested in modeling. Mia found the pictures while she was in Woody's apartment waiting for one of the children to complete a play-therapy session with a psychologist. (Until recently, Allen paid for all these shrinks; therapy was considered "a family tradition.") The pictures were under a box of tissues on Allen's mantel. Each managed to contain both her daughter's face and vagina, and when Mia saw them, she later told others, "I felt I was looking straight into the face of pure evil."

"The charges will never go forward. Woody will be cleared of all that, he'll see his kids, they'll come to some settlement," says Letty Aronson, Woody Allen's sister, who categorically denies that Woody was ever in therapy for inappropriate behavior toward Dylan, or that he ever favored Dylan over Satchel. "He'll be the giant in the industry he is," she continues, "and she'll be exactly what she is—in my opinion, Woody notwithstanding—a second-rate actress, a bad mother, a completely dishonest person, and someone who is operating completely out of vindictiveness."

Those close to Allen have insisted that the alleged incident with Dylan described above never occurred, and that the longest period of time unaccounted for on the afternoon of August 4 was less than five minutes, although a principal involved has given an affidavit to Connecticut police stating clearly that the time was at least twice that long. Woody's lawyers say that he has passed a lie-detector test, and Woody's side charges that the videotape is suspect because it was made in a series of stops and starts. They also maintain that Dylan's story is either a fabrication of Dylan's or a fabrication of Mia's that she talked the little girl into telling. They say that Mia favors her own biological children, and that once Woody's son, Satchel, was born, Mia lost interest in Dylan, and Woody took up the slack of parenting. They point out that Mia wrote a glowing letter to the judge in favor of Woody's adopting Dylan and Moses only a short time before she discovered that he was "taking Soon-Yi out." (According to Paul Weltz, who handled the adoptions, "There was no glowing letter. It was an affirmative affidavit consenting to the adoption, but at all times reserving her rights as a custodial parent.")

"I didn't find any moral dilemmas whatsoever," Woody told *Time* about his relationship with Soon-Yi. "I didn't feel that just because she was Mia's daughter, there was any great moral dilemma. It was a fact, but not one with any great import. It wasn't like she was my daughter."

Nothing could have hurt Mia Farrow more. Having been born to privilege in old Hollywood, she was carrying on a family tradition by acting, but she had also grown up one of seven children in a very Catholic and peripatetic household. The ideal of family, in theory at least, was sacred, but *(Continued on page 294)*

Bathing Béart-y

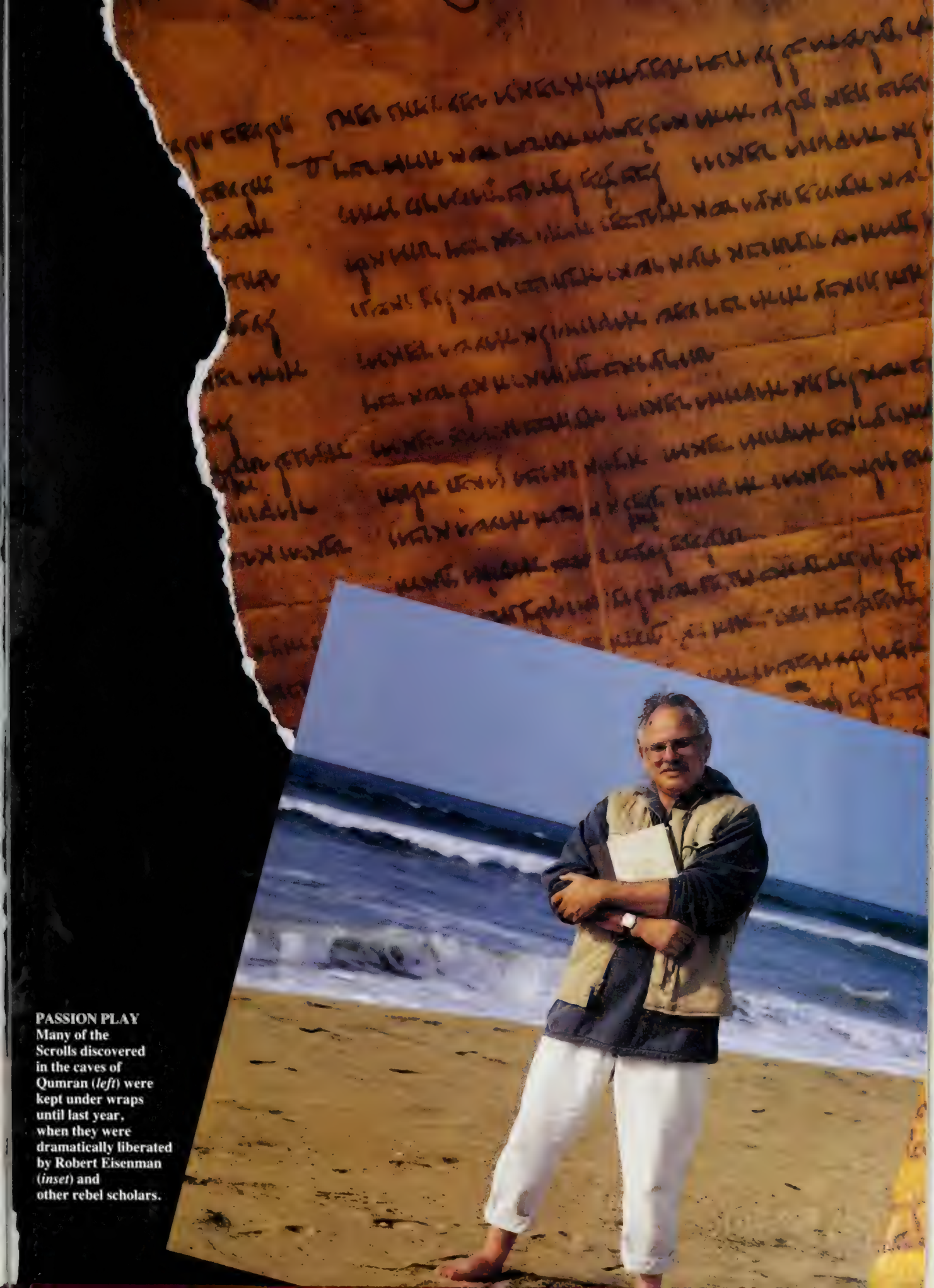
It was definitely more of a splash than a splish in the French press when the lovely actress Emmanuelle Béart announced she was pregnant by her live-in lover and frequent co-star, Daniel Auteuil. *Formidable!* The baby is due this month. (Possible names: Nelly, Louise, Elodie, Pablo, David.) Béart and Auteuil have been darlings since 1984, though they kept it a secret for two years. Since then, *Paris Match* has described the liaison this way: "*Un couple mythique naissait. Un grand acteur était amoureux d'une grande actrice, qui lui rendait la pareille.*" (Ahem. "A couple mythical was born. A large actor had been amorous with a large actress, who rendered him the parallel.") O.K., that's probably a *very rough* translation—high-school French seems so long ago—and possibly one or two words are imprecise. But you get the idea: two beloved and talented stars had found common ground, and a nation rejoiced.

Béart's films include *Jean de Florette, Manon of the Spring, La Belle Noiseuse,* and her latest, with Auteuil, *Un Coeur en Hiver (A Heart in Winter),* which just won a Silver Lion at the Venice film festival. You may also recognize her as the "new presence"—that is, spokesperson—for Princess Marcella Borghese. *Enfin,* we are felicitating the couple mythical on their recent successes personal and professional! Emmanuelle. Daniel. And baby, it is making three. —**GEORGE KALOGERAKIS**

EMMANUELLE BÉART

Bubbly French film beauty is big in Venice.

Photograph by PAMELA HANSON



PASSION PLAY
Many of the Scrolls discovered in the caves of Qumran (*left*) were kept under wraps until last year, when they were dramatically liberated by Robert Eisenman (*inset*) and other rebel scholars.



RAIDER OF THE LOST ARK
Vendy Jones at the "Cave of the Column."

PART ONE
An Expedition to the Dead Sea Caves in a Time of Scroll Fever

In Which We Sniff the Temple Incense Unearthed by "Indiana" Jones and Learn About the Rabbi Who Heard the Breath of God

The Judaean desert. Remember that "voice crying in the wilderness" in the Scriptures? This is that wilderness, God's proving ground. This is the place where many believed the Messiah would materialize. The place where the End would begin.

This vista of ancient barren hills inhabited mainly by scorpions and vipers (and a few scattered Bedouin shepherds living in tents like Abraham's) is arguably the most terrifyingly bleak landscape on the face of the earth. And—perhaps because of that—the most productive of fevered, world-shaking visionary encounters with God and the Devil. It was here that Elijah heard the Voice of the Lord while being kept alive by ravens. Here Jesus was tempted by Satan with visions of the power and glory of a worldly kingdom. Here John the Baptist lived on locusts and honey and decided the End was coming.

Beneath the limestone cliffs where the desert hills drop down to the sterile salt flats of the Dead Sea shore, at a place called Qumran, lie the crumbling, unroofed ruins of a 2,000-year-old "monastery" and the unmarked graves of its long-dead inhabitants. Here, in this sun-blasted wasteland, the lowest point on earth, the sunken navel of the world, we're trudging through a dusty graveyard in the ovenlike heat. My companions, a small group of American Christian scholars, are making a pilgrimage to the last resting place of the Dead Sea Scroll writers—the long-extinct, still-enigmatic sect of dissident Jewish visionary writers and biblical exegetes (ancient Harold Blooms!) who, some believe, were the Jews who invented Christianity.

The now anonymous writers in the graves beneath our feet managed to defy their hellhole setting to create a body of literature that would endure the world's most dismal publishing history for 19 centuries. And then would—after a sudden, sensational, mutilated resurrection—demonstrate an extraordinary power to haunt, obsess, and torment those who sought to divine their meaning.

The Qumran writers vanished from the face of the earth, or at least from the pages of history, sometime around 70 A.D., but, perhaps sensing their end was coming, they went to some trouble to see that their visions survived. They rolled up their scrolls in linen and sealed these mummified manuscripts into three-foot-high clay jars they stashed in caves in the cliffs above us. Hoping perhaps to return from exile—or the grave—to unroll the Scrolls in the presence of the Messiah in the New Jerusalem at the End of Time, which they thought was just a moment away. Instead, their work stayed buried until the spring of 1947 when, on the eve of the creation of a new Jerusalem in a new Israel, a Bedouin shepherd stumbled onto some of those jars in a cave—and the trouble began.

Part of the trouble was the product of secrecy: a small clique of scholars who came to control the 800 or so Scrolls in the 1950s kept many of them under wraps and out of sight for years while slowly issuing annotated editions which advanced their academic careers—a policy that engendered wild rumors about Suppressed Secrets of the Scrolls, Vatican conspiracies to cover up bombshell revelations about Jesus, and the like. The unpublished Scrolls became the focus of the same secrecy/paranoia dynamic that grew up around the unreleased J.F.K. files, only the purported stakes were even higher: not the identity of an assassin, but the identity of the Messiah.

But beneath the sensationalism, the sudden appearance of the Scrolls did pose a potentially serious challenge to the official versions, both Christian and Jewish, of that moment when what we now know as Judaism and Christianity turned against each other with centuries of tragic consequences. Were the Scroll writers "Essenes," a pacifist, separatist, celibate sect, as scholarly and spiritual orthodoxy prefers to believe—relatively irrelevant to the life of Jesus? Or were they the heretics who taught "Christianity" to Christ?

Until now the debate has been handicapped by the inaccessibility of hundreds of fragmentary Scroll texts kept from view by the scholarly "cartel" that monopolized them. But last year an open rebellion by outside scholars, led by Professor Robert Eisenman and Hershel Shanks, crusading editor of *Biblical Archaeology Review*, "lib-

The rabbi heard a sound he said he knew



THE FALLEN ANGEL OF THE SCROLLS
John Strugnell, in exile at his Cambridge office

erated'' the unpublished Scrolls—brought out a comprehensive edition of bootlegged photographs of the long-unseen fragments. And this month, with the first book of English translations being rushed into print by Eisenman, the Long Lost Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls will become public and the Final Battle will begin—over what they really *mean*.

In fact—although I can't disclose this to my companions, having been sworn to silence by Professor Eisenman—I'm carrying on my person transcripts of his first translations of some of the most significant ''unpublished'' texts. As the first nonscholar to read these fragments of the Qumran legacy in 1,900 years, I'd felt it somehow appropriate to bring the newly liberated works back to the graves of their long-silent authors.

Because beyond my interest in their work as explosive ammunition for theological and historical debate, I'd found myself, in the course of reading the Scrolls, compelled to respect these writers for the power and the pathos of their prose, to admire them as *writers*.

Their pathos: you can feel it in this graveyard.

''Look at the way they buried their dead,'' says one of my companions, James Tabor, professor of religious studies at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. Tabor points down at the faint but regular depressions in the stony dust of the burial ground. ''See the way the graves are lined up in a north-south direction.'' He gestures toward the heat shimmers in the distance. ''The way they interpreted the prophetic texts, they thought the Messiah would appear north of here and wake them from the dead on the Day of Judgment. If they were buried facing north, the first thing they'd see when they awoke from the grave would be His face.''

They'd fled what they regarded as the impurities defiling temple worship in Roman-controlled Jerusalem to live here in purity and prepare for the Day of Reckoning. They called themselves the Children of Light, wore only white garments, and devoted themselves to a life of rigorously devotional communal living, the better to bring on the Messiah and the Final Battle with the Evil Ones, the Children of Darkness. They died before it happened, but went to their deaths certain they'd wake up to glory one timeless moment later, when the graves beneath us would burst open, the dry bones jump up and clothe themselves with flesh to greet the Messiah.

It didn't happen that way. This is the historical pathos of the Qumran writers, one that may be at the heart of their power to appeal to us: the urgent sense in their work of *belatedness*, of being—like us—in an apocalyptic holding pattern at the End of History, trapped in a pre-millennial moment, helplessly enduring the cruel reign of the Children of Darkness, sensing that God is late, or worse, has fled. Leaving them to pine desperately for the End.

They're still waiting, these bones in the graveyard, the last prayer on their lips before they died a refrain familiar to us: the first-century equivalent of *Apocalypse Now!*

Hiking up the dry, rock-strewn ravine known as Wadi Qumran that afternoon, Jim Tabor pointed out a cleft in the cliff above, which looked like it might be a newly opened cave. There was a dicey moment as one of our party made a risky climb up the cliff wall to see if he could reach it. We all watched nervously from below, holding our breath as the climber inched his way toward the tantalizing cleft: the closer he got to it, the more he kept losing his footing, slipping perilously, desperately trying to grip the cliff face, only to find it crumbling to dust in his hands. Finally, just a few feet short, he had to abandon the effort without resolving whether he'd uncovered a new Dead Sea cave or just a dead end.

We were witnessing, of course, a metaphor for the quests the Dead Sea Scrolls have inspired over the last half-century. The high stakes and the profound frustrations, the uncertain foundation the Scroll fragments give to those who seek the fingerprints of God in them.

In the four decades since they surfaced, the Scrolls have driven a remarkable number of scholars, mystics, seekers, Messiah theorists, and apocalypse freaks (and some who are all of the above) to make some remarkable claims about ''explosive'' discoveries. But few so literally explosive as the discovery announced to the world here at the Qumran cliffs in May of this year by Dr. Vendyl ''Indiana'' Jones.

Dr. Jones is the flamboyant 62-year-old Texas-born preacher turned biblical archaeologist whose quest for the legendary Lost Ark of the Covenant pre-dated (and postdated) Steven Spielberg's Indiana Jones character. Although Vendyl Jones doesn't exactly say Spielberg lifted his life for

or sure was the roaring breath of God.

When you go into Scroll study, one schola

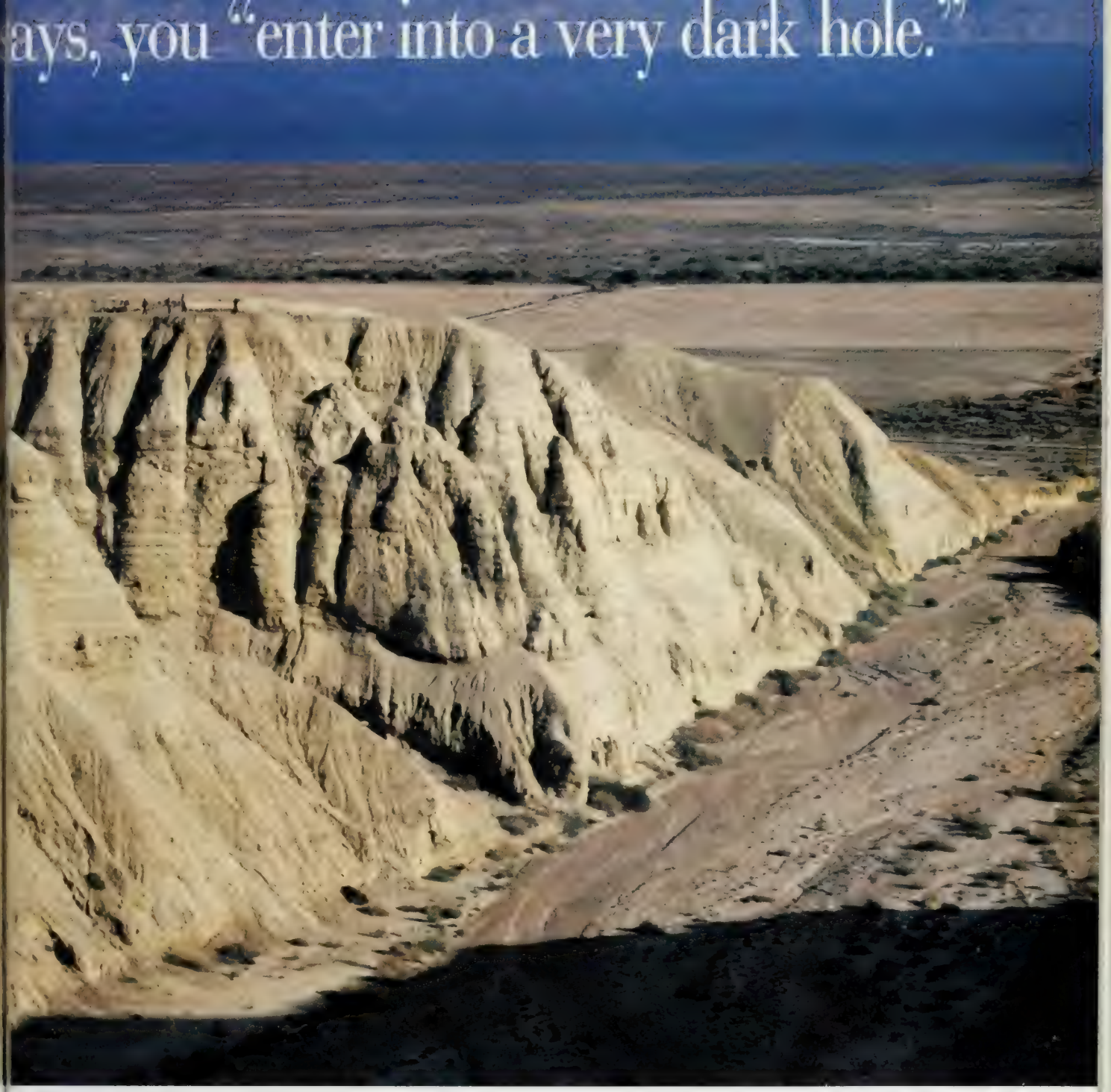


APOCALYPSE NOW
Perhaps sensing their end was coming, the Children of Light rolled up their Scrolls, sealed them in clay jars (*inset*), and stored them in caves in the cliffs above Qumran (*right*).

Raiders of the Lost Ark (and the evidence suggests he didn't), he's not been shy about pointing out the parallels between Indy Jones and "Vendy" Jones, as he's sometimes referred to. While Indy went on to pursue the Holy Grail, Vendy is still on the trail of the Lost Ark. The Ark, you'll recall from the biblical legend, was the physical repository of the Ten Commandments, the tablets Moses brought down from Sinai. The Ark was also, some said, the locus of the very Presence of God Himself.

Vendy Jones believes he can find the Lost Ark using the Copper Scroll, a highly anomalous Dead Sea Scroll, not only because it's the only one inscribed on metal but also because it seems to be less a theological document than some kind of treasure map. Some scholars believe that the Copper Scroll's cryptic directions to vast quantities of precious metals—tons of gold and silver—are descriptions of metaphorical treasures. But Jones, following in the footsteps of one of the first great Scroll heretics, Oxford's John Allegro, is convinced the Copper Scroll is a map of *real* treasures—the treasures of the Second Temple hidden by the high priests before the Romans sacked it in 70 A.D. And, more important, a map to the sacred vestments, ritual implements, and relics of priestly worship stashed away against the time when the Temple would be rebuilt to greet the Messiah in the New Jerusalem.

In May, Jones summoned the international media to a dramatic dawn press conference in the mouth of a Dead Sea cave he believes is the "Cave of the Column," as described in the Copper Scroll. And they came. Vendy had some credibility going for him on the basis of a previous find: *The New*



York Times had front-paged a 1988 discovery at one of his nearby digs, a jug of anointing oil that dated back to the time of the Second Temple. And so CNN, CBS, and the European media all trekked out to Qumran at dawn to witness the bald, sunburned, drawling Texas preacher in pith helmet and desert gear emerge from the cave with his hands full of a "fine reddish-brown powder" and proclaim his momentous find: the ritual incense of the Second Temple. The sacred substance priests burned to perfume and purify the Holy of Holies. Furthermore, he told reporters, the find led him to believe he was closing in on the Ark of the Covenant itself.

It was, by all accounts, a strange press conference. Jones offered handfuls of the purportedly sacred substance for reporters to smell. Told them he'd come upon 900 pounds of it in a man-made chamber 14 feet beneath the cave floor. Gave them a chemical analysis on the stationery of Israel's famed Weizmann Institute of Science/Department of Nuclear Physics, and issued a press release quoting the analyst to the effect that the "atomic fingerprints" of the elixirs of the Temple incense—the frankincense, myrrh, saffron, and spikenard—were present in the powder.

Yes, *on the stationery* of the Weizmann Institute. As we'll see, there were some problems there, but nothing compared with the problems Vendy Jones suddenly got from the Israeli authorities.

Vendy later conceded to me that he knew why he'd made the Israelis nervous: in the powder-keg context of Arab-Israeli relations, Vendy's magic powder had explosive potential. The discovery of any alleged relics of the Second

Temple has the power to feed the flames and the fantasies of fundamentalist fanatics, some of whom believe they can prepare the way for the Messiah by replicating and reconstructing every last feature of the Second Temple, from the precise kind of thread woven into the vestments of the priests to the exact chemical composition of the sacred incense. The problem is that the hilltop site of the Second Temple (known as Temple Mount) is now occupied by the third-holiest Muslim shrine in the world, the Dome of the Rock, the promontory from which Muhammad ascended to heaven. In the mid-80s there were spectacular arrests of bomb-carrying Messiah fanatics determined to begin rebuilding the Temple even if it meant blowing up the Dome of the Rock and touching off a holy war—indeed, *because* such a conflagration might bring the Messiah sooner for the Final Battle.

Which may explain why Israeli authorities showed up at the "Cave of the Column" the day after the press conference and yanked Jones's dig permit.

Vendy packed up and left, but he vows he will return. From his headquarters at the Institute of Judaic-Christian Research in Arlington, Texas, Jones, a former Baptist who now calls himself a "non-Jewish believer in Judaism," tells me he's raising money for a new expedition. Last time, he says, he was *this* close to the Ark itself. At the time the Israelis closed down his dig, he and his crew had explored "six of the seven underground chambers in the Cave of the Column." He's convinced from the decryptions of the Copper Scroll made by his Israeli wife, Zahava, that the Ark must be there, in the seventh chamber.

But if it's not *there*, he assured me, he knows where it's *got* to be. Using what he calls "remote sensing technology" applied to aerial photographs of the Dead Sea wilderness site of Gilgal, he believes he can pinpoint another possible hiding place for the Ark. Remote sensing devices, he explains, can pick up things like "compression of dirt and traces of ancient trails" in a desert wilderness. He starts telling me about the time the Ark was seen at Gilgal: when the people of Israel gathered there for a mass circumcision before crossing over to the Promised Land. "They didn't circumcise in the wilderness," Jones says. "And there *(Continued on page 286)*

SPOTLIGHT

Type O Behavior

If you thought Gary Oldman looked wan and sickly playing Lee Harvey Oswald in *JFK*—not to mention Sid Vicious in *Sid & Nancy*—behold the picture at right. That's Oldman made up for the lead role in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, lording it over three fellow travelers who appear to have misapplied their lipstick. Not pictured, alas, are cast members Anthony Hopkins, Winona Ryder, and Keanu Reeves—they're the good guys. The film, directed by Francis Ford Coppola, is due this month.

Mr. Stoker, as you may recall, wrote the original Dracula novel back in 1897, but is better known today as the first person in Hollywood history to get his name in a movie title without benefit of a very good agent. Still, we suspect that in the end this *Dracula* will be wholly Francis Ford Coppola's. Vampirism is certainly one of our more hot-blooded myths, coursing with sexual fear and aggression, and Coppola one of our more hot-blooded directors, rarely flinching in the face of possible excess. Indeed, he has ordered up a costume design based in part on the paintings of Gustav Klimt, the *fin de siècle* master of the decadently ornate. In other words, moviegoers interested in a polite, tidy, drawing-room sort of *Dracula* had best stay home.

What variations on Stoker's familiar themes will we notice in Coppola's allegedly more faithful retelling? For one, this Dracula can metamorphose into rats or a wolf as well as the standard-issue bat. Plus, unlike Bela Lugosi's or Christopher Lee's versions—or even George Hamilton's—Oldman's count is called upon to speak in authentic Romanian. Our favorite new personality tic is this, however: when Dracula goes into seduction mode, instead of the usual hypnotic stare and hammy "Velcome," he now breaks out a bottle of absinthe—even undead swingers know that liquor is quicker. —**BRUCE HANDY**

DRACULA AND HIS WIVES

Gary Oldman in the title role, with Sadie Frost, Michaela, and Monica Bellucci.

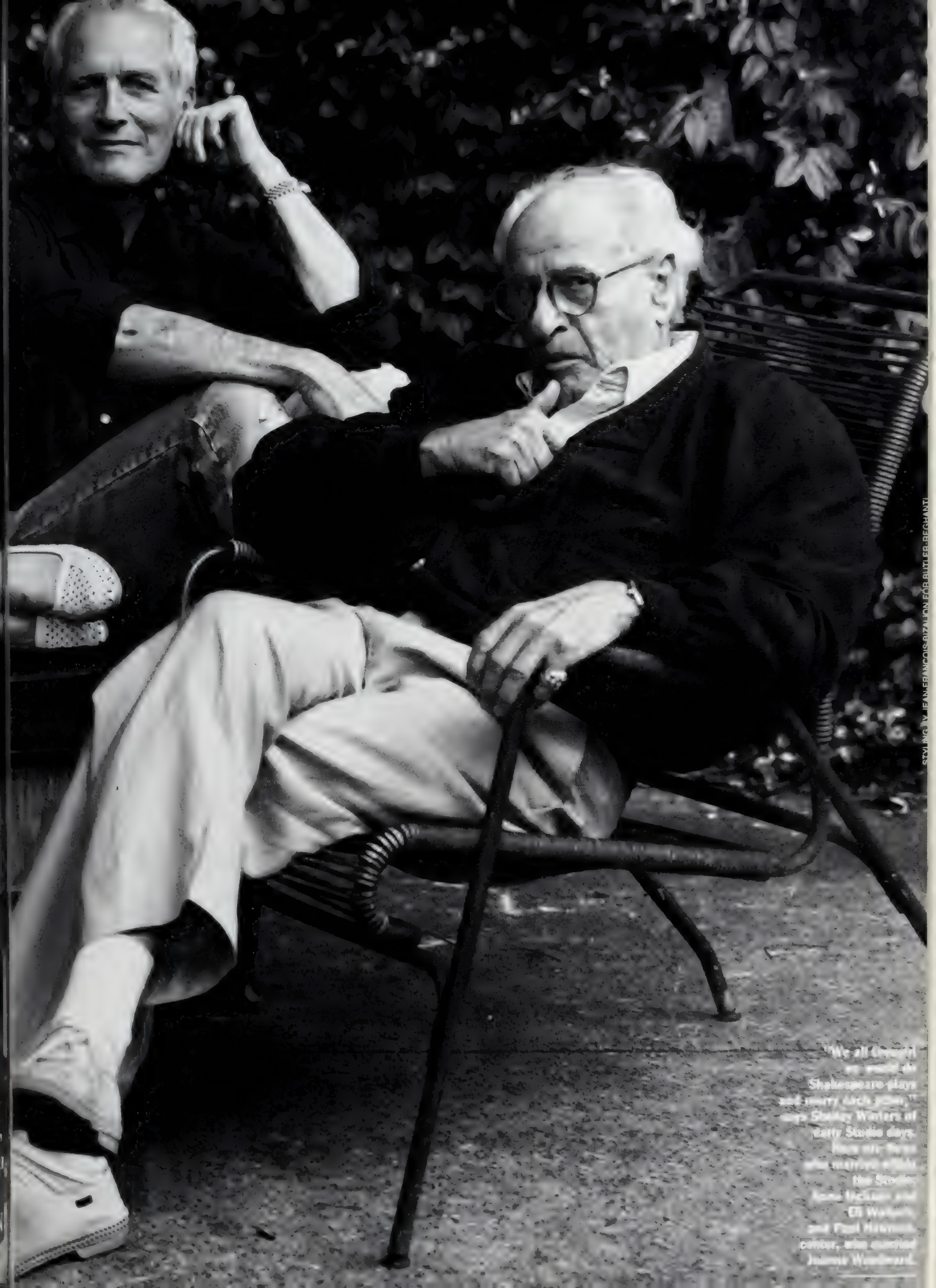
Photograph by HELMUT NEWTON



Studio System



The Actors Studio—as in Newman, Wallach, Brando, Walken, Pacino, Hopper, Gazzara, Dean, Winters, Page, Garr, Silver, Kazan, Woodward, Poitier, and a pair of Dorns (Bruce, Laura), to name only a few—is celebrating its 45th year. A number of the group's more illustrious members reunited for this portfolio by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ and talked to JOANNE KAUFMAN about the late Lee Strasberg and his methods.



"We all thought we would do Shakespeare plays and marry rich guys," says Shirley Winters of early Stanley days. Here are two who realized their dreams: the Stanley home in Atlanta and Eli Wallach, and Paul Newman, center, who married Joanne Woodward.

Lesson number one: Don't use the word "school." "The Actors Studio is not a school," corrects the voice on the phone at 432 West 44th Street. "It's a theater laboratory."

"Are there any classes I could observe?"

"We do not have classes, we have sessions."

"Well, could I talk to some teachers?"

"We don't call them teachers. They're moderators."

"O.K., how about talking to some alumni?"

"The Studio has no graduates. Once you're a member, you're always a member."

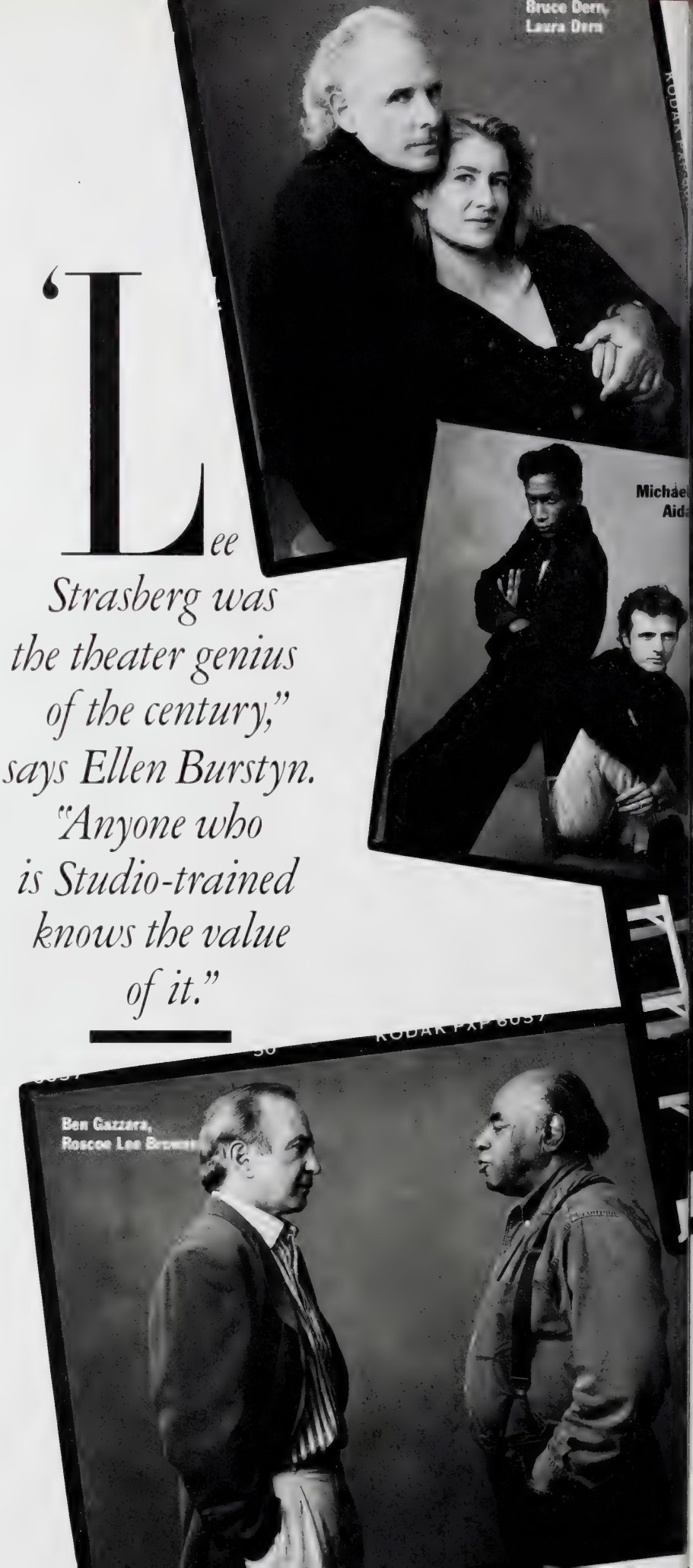
For much of its 45 years, the Actors Studio has been misunderstood, misinterpreted, and ridiculed, sometimes quite justifiably, by outsiders. The much-vaunted "Method" was regarded as a not-so-fine madness—reportedly, one had "to feeeeeeel" a role before playing it—which equipped practitioners with the skills to play only kitchen dramas. And the Studio's various exercises—sense memory, affective memory, and the so-called private moments and as-if improvisations—were viewed at best as jejune and self-indulgent, at worst as psycho-rape. "Work on a building site rather than go to a 'method' studio," Laurence Olivier advised in his book *On Acting*.

"I've always been annoyed that the Actors Studio talks about gut feelings, that it has to come from the inside, that technique is secondary," says the actor Philip Bosco. "I think the Actors Studio has been detrimental. It has sidetracked the theatrical community from the essentials."

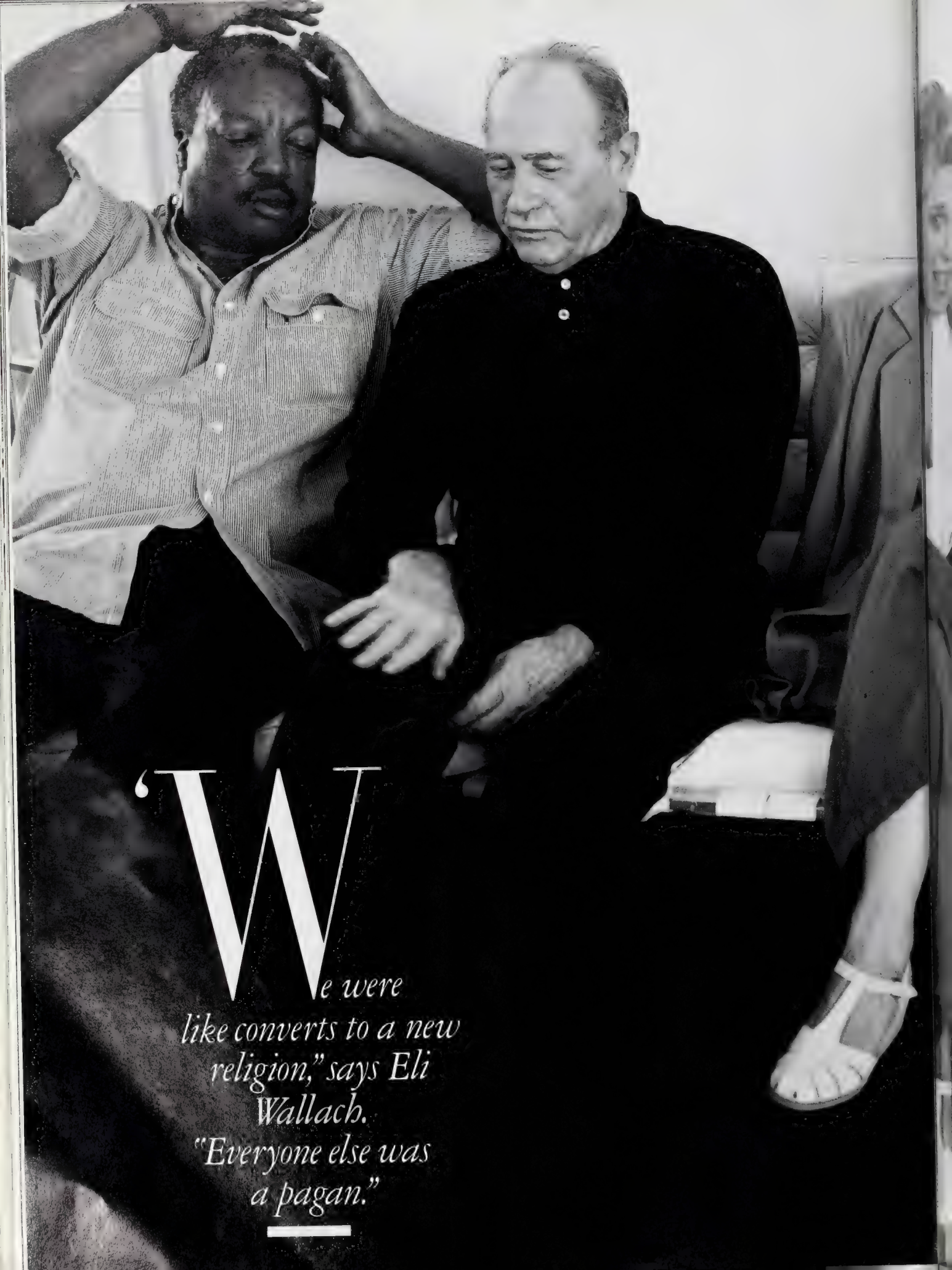
As for the members themselves, well, they were seen as grunting, jittery, brooding mumblers—and not quite clean mumblers at that. "There were actors who called us the torn-T-shirt type of acting," says Ben Gazzara, a graduate—or, rather, member. "They said that what we needed was acting class and a bath. It was true. Some people at the Studio should have taken baths."

But to believers—Studio members such as James Dean, Marlon Brando, Geraldine Page, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Robert Duvall, Sidney Poitier, Ellen Burstyn, Shelley Winters, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Estelle Par-

"Lee Strasberg was the theater genius of the century," says Ellen Burstyn. "Anyone who is Studio-trained knows the value of it."




Christopher Walken
Joanne Woodward,
Diane Ladd,
Ellen Burstyn
Ron Silver,
Shelley Winters
Ron Silver
Eva Marie Sa
Frances Fisher
Melissa Gilbert Brinkman
Shelley Winters
Teri Garr
Peter Masterson,
Carlin Glynn,
Mary Stuart Masterson
Elia Kazan



"We were like converts to a new religion," says Eli Wallach. "Everyone else was a pagan."

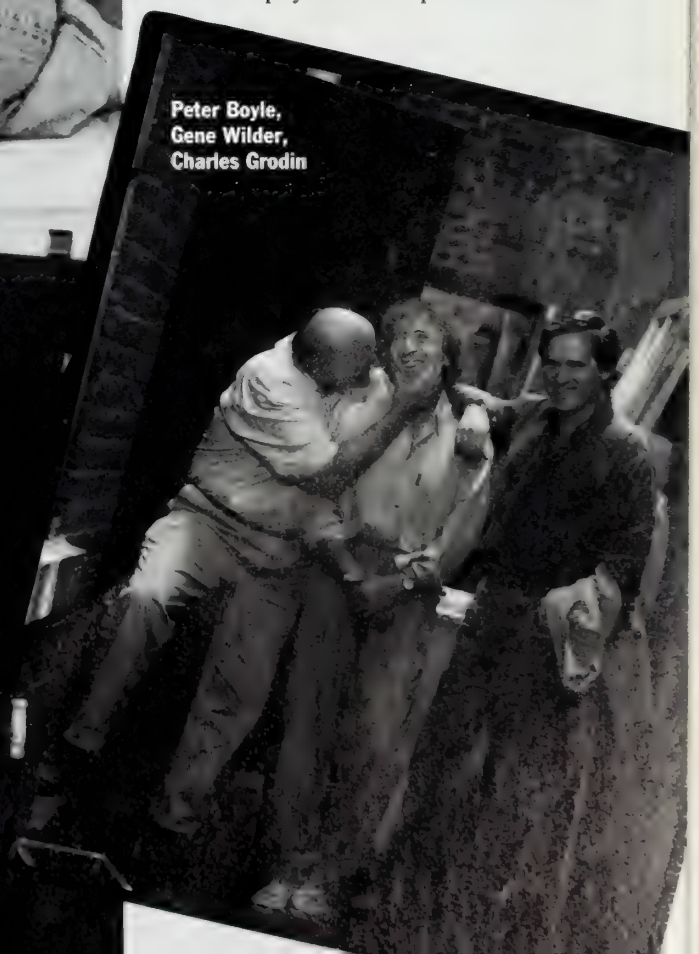
sons, and Sally Field, among many others—the converted church on West 44th Street was a temple, and the late artistic director, Lee Strasberg, a god.

Beginning with a benefit dinner on November 16, hosted by Paul Newman, some of the Studio's 860 members will unite for a long-running 45th-anniversary celebration. In January, Gore Vidal, Gay Talese, Susan Sontag, and Kurt Vonnegut will star in a reading of *Don Juan in Hell,* directed by Norman Mailer, who is on the Studio's board of directors. Come spring, the Studio plans to offer up a play by Christopher Walken, and other projects will follow, starring Sean Young, Alec Baldwin, Ron Silver, and Dennis Hopper.

The Actors Studio, an outgrowth of the Group Theatre, was founded in 1947 by Elia Kazan, Cheryl Crawford, and Robert Lewis. It had its roots in the techniques and naturalistic style developed by Konstantin Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theater. Strasberg, one of the founders of the Group Theatre, joined the Studio in 1948 and became its seminal, galvanizing force. He worked with many of the major stage and screen actors from the late 40s through the 70s. The fundamental lesson: the Method, a means of recalling the physical and personal circum-

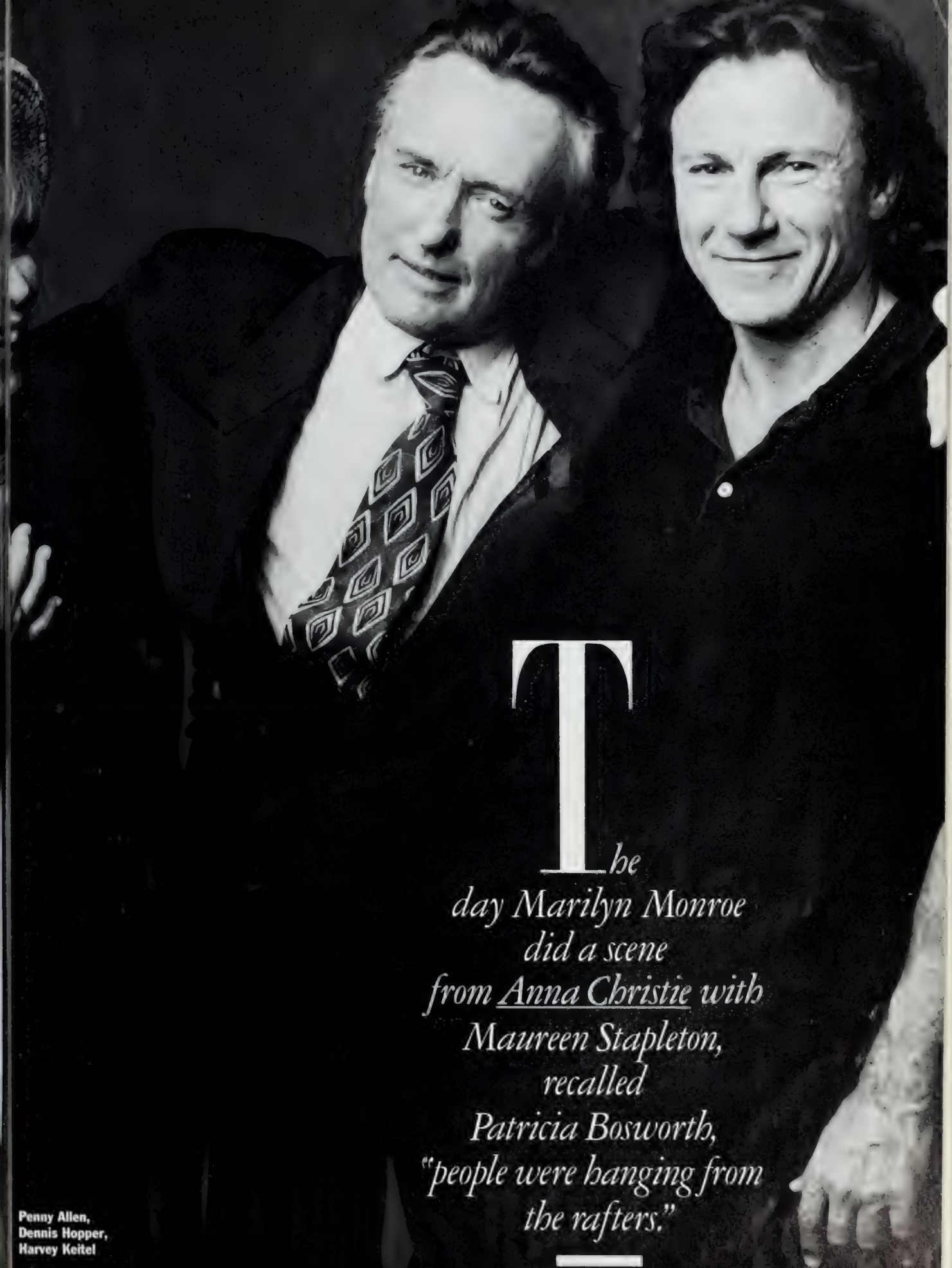


Paul Winfield, Darren McGavin, Anne Bancroft, Carol Kane



Peter Boyle,
Gene Wilder,
Charles Grodin

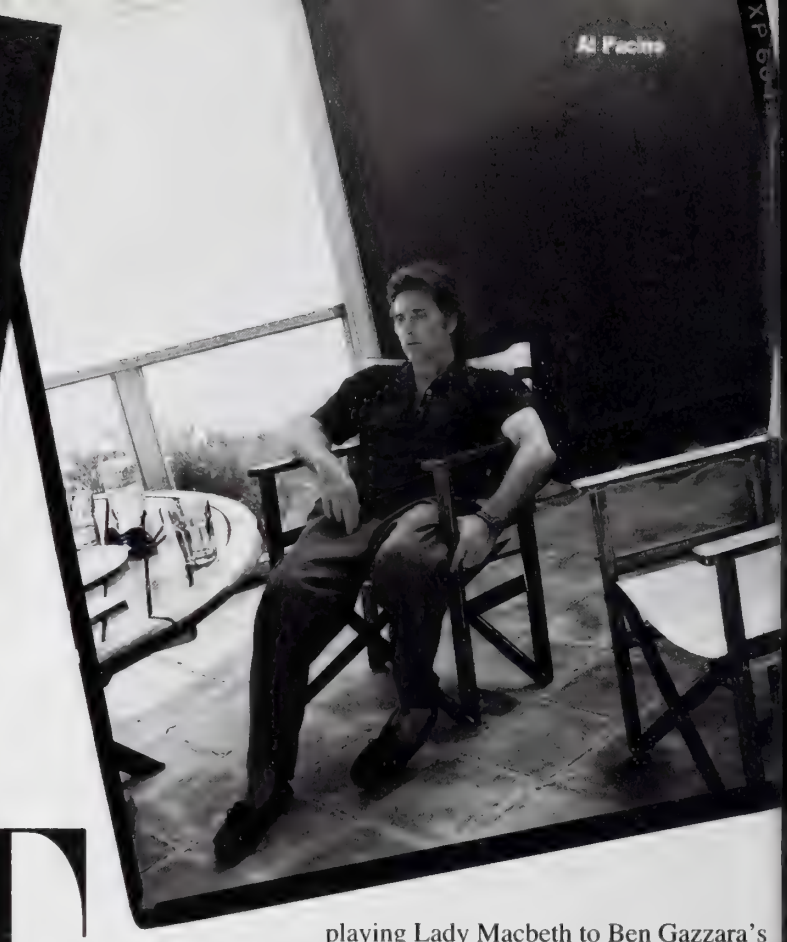

Eric Roberts,
Patrick O'Neal,
Peter Boyle
Burgess Meredith,
Sidney Poitier
Marlo Thomas
Susan
Strasberg
Gene Wilder,
Arthur Penn
Peter Weller
Sydney Pollack,
Martin Landau,
Mark Rydell
Daniel McDonald,
Lee Grant,
Robin Burrows



The day Marilyn Monroe did a scene from Anna Christie with Maureen Stapleton, recalled Patricia Bosworth, "people were hanging from the rafters."

Penny Allen, Dennis Hopper, Harvey Keitel





stances attached to a past emotional experience, then harvesting the feelings to breathe life into a characterization and performance.

At the twice-weekly sessions—Tuesday and Friday from 11 to 1—Strasberg talked about Eleonora Duse and Tommaso Salvini as exemplars of great acting, about the body as instrument, about the importance of relaxation ("He could make a performance better just by going up to an actor and loosening his jaw," says Ron Silver), about "doing the work," i.e., using the Method ("The worst thing to be told," says Ellen Burstyn, "was 'You're not doing the work, darling' "), and about being honest in performance. "That you were not being truthful was the worst thing you could be told," says the Studio's current artistic director, Frank Corsaro. "That you were acting, not being."

Then as now, the Actors Studio was a sort of theatrical gymnasium, a place for performers to work out characterizations before an audience of peers, to take elaborate chances, and, if necessary, to make large mistakes, in determinedly shabby quarters. "When an old Broadway theater was being remodeled, I bought some of the seats for the Studio because the ones there were so old," says Shelley Winters. "And Kazan had them ripped out, because he said they made the place look more like a theater than a studio, and would impede risky performances."

Members remember the day Marilyn Monroe did a scene from *Anna Christie* with Maureen Stapleton. "Montgomery Clift was there," recalls Clift biographer Patricia Bosworth, a member of the Studio's board of directors. "People were hanging from the rafters." (Strasberg's plans for a commercial theater production of *Macbeth* with Monroe playing Lady Macbeth to Ben Gazzara's Macbeth never came to pass.)

"There were actors who called us the torn-T-shirt type of acting," says Ben Gazzara.

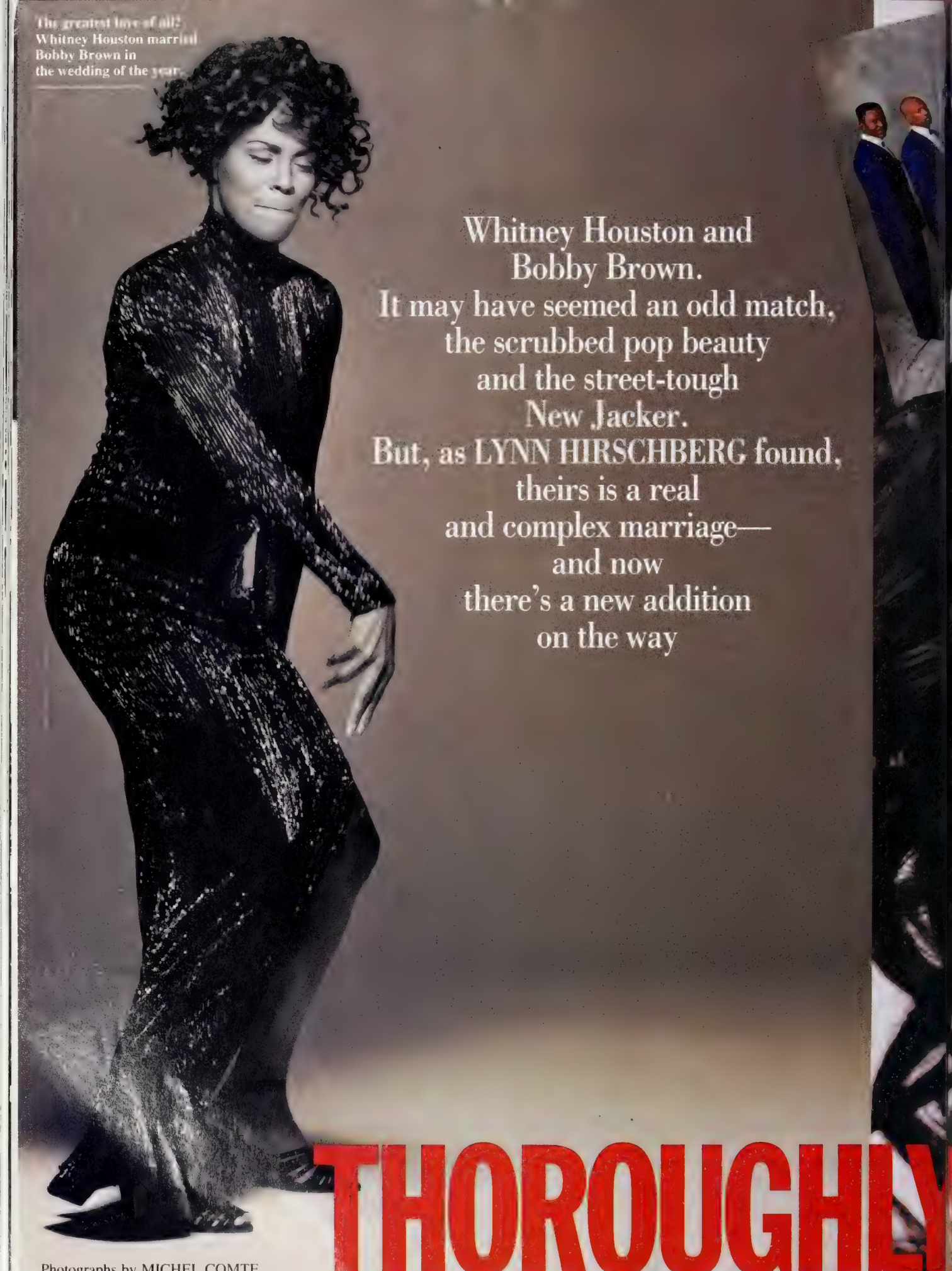
They remember Paul Newman—before he was PAUL NEWMAN—amazed to find himself at the Studio, "because he felt he wasn't good enough," says Frank Corsaro. "I first encountered him at the back of the studio in an agony, because he felt he wasn't up to the Method." They recall Patricia Neal doing *Romeo and Juliet*, Anne Bancroft singing "The Rain in Spain," and Edward Albee giving an early reading of *The Zoo Story*. They remember an impassioned Kevin McCarthy putting his hand through a window during an improvisation ("I was cautious when we had to do a violent scene after that, because I was afraid he was going to kill me," says Anne Jackson), and they shake their heads in wonder that it allegedly took Dustin Hoffman 7 attempts—or was it 14?—to pass his audition. "It was because the scenes he picked weren't good," says Shelley Winters.

There is general agreement about the atmosphere of the Actors Studio in its heyday; everyone was caught up in the dream of passion. "We were like converts to a new religion. We didn't understand anyone else's acting except our own," says Eli Wallach. "Everyone else was a pagan."

"It was *(Continued on page 272)*



Sean Young, Sally Kirkland, Lee Grant



The greatest love of all? Whitney Houston married Bobby Brown in the wedding of the year.

Whitney Houston and
Bobby Brown.
It may have seemed an odd match,
the scrubbed pop beauty
and the street-tough
New Jacker.
But, as LYNN HIRSCHBERG found,
theirs is a real
and complex marriage—
and now
there's a new addition
on the way

THOROUGHLY

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE



MODERN WHITNEY

"C'mon. C'mon. C'mon," says Bobb Brow



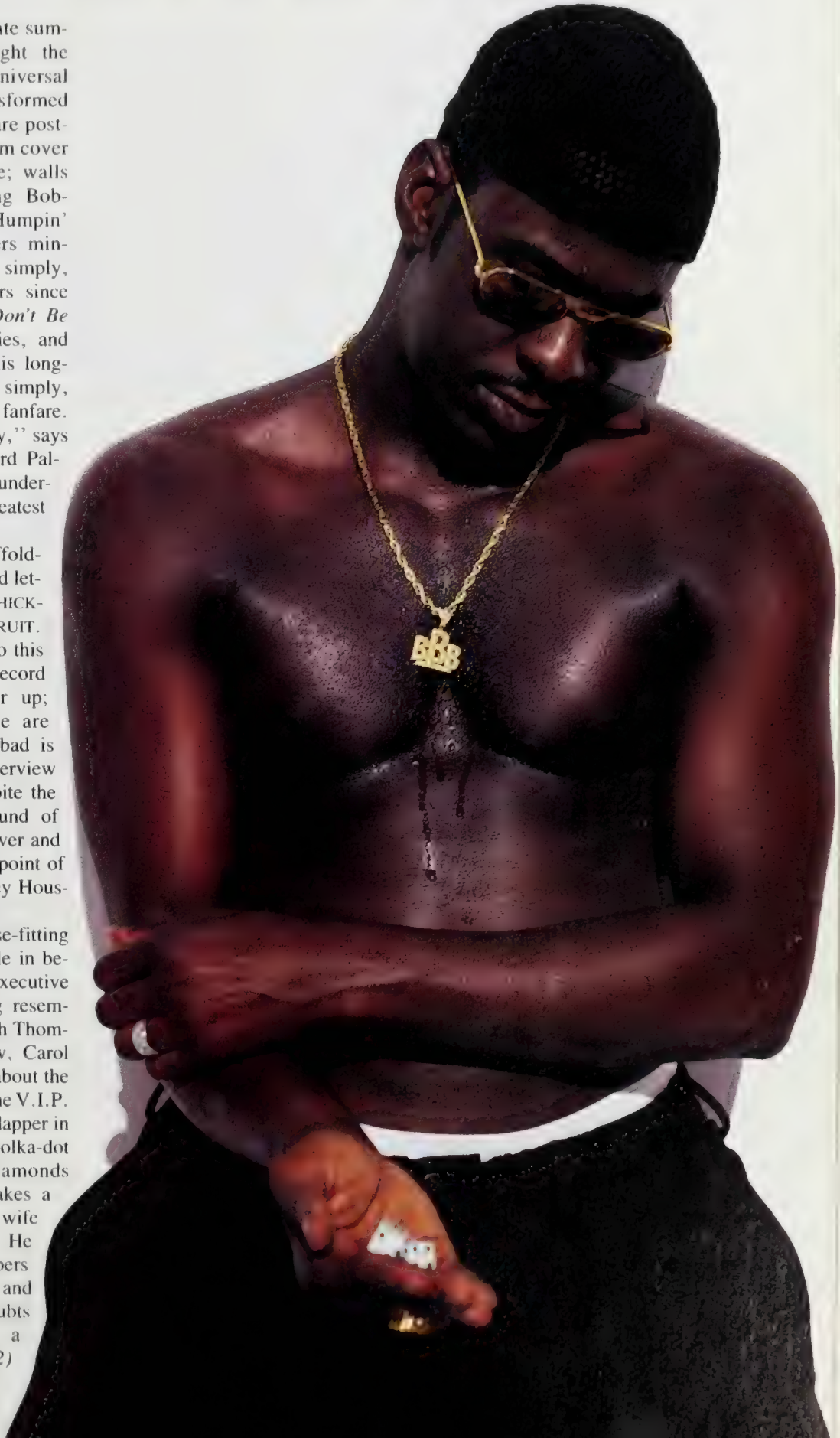
Brown's dancing combines *glissé* and a grinding pelvis; he somehow manages to be both smooth and hard.

Brown. "All I want is the money."

It's a balmy evening in late summer and just for tonight the sprawling back lot at Universal Studios has been transformed into Bobbyland. There are posters of Bobby's new album cover blown up billboard size; walls of TV monitors playing Bobby's newest video, "Humpin' Around"; and partygoers mingling in baseball caps that read, simply, "Bobby." It's been four years since Bobby Brown's last album, *Don't Be Cruel,* sold eight million copies, and MCA didn't want to release his long-anticipated follow-up (titled, simply, *Bobby*) without a great deal of fanfare. "So we decided to throw a party," says MCA Records president Richard Palmese, a man not known for understatement. "And this is the greatest party in years."

The mob is penned in by scaffolding and booths marked in big red letters: CAJUN POPCORN, FRIED CHICKEN, VEGETABLE PANTRY, and FRUIT. There are two different levels to this bash, and in the V.I.P. tier, record execs are chatting each other up; members of Bell Biv DeVoe are munching on shrimp; and Sinbad is trying to conduct a radio interview with Mr. Brown himself. Despite the crowd screaming over the sound of "Humpin' Around," playing over and over and over *again,* the main point of curiosity at this party is Whitney Houston, a.k.a. Mrs. Bobby Brown.

Dressed in a pale-pink, loose-fitting silk suit, she is sitting at a table in between Robyn Crawford, her executive assistant, who bears a striking resemblance to Detroit Piston ace Isiah Thomas, and her new mother-in-law, Carol Brown, who is visibly ecstatic about the party. As Bobby emerges from the V.I.P. tent, looking characteristically dapper in a pale-green suit, a matching polka-dot shirt, and his trademark diamonds (watch, ring, pendant), he makes a beeline for the table, and his wife and mother beam in harmony. He kisses Houston, and she whispers something in his ear. He smiles and kisses her again. "I had my doubts about this relationship," says a member *(Continued on page 272)*





RUNWA
They earn h
million a yea
Carla Bruni in
South of Fra

LA DOLCE CARLA

It's no wonder 24-year-old Carla Bruni has been linked, fairly or not, to several famous older men with names like Jagger, Clapton, and Trump. When BOB COLACELLO caught up with the Italian model on the Riviera, he found her as smart and beautiful as she is charming and, well, beautiful





Carla Bruni, the 24-year-old Italian-born model who may or may not have broken up Mick Jagger's 15-year union with Jerry Hall, comes to the door of her parents' house near Saint-Tropez wearing a bathing suit of van Gogh sunflowers on a blue Lycra field, cut extra high in the rear, making her long and sinuous legs seem even longer and more sinuous. The handsome Art Deco villa of the Bruni-Tedeschi family stands amid cypresses and pines atop a private peninsula that juts into the Mediterranean, which can be seen and heard slapping the rocky coast a few hundred feet below. On one side of the dahlia-lined gravel driveway, her

Photographs by HELMUT NEWTON





ARTISTS AND MODEL Carla Bruni at home, *opposite*, with her pianist mother and composer father, and popping a fig.

She is not your typical high-priced mannequin or your typical highborn heiress.

brother Virginio's vintage Citroëns gleam in the afternoon sun. It is a scene straight out of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*—until Carla Bruni picks up my not-so-light suitcase, throws it over her shoulder, and carries it up the stairs.

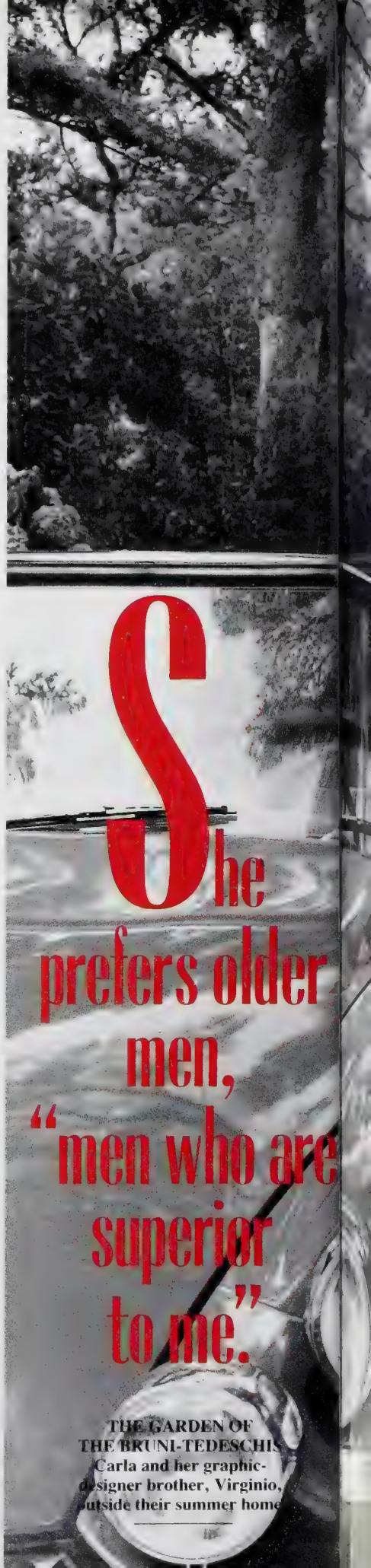
Carla Bruni is not your typical high-priced international mannequin—all pouts and poses—though she does make a million dollars a year, has been on the covers of *Harpers & Queen,* Italian *Elle,* and *Marie Claire,* and can be seen this month gliding down some 70 runways at the Paris, Milan, and New York ready-to-wear collections. Nor is she your typical highborn Northern Italian heiress—all yips and orders. Her family is rich; their lire come from the CEAT electric-cable company of Turin. But her father, Alberto Bruni-Tedeschi, is a composer of atonal music; her mother, Marisa, is a concert pianist. "They were more original, eccentric, and open than the real bourgeoisie of Turin. They could have been like that, but they weren't, because they were artists before everything," says Carla, curled up after dinner in their impressively well-stocked library, smoking a cigarette and stroking her cat George Sand. She has changed into a teal-blue neo-hippie macramé sweater and black semi-see-through Azzedine Alaïa bell-bottoms, but she is still barefoot, and with her straight, tawny hair, parted in the middle, she is a bit Julie Christie, a bit Pilar Crespi.

When Carla was five, the family moved to Paris, where she now has an apartment of her own facing the Bois de Boulogne. At 19, she dropped out of art-and-architecture studies at the University of Paris and signed up with City, the modeling agency. "The first ad campaign I did was Guess? jeans. It was scandalous, because I was sitting on the knee of this old man," she notes in a low, throaty tone that is all the more seductive because it is so matter-of-fact.

She prefers older men in real life, "men who are superior to me," as she puts it, and has been linked in the media to three very famous men in their 40s: Eric Clapton, Donald Trump, and now Mick Jagger. She admits that she had "a strong relationship" with Clapton three years ago, but is cutting on the subject of the financially troubled real-estate developer. She maintains that she only had tea with Trump three times (always chaperoned by His Royal Highness Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia) before awaking one morning to the *People*-magazine headline TRUMP SAYS GOODBYE MARLA, HELLO CARLA. "I didn't have even any thought of the *beginning* of an affair with him. Nothing, nothing, nothing. That's why I'm so rude in my denials. I don't know *what* clicked in his head. I think it's about the need for constant publicity. It was really disturbing. . . . It gives me the reputation of this woman who is running after married men."

She is absolutely mum on Mick, though the press has reported, and close friends of the Jaggers' claim, that she has been having an affair with him for well over a year. "I'm using the old Japanese proverb," she tells me with open-eyed insouciance, " 'Turn your tongue a hundred times in your mouth before saying anything.' " Has she met Mick? "Once." Did she rendezvous in Thailand with him the day after Jerry Hall gave birth to their third child? "No." Then why has Hall publicly denounced Bruni as the cause of her problems with Mick? (Hall is said to be so jealous of Bruni that at a rock concert in London this summer she poured a mug of beer on Jean Pigozzi's head and drove him from the backstage V.I.P. area, accusing him of having entertained Mick and Carla at his Cap d'Antibes compound.) Bruni's reply: "Ask her." I try a different tack. What is her favorite Rolling Stones song? "Who? What are you talking about?" She lowers her lids over her cool blue eyes, then raises them again and whispers, " 'Jumpin' Jack Flash.' "

Although she's being coy about Jagger, what's refreshing about Carla Bruni is her frank intelligence. She is as convincing on Stendhal's "crystallization of love" as she is on the essential silliness of modeling ("Most of my work is about moisturizing"). And after three scandals in as many summers, she knows what the fame game is all about. "A knife has two sides," she says, "the good side and the bad side. The good side is that the publicity is going to bring me more work and more money. The bad side is that it hurts." She concludes playfully, "Maybe I can get a subscription to scandals. Once a year. Every time my modeling rate goes down. Whom am I going to get next year? Hmmm." □



THE GARDEN OF THE BRUNI-TEDESCHIS Carla and her graphic-designer brother, Virginio, outside their summer home







IN THE BLACK

Since Robert Maxwell's death and Rupert Murdoch's move to Hollywood, Conrad Black—once dubbed "Conrad the Barbarian"—heads the world's fastest-growing press empire.

BLACK MISCHIEF

Fabulously wealthy, obsessed with military history, conservative press tycoon Conrad Black has a sparkling empire that includes London's *Telegraph* and the *Jerusalem Post*, and a new wife, columnist/femme fatale Barbara Amiel. After conquering in his native Canada and in Great Britain, Black may wage his next campaign on U.S. soil. EDWARD KLEIN reports on the man destined to be the next Lord Copper—up to a point

"I met Conrad Black years ago in Palm Beach," Brooke Astor recalled, "and when a friend told me that he was going to be up here in Maine this summer, honeymooning with his new wife at David Rockefeller's place, I invited him over."

The day before the dinner, Mrs. Astor, who recently turned 90, caught the heel of a slipper in the hem of her dress, and broke several ribs falling backward down a flight of stairs. Despite considerable pain, however, she was determined to greet her guests, whose fame had spread from their native Canada to their adopted home in England, but who, if truth be told, were virtual unknowns here in America.

"I knew that he owned many, many newspapers," Brooke Astor told me, "and that he was doing very well in England with the *Telegraph*, which, thank goodness, he hasn't permitted to run all that horrid gossip about Princess Diana. And, of course, I'd heard that he was making a bid for the New York *Daily News*. But nothing much beyond that."

The burly man with the heavy jaw who ambled through her door in the fashionable enclave of Northeast Harbor bore a passing resemblance to Jack Dempsey, after the champ had retired from the ring. Conrad Black's new

Photograph by SNOWDON

wife—a right-wing columnist for *The Sunday Times* of London, who had kept the maiden name Barbara Amiel through her four marriages—was a tall, strikingly attractive woman with a voluptuous figure and a throaty voice.

Over dinner, Black could hardly take his eyes off his bride as he held forth to investment banker Robert Pirie on his views about everything from history to business to the future of the newspaper industry—especially his far-flung properties in Toronto, London, Jerusalem, Sydney, and Melbourne. Now that Robert Maxwell was dead and Rupert Murdoch was in Hollywood, Black controlled the fastest-growing media empire in the world. The combative press baron and his exotic wife were contemplating their foray onto the American scene, and perhaps inevitably they were already being compared to another media couple, Henry and Clare Boothe Luce.

"He's an extremely intelligent and nice man," Brooke Astor said. "Quite frankly, I didn't understand everything the men were talking about. I did catch this, however: Mr. Black wanted the *News*, but only if he could get it on his own terms. One way or the other, I think even if he doesn't get the *News*, he will come to America and they will be accepted by society."

"I have no interest in coming to New York to clasp my lips around an exhaust pipe," Black warned Jim Willse, the editor and publisher of the bankrupt *News*, during a meeting last spring with the paper's board of directors in an eighth-floor conference room over a paper-plate lunch catered by the Taste Bud deli.

True to his word, Black bowed out of the bidding for the *News* early this fall, when his chief competitor, another Canadian-born millionaire, Mortimer Zuckerman, the owner of *The Atlantic* and *U.S. News & World Report*, made concessions to two powerful craft unions that Black considered to be tantamount to financial suicide. "[Mort] will be dealing with the absolute bottom of the barrel, the riffraff of the New York newspaper union movement," Black told the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. "He will be on his knees every day before the head of the pressmen's union and the drivers' union to get his paper printed and delivered. He will not have the ability to manage anything."

"Conrad made a run at a major American institution," said Willse, "and he didn't get it, but he'll be back." And indeed, Black made it clear that he still had his eye on the prize—a flagship paper that would raise interest among investors and help him spin off his American newspaper chain as a separate public company.

"I had pulled the clips on him," said Willse, who was impressed by Black's determination not to let his heart rule his head. As Willse found out, Conrad Black was known in Canada as a highly controversial figure, who had been accused by his critics of everything from hoodwinking rich widows and pillaging pension funds to funneling hundreds of millions of dollars from one company to another. Though he had been the object of minute scrutiny, however, he had never been charged with or found guilty of any wrongdoing, and no one seemed to have penetrated to the secret of the inner man.

A clue to his personality appeared to lie in the fact that he was a Carlylian hero-worshiper with a preoccupation with Napoleon and things military. For instance, when he was in residence in his Toronto mansion—with its three-story elliptical library containing 15,000 volumes and its copper cupola modeled on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome—he sometimes ventured to a friend's home to play war games with toy soldiers.

He was, moreover, an Anglican who had converted to Catholicism, and an ideologue of the conservative stripe who idolized Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher and sounded like Gordon Gekko in the movie *Wall Street*. "Greed," he once said, "has been severely underestimated and denigrated—unfairly so, in my opinion."

> As a boy, Conrad was observed carefully laundering dollar bills and hanging them out to dry.

At dinner parties in London, where he now lived most of the year, he often got carried away by the orotund sound of his own voice. "He talks about Gladstone and the Turkish atrocities so that people will think he's an intellectual," said a British journalist who has been exposed to Black's filibusters. Given his politics, it seemed surprising to learn that Black opposed capital punishment, until an aide explained, "Conrad thinks hanging is too good for them." At his worst, Black verged on the demagogic, such as when he used the occasion of a speech in Vancouver to castigate "the Jesse Jacksonites who seem to want to turn the U.S. Treasury upside down over the black communities of America, like a giant piggy bank."

Starting in the mid-1980s, Black embarked on a media spending spree, and his empire, which is called Hollinger, has grown by leaps and bounds; today it includes some 260 newspapers in Canada and the United States—mostly small dailies and weeklies such as the Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, *Spirit* (circulation 6,000)—as well as the *Jerusalem Post*, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, and the jewel in his crown, the venerable London *Telegraph* (circulation 1.2 million), which he snatched up for a fire-sale price of $62 million in 1985 and which, under his shrewd proprietorship, now rivals *The Times* and the upstart *Independent* as Britain's premier quality newspaper.

Black's acquisition of the *Telegraph*—long known as "the



**E SECOND
S. BLACK**

**rad Black and
bara Amiel with
st speaker Richard
on at the annual
linger Dinner
oronto in June.
ts, Amiel, second
n right, at a
ned Parenthood
d-raiser in Toronto,
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k after their
ding on July 21.**

Torygraph'' for its staunch conservatism—transformed him overnight from a colonial paper peddler to an imposing figure at the very core of British public life. ''To celebrate last April's parliamentary elections,'' said Taki, the sharp-tongued observer of British society, ''he gave a party in the Lancaster room of the Savoy hotel, and it was a brilliant affair, with 500 people of the left and the right—so many people representing extremes in politics in one room.''

Black was certainly no Robert Maxwell, the last owner of the *Daily News*, who had made the mortal error of sinking the pillars of his jerry-built empire into the shifting sands of debt. Last year, Black's *Telegraph* churned out pre-tax earnings of $86 million, and no less an authority than Rupert Murdoch, owner of *The Times* and an admirer of Black's unconcealed gusto, estimated that the *Telegraph* was now worth $1.5 billion—more than 20 times what Black paid for it.

''Conrad is interested in the fun that goes with publishing, and the influence that goes with it,'' Murdoch told me. In fact, Black was already displaying every sign of following in the imposing footsteps of Max Aitken, another legendary Canadian press mogul, who befriended the high and mighty in Britain and ultimately rose to become Lord Beaverbrook, the most famous newspaper baron ever, parodied as Lord Copper in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*.

In the process, Black has polished his image back in Canada, where he was once dubbed ''Conrad the Barbarian.'' His success with the *Telegraph*, it seems, has finally earned him the validation he sought for so many years from his conservative countrymen, who harbor deep suspicion and envy of anyone who moves too fast or gets too big for his breeches.

Thus, while he was in New York meeting with Jim Willse's board in the spring of 1992, he was also planning for an event that was even closer to his heart: a triumphant homecoming in Canada. For the keynote speaker for this year's Hollinger Dinner at the exclusive Toronto Club, a glittering annual get-together for the Canadian establishment, Black had lined up another one of his heroes, Richard Milhous Nixon.

''Nixon himself commented on Conrad's introduction,'' said Eddie Greenspan, a prominent Toronto criminal attorney, who attended the dinner. ''I'm intrigued by public speakers, being one myself, and, working without notes, Black gave a whole history of Nixon's career in a very impressive fashion.''

Clearly, at 48 years of age, Black was in his prime, eager to get on with his Napoleonic dreams of capturing the passes and narrows of the world's media. To assist him in his conquests, he had assembled a formidable group of field marshals. The boards of Hollinger and *The Daily Telegraph* sparkled with such famous names *(Continued on page 282)*

MALCOLM X

Spike Lee and Denzel Washington zoot-suit up into their yowsuh, yowsuh vines.



Spike's Pique?



Yeah, yeah. We know. Writer-director-actor and down-by-law entrepreneur Spike Lee is a lightning rod for controversy. He knows it, too. With *Malcolm X* due for release in November, the skies have opened and rained down on him in any number of ways. He weathered bolts from purists within the black community over his rewrite of a 25-year-old James Baldwin script; from the completion-bond company over financing (costs swelled $5 million above budget); from Warner Bros. over the movie's epic length and images they wanted to cut (footage from the Rodney King video, an American flag burning into an *X*). Electrified by all the charges, Lee proclaims, "This is the best I've ever done."

Denzel Washington stars as the fire-haired Black Muslim leader, evolving from hedonist-hustler to idealist-icon. ("Woo, he's phenomenal," raves Spike. "D.'s killin'. It's a role D. was born to play.") Lee himself turns up as Shorty, a compilation figure created by Alex Haley in *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*—in the photo here, he and Washington are zoot-suiting up into their yowsuh, yowsuh vines (hipster garb).

Bored by the postproduction calm, Lee conjured up another storm by telling African-Americans to take the day of *Malcolm X*'s opening off to see the movie. "I said, 'Parents should take off work,' " Lee cackles. "That got blown way out of proportion [in the *New York Post*]. They made it sound like I said black kids should drop out of school or something." Then again, maybe a one-day boycott wouldn't be such a bad idea. "When I was in school I had to go see fuckin' *Gone with the Wind* and write a fuckin' report about it," Lee remembers. "That movie was racist *and* four hours long."

—ELVIS MITCHELL



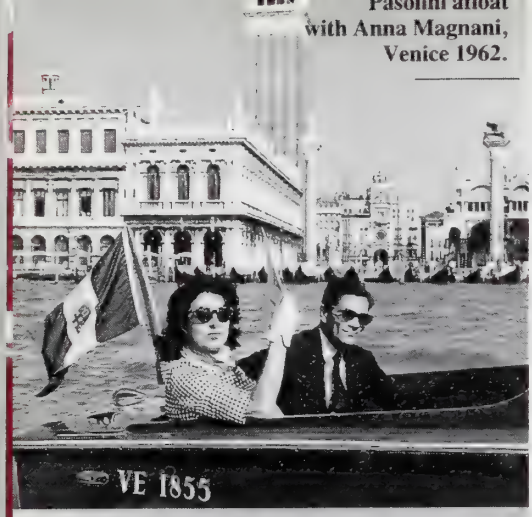
On the night of November 1, 1975, the controversial Italian poet, novelist, and filmmaker Pier Paolo Pasolini was killed, horribly, in an open field outside Rome. In this excerpt from a new biography, BARTH DAVID SCHWARTZ describes in unprecedented detail what remains one of the literary world's great murder mysteries

Death in



HIGH AND LOW
Pasolini with friend Maria Callas, star of his *Medea*, on their way to a Buenos Aires film festival, March 1970; *opposite*, a scene from *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*, Pasolini's last film, banned in Italy after his murder.

the Fast Lane



Pasolini afloat with Anna Magnani, Venice 1962.



With actor and love object Ninetto Davoli (left) at the May 1974 Cannes Film Festival presentation of *Arabian Nights*.



Pasolini (in tie) at home in the late 60s with actors Franco Citti (far left) and Ninetto Davoli (second from left).

The paved train-station square, Piazza dei Cinquecento, utilitarian and without charm, is Rome's principal transport hub, just the sort of place where you can look at someone without being seen to do so, do business without drawing attention to yourself. Here the hustlers, amateur and professional, would gather in bars clustered around the Moderno and Modernetta porno movie houses.

Pier Paolo Pasolini had been here before. He might easily have made a pick-up elsewhere, on any of the city's most traveled streets and at any of the most visited monuments. Hundreds of boys, maybe thousands, had come into his nights and gone out again. He confessed as much in print, for anyone to read. In 1955 his first novel, *Ragazzi di Vita,* put the phrase, roughly "the boys out of the life," into Italian usage just as it named the type he liked: poor, uneducated, ignored, often petty-criminal youths whose Rome had nothing to do with nightclubs, sidewalk cafés, shopping, or coins in the Trevi Fountain. His were the gritty neighborhoods out past the end of the bus lines, places where the cute little urchin sold his ass, lived out of garbage pails, dealt in stolen goods, and picked pockets. The margins of the city inhabited by the dispossessed were his symbolic territory, so much so that the press had come to call those quarters "Pasolinian." And much of his art had been about the lives of those whose names do not make it into the newspapers, save when they are arrested.

Even at the height of his fame as a film director, known far beyond literary circles, he sought out the company of such boys, never minding if they were bumpkins, awkward, or even outrageous in social situations. When Ninetto Davoli, a boy to whom he had given a career as a comic actor, "made a fool of himself" and shocked grand ladies of the Roman salons, Pasolini only smiled and explained gently that he ought not to worry, that the apparently scandalized "could not help themselves."

He went around dressed like his boys, in tight jeans, a denim jacket cinched at the waist, and polyester shirts far cheaper than he could afford, often with loud patterns.

Loving slum boys, both in the abstract and in fact, was his link to the vitality of life itself and to death. In 1969 he wrote in "Lines from the Testament," a poem which appeared in his last collection of verse (translated by Norman MacAfee), "Sex is a pretext. . . . / A boy in his first loves / is nothing less than the world's fecundity. / It is the world that thus arrives with him. . . . / There's no lunch or dinner or satisfaction in the world / equal to an endless walk through the streets of the poor, / where you must be wretched and strong, brothers to the dogs."

He believed that in the encounters no one was hurt and if anyone was, it was he. He found tenderness and humanity in what the mass of people think of as the icy dealings of automatons. Unless one chooses not to believe him, Pasolini found this life an idyll; the boys' beauty was God-given, a confirmation he required that he was alive, that the world was there and he was in it, that he could take it in his hands, and be taken in its hands, be loved, and love it.

But toward the end, he changed his mind. He turned on the boys with the fury of a lover betrayed. His poetry throughout the 50s and his films up to 1968 were grounded in love of the *borgata,* the slum world no one else wanted to know about. The erotic link he had to the slums was also a Utopian vision of the *popolo* and an ideological commitment to the left. But after 1968 he began to see the young as "victims" of a consumer culture that turned the willing boys into monsters. The metamorphosis of his angels into demons meant his inspiration had dried up around him, leaving him on a lake of salt.

But in 1975, at the age of 53, Pasolini himself was beyond change. Even if the boys had turned mean, he could only repeat the same gestures toward them. He was at the train station the

Pino was soon in Pasolini's car again. Hunter and prey–

night of November 1 because that is what he always did, and because he still needed to be there.

Tourists never visit San Lorenzo, where, hours earlier, Pasolini had been. Once a district of working poor, by the 1970s it had become infamous for *la malavita*, synonymous with drug dealers and their customers, thieves and their fences, prostitutes and their protectors. Well-off Romans, the *gente per bene*, considered it a neighborhood where one risked having a handbag snatched, a car broken into, or worse.

Still, the Bravis' Al Pommidoro restaurant was in an excellent location, facing directly onto the Piazza dei Sanniti. The whole family worked: Anna and Aldo Bravi, their daughters, their sons-in-law, and Anna's brother. For the holiday weekend of November 1, the Bravis had planned an earned respite. They would keep the restaurant closed Monday as well as Sunday.

This was the weekend of the dead, what the English and Americans call Halloween. Protestant countries ignore the dead on that day, losing them in the shuffle of kids and candy. But here Ognissanti, All Saints' Day, is still observed.

Roman evenings were cold now, and rain was predicted soon. By eight on Saturday, the evening had turned fast to dark night the way it does in big cities, making its arrival known as streetlights and house windows were lit and car headlights shone.

When a couple at the back of the restaurant paid their bill and left, Anna stepped forward to lower the *saracinesca*, the zinc-coated shutter on rollers that sealed the entrance from the street and anything that could come from it. She brought it almost to the ground, but not completely: that way diners knew they should finish and leave. It also put on notice those arriving for dinner that they should go elsewhere this night.

But before Anna could call the day done, a man came in for his life's last meal.

Aggeo Savioli and his wife, who writes under the name Mirella Acconciamessa, are in the business of being observant. They were both journalists on the staff of the official Italian Communist Party daily, *L'Unita*.

The Saviolis remember almost every detail of what happened at about nine o'clock that Saturday night. They had called for their bill, ready to depart for Trastevere, where Aggeo had tickets to a play.

The Bravis and the Saviolis recall spotting the trousers and ankle-high boots at the same time; someone they knew was standing outside and wanted to come in. Anna's brother called out, certain he recognized the clothes of one of the restaurant's regular clients. "Anna, it's Pasolini." She hurried to lift the shutter and, seeing it was indeed Pasolini, urged him to enter.

"He insisted he would go somewhere else," she says, "said that he didn't want to bother us. Of course, I told him it was no trouble at all and he should come in and be comfortable." And so he did. As they chatted, he invited them to visit him at his place near Viterbo, and talked about coming to play a benefit soccer match near their country place.

Journalist Acconciamessa now saw her chance for a scoop, an exclusive interview. Pasolini was written about in the newspapers nearly every day: sometimes as a bit of news, occasionally as an interview, or in critical pieces by Italy's most famous writers, attempting to answer his polemics against abortion and compulsory education, but in favor of almost anarchistic self-expression, and the public lynching of Italy's political class. And there was the growing scandal over his most recent film. *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom* had not been released, but the heat was on about it: how it was violent and pornographic, pushing to the limits the liberal tolerance he condemned as purely nominal, always false, no more than "a more refined form of condemnation."

One knew little for certain, but those who claimed some insider knowledge reported that what had been created on *Salò*'s



Giuseppe "Pino" Pelo (center, in black shirt in the Casal del Marm detention cente April 197



The restaurant on Piazza dei Sanniti where Pasolini ate his last meal.



The November 6, 1975, funeral. Bernardo Bertolucci (cent and Ninetto Davoli (right) were among the pallbearers.

whichever was which—had connected.



FATAL ATTRACTION
Pasolini's body hours after it was discovered on November 2, 1975. *opposite*, planks used in the assault. The scale of the wounds suggested far more than what rotten wood could do in the hands of a single teenager.

Some contend Pasolini's satisfaction lay in being beaten...



closed set at Cinecittà was the most upsetting film ever made by a serious artist, a product appropriate more to X-rated cinemas than to legitimate screens and the wider public. People said its homosexuality, sadomasochistic violence, and despair were autobiographical—or what they imagined to be autobiographical—and far too much so for comfort. The critics were braced for Pasolini's upping the ante yet again.

Acconciamessa thought nothing could be better than to find herself here in this little restaurant with him on an off day, a chance to ask her questions about his version of the scandal. He knew her: they had talked at the time of his film *The Canterbury Tales,* three years before. But at the last moment, she changed her mind. She says she looked at him and decided to give him a moment's peace from the controversy that always surrounded him.

So she simply welcomed him and reminded him of the last time they had met. She wanted to be sure he remembered her—he was very good copy indeed—for the next time.

Anna interrupted, calling from the kitchen to ask whether Pasolini was expecting someone, or would he be eating alone. Yes, he answered, he was expecting people any moment: Ninetto Davoli, his wife, and their two sons—the first named *(Continued on page 276)*





he was prepared to arouse his boys to anger.

Liz's AIDS Odyssey

(Continued from page 213) Amsterdam until six A.M. By eight she was up and getting ready for her press conference, where, three hours later, she would blast the U.S. government for the immigration restrictions imposed on those with AIDS.

"She slammed into Bush on two hours' sleep," says the photographer, who was himself exhausted. "And she looked beautiful." Reminded of this, Taylor flashes a self-satisfied smile. "I was coming down with the flu that night, too," she adds. "But I thought, If I have a temperature of 105, I'm making my speech tomorrow. If you have to do it, you fucking do it. You don't bitch about it." She laughs. "Or if you want to bitch a little, that's O.K."

She pauses. "I have to show up because it galvanizes people. [They] know . . . I'm not there to sell or gain anything. I'm there for the same reason they are: to get something done."

Even at some personal risk, as AmFAR learned early on, when Taylor appeared at a 1985 AIDS fashion benefit in New York's Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. "We'd dutifully set in place security protection, but we didn't make sufficient arrangements," remembers Krim. "We didn't realize she'd be mobbed by the crowd. She was atop a staircase with all the paparazzi and the public pushing behind—they almost threw her down."

Is Taylor ever afraid? "Sometimes. . . . I've had people tear hunks of my hair out of my head. Like at Mike Todd's funeral. I became totally hysterical—the grief and the fact that it felt like my brains and body were being clawed by birds. I came undone."

Perhaps Taylor's relative sangfroid is best explained by Carole Bayer Sager. "When Elizabeth goes out, she goes with the knowledge that attention might be part of the deal. But no matter who's watching her, she stays focused. Even at the wedding ceremony [to Larry Fortensky last October]—which was a nightmare in terms of the helicopters, the reporter who parachuted down—the only thing she felt badly about was losing the intimacy. But, still, she extracted something out of what had turned into a zoo; she didn't lose the essence of getting married. When Marianne Williamson [the minister] said, 'Do you want me to talk louder so everyone can hear?' she said, 'No. Why don't you just speak to Larry and me?' "

Elizabeth Taylor and Larry Fortensky are hardly an obvious equation. A lot of people still can't figure out how the construction worker captured the superstar. Which is too bad for them, says Taylor, who seems smitten with her 40-year-old. She marvels at his "compassion, curiosity, kindness." (After they met, Fortensky volunteered on his own at Project Angel Food, a community group that provides food for AIDS patients. Twice a week, he cleans its commercial ovens. Taylor often accompanies him, and will sit and read a book until he has finished.)

"He has such talents," Taylor continues. "He's very deep—listens, watches, sucks everything in. He wants to learn and he's always asking me questions. But he's very private."

They met in the most private of circumstances: group therapy at the Betty Ford Center in 1988. It was Taylor's second time at the renowned alcohol and drug rehabilitation clinic. She first went in in 1983, but by '88 had slipped back into her old habits. "I had the arrogance to think I could be a social drinker," says Taylor, "and I was addicted to painkillers." Fortensky had been ordered to seek help following numerous D.W.I. arrests and had gone to Betty Ford on his Teamsters Union insurance.

"We were at our most vulnerable," Taylor says. "They knock you down [in therapy], kick the shit out of you, then give you the tools to build yourself up. Larry felt very protective toward me. He told me later there were times he wanted to kill the counselor."

Giving up an addiction is a humbling experience. The Taylor-Fortensky union is one forged in humility and built on survival. "For Elizabeth, this is her first truly sober marriage," says Sager. "Larry and she met in sobriety and help keep each other sober . . . . It makes for a strong bond." And besides, she adds, "they're crazy about each other."

Suddenly, I've lost Taylor's attention. She is staring at the man who has just slipped quietly into the room. He is wearing blue jeans, a wrinkled white T-shirt, and sneakers. His blond-streaked hair is tousled. He seems very much the "straight-ahead guy" described by Sager—good-looking and unassuming. When Taylor reaches out her hand, Fortensky, mindful of a stranger, comes forward hesitantly to kiss her on the cheek. When introduced, he is polite but subtly wary, as if assessing the situation on behalf of his wife.

"Larry was totally freaked out at first because there's so much larceny in my world," she later says matter-of-factly. "Some of it's petty and some grand. The petty you pass, the grand theft you do something about." And on that score, she claims, Fortensky has been invaluable. "Larry sees through the world of bullshit I live in. He's very protective."

In a moment, Fortensky is gone. When he reappears two hours later, he briefly sits next to his wife, searching her face for signs of discomfort, flirtatiously gazing at her feet, asking if the sandals are new.

Larry Fortensky comes from conservative, middle-class Orange County, hardly the kind of background that spawns ease in the gay world. "He probably never met a homosexual until he moved into this house," says Taylor, "and now, as the saying goes, some of his best friends are."

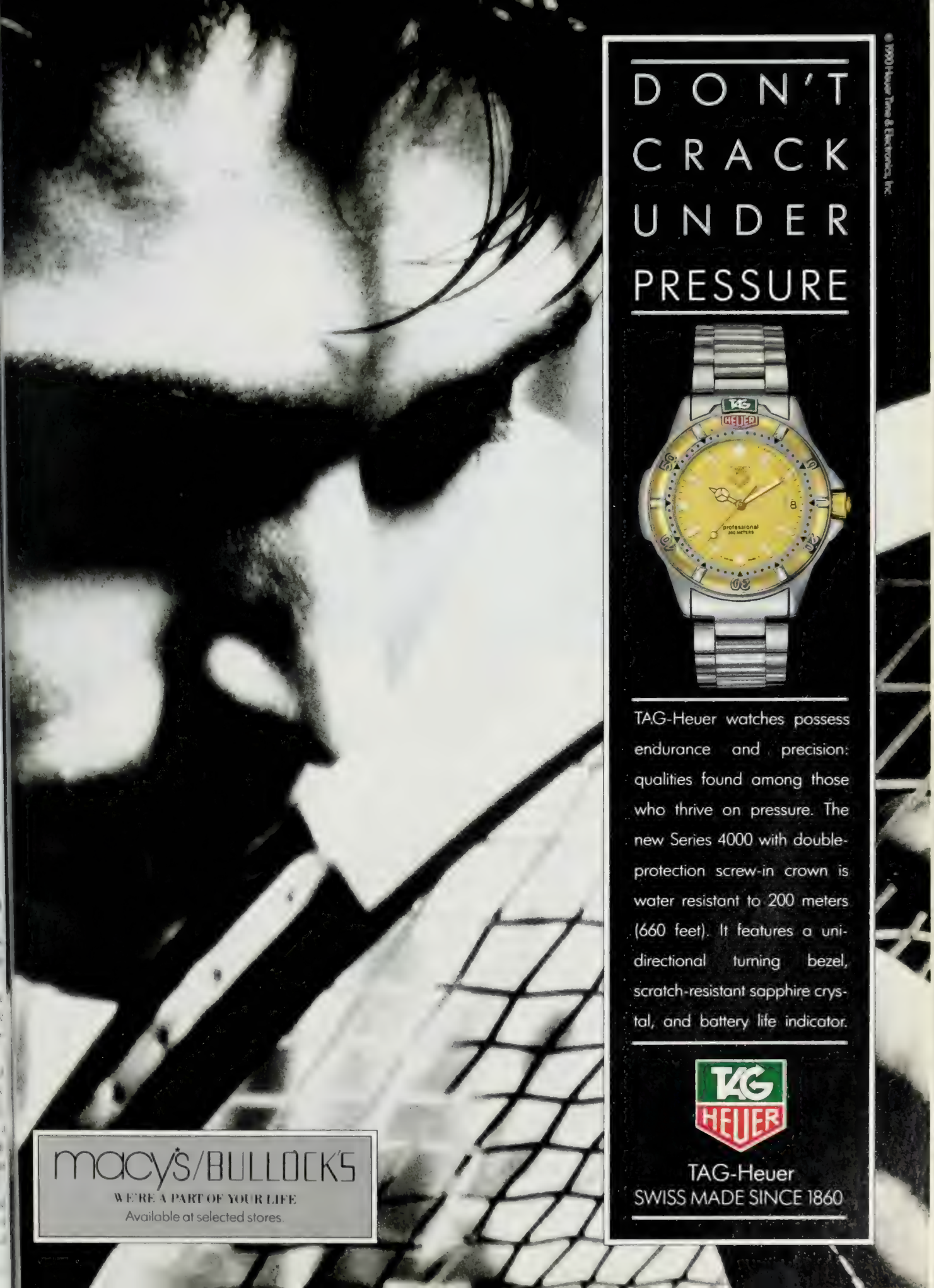
Interior designer and Taylor intimate Waldo Fernandez remembers the night Taylor invited "some of her guys" to meet the man in her life. "She [wanted] to see Larry's reaction. And he was very easy. He could've said, 'I cannot deal with these guys,' but now he is our best buddy."

He is also the godparent, along with Taylor, to Jake, the baby boy Fernandez and his lover of 14 years, Trip Haenisch, adopted last summer. "At first, we didn't ask them to be the godparents, because we know how people want things from Elizabeth," says Fernandez. "I called Larry and just said, 'Jake would love to have you as an uncle and aunt.' Then I get a call from Elizabeth. 'What's this aunt-and-uncle thing? I want to be the godmother.' We explained that because this is an unusual situation we didn't want any bad publicity for Elizabeth. She says, 'I don't care, Waldo. If anybody asks, tell them Larry and I are the godparents. . . or they can call me and I'll tell them.'

"She has found her niche with this man," Fernandez continues. "He is as simple or simpler than she." Most of Taylor's close circle of friends agree that Fortensky has turned out to be the right man in the right place in Elizabeth Taylor's life. They feel that after 50 years of diamonds and Oscars, headlines and heartache, to Elizabeth Taylor, normal is exotic. "Larry's authentic," says Sager. "He means what he says and he says what he means. He's strong and supports her emotionally."

Taylor says she wasn't worried about Fortensky's fitting into her life. He has, she says, "his own strong sense of identity." (He also kept his full-time job as a heavy-equipment operator with a construction company.) Yet even she was "surprised at how quickly he adjusted."

But some things Fortensky will never get used to. Like having talk-show hosts delve into their personal lives. Last year while



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Liz's AIDS Odyssey

Taylor sat on Arsenio's couch, Misenhimer sat next to Fortensky in the greenroom. When Arsenio started in on Richard and Mike, Eddie and Nick, Larry squirmed. "He was so uncomfortable," recalls Misenhimer. "He just kept saying, 'I hate it when they talk about her husbands.' "

It was 1985 and Elizabeth Taylor was beginning to see friends around her get sick. "Basically, Elizabeth has always worked around homosexuals," says Chen Sam, for more than 20 years Taylor's press agent and confidante. "And people were saying they were responsible for this disease. And she got angry. Why are they stigmatizing these people?"

In January, Bill Misenhimer and L.A. catering mogul Bill Jones, among others, approached Taylor through Sam on behalf of AIDS Project Los Angeles. "We needed a big event to raise money," says Misenhimer, then the executive director of APLA. "And, obviously, everyone wanted to get Elizabeth because there are three big draws in the world: Elizabeth II, the pope, and Elizabeth Taylor."

Taylor, meanwhile, had just completed her first, initially successful stay at the Betty Ford Center. "I'd come out [in January 1984] feeling revitalized," she says. "I decided that with my name I could open certain doors, that I was a commodity in myself—and I'm not talking as an actress. I could take the fame I'd resented and tried to get away from for so many years—but you can never get away from it—and use it to do some good. I wanted to retire, but the tabloids wouldn't let me. So I thought, If you're going to screw me over, I'll use you."

Once Taylor had signed on to help organize APLA's Commitment to Life benefit dinner, she said, "I didn't want to be honorary. I wanted to actually do the work, make the phone calls, because this was going to be a toughie. The scuttlebutt was 'Stay away from this one. You don't want to get involved.' " But Taylor got on the phone. "I asked people if they'd just attend—they didn't have to do anything—or could they at least loan their names for a committee."

And?

"I have never had so many 'no's said to me," she recalls. "They didn't want to come to the evening, didn't want to be associated. Some very big names [said no]." She refrains from elaborating. (Frank Sinatra was reportedly among them.) Some, Taylor continues, told her, " 'Oh, Elizabeth, this is one of your lame-duck causes. Back away from it. It's going to hurt you.'

"I realized . . . that this town—of all towns—was basically homophobic, even though without homosexuals there would be no Hollywood, no show business! Yet the industry was turning its back on what it considered a gay disease."

It took nine months to put the Commitment to Life dinner together. Chen Sam, reporting to Taylor, moved from New York to Los Angeles and into the Mondrian Hotel, where she lived along with 18 volunteers, the bill footed largely by Bill Jones. And ABC got involved, the first major network to throw its corporate weight behind the fight against AIDS. Gary Pudney, then vice president, offered the services of his specials unit, and the network kicked in $50,000.

In midsummer, a stunning announcement upped the ante. On July 25 the world was electrified by the news that Rock Hudson was dying of AIDS.

"From an AIDS-activist viewpoint, Hudson's announcement was the best thing that had happened since AIDS started," explains Misenhimer, "because, finally, people could connect a name to AIDS."

A week after being flown to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center from Paris, where he had collapsed in the lobby of the Ritz Hotel, Hudson was visited by his *Giant* co-star. "Rock had lost a lot of weight," recalls Taylor. "He wasn't very lucid. He didn't quite know where he was. Sometimes he'd remember things that happened on the set of *Giant*. He'd laugh about making a cocktail martini . . . even though lying in his hospital bed was a skeleton."

Michael Gottlieb, Hudson's doctor and one of the physicians who first reported AIDS to the Centers for Disease Control, in 1981, was meeting Taylor for the first time. He recalls her being "very down-to-earth. She asked what she could do and I said, 'Just be there.' It was important because a visit from Elizabeth Taylor could be a cheerful thing.

"Before I took her into his room, she asked the same questions everyone did about contagiousness: Is it safe to touch and kiss? No one was very clear about AIDS then. I reassured her that normal contact was all right, and we went inside. She kissed his cheek, hugged him, and sat on the bed."

Taylor visited Hudson several times, always on Sundays, when she'd be driven to the back door of the U.C.L.A. Medical Center. "She was great fun," says Gottlieb. "One time, when we walked out of the elevator, her ring hit the stainless steel. It made such a loud noise I was startled. 'Oh,' she said, 'those are just my jewels.' "

Though AIDS had been discovered at U.C.L.A., the administration wasn't eager to claim the disease's first famous casualty. According to Gottlieb, a doctor at the U.C.L.A. Department of Medicine called him into his office one afternoon and said, "Rock Hudson will die at home, won't he? He won't get readmitted to U.C.L.A.?" Contacted at his current office the doctor denies having ever made any such comment. (Hudson, at his own request, died at home.)

Finally, September 19 arrived. "I've coordinated many AIDS benefits since, but there will never be one like this again," says Sam, speaking of the 2,500-strong audience that crowded into L.A.'s Bonaventure Hotel. The first Commitment to Life dinner honored former First Lady Betty Ford, lasted six hours, took three stages to present the talent, featured Hudson's first public statement about his disease, and elicited a telegram, read by Burt Reynolds, from Ronald Reagan, who had yet to acknowledge AIDS existed.

"The White House was resistant," recalls Pudney. "But Rock Hudson being a movie star had a great deal to do with Reagan's decision to do something."

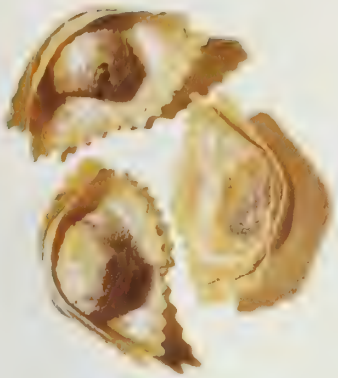
When the dinner was over, nobody wanted to leave. "The spirit in that room was unbelievable," says Pudney.

Even the *Los Angeles Times* gushed. "Hollywood exists in big moments and when the community rallies to a cause or a legend or a disease, fervor may erase skepticism," it wrote on September 21. "Imagine having Abigail Van Buren doing a fierce bugaloo at her table, while rock's Cyndi Lauper . . . and Rod Stewart had Stevie Wonder standing for their rendition of 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine.' Imagine Cher with braces on her teeth telling 2500 plus guests how significant it was that self-centered, selfish people could get together and love each other."

Taylor recalls it more simply. "It gave me goose bumps."

"It was a shotgun marriage." Michael Gottlieb is talking about the creation of AmFAR, about what happened when two dynamic women—Elizabeth Taylor and Mathilde Krim—got together to try to help conquer AIDS.

In the summer of 1985, while working on the Commitment to Life dinner, Taylor decided she wanted to go further, possibly



Cappelletti "Little Hats"
Stuffed pastas often need no sauce, only melted butter and herbs. For a more divine dish, try Cappelli di Prete – "Priest's Hats".



Fettuccine "Small Ribbons"
Best with butter and cheese sauce. Italians say twirling it against a spoon is "for milquetoasts." Be warned



Gemelli "Twins"
For cheese sauces. Colors add little flavor. Squid ink in black pasta, for instance, adds no taste. To the relief of many, we suspect.

Have you ever eaten little hats, large ears, or radiators?



Radiatori "Little Radiators"
Italians eat it al dente, or "firm to the bite". Radiatori al dente is "Radiators, firm to the bite". Tough, those Italians.



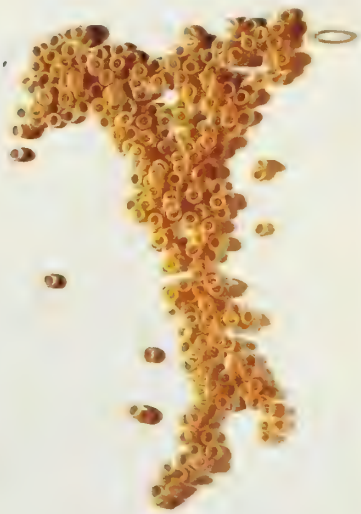
Orecchioni "Large Ears"
Can be stuffed with wild boar, lobster, or – the most popular – leftovers.



Linguine "Small Tongues"
For delicate sauce. Or spicy or creamy or tomato or seafood sauce. Did we miss any?

The bewildering variety of pastas is intimidating. Choosing a wine, however, is somewhat easier. Only the original White Zinfandel, created by Sutter Home, has the hint of fresh berries and clean, crisp finish that brings out the best in any meal. Whether it's hats . . . or ears.





Occhi di Trota "Trout's Eyes"
For broths. Main course soups need pastas heavier than Trout's Eyes such as, you guessed it, "Wolf's Eyes" (Occhi di Lupo).

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Liz's AIDS Odyssey

form a national foundation. As a result, Gottlieb, Misenhimer, Taylor, and Sam met one night for dinner in Santa Monica, at an out-of-the-way French restaurant.

"We were an unlikely group," recalls Gottlieb. "[Me,] a doctor who'd spent his life in laboratories; Bill, a Xerox executive turned activist who was openly gay; and the greatest living movie star in the world. But that night it all jelled. We were like kids, co-conspirators. We sat there saying, 'We must do something!' "

"[Elizabeth] and I were crying," recalls Misenhimer, who would go on to become AmFAR's first director. "I told her how tough it was going to be, and she just grabbed my arm and said, 'Don't worry. I've been through a lot.' We came away from that dinner knowing Elizabeth was committed."

"We decided that night we were going to make a difference," adds Taylor. "Goddamn, we would!"

On the East Coast there was a woman thinking similar thoughts. In 1985, Mathilde Krim was a doctor of biology studying interferons at New York City's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. She was also the wife of Arthur Krim, the powerful founding chairman of Orion Pictures Corp. and one of the major fund-raisers for the Democratic Party. "From day one," Krim says, "I was convinced that this was a transmittable disease and, if so, might be transmittable to everybody." To help raise consciousness outside the gay community, she started the AIDS Medical Foundation. When she heard that Rock Hudson had left $250,000 to Taylor's group, she "picked up the phone and proposed we make them into one foundation." Ultimately, they did, and the result was AmFAR, a necessary marriage of science and show biz.

Though initially skeptical about the merger, Taylor overcame her doubts. "It did occur to me that having AmFAR on the East and West coasts might dilute it," she says gingerly. "Then I realized that Mathilde is a very powerful lady with a background that couldn't have been more suitable. So it seemed like a very large and powerful decision."

National foundations are not formed by shrinking violets. Mathilde Krim is "a smart woman and one of the most powerful I've ever met," says Misenhimer. "You don't fight her because she always wins. And AIDS is her life." Elizabeth Taylor is also used to getting her way. That these two have managed to coexist for seven years in the name of AIDS says more about their compassion than their egos. But there are differences.

Last November, when Magic Johnson announced he was HIV-positive, Krim responded by immediately writing Johnson to ask him to be on AmFAR's board. Taylor's distaste for what she perceived as inappropriate pushiness is evident. She sent Johnson flowers and "my support. I've never met Magic. I don't want to use him. . . . It's the same with Arthur Ashe. . . . What [the press] did to him is appalling. The way [somebody] chooses to die is their own goddamn business."

It was also Taylor who, three years ago, insisted, over the objections of Krim, that the organization go international. She felt AmFAR's remaining American was "very chauvinistic. . . . I got the action going, by hustling and using friends . . . but *I* had to do it. Now," she says wryly, "we're all happy and working for the same cause."

Taylor bursts into a wild laugh. "I'm so full of bullshit I can't believe it."

"We complement each other very well," says Krim. "I have a professional education in biology and medicine, and because I'm not a public figure I can work at the desk long hours. I mind the shop. Elizabeth contributes to projecting an image of the organization. She deals with the public very well."

Taylor, indeed, has a knack. "From the beginning, she was in on almost every meeting in person or by phone," says Misenhimer. "I remember one meeting we had at the Occidental Petroleum building. While we were there she popped in to see Armand Hammer and got him to give $10,000."

One of Taylor's first letters went to Nancy Reagan, suggesting she might want to get involved with AIDS. The First Lady's response was frosty. President Reagan had yet to publicly utter the word "AIDS"—"not even when he spoke to Rock Hudson on the telephone," says Krim. "Before Hudson admitted he had AIDS, he'd said he had hepatitis, so when Reagan called Hudson before he died, Reagan referred to his hepatitis."

Not one to give up easily, Taylor kept after the Reagans until finally Reagan agreed to speak at the 1987 AmFAR Awards Dinner in Washington.

"[Reagan's speechwriters] didn't know anything about AIDS," recalls Krim, "so we wrote the first half of the speech, where Reagan talked about compassion, justice, care—all the right things. We asked them to please not talk about mandatory testing, because it was not recommended scientifically, legally, or medically. We said it would elicit a furious reaction from the public. But one of Reagan's advisers revised the speech and put it in."

"Let's talk about warm," says Taylor, rolling her eyes as she remembers that afternoon in an un-air-conditioned tent so hot Gottlieb's glasses steamed over. "The president mentioned mandatory testing and people jumped out of their seats. Then they started heckling him, so I jumped up and said, 'Don't be rude. This is your president and he is our guest.' "

Elizabeth Taylor is chewing on an ice cube and talking about Malcolm Forbes. "He made you want to get up and do things. I never thought I'd be up in a hot-air balloon or on the back of a bike for a hundred miles. And, boy, did he love the press. There were times I wanted to give him a knuckle sandwich, but that was part of Malcolm."

In 1987, Chen Sam asked Forbes, the billionaire publisher of *Forbes* magazine, to introduce Taylor, whom he'd never met, to a roomful of international media people. Forbes jumped at the chance. From then on, "Elizabeth and Malcolm," sums up Sam, "got on like a house afire."

So much so that Forbes gave AmFAR its first American million (the first million-dollar donation came from Japanese philanthropist Ryoichi Sasakawa).

Forbes surprised Taylor with the check at the May 1987 bash for the 70th anniversary of *Forbes* magazine, held at Timberfield, his New Jersey estate, and attended by 1,500 movers and shakers. "It was one of the most beautiful parties I've ever been to," comments Taylor, who, people recall, was herself a visual standout that evening, deeply tanned and sporting a Christian Dior dress with a plunging neckline and a white stole. "I'd just been given the [French] Legion of Honor [for work with AIDS] and I was wearing not the medal but the little red ribbon, which is very subtle," says Taylor. "I was very proud, so I put it on the white part of my dress. When we walked in, somebody in that big bank of press corps was screaming, 'Liz!' I just gave my glazed smile, pretending not to hear. Until I heard it again: '*Liiiiiiz!*' I was trying to ignore it—'Oh, Henry [Kissinger], how are you?'

" '*Liiiiiiz!*' Finally, I looked around and said, 'Yes, what *is* it?' And he said, 'Your laundry tag is showing.' And I thought, Well, so much for the Legion of Honor."

When Forbes finally handed Taylor the envelope, she says, she was stunned. "I

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Liz's AIDS Odyssey

had never seen a check for a million dollars before."

Elizabeth Taylor had never seen a check for a million?

"No," she replies, her glance withering. "My paychecks get sent to the bank, dear."

"She's so hot when she goes off script." David Kirby, director of public information for AmFAR, is talking of Taylor's habit of ad-libbing during her press conferences. "She's so quick on her feet. If she delivers a message, you know it's going to be heard."

Taylor was in particularly good form last July in Amsterdam. Besides dunning President Bush, she set Argentina on its ear. She called it "a country which is balanced on the precipice [of a pandemic]." Which, apparently, was news to Argentina. "How dare she tell us we're on the edge?" screamed right-wing newspapers, while President Carlos Menem hastily called a Cabinet meeting to formulate a response.

Elizabeth Taylor is best when she shoots from the hip. Colleagues in AmFAR applaud what they call her "good instincts." "She knows what's worth fighting for," says an observer.

To some, Taylor's instincts are more praiseworthy than AmFAR's policies—hardly news to Mathilde Krim, who chuckles, "We've been praised and savaged."

Critics of AmFAR say the organization's method of allocating its funds is too unfocused. (Of the $20.6 million AmFAR raised last year, roughly 80 percent went to clinical and basic research, with the remaining 20 percent earmarked for education, public policy, and AmFAR's international program.) The more radical AIDS activists view the organization as sedentary and Establishment; they berate it for being more reactive than proactive. "It doesn't have its hand in the initiation of any legislation," roars one. "All the reform on the executive branch—the speeding up of drugs through the F.D.A., coordination with the National Institutes of Health—has been done by ACT UP. In terms of the major policy reforms that have occurred in AIDS, the only one AmFAR had a hand in was the Ryan White Comprehensive AIDS Resources Act [authorizing emergency federal funds for cities and states hardest hit by AIDS]. AmFAR has a presence in Washington when they bring in Elizabeth. She is an incredibly powerful public advocate. But she's not going to write a new piece of legislative initiative. Elizabeth is the public face of AmFAR and when AmFAR does go to bat, she's there. She's holding up her end. The problem is the organization."

"My original intention was that [AmFAR] be ready on every issue that was breaking," says Misenhimer, "so we could snap our fingers and have our spokesman available. AmFAR should be the American Red Cross, the American Lung Association, the American Heart Association—but for AIDS. They—not the American Medical Association—should be the ones setting policy and issuing medical statements."

Gottlieb, who was not revoted to the board in 1990, views his old organization with sadness. "It's lost its urgency."

Last year Taylor established her own personal foundation, the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation, whose focus is direct AIDS care and education as opposed to research. AmFAR watchers saw it as tangible proof of her discontent. The actress demurs. "Now I have the best of both worlds," she says. "I raise money; it's hard cash and goes directly to the source. There's no overhead, not one dollar." Among the outlays ETAF has made in the names of Elizabeth and Larry Fortensky: $100,000 for AIDS-prevention programs, including condom giveaways and needle exchanges for intravenous-drug users in Latin America, and $250,000 to AIDS Project Los Angeles.

Taylor claims she will never leave AmFAR. "I couldn't. It's a part of me. But I have to keep reminding myself not to succumb to Founder's Syndrome. You become overly protective, chauvinistic, and unyielding. . .egos get in the way. You start thinking, This organization is mine. It's not. You're working for other people. You're a volunteer. And that's what I am. A volunteer."

Elizabeth Taylor is telling me about the second time she nearly died. The time the tabloids said she had AIDS. It all started in March 1990, when she got what she thought was a sinus infection. By April she was in the hospital in Santa Monica, where she stayed, hovering between life and death with an undiagnosable pulmonary virus, for the next three months.

It wasn't Taylor's first encounter with the Hereafter. That happened in 1961 in London, when she had also caught viral pneumonia. Though she says she had one of those out-of-body, going-through-the-tunnel-toward-the-white-light experiences, nobody gave a hoot. "There were 11 people in the room," she says. "I'd been gone for five minutes, and when I came to and told them about what happened, they thought, She's insane. But at that moment I wanted a paintbrush. . . . I wanted to paint with the sense of color I saw."

The second time, she got feisty. "I was pissed off. I thought, Fuck you. They wanted me to go on a life-support machine, and if I didn't give my permission, they'd do it anyway when I stopped breathing, which might be too late. . . . Finally, a woman doctor lost her temper. She said, 'You are a dying woman. Now sign this paper.' So I called in my kids and said, 'The fact is I am a dying woman.' The doctors reiterated it and they said, 'Mom, sign it. Get it over with. You'll be fine.' "

Taylor wasn't so sure. "I was terrified I'd end up a vegetable on life support." So she called her lawyer and made out a living will, stipulating that if she was unconscious for two weeks somebody had to pull the plug.

Taylor is now sitting on the edge of her seat. Talking about her death livens her up. "I wasn't leaving anything to chance. I came into this hospital for a sinus infection, and now here I was, dying."

Well, she didn't. They went on to perform a lung biopsy. "They cut from here to here," says Taylor, moving a hand from her breastbone, under her right breast, toward her back. "And then they used a machine to wedge open the ribs." She says this rather extreme diagnostic technique was the only method available to try to figure out how to combat the mysterious virus. But even that didn't work.

Catheters were stuffed into her chest and it was discovered that in addition to the virus she had the fungal infection candidiasis (thrush), one of the illnesses associated with AIDS.

"They'd given me so many antibiotics they'd blown my immune system. . . . I had the symptoms of AIDS, but I didn't have the fear. I knew I'd get better. I had the luxury of being almost certain I'd live."

Taylor pauses. "The first time I died was overwhelming. This time it galvanized me. I thought, I've got to do something to help people who are *really* sick."

But then, of course, she has. The world's most famous movie star is now the world's most famous AIDS activist. And once again she is center stage. "In Amsterdam, people from ACT UP were demonstrating outside the building where we held my press conferences. As I walked past them one day they yelled, 'Act up, Liz. Act up.' And I thought, Well, you've got the right girl. Worry not. I *will*." □



REMY MARTIN *Raise your Spirits.*

Studio System

(Continued from page 238) very serious, and we were dedicated to the idea of great theater," says Shelley Winters. "We all thought we would do Shakespeare plays and marry each other." There was a palpable buzz, a sense that extraordinary things were happening. Walk into a session and there might be Geraldine Page, Kim Stanley, Jane Fonda, Steve McQueen, occasionally even observers such as Helen Hayes and Richard Burton.

There is considerably less consensus about Lee Strasberg himself. Admirers insist that he brought dignity to actors, that he created in performers the wish to be better, always better. They point to his brilliance, his incisiveness, his ability to pick out the one false moment in an otherwise exemplary performance. "Lee was the great yardstick for your talent," says writer-director Peter Masterson, whose musical, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, like *A Hatful of Rain*, *The Night of the Iguana*, *The Rose Tattoo*, and *East of Eden*, was developed in the Studio's Playwrights/Directors Unit. "People who had success in New York and Hollywood came back to him all the time, because he was a grounding force."

"Lee Strasberg was the theater genius of the century," says Burstyn. "I don't think there's anyone alive on the planet who has that unique philosophic intellect. If you look at the results, it's undeniable. Anyone who is Studio-trained—Paul Newman, Sally Field, Diane Ladd—knows the value of the Studio. And anyone who doesn't get it just doesn't get it."

Others, meanwhile, point to Strasberg's remoteness ("He found it tough to say good morning in an elevator even if you were going up to the 90th floor with him," says Gazzara), the bullying, the narrowness of his approach, the voyeurism of some of the improvisations ("He sometimes got into areas that were better left to a psychiatrist," says Anne Jackson), and his failure to carve a theater company out of the Studio. "The Studio had not gone beyond itself," says Corsaro. "If Strasberg had developed a theater, it might not have been in a rut. But he created a hothouse, not a theater."

After Strasberg's death, in 1982, there was the jostling for position and power typical of an institution long controlled by a single individual. "The question was whether his widow, Anna, was going to inherit the Studio, and we decided we didn't want her to, but to be a part of it," says Ellen Burstyn. Piqued, Anna Strasberg left the Studio and successfully sued for possession of years' worth of audio recordings of Studio sessions.

Ultimately, Burstyn and Al Pacino succeeded Strasberg as co–artistic directors. Pacino resigned after two years, and Burstyn divided her time among the Studio, her own acting-and-directing career, and stewardship of Actors' Equity before ceding her Studio position to Frank Corsaro four and a half years ago.

The atmosphere has changed as surely as the leadership. "In the old days it was grim," says Norman Mailer. "The standards were so absolutely severe that it was hard to take pleasure in what you were doing. Frank is much more of an enthusiast than Lee."

"I'm trying to open up the work process so it isn't as tunnel-visioned as it was in the time of Strasberg," says Corsaro, whose main goal is to move the Studio out of its theoretical sphere "into a practical place where the work can be shown. The Studio has been too cloistered. We need not keep the work there and retain it as a holy of holies."

On a late-summer afternoon, three young members stood outside the session room, renamed the Lee Strasberg Theatre, trying with varying degrees of success to decompress after a rehearsal of *Eyes Right*, a work being developed in the Playwrights/Directors Unit. "You ought to come and watch us," actor John Michael Bolger told a visitor, pulling at his (torn) sweatshirt. "There's violence, sexuality, oppression, and danger all going on in the play at the same time. A lot of people here are really working to take chances and go the distance. I'm not saying we're a bunch of Brandos, but what's happening now is how it was when Brando was here." □

Whitney Houston

(Continued from page 243) of Brown's camp. "But when you see them together, you know it's love."

There was certainly reason to wonder. On the surface, this couple seems remarkably mismatched. She's the squeaky-clean pop diva in sequins; he's the B-boy from the projects who was once arrested and fined for simulating sex onstage. She's a morning person; he gets up at two in the afternoon. She is so devoted to her two Akitas, Lucy and Ethel, that she reportedly built a $75,000 house for them, a miniature version of her New Jersey mansion; he is afraid of dogs. She'll wear the same thing two days running, while he travels everywhere with two extra pairs of shoes in case he gets tired of the ones he's got on. ("Even as a kid I could never wear dirty sneakers," he says. "I'd just keep going and steal me a new pair.")

More significantly, there are the persistent rumors that Houston is gay (which she has repeatedly denied) and that Brown is a crackhead (which he has repeatedly denied). He was, however, definitely a ladies' man ("Getting girls is how I live," he once sang); he has three children, by two different women. "I think women are God's gift to this earth," explains Brown. "I *love* women." Houston, who previously dated Eddie Murphy, is now expecting Bobby's fourth child. "It feels different this time," he says. "It's different being married."

Despite all the disparities, this seems to be a real relationship. Whitney and Bobby are the inverse of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Like Ginger, Bobby gives a sexual charge to the pure image of Whitney (Fred), while she graces him with a veneer of class.

They rub off on each other professionally as well. In recent years, Houston has not sold to the black audience the way, say, Bobby Brown has. "Whitney's gone through a real rough spot with her black base," explains Ernie Singleton, president of the Black Music Division at MCA Records. "She wants to 'cross-black.' Being married to Bobby Brown might help her with that."

But marketing considerations aside, the couple seems to understand each other, and their separate worlds. Right now, it's getting late and Mrs. Brown is ready to leave Mr. Brown's party and go back to the hotel. He walks her to her limo, kisses her good-bye, and returns to Bobbyland, where he parties with his pals until early in the morning.

"Nicollette married Harry Hamlin so she could get a *green card?!?*" It's a week later and Whitney Houston is reading aloud from the *National Enquirer* and other tabloids as she gets her makeup done for a photo shoot. She is competing with her own voice: in the background, one of her cuts from the sound track for *The Bodyguard*, her upcoming feature-film debut, is playing loud. "Fergie's *preg-*

nant'" Houston says now to Ellin Lavar, who is curling the hair on Whitney's wiglet. "My oh my," she continues, leafing through the pages, stopping at an article on Roseanne Arnold.

Houston is wearing skinny black jeans, black sneakers, and a white T-shirt. She has a lovely face, with an almost doe-ish quality, like a Disney character. Her manner is considerably more playful and girlish than her image: she is relaxed, but professional. "Madonna says k. d. lang looks so much like Sean Penn she could fall in love with her," Houston recites. She folds the paper in half. "I like to read them," she says. "It's either me or Oprah they're writing about. They take turns."

Ellin laughs, and Houston concentrates on what Kevyn Aucoin, the makeup impresario, is doing to her eyes. She's surprisingly nonchalant about being in the tabloid spotlight, but then again, she's been around show business and its attendant vagaries all of her life. Her mother, Cissy Houston, is the great gospel singer who sang backup for, among others, Aretha Franklin, and Whitney's cousin is Dionne Warwick. "Even before Dionne became famous," Houston recalls, "my mother and her sister were singers—the Drinkard Singers—and they traveled widely and were famous in their own right."

Houston, who is 29, grew up in East Orange, New Jersey, and first sang in the New Hope Baptist Church. "Church was the family function," she has said. "Every Sunday that came I went to church. I was in church Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, skipped Wednesday because that was adult choir rehearsal, I was back Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and then again on Sunday."

At 17, she began modeling and was also singing "The Greatest Love of All" as part of her mother's act. "My mother watched me," Houston remembers. "When I did well, she would tell me. But she was more a corrector. She would never blow smoke up my ass. Everybody tells you you're great, you're fabulous, when you're famous, but she'd always tell me, 'Hey, did you wash your underwear today?' "

Despite the fact that Cissy Houston did not want her daughter in the music business ("Her fears were me and what people would do to me"), she did suggest that Whitney work with Clive Davis, the legendary president of Arista Records. Critics throughout the industry believe that Davis is responsible for Houston's glossy sound—that he keeps her in diva mode.

Houston shrugs off the idea. "It's an image," she says. "Because I wear gowns and sequins, I'm a diva. And because I can handle what I do. A diva has control. And, besides, you want to *hit*. You don't want to miss. Anybody who tells you, 'Well, I want artistic creativity,' they're still trying to get a record off the ground."

"But," she continues, "I already had my own little stuff in my pocket and Clive knew that. He knew that his job was to do what Clive did best. It wouldn't be to try to make me a star, because I would have been a star without Clive."

From the jump, her career ascent was spectacular: her first album, *Whitney Houston*, sold over 18 million copies worldwide, she surpassed the Beatles in consecutive No. 1 hits, and in 1988 alone she made about $45 million. Her third and most recent album, *I'm Your Baby Tonight*, sold only seven million copies, but her mainstream appeal has not flagged.

> "Professionally, we have to play the wedding down," says Brown's business manager.

Hollywood was the inevitable next step. She was offered the part of Josephine Baker and the lead in the movie version of *Dreamgirls*, both to the dismay of Diana Ross. "Everybody thought of me doing it because it was so obvious," Whitney recalls. "You want somebody who can sing and be a dreamgirl—get Whitney. But that's why I didn't want to do it—it's too obvious." Instead, she decided to star opposite Kevin Costner in *The Bodyguard*. She plays a glamorous, world-renowned pop star—not much of a stretch—whose life is being threatened. Costner plays an ex–Secret Service man hired to protect her and find her pursuer.

The two have a love affair in the film, although Houston would not do nude scenes. "They own me, but they aren't going to tell me to take my clothes off," she says. "I'm not hired to show my ass. I don't think it's my greatest asset." She pauses and starts to giggle. "I think it's one of my flavors, but—It's not a bad ass. My husband likes it." She smiles rather slyly. "A lot."

For most of her life, Houston says, she didn't think she would ever get married. "I just never wanted to be married," she explains. "I had an independence that didn't include marriage. I always thought men were full of shit. I did. For the most part, they used to talk shit to me all the time. They always had a rap. And I had two brothers, so they all told me what the deal was. They would tell me about the girls they did and they used to say, 'Do you want to be a whore?' 'Do you want to be a slut?' 'Do you want to be treated like shit?' They made me feel guilty for being a girl."

When she met Bobby Brown at the Soul Train Music Awards in 1989, she was not particularly impressed. "I hit him in the head," Houston recalls. "I was talking to some dear friends of mine—the Winans—and they were sitting in back of him. I'm hugging them and hitting Bobby in the head. And Robyn, my executive assistant, turns to me and says, 'Quit hitting Bobby in the head. I don't think he likes it.' And I looked down at him and he turned around with that coolness he has and I said, 'Bobby, I'm so sorry.' He said, 'It's all right.' And that was it."

She invited him to her 26th-birthday extravaganza in New Jersey and then they saw each other again at a Winans concert in L.A. "He said, 'If I asked you to go out with me, would you say yes?' " she recalls. "Because Bobby hates no. So, I said yes and that was the beginning of our friendship."

By the time he proposed last September, the tabloids had already feasted on the romance. Her rumored affair with Robyn Crawford was the main point of gossip. It's easy to see why conclusions were drawn: Houston and Crawford have been best friends for 15 years and are virtually inseparable. Crawford counsels her on all aspects of her career—from what dress to wear at a photo shoot to how loud the vocal should sound on a particular track from *The Bodyguard*. They watch each other constantly. "Doesn't Robyn look thin?" Houston will ask as she sees Crawford's reflection in the makeup mirror.

Whether or not they were ever lovers (again, Houston denies this), their relationship is fascinating for its fierce inten-

sity. It's difficult to imagine anything—even Houston's marriage—coming between them. Yet Crawford was the maid of honor when the couple made it legal last July.

The wedding was a spectacle: the bride and groom both wore white—her dress, made of French lace, cost $40,000—and the wedding party was dressed in shades of purple, Houston's favorite color. Eight hundred people attended the wedding ("Too many," sighs Brown).

"I was a nervous wreck," says Houston, who cried during the ceremony, but she's been ecstatic ever since. "Bobby is crazy," she says affectionately. She asks Ellin to change the tape. "Humpin' Around," which, contrary to its title, is actually an ode to trust and fidelity, comes on and Houston sings along. "My baby can *go*," she says, bopping about in her chair. "Bless his heart—he can *go*."

On a scuzzy street in downtown Hollywood, Bobby Brown is out in front of his rehearsal studio, pitching quarters against a brick wall. He's stripped to the waist, and the top of his Calvin Klein black-and-white striped underwear is sticking out above an extremely baggy pair of ultra-blue jeans. He's crouching down on the sidewalk, and his diamonds—especially a huge ring that reads "BBB" (for Bobby Barrisford Brown)—glisten in the streetlights. Brown takes aim and tosses a coin. "C'mon. C'mon. C'mon," he says. "All I want is the money."

Brown wins and picks up the change. He's playing with three of his "guys" (he usually travels with a large group—anywhere from five on up), including Stylz, a sweet-faced kid who raps on "Humpin' Around." Joseph Bushfan, his bodyguard, is standing behind them, watching the street.

Three guys from the neighborhood happen by and Brown happily lets them into the game. They don't seem to realize who they're pitching quarters against. Not even the rock around his neck or the pavé-diamond Rolex on his wrist seems to give Brown away. He does look different from the way he did four years ago—he's filled out and lost his trademark Gumby haircut. At first, he shaved one side of his head ("I looked like a nut, kind of scary"), but now he's nearly bald all over.

Brown is angling to play dice, but the other guys want to stick with coins. Another neighborhood kid wants to get into the game, and Brown says, "Sure. More dime, more better." They pitch again and Brown wins again. He walks down the street with his arms extended in a V and says, "I get *everything!*"

"We stayed out there all night," Brown says the next day while his dancers rehearse "Humpin' Around" for the MTV Video Music Awards show. "And I broke 'em. I broke 'em all." He laughs. This is familiar terrain. Brown, who is only 23, grew up in Boston's Orchard Park projects. "In the projects," he recalls, "I was famous for dancing. And fighting."

The youngest boy in a family of six, Bobby was first put onstage at a James Brown show by his mother when he was three. "He was never shy," says Tommy Brown, his brother and manager. "Not Bobby." He began winning talent shows, but he was still a baby criminal. "I don't think I ever felt like a kid," he recalls. "I always hung around older guys, doing the older things. . . . You knew they were going to get money. And if they got money, you got money. Mo' money, mo' money, mo' money is better." Brown pauses. "That's why I still have boyish ways about myself."

When he was 11, his boyhood friend James "Jimbo" Flint was stabbed to death in a fight. "That was the turning point in my life," he says now. "That's when I realized that running the streets can't last forever. You don't always have good luck. Right after that, we got New Edition started."

Roughly two months after forming New Edition, which was patterned on the Jackson 5, circa 1968, the group placed second in a big Boston talent show. Local talent czar Maurice Starr liked what he heard and signed the group to a contract. In 1983, its first song, "Candy Girl," was a hit, and New Edition, whose members' average age was 14, was an instant sensation. "There were little girls chasing around us," remembers Brown. "Little panties onstage. Some of the girls were fast and it broke a lot of us down."

Despite its success, the group was, at best, a mixed experience for Brown. Although he's made his peace with it, Brown felt that Starr rooked the group ("All I got was $500 and a VCR"), and he was also frustrated about not getting to sing lead vocals. "Bobby was a purist," recalls MCA's Ernie Singleton. "He'd throw mikes onstage when he couldn't do his part as long as he wanted to. . . . There was a tremendous amount of friction between Bobby and the rest of the guys."

So he decided to go solo. "I just felt it would be best for me to go and do what I wanted to do," he says. Immediately, rumors began to circulate: Brown was doing cocaine, Brown was on crack, and, finally, Brown was dead. "People are going to paint their own picture," he says with no small amount of frustration. "[Some of the business people] we had and I were fighting all the time, and in order to try and blacklist my name, that's what they did. But I've never used drugs and never been on drugs. My only drug is, I think, alcohol. I drink beer a lot. That's my best drug."

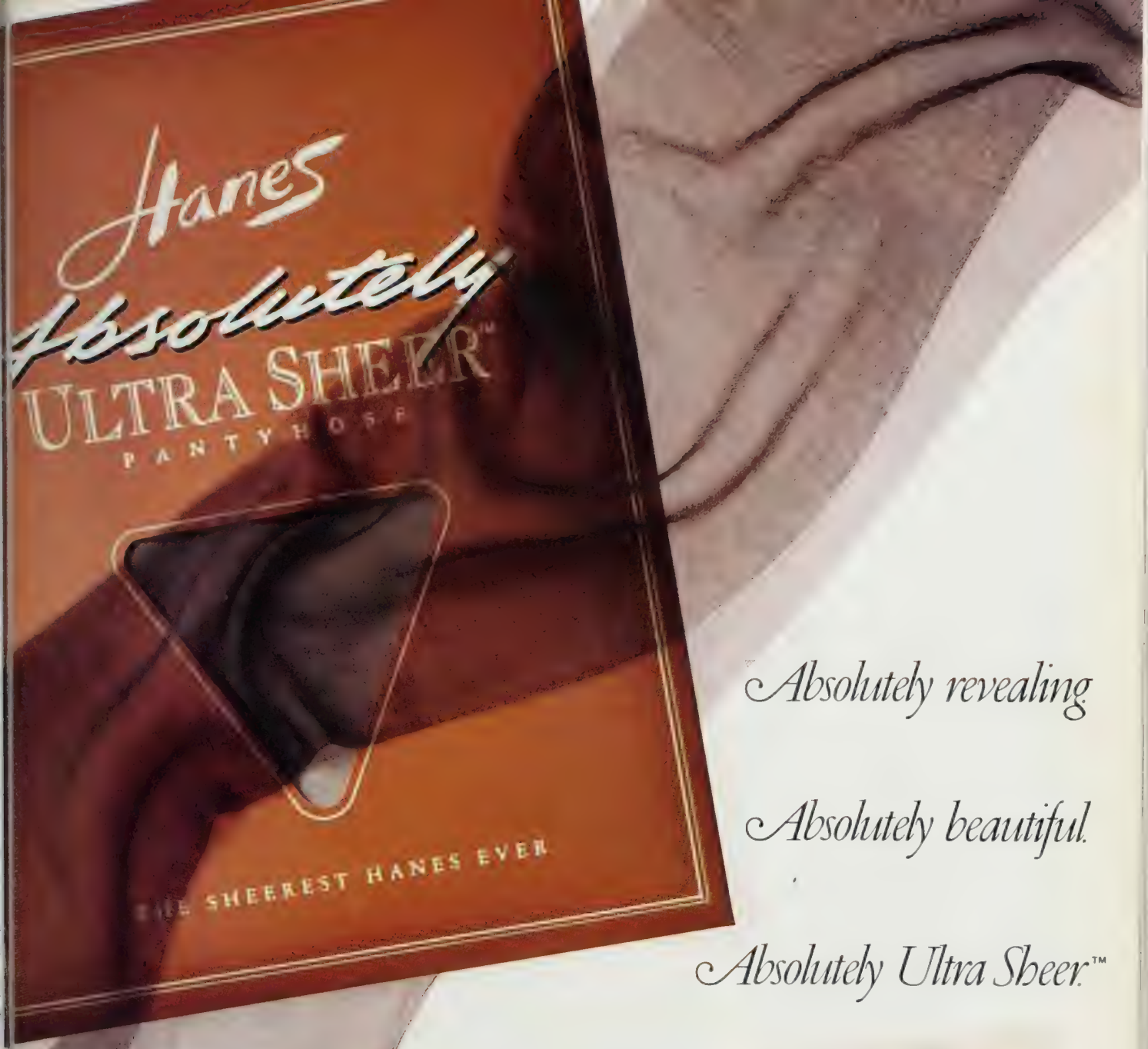
At 17, Brown not only had a new recording deal with MCA, he was also a father. "It was one of those nights," he says, shaking his head. "It was my birthday and the guys had given me a party at the hotel. I was drunk and one thing led to another, and another thing led to that thing, and I forgot the bag and POW! My little boy came." Landon Brown, who is now six, lives with his father. (Brown's two other kids, Laprincia, who is three, and Robert junior, eleven months, live with their mother, Kim Ward, who was Brown's longtime girlfriend and "first love.")

In 1986, Brown released *King of Stage*, which was largely ignored, although he still seems to have a fondness for all things regal (crowns are everywhere in Bobbyland). *Don't Be Cruel*, released in 1988, was a completely different story. Producer Teddy Riley helped combine hip-hop, pop, and a bit of funk to make *Don't Be Cruel* the first "New Jack Swing" record. There were four hits in a row and the album sold an astonishing eight million copies.

A large part of Brown's success was based on his live shows. He performed exhaustively, sometimes playing a city three times in one tour, and his shows were soaked in sex. His dancing combined *glissé* and a grinding pelvis; he somehow managed to be both smooth and hard. "Bobby Brown," wrote John Leland in *Newsday*, "is the most electrifying performer of his day."

But being the flyest, baddest Mack Daddy on the block did not make Brown a happy teenager. "It just brought me more and more problems," he says rather plaintively. "I was sad. Very sad. I got real sick, but I kept performing, and it just got worse and worse. It all came down on me. I was feeling alone, not knowing if tomorrow was promised to me."

After playing Japan two years ago, Brown and his brother moved from L.A., where they had been living, to Atlanta. For the next two years, he cooled out,



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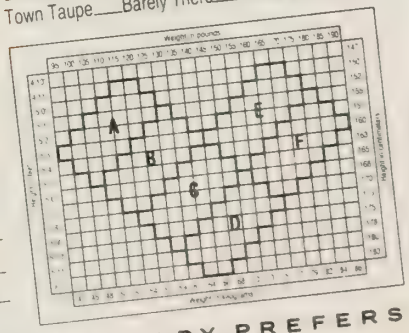
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Whitney Houston

bought a mansion and acreage (for $2.2 million), a studio (which he renamed Bosstown), and he wooed Whitney. "I'd stay in the house," he says. "I was kind of scared to go to the movies or go to the mall. Because I didn't know what people were thinking in their minds. Because everyone would ask me, 'When's your stuff coming out?' So I just wouldn't go.

"Nobody else saw me, but I would be at home in front of the mirror trying to sing like I was onstage."

Marriage seems to have steadied him ("I feel secure now"), and he's eager to get back on the road. "Bobby is going to be all around this country," says Tommy Brown. "He won't be worryin' about Atlanta or Jersey [where Whitney lives]. He'll be living at Sheratons for the first couple years of his marriage."

There is some worry in Bobby's camp that a happily married Bobby Brown will not have the same sex appeal. "This wedding is beneficial to him personally," says Brian Irvine, Brown's business manager. "But professionally we have to play the wedding down. His image is the young bad boy who's handsome and who moves his hips, and the girls love that. He can't lose that. So, he has to keep his private life private. The problem is, *he's* good for *Whitney's* image. And that's the battle."

The contradiction doesn't seem to concern Brown. "I just want to get onstage," he says again and again. "The rest—forget it. Just let me onstage and everything will be fine."

"WHERE'S MY BABY?" Brown is yelling at Houston as she comes into the studio where he's rehearsing "Humpin' Around." Although she's only three months pregnant, she walks stomach first. "There she is!" he exclaims. Houston plops down on the sofa next to Brown and grabs at his sweatshirt. "Let me see," she coos. He pulls the loose neck of his top down over his shoulder and shows Houston the tattoo he just had done. It reads, "BBB Posse." "All my guys are going to get them," he says. Houston winces. "He's talking about putting someone's face on his chest," says one of his legion. "Whose face?" says Houston. "Your face?" Brown pauses. "No," he says finally. "Pia Zadora's ass."

They kiss and Brown pats Houston's stomach. "I think it's a girl," she says. "Well then, I'm gonna spoil that baby girl," replies Brown, who recently gave his three-year-old daughter a ruby-and-pavé-diamond Rolex. "I want presents. Lots of presents. Shoes and dresses and diamonds and all that for her."

"You want everything, baby," she says. "Yeah," he agrees. Houston smiles almost maternally. "We'll see. We'll see."

Pier Paolo Pasolini

(Continued from page 261) Pier Paolo, the second Guido, like Pasolini's younger brother, a Partisan killed in the war.

Then he ducked under the lowered shutter and stepped outside, among the parked cars in the Piazza dei Sanniti, patiently waiting until Ninetto arrived.

As he waited, Anna and Mirella talked. They stood near the door and spoke about him, looking at his back as they did so; he was just beyond their hearing but within their vision, under a streetlamp and in the neon of the cinema marquee. Mirella, always working, noted the movie was *Two Hookers in Pigalle*. They joked about how Pasolini might, in fact, be waiting for some other young man so he could go off with him and "cuckold Ninetto."

Theirs was a duet of approval—nurturing, sympathetic, spoken without prejudice and in the same terms as if Pasolini had been a notorious luster after young females rather than males. Their gentle humor was insiders' insight, for both knew Ninetto had been the only one whom Pasolini really loved of the thousands of young men—the one person, after his mother, he loved most in the world. Anna and Mirella understood the relationship even without having read the anguished sonnets Pasolini had written.

When Ninetto married, Pasolini told Alberto Moravia and the novelist's former wife, Elsa Morante, that he "wanted to die," that it hurt so badly he wished to cease to be. He made what scenes he could to stop the marriage, but Ninetto was a normal boy—he wanted a wife and family. Still, Pasolini continued to cast his protégé in his films, with leading roles in all three parts of "The Trilogy of Life"—*The Decameron* (1971), *The Canterbury Tales* (1972), *Arabian Nights* (1974). Their next project called for him to star opposite the great Neapolitan comic Eduardo de Filippo in a film set in contemporary Naples, Paris, and New York. The working title was *Ta kai Ta*, ancient Greek for "This and That," but Pasolini also called it *Porno-Teo-Kolossal*. They had to discuss that tonight.

Pasolini stood near his Alfa Romeo; he loved it because it was fast in a country with no speed limits, was elegantly shaped in a culture where such matters count. The car was clean, inside and out, because his young second cousin Graziella, a university student who lived with him and his mother, Susanna, at 9 Via Eufrate, had washed it that afternoon. Now it shone an unusual color, as though phosphorescent, something silver-metallic that glowed yellow, reflecting the square's sulfur streetlamps.

What happened next is not clear. Acconciamessa says a boy appeared, one she didn't get much of a look at, and Pasolini gestured him over and they spoke. She was not sure, even thinking hard about it, whether he seemed to have arrived by appointment and with some sense of purpose or only happened by and Pasolini caught his eye. Or, rather, he caught Pasolini's.

The two stood and spoke for only a moment and the women could not hear them. They could not tell whether Pasolini and the youth talked as though it was their first meeting or they already knew each other. The boy moved on.

What is sure is that now Ninetto arrived with his family. He drove a white BMW. The movies had made him more money than he ever imagined. After embraces all around, the group entered for dinner. The restaurant's stock was low and Pasolini ate only a beefsteak and fried potatoes, no pasta. The others took some homemade sausages, a bit of fruit. It was about 9:30, perhaps quarter to 10.

The new film's role would be difficult, and for Ninetto, getting straight what his friend Pier Paolo—" 'Pa" in Roman slang—wanted was critical. Pasolini showed Ninetto his crayon sketches of certain scenes. He often did this, drawing many quick sketches, primitive storyboards. He always saw his films in his head, and drew them as so many stills, so that their making also became a mechanical process of transferring his clear picture into action before cameras. As usual, they also talked soccer scores. Pasolini and Davoli agreed the actor would take home a rough script and read it over.

Anna recalls that at 10:20 Pasolini

looked at his watch and said, "Anna, please make up my bill. Otherwise I'll be late [*faccio tardi*]." That's all he said: she assumed it meant he had an appointment and was going to see someone he knew at a place where he was expected. He always paid by check, making it out for 25,000 to 30,000 lire, often more than the bill, and taking cash back. This time—Anna thinks it is the only time this happened—he wrote the exact amount due, 11,000. Anna believes that he did not want to carry any cash with him where he was going, that he felt safer that way.

She has kept the check in a plastic folder and takes it out to show people who have a reason to ask about it, like the TV crew which later came to reconstruct that evening for a series about famous unsolved crimes.

As they parted, Pier Paolo and Ninetto agreed to talk the next day, Sunday, November 2, the holiday dedicated to the dead.

"I thought he was going home," Ninetto later told reporters. "I said, '*Ciao*, 'Pa, we'll be in touch.' He also said, '*Ciao*,' as though it were nothing at all. He seemed only a bit melancholy." The Bravis saw Ninetto leave with his family, going in one direction in his car, and Pasolini leave alone, going another way in his.

Antonio Nori's bar stands only yards from Rome's central train station, at the end of Via Daniele Manin, where the street dissolves into the Piazza dei Cinquecento. In 1975 the bar was open 24 hours a day. The last months of that year marked the peak of the bad times, when the traffic of the *malavita* kept good customers away. By Nori's own admission, his bar was a place where drug deals were made. And then there were the hustlers. Nori did not think most of the boys were professionals, rather just kids "willing to do it sometimes for men willing to pay. . . . I saw Pasolini here all the time: he was a regular." And not at this bar alone.

When Pasolini arrived at Nori's this particular night, all the witnesses agree, he pulled to the curb and lowered the window on the passenger side. The boys on the sidewalk, even those inside the bar, could have seen his face; turning his head from the driver's side, he would have been on sight line with their crotches. To talk with him, they had to kneel or bend over. Some evidence suggests that Pasolini was cautious. He kept the door locked on the passenger side and talked through that window without rolling it all the way down.

Several days later, when everyone had a story to tell, some drag queens told reporters that they had been the first to recognize Pasolini and had rushed up to his car, asking him to "take us for a ride," just a spin, *due passi*. He refused and moved the car forward along the curb toward a group of teenage boys standing in the doorway of the bar: Stefano Deidda, Adolfo De Stefanis, Claudio Seminara, and Giuseppe Pelosi, called "Pino."

Claudio and Pino did everything together. They'd pooled their cash to buy an old white Fiat 850, although only one of them had a driver's license. They went to dance halls and to porno flicks together, with that intense male bonding of Mediterranean adolescents. That's where they'd been earlier in the day—they later told the inquiring magistrate—after dancing at a neighborhood place with some girls they knew. In the late afternoon, they'd come to the station square intending to catch the film at the Moderno (the attraction that night was *Porno West*). But they claimed they changed their minds. Instead, they came to this bar, where the faggots hung out.

They themselves weren't queer, of course—they hated queers, as did everyone else—but they had made some money off them if the occasion presented itself. Everyone knew the difference between going with a queer and being one. As long as the roles were always kept very clear—who did what to whom—then it was harmless enough. A *maschio* was no less virile for letting a fag service him.

Pasolini spoke first to Claudio, smooth-skinned and pretty, his hair in blond waves like a del Sarto angel, his forehead high and clear. But his manner was too refined to be sexy and he was slim like a girl: Pasolini liked them more masculine.

Then he spotted Pino. Behind the wheel of his car, he must have been struck by the boy's resemblance to Ninetto and to Gennariello, the imaginary Neapolitan boy to whom he had written a long letter printed in the weekly magazine *Il Mondo*, and who was the personification of his sexual ideal: the black eyes, the mound of ringlets high in front, the small waist and strong legs, the straight, wide mouth. Pino's pants (tight, without pockets) displayed the goods, a cheap shirt and jacket did justice to his chest and shoulders, and boots with heels made him taller. Pino Pelosi was a good-looking kid from the lower class, 17 years old, with a record of juvenile delinquency that had "put him in" three times, rough but not scabrous—exactly the type Pasolini preferred.

Pino remembers, "Pasolini asked for directions, I think, but I understood immediately what he wanted." He says Pasolini offered him a ride and something to eat. The boy, who was car-crazy, may have also sensed a chance to drive the Alfa. But everyone who was there at the time understood what everyone else really wanted: for money, a kid was willing to go for a spin and allow himself to be felt up. He'd allow a blowjob for, say, 20,000 lire, but usually that was all. "There's a limit," Pelosi said more than a decade later. "I would go that far, but then there's a wall, no further."

Pelosi never denied that he accepted the offer from the stranger or that he was willing to have his pants opened as well. The rest of his story, repeated for 10 years and more, follows from there: a tale of a *bravo ragazzo*, fallen temporarily on bad times, defending himself against the attack of a psychopath, a well-known homosexual and corrupter of minors, a rich man bribing the slum kid for his body. That didn't make him a killer, Pino argued, or part of a plot.

Some of the press explained it differently: that Pino recognized Pasolini at once because they had met before or because he had seen his picture in the papers or on TV. They say he came directly over and offered himself, having his own idea of how the night would end.

Within minutes of driving away from the square, Pasolini and Pelosi were back. In the excitement of the pickup, Pino claims, he had forgotten the car he and Claudio owned, and wondered what ought to be done with it if he were late. Making arrangements for the Fiat was sensible. One never goes out at night with a fag without a plan. It was still early on a Saturday night on a holiday weekend, and one had to be ready for all sorts of adventures. The boys spoke for a while on the sidewalk and Claudio took the keys. When the police interrogated Claudio later, he said Pino's only explanation was "This one will take me home afterward."

Pino has always stuck to his story, that he told Claudio only that he was "going for a ride" and would be "right back." In his version of events, he presented himself to the court as solicitous of his friends' convenience and feelings, the stuff of responsible adult behavior.

But the police, the press, and the courts worried over this sidewalk conference. Surely this was the chance for making a plot. In these moments the boys could have agreed to meet in a certain isolated

spot where they could beat up the *frocio* and take his wallet, maybe steal his car and let him walk back to the ritzy neighborhood where he probably lived.

When the magistrates questioned Seminara, Deidda, and De Stefanis, the boys added a detail which was confirmed by a self-described hustler who came forward at Pelosi's trial the following April. Someone Pino did not know, and did not see, called out to him as he was about to get into Pasolini's car for the second time, "Pino, don't go with that one. That's Pasolini, and he'll try to fuck you in the ass"—friendly advice from one street whore to another. Pino's lawyer did not pursue the matter, suggesting as it does that Pino was not, as he claimed, the good boy in a bad place, and that he knew about Pasolini from the start. Pino dismissed the story and steadfastly held that he knew the man only as Pier Paolo—no last name, no reputation, nothing more.

Whatever he knew, he was soon in the car again, as Pasolini swung away from the curb and headed for the outskirts of the city. Hunter and prey—whichever was which—had connected.

The Alfa's seats put Pino and Pier Paolo close together, separated only by the wood-topped gearshift angled steeply forward. The car's silver skin reflected in the shopwindows along Via Nazionale, packed with goods that spill onto the sidewalk every morning. In Pasolini's second novel, *A Violent Life*, Tommaso Puzzilli walked down this street, a boy just like Pino, except he came from the Pietralata *borgata* instead of Pino's Guidonia. He had looked in the shopwindows and wanted what they had to sell, the life they offered. The windows were dark now, of course. Pelosi claims that at some point along this route Pasolini put his hand on his thigh, and touched his crotch. Pino admits he did not resist.

A little farther on the left rose the markets of Trajan, their brick vaults amazingly intact. A sharp turn and the Alfa roared past Trajan's Column. The Roman Forum was on their right, the ancient heart of the city. They had to make almost a full circle, clockwise around the Colosseum.

Pasolini knew the ancient poets; he had taught them and their languages in a high school after the war. He had made films of Sophocles's *Oedipus Rex* and Euripides's *Medea*, and had directed a production of Aeschylus's "Oresteia" transposed to black Africa. At the age of 17, Pino's age, Pasolini was by his own account "reading a book and a half a day," discovering the new French cinema, Freud, modern poetry, and painting. He was captain of the soccer squad of the University of Bologna literature department, talked of directing a student production of Calderón's *La Vida Es Sueño*, and sketched the outline of a study on contemporary Italian painting; he passed long hours "on the smooth, enemy benches of the library" absorbing the latest in criticism and poetry, reading the magazines that addressed what culture was and ought to be in the deepest years of Mussolini.

Pelosi barely managed in school. At 17, he had a criminal record for petty theft and was a veteran of youth detention centers; his schooling under the tutelage of the police and the courts had already begun. He would never rise out of the underclass. All the republic's talk about building postwar democracy and equality, all the debates over opportunity, did not change life for boys like him. His worldly ambition consisted of getting enough to get by, on one side of the law or the other.

Pasolini liked sex in the open air, so he chose to take Pelosi to Ostia, on the coast southwest of Rome. His poetry speaks of outdoor sex frequently; many of his films include such scenes in fields. It was not odd, and certainly not a homosexual monopoly. Roman couples, forced to live with their parents into adulthood, mate in cars: they line the Via della Cammilluccia every night, out where Mussolini's mistress Claretta Petacci had lived. They park every which way, tucked into every grassy patch, in every spot where the city's umbrella pines lend a shadow.

Pasolini would have had no trouble asking Pelosi what he was willing to do. Among film crews, he was famous for speaking softly but for being absolutely clear about his requirements, which had to be met the first time.

Pelosi might have had the sangfroid to say what was acceptable sex and what was not. He has always insisted that he never would have agreed to bend over to "take it in the ass," and those who claim to understand such boys believe him. Pelosi told the court they never talked past agreeing "to do something."

Each was playing a kind of Russian roulette. Maybe, by chance, both could emerge satisfied. Perhaps Pasolini was skilled enough to overcome such a tentative tough guy's prudish machismo, his resistance to abandon. Pasolini, an experienced technician of sexual arousal, certainly knew when to insist and when to rest, when to go faster and when to pause, when to speak and when to be silent. All Pasolini's calculations had to be right the first time, lest the ride back to the station be awkward for them both. But since money was to change hands, it was Pasolini, the customer, who had to be satisfied. Perhaps, though, Pelosi did not see it this way; perhaps even that was beyond him. Jean Genet, asked about what happened that night, said, "All the Italians are gigolos, none professionals." Pelosi might not have imagined, not understood, that it was his job to please.

They were on the Viale Ostiense now, modern asphalt poured wide over the ancient Ostia road. It makes part of a ring highway around the city, an almost perfect circle encompassing the historic center, the slums, and even some fields. As it turns toward the southwest, the road eventually reaches Fiumicino, where Leonardo da Vinci airport sits. Pino had been promised a meal and Pasolini knew where to go, a trattoria that workers from the nearby wholesale markets used, a simple place overlooking the Tiber called Al Biondo Tevere.

They knew Pasolini here as they knew him at the Pommidoro. Pino remembered how Pasolini was greeted as "Dottore" when they walked in. Seated at a table with the requisite red-and-white checked tablecloth topped with oiled paper, Pino ordered a glass of beer, spaghetti with oil and garlic, and a quarter of a roasted chicken. Pasolini only sipped a glass of beer as he listened to the boy talk, answering questions about his life.

For 30 years Pasolini had intervened with powerful friends and acquaintances on behalf of boys in need. Had matters gone differently, he might well have done so the next morning for the boy facing him now.

Back out on the Ostiense, the city was either sleeping or celebrating through the long holiday weekend. The traffic thinned.

Past the wholesale markets and over a bridge, the Ostiense yields to the Via del Mare, which runs out of pavement as it approaches the Idroscalo, the old seaplane station near where the Tiber empties into the sea, where Dante had souls embark for Hades. The sea, winter gray, was about 50 yards farther. They could have smelled it, but not seen it, in the dark.

They might have seen, after a bit, the edges of shacks—*case abusive* they are called, because they are "abusive" of the law—thrown up by people who wanted a garden, or someplace out of the city

where the air smelled of something other than auto exhaust. Pasolini had described the place precisely in *A Violent Life* ("There was a puff of cooler wind, a breeze from the sea, and then the stink of houses full of rags, rubble, and kids' pee mingled with the smell of the mud"). It was not a proper neighborhood: no municipally made street signs, no paved sidewalks, no schools, no sewers, no post office, not even a bar. It was nothing to see, except that to Pasolini it was somehow better than the salons of Roman hostesses or the villas of the rich.

Pelosi says Pasolini seemed to know where he was going. It was, in fact, just where he had shot some footage for *Arabian Nights* the year before. When he reached a clearing of hardened earth, an open field used at times for soccer, he cut the engine. They sat a minute. Pelosi says Pasolini removed his glasses, undid the boy's pants, and bent over, awkward though it may have been, sitting side by side. There was no resistance. And that was that for *amore*.

Pelosi first claimed he got out of the car because he wanted a cigarette. Later, he said it was because he wanted to pee—nothing incompatible in that—and, still later, because Pasolini had ordered him out.

From this point, the boy's narrative unfolds in shorthand and is full of gaps. He says that while he was standing, facing into the dark, Pasolini approached him. What Pelosi told the police was all taken down, word for word, and passed with greater speed into the press than into the police files: "He made me lean over a metal fence and came down behind me, pushing against me, trying to pull my pants down. I, instead, told him to stop it, but he picked up a stick, the kind that are used in gardens, and he tried to stick it up my ass, or at least he pushed it against my ass without even having lowered my pants. . . .

"He made noises," Pelosi said, "stuff that made no sense, that I couldn't understand. . . .

"So I grabbed a piece of wood and turned around and said to him, 'But have you gone nuts?' This Paolo didn't have his glasses on, he'd left them in his car, and to look at him in the face, it seemed to me the face of a crazy man, so much so that I was afraid. I ran off in the direction of the paved road, over the muddy part, and he followed me. Since I was wearing boots with heels on them, I got all loaded down and I fell. I felt Paolo on top of me, moving his shoulders, and I could tell he wanted to start again, so I turned around, and then this Paolo hit me on the head right there at the point where I have the scar. . . . After I took that hit, I grabbed the stick from him with both hands and managed to get him away from me. I ran off again, and again he caught up with me. He started hitting me again with the stick; now I remember it was a green board; he hit me on the temples and various places on my body. I saw, lying on the ground, a board with writing on it . . . and I broke it over his head, but even this didn't make him stop. He didn't seem to feel anything."

The fight effectively ended with two massive kicks to the groin, made almost deadly by the strength of Pino's thighs and the points on his boots. "[The police] saw I was much smaller than he, that he was so strong and in such good shape. But if you kick anyone, no matter how big he is, that hard and *there*, he's out." Pasolini fell and Pelosi continued to hit him around the head and chest.

> Some say that Pino recognized Pasolini at once... and offered himself, having his own idea of how the night would end.

"I grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head down and gave him two kicks in the face. Paolo staggered but still found the force to punch me in the nose. With one of the two pieces of the board I hit him over and over until I heard him fall to the ground and gasp. I took off for his car then, carrying the two pieces of board with me, but I threw them away as I did the green board, throwing all that near the fence and near the car. Then I got inside the car and fled in it. I was very shaken and it took me a while to start the car and turn on the lights. In my flight, I didn't know whether I passed over his body or not."

But the Alfa did pass over Pasolini's body. Pelosi denies claims by some experts that the car passed over the body twice, once backward and then forward, before he drove away and headed back toward Rome. "All I wanted to do was to get away," he told the court. "I didn't think he was dead, but at that moment I didn't care that if I left Pasolini there he might die of his wounds."

The wounds made for gory viewing when they laid Pasolini out the next morning on a stainless-steel examining table at the university-hospital mortuary. When *L'Espresso* carried the pictures three years later on the occasion of Pelosi's appeal (he had initially been convicted of "voluntary manslaughter with the assistance of others unknown"; the subsequent ruling was that he had acted alone), the issue sold out. Under the headline MASSACRE OF A POET, it showed a half-dozen color shots. The bulk of the page was given over to a color photo taken at the murder site, probably within the first hour after Pasolini was found.

Accompanying the photos was some text from the autopsy report: "Pasolini . . . was lying on his back, a bloody arm twisted, the other hidden beneath the body. The hair was matted with blood. The arms were blackened with bruises and reddened with blood, as were the hands. The fingers of the left hand were fractured and cut. The left jaw was fractured. The nose was flattened, and bent to the right. The ears were cut in half, and the left one twisted. Wounds on the shoulders, the thorax, the loins. A deep laceration at the nape of the neck. A bruise at the testicles, wide, deep. Ten ribs broken, and the sternum. The liver lacerated at two points."

But what the photos showed had not killed him. The kicks and blows had rendered him helpless, bleeding slowly on the ground, but not dead. Had the assault stopped at this point, Pasolini might have survived. A trio of coroners concluded death was caused by "rupture of the heart and hemorrhage, a traumatic rupture which initiated from the side of the right ventricle." Pelosi never denied driving over Pasolini's body—traces of hair and blood were found on the car's undercarriage—and it was this that crushed his thorax and killed him. In the photographs, Pasolini looks surprised, mouth open, no anguished contortion of features, apparently more stunned than pained. Why should he have been surprised? Once, he had told Alberto Moravia, "You know, every time I go cruising I feel like I'm risking my life." After such a life

what could have surprised him at this final moment?

To many, Pasolini's death seemed another straightforward homosexual crime—*un tipico delitto omosessuale*. But so much about this death is conjecture, and the public record is one of contradictory confessions, self-interested testimony, and mounting confusion. Little aside from the precision of the autopsy is sure.

Some reports say Pasolini's belt buckle was open and his zipper partially lowered. Pino's explanation is that "in the violence of the struggle"—a phrase he uses to dismiss many problem details—Pasolini's pants came open. Another version in other official reports has it that when they found the body the pants were closed and the zipper up and that the police undid them so that Ninetto could check the laundry mark inside the waistband when he was called to identify the corpse. Or then again, maybe Pelosi, if he acted with accomplices, tampered with the pants, opening them to make it look as if Pasolini had been sexually involved.

Pelosi claims he thought only of defending himself from Pasolini's attack—"fighting for my life," he says. And some people who say they knew Pasolini well are sure he taunted the boy, asserting his rights as a customer over the hustler. They contend that Pasolini's only satisfaction lay in being beaten, that he was prepared to do whatever was needed to arouse his boys to anger. They insist that Pasolini was lean, hard from his shoulders to his waist, with legs sinewy from playing soccer every weekend. Pelosi was also in good shape, and he did have a 36-year advantage; yet, some others claim, he ought to have shown more damage, should have emerged from the struggle with more visible punishment. When the police picked him up within the hour, he showed barely a scratch. There was a small scrape at the nose, as though he had been hit, but no blood, no broken bones, no bruises. Where was the blow that incited such violent self-defense? How was he not bloodied too?

Many think that the understanding between Pasolini and Pelosi unraveled in a moment, that Pasolini might have resented coming all this way only to be thwarted. Pelosi claims that when he resisted "playing the woman" Pasolini said to him, "I'll kill you," and that the statement seemed not the usual street bravado but a warning, not metaphoric but a threat to be taken literally. Pasolini's friends vehemently denied this possibility, as well as the suggestion that Pasolini reacted with violence to the threat of a holdup. Alberto Moravia told the press, "He was a man incapable of violence." Actor Sergio Citti said, "I knew him for 25 years. . . . It is impossible that a man like Pier Paolo could do violence to a boy like this because he failed to satisfy certain of his wants. It's absurd, ridiculous. Pier Paolo was an intelligent man, and I . . . know what would have been his reaction, a laugh, a laugh and that's all."

The police found Pasolini awash in blood, his skull battered, one ear almost off, his fingernails flattened, and a line of broken bones across his fingers, as though he had raised his hand to fend off the blow of a strong, elongated weapon. Pelosi claims that in the course of the struggle he found a straight plank, one with an address hand-painted on it: VIA IDROSCALO 93. Such a broken board was found at the scene, smashed and bloodstained. Yet the fractures in Pasolini's left hand and the scale of the wounds suggest far more than what a rotten wooden plank could do in the hands of a teenager, even a strong one, who was acting alone. It makes far better sense, many have claimed, to assume Pelosi had help. Others may have pinned Pasolini and held his arms, while he managed to free one hand to ward off an attack from a crowbar or iron pipe. And, the job done, these others would have taken the weapon with them.

Pelosi says that after the first attack he started to run and heard Pasolini chasing him. He claims Pasolini overtook and tackled him, pushing him into the dirt. But Pelosi was not dirty when the police picked him up, and the authorities' reconstruction of the events suggested it was Pasolini who ran from his killer—or killers—losing blood until he fell unconscious.

After the chase, Pelosi says, they were about 80 yards from the car. "I kicked him once or twice in the balls," hard enough that his head bowed, exposing the skull for an unimpeded blow. The blow was hard, especially since Pasolini offered no resistance, either because he was restrained or because his head was already down and bleeding. The team of coroners documented hemorrhage-scale damage to the groin, smashed as hard as possible by someone striking without mercy. The damage to the cranium was also extensive. They were the kinds of injuries—direct hits—that suggest not a fight between equals but the purposeful beating of a helpless man.

Faustino Durante, the forensic pathologist hired by Pasolini's mother, also rejected Pelosi's claim that he drove over Pasolini's body unwittingly, killing him only in his panic to get away. On Wednesday, November 5, Durante went to the murder site himself, bringing oversize sheets of paper, pencils, rulers, and cameras to make his own sketches and measurements. He drew the shacks, and noted where the body was lying, the location of the car, the distances and angle needed for the boy to get the vehicle around Pasolini and onto the exit road. His photos captured the print of tire treads passing over Pasolini's back. Through his measurements and his analysis of the Alfa's turning radius, Durante concluded that Pelosi must have tried to go straight over the body in a deliberate line. The least effort—even an inexperienced driver's unthinking reflex—would have let him drive around it.

Pasolini's striped shirt was found not far from his body. It bore a large red stain, round and dried by morning, in the center of the back, and was (press reports claimed) neatly folded, arms in place, all its buttons closed, laid out near the body as though just delivered by some macabre laundry.

What could this mean? Did Pasolini, not yet felled by the kick to his crotch, remove his shirt and hold it over his wounds? Did this reflex action of trying to stanch the flow of blood down his face take his arms out of play, making him vulnerable to the kick? Who folded the shirt? Wouldn't Pasolini have ripped it off, instead of folding it so neatly? Could he possibly have walked away from the fight and, thinking it over, taken time to double the fabric to make a better bandage? Or if Pino did panic, as he claims, and bolted for the car, when would *he* have stopped to fold the shirt, and why? If an accomplice, a fellow assassin, folded the shirt, why did he leave it there, perhaps with his fingerprints on it? Why not take it away?

The police waited for many hours after the body was found, at dawn, to conduct their investigation. They did nothing to seal off the site effectively. Within an hour after the body was discovered, the murder site was swarming with reporters and onlookers. Within hours, any prints that might have been made by a second vehicle disappeared in the footprints of the kids playing around the body and the obliterating tracks of official cars. By the next day, the clearing amid the shacks had become a place of morbid pilgrimage. Later, heavy rains came, and all other possible evidence was lost.

The official report of the Squadra Mobile of the Lido station, signed by patrol-car partners Antonio Cuzzupè and Giuseppe Guglielmi, best tells what hap-

pened after Pasolini stopped moving.

At about 1:30 that morning the two cops were proceeding down the Ostia breakwater through a section called the Lungomare Duilio in a squad car with the signal name Gazza 2. They were on routine surveillance when "we saw pass us going in the other direction from our own an Alfa Romeo GT with the license Rome G69996, at a high speed, driven by a young man." They estimated Pelosi was moving at more than 100 miles an hour. They doubled back after him, but he refused to pull over. Eventually they caught up with him, forcing the Alfa over against a wall. "In the meantime, Officer Cuzzupè took out his gun. The young man got out of his car and, weeping and crying, tried to get away. He was immediately stopped and accompanied to this office, where he was identified as PELOSI Giuseppe, and confessed to having stolen the car in Rome a short time earlier."

Pino kept them distracted by talking fast, and they had no reason to think this was more than auto theft. He needed to explain himself and seem to be just another *borgata* punk, caught in an everyday occurrence, nothing more. He pointed to the scratch on his nose and told them he had hit it on the steering wheel (when they forced him to brake abruptly). Later, he claimed this was a deliberate lie, that the scratch had come from Pasolini's blow. He also claimed he had a deep cut on his neck. The officers took him to the emergency room of a neighborhood clinic, where note was made of a "laceration and contusion at the hairline." It was held to be nothing serious, was treated on the spot, and that was that. There were no other bruises, wounds, bites, or scratches —none.

The police searched the Alfa immediately and found Pasolini's registration inside. Cuzzupè drove the car to the station, not bothering with fingerprinting the wheel or wearing gloves. He later said, "I didn't pay much attention to what was in the car then, being busy following the squad car that was ahead of me, carrying Pelosi." When they arrived at the station, the police sent notice to Pasolini's cousin Graziella. They told her what they knew at that point, that her cousin's car had been found, driven by a boy who admitted stealing it.

At the Lido station, Pelosi insisted that the officers wait while he looked around the backseat of the squad car. He said he was missing his Marlboros and a lighter. But the search had to wait until after he was booked and transferred to the Casal del Marmo detention center. The head of the station, Vice Brigadier Luigi Vitale, recalled that it was only after they had brought Pelosi to the Casal that he began talking specifically about a ring. He made much show of the need to find it, indicating where he wore it and pointing to the light-colored skin on his finger where it had been. At about four A.M., Pino said, "Please, I'd like to have my cigarettes, which I left in your car, and also my ring, which fell off when you picked me up." They had him describe it, and looked for it inside the Alfa. They even agreed to go back to the stretch of road where they had stopped him and look there, using their headlights.

Vitale tried to be efficient, or at least protect himself. He went to the trouble of stating in his official report of November 5, "I can assure you that if the ring had been found, it would have been returned. I am speaking also of the lighter and the cigarettes, which also were not recovered." He added, "He said he had stolen the car in Rome and came to Ostia to accompany a friend: I confirm that when it turned out that the car was the property of Pier Paolo Pasolini, he did not manifest any particular emotional reaction."

Pasolini, an experienced technician of sexual arousal, certainly knew when to insist and when to rest.

Pino claims to this day that the police helped themselves to his lighter. But those who believe he did not act alone that night explain this commotion over lost trinkets differently: his accomplices took the cigarettes, lighter, and ring, their mysterious disappearance one more bit of circumstantial evidence of a conspiracy. Since Pelosi was eight months short of legal majority, perhaps he and his partners needed to ensure that the crime was solidly pinned on him, and quickly. The ring left at the murder site would have been the link, clumsy and obvious, but nonetheless a connection. Pelosi, the theory goes, was only putting the officers on the scent, as planned.

It is possible, of course, that he just wanted his ring back. The officers noticed how sincerely Pino cried, bawling like a baby. Everyone knows how adolescent boys get agitated about watches and sunglasses, lighters and key rings, little stuff that lends them a feeling of ownership, of adulthood. It all made sense.

Officers Cuzzupè and Guglielmi had picked Pelosi up a little before 1:30 A.M. They informed their superior, Vitale, about two. By three A.M. the formalities needed to transfer Pino to the Casal del Marmo were complete. He was arrested and charged only with auto theft at four o'clock.

The owners of the *case abusive* near the Idroscalo had all slept soundly that night: a handful made sworn statements to that effect. No, they had not seen headlights or heard a scuffle, no running and no cries. Some insisted they had not been near their shacks for months. Romans long ago learned to hear, to see, and to say nothing when trouble breaks.

But early on Sunday morning, November 2, one of the residents—Maria Teresa Lollobrigida, housewife, 46—stepped forward as if onstage. Hers was a minor part, but she played it with gusto. She was to tell her little story many times, with fresh enthusiasm for each reporter willing to listen.

Her husband, Alfredo Principessa (frequently, Italian women keep their maiden names), made a formal statement to the police. "About 6:30 this morning, my wife, Maria Teresa Lollobrigida, and I, along with our two children. . . arrived in our car at the Via dell'Idroscalo in Ostia, where I have a little house. . . . As my wife got out of the car, she exclaimed, 'They're always throwing their trash and garbage in the street,' and went toward a mound of trash to move it. But when she got within a few steps, she realized it was a male cadaver."

She was made for TV news: Lollobrigida in her housedress, pointing an arm fleshy above the elbow, calling "garbage" the remains of an artist whose poetry and films themselves so often called up the garbage-strewn hillsides of the urban periphery. The press knew a character who had "stepped from the pages of Pasolini" when they saw one.

By 7:50, police from the Ostia station

Pier Paolo Pasolini

were at the scene. They found the bloody shirt (the collar tag said, "Pasolini") at the edge of a playing field, bloody sticks, and the plank stained with a mixture of blood and brain matter. About 10 feet away, a so-called scientific officer found a ring half-buried in the mud, "the kind of thing one buys at a country fair, something imitation." Vice Brigadier Vitale reported everything to do with the ring to his superiors, suggesting it "might not be extraneous" to the case.

At 10:40 the police took a statement from Ninetto Davoli, who had been alerted at 7:30 by Pasolini's cousin Graziella that Pier Paolo's car had been found stolen and that he had not come home: "She told me she was very worried because Pier Paolo's mother would be awakening soon. She wanted . . . to tell her Pier Paolo had . . . stayed the night at my place . . . in order not to shock her. . . . I specify this because every time Pier Paolo was out late, he called me and called his family so that none of us would worry. . . .

"The police . . . repeated to me what Graziella had said, but added that a corpse had been found at the Idroscalo at Ostia, and they asked me to go and have a look. There . . . I immediately recognized the body shown to me to be that of Pier Paolo Pasolini.

"As far as I know, Pier Paolo did not know anyone in that neighborhood, but he knew the area because, for several years, I went with him from time to time to play soccer in the field nearby."

At 10 that morning, Pelosi was still trying to convince police interrogators that he had found Pasolini's Alfa in a parking lot on the Via Tiburtina. At 11, questions began to be asked with an eye toward bringing charges against him for voluntary homicide. Pino confessed:

"The deal was clear, I was supposed to play the man. But then he wanted to reverse the roles. I said no. He insulted me and we started hitting one another, and then I didn't see anymore. I didn't see that the plank had nails in it. He hit me too. He ran away. Then he fell. I took his car, I didn't understand anything, maybe I ran over him. He was crazy. I didn't understand."

Pelosi's rage had been triggered: "Only I was supposed to play the man [*il maschio dovevo farlo solo io*], not take turns." □

Black Mischief

(Continued from page 253) as Sir James Goldsmith, Lord Carrington, Peter Bronfman, and Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, and his international advisory committee was top-heavy with the likes of Lord Hanson, Paul Volcker, Zbigniew Brzezinski, George Will, and Henry Kissinger.

There were some who wondered whether Black's vanity and military turn of mind—he compared his business tactics to the stratagem of the "expanding torrent offense"—indicated that he was a megalomaniac headed for a fall. Warren Buffett, for one, thought that the great days of investing in media businesses were over. And Hal Jackman, the lieutenant governor of Ontario and a friend with whom Black played toy soldiers, warned of Bonapartish tendencies. "I find his appetite somewhat large, maybe insatiable," Jackman said. "It's what keeps him going."

Black did not suffer such criticism gladly, and he often lashed out at those who dared to disturb the serene pools of his narcissism. In a notorious letter to the London *Spectator*—the prestigious weekly of conservative opinion that he eventually bought—Black wrote of an author who had called him unprincipled: "Those who would retain his services should confine him to subjects better suited than this one to his sniggering, puerile, defamatory, and cruelly limited talents."

The vitriol he hurled at members of the press knew no bounds. He referred to them as "swarming, grunting masses of jackals." Reporters, he said, were "a very degenerate group" with "a terrible incidence of alcoholism and drug abuse" who were often "ignorant, lazy, opinionated, intellectually dishonest, and inadequately supervised." All of this—however true—seems strange coming as it does from a man who provides paychecks for thousands of reporters, who makes his living off their nosy impertinence, and who, not incidentally, has just begun a whole new chapter in his life as the husband of Barbara Amiel, a prominent journalist.

The dinner party celebrating the wedding of Conrad Black and Barbara Amiel was one of the more widely covered stories in London last summer. It was held at Annabel's, the fashionable club in Mayfair, in a private room lined with wine bottles, and the bridegroom sat between Margaret Thatcher and the Duchess of York, who would make her own, topless splash in the tabloids a couple of weeks later.

"After Max Hastings [the editor of *The Daily Telegraph*] made a nice speech, Conrad got up to give his speech," recalled Miriam Gross, the literary editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* and one of Barbara Amiel's closest friends. "Conrad said that when he first became very interested in Barbara she told him that he should go to see a psychiatrist, and that he did so, and the psychiatrist—who had seen her on television and read her columns—told him there was nothing wrong with him.

"As he concluded," Miriam Gross continued, "Barbara turned to me and said, 'He didn't tell that story right. He didn't explain. The reason I told him to see a psychiatrist was because he was suffering from the shock of the breakup of his marriage, and he had fallen for me on the rebound.' "

The two Mrs. Blacks could not have been more different. For her part, Shirley Black was a lively suburbanite whose major claim to fame—other than providing her husband with two sons and a daughter—was that she was the grandniece of Robert Stanley Weir, the judge who wrote the Standard English words to "O Canada!" She appeared to find the adjustment to the brutal cut and thrust of London society unbearable. She changed her name to Joanna ("With all respect to the Shirleys of the world," she said, "it was not a name I particularly liked"), fled with her children back to her husband's seven-acre estate in Toronto, and began to display an interest in theology.

"There is all sorts of speculation about why I left my husband," she told me. "People are saying that Barbara Amiel's a jezebel and that she split up our marriage. I'll say on the record that it is categorically not true. It had nothing to do with Barbara. . . . Marriages fall apart."

However, more than a year before, during a dinner given by Lord Jacob Rothschild at Spencer House, the former family seat of Princess Diana's father, Shirley-Joanna (as she became known behind her back) had told Barbara Amiel that she was leaving Conrad and returning to Canada. "Barbara said, 'You can't leave an attractive man like that alone in England,' " according to a friend. "Bar-

bara realized right there and then that this was a man she could love. The light went on."

She was, at 51, almost four years older than Conrad Black, and she still cut quite a figure. She reportedly showed up at a lunch given by the editors of *Punch* in an angora sweater tightly belted at her narrow waist. But it was the combination of her looks and brains that was devastating. She delivered her right-wing fusillades in her *Sunday Times* column with a wicked sense of humor, and, as a result, she was in great demand in London society. It didn't hurt that along with being known for her amusing small talk she enjoyed the reputation of a femme fatale whom no man could forget.

Her first husband, a Canadian lawyer named Gary Smith, showed me a baby picture of her that he carried tucked in his wallet nearly 30 years after they had split. Her second husband, George Jonas, a Hungarian writer and well-known conservative intellectual-about-Toronto, from whom she was divorced 13 years ago, told me that he continues to talk with her on the telephone practically every week, providing her with right-wing fodder for her columns. Asked to describe his former wife, Jonas drew a portrait of a woman who combined the *Weltanschauung* of a Jeane Kirkpatrick with the *poitrine* of a Jane Fonda—a sort of intellectual Barbarella doll.

Stories of her amours abounded on both sides of the Atlantic. One of her former lovers, a successful travel impresario named Sam Blyth, who is 14 years her junior, recalled for me their life together in the late 1970s as "a big adventure, a lot of fun, like a journey in a big cookie jar." After she separated from her third husband, David Graham, a wealthy cable-television entrepreneur with whom she had moved to London, she was taken up by Lord George Weidenfeld, a septuagenarian. For a while, each thought the other had money—or so the story went in London—and Weidenfeld escorted her around town, introduced her to his famous coterie consisting of people of high culture and high money, and encouraged her to take a room of her own on the Embankment with a private alleyway connecting her place to his. She told a friend back in Toronto that the relationship was platonic, but as Nigel Dempster, the British gossip columnist, suggested, "George doesn't have platonic relationships."

She seemed to relish her reputation as a sleek, self-absorbed sex kitten. "Almost everyone remembers watching her walk from her office to the library at the other end of the newsroom," wrote Christie Blatchford of the *Toronto Sun*, where Barbara Amiel had served briefly as the paper's first woman editor. "[She was dressed] in an open trench coat, under which could clearly be seen a black bustier, garter belt, and stockings."

Her suggestive bons mots were part of Canadian lore. Once, after an exercise class at Twenty-One McGill, a Toronto club, she told a group of women, "My dears, apart from Anatole France and Albert Schweitzer, there is no man interested in anything but sex." To others, she indicated that the experience of being forced as a child to write with her left hand tied behind her back had led her to become ambidextrous in other, ineffable ways. And on yet another occasion, when someone took notice at a party of the sexy belt cinched around her wasp waist, she removed it, dangled it in front of a man to whom she had just been introduced, and said, "Usually, I wear *only* this."

Six years before she married Conrad Black, she had written a prescient piece for the monthly magazine *Chatelaine* entitled "Why Women Marry Up." "Power is an aphrodisiac because it protects and offers a shield from the world," she wrote. "It envelops a woman and plays to her most basic instinct of vulnerability. . . . Power is sexy, not simply in its own right, but because it inspires self-confidence in its owner and a shiver of subservience on the part of those who approach it."

"She was amazing," recalled a colleague who had worked with her back in the mid-1970s at *Maclean's* magazine, and who seemed to speak for all the men who had ever come within her compass. "She wrote to kill. She was smart, tough, herniatingly beautiful. She was no more a crackpot than the rest of us in terms of ideology—that came later, I guess."

She described her political conversion in a 1980 autobiography called *Confessions*, sparing herself no embarrassment. She was born into a Jewish family of British Marxists. Her father, a colonel who left his wife for another woman, committed suicide; her mother, who moved the family to Canada with her working-class second husband, threw Barbara out of the house when she was 14. By her 20s, she had had an abortion, was addicted to codeine, and was surviving on Elavil, a drug used to treat clinical depression. She was afraid of being left alone in an empty room, she wrote, and would sit "in my own urine . . . for hours, too frightened to cry and too frightened to move."

In an article in *Chatelaine* subtitled "Nothing Succeeds Like Excess," which appeared at the same time as her autobiography, Amiel was portrayed as a shameless self-promoter who "can, on certain days, make Margaret Trudeau look like Greta Garbo." Her exhibitionism, it was said, often took the form of playing the submissive Trilby to some man's Svengali, and even she admitted that she craved intellectual domination.

"I so loathe the permissive, promiscuous society and so long for fidelity, stability, and monogamy," she said, "but it is always just out of my reach. There is a thing called discipline. I have tried to inflict it on my work. I've tried to inflict it on me. But all that emerges is self-indulgence. Really, I won't talk about my personal life, because I am ashamed of it."

She was apparently still sensitive about the subject when I arrived in Toronto last summer to report this story. She knew that her columns in *The Sunday Times* attacking political feminism, homosexuals, state financing for abortions, and multiculturalism had not done much for her popularity back home among the liberal mandarins of the Canadian journalistic establishment. "People really like her or hate her," I was told.

One who clearly fell into the former category was William F. Buckley Jr., who had been recruited to serve on Black's international advisory committee. Just before Conrad got married, "his secretary called and asked if Pat and I were free to have dinner with him," Buckley told me. "She said he will have arrived with somebody he will just have married the day before. We and John O'Sullivan [Buckley's chosen successor as the editor of the *National Review*] were to be the only guests. . . . They came in on the Concorde, and we had dinner at La Côte Basque, and she was seated on my right and he on my left. She told me that she was at our place in New York years ago, and committed some gaffe, like spilling soup, but I didn't remember.

"It was a very chirpy evening," Buckley went on, "and they had some political disagreement at dinner. Nothing deep. Decriminalizing drugs. She was pro, he was not. Certainly, their conversation suggested that she had by no means been satellized in the 24 hours they'd been married. . . Some people might say he's star-fucking. But he's a very curious man—one has the feeling that essentially he's taking things in all the time. Someone who's become so prominent as he has in his field, his principal motive is to find

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out how things work, what makes people tick, what is extraordinary."

"Conrad's father was a strong intellectual, and one of the more interesting men I've ever met, but a bit of a recluse," said Brian Stewart, a Canadian television journalist, who went to school with Black and was an official witness at his London wedding this past July. "The father had made a great deal of money, and when he was 47 he began to drop out. We'd come in in the early-morning hours, and he'd be sitting there in the living room of his large brick house on Park Lane Circle, with its windows overlooking lawns and fabulous willow trees and the swimming pool. He was a thin and enormously tall man, hunched over a chessboard, a glass of beer and a pile of books at his side, a cigarette in his lips, squinting in concentration.

"Conrad in those days sympathized with the Democratic Party in the United States," Stewart continued. "One of his proudest possessions was an old LP of the speeches of Franklin Roosevelt, with the tremendous roars of applause when F.D.R. took off after the rich, and his father said, 'For God's sake, get that bloody record out of the house!'... They'd discuss politics, business, which was the most splendid of the Napoleonic victories, the name of the third-baseman of the St. Louis Browns in 1937.... There was a real shyness in Conrad, and he compensated by always having a subject at hand to get into a serious conversation. But his father fixed on Conrad early on as an exceptional kid, who he hoped would do far better in the world than *he* did."

He needn't have worried. As a boy, Conrad Moffat Black was observed carefully laundering dollar bills and hanging them out to dry. By eight, he had bought his first share of General Motors stock, boasting that he was doing his bit for the free-enterprise system. Possessed of a photographic memory, he could recite the names of all the ships in the Spanish Armada, along with their tonnage. He remembered everything that his father told him about the intrigue inside the Argus Corporation, the vast Canadian holding company built by the legendary businessmen E. P. Taylor and Bud McDougald. One brutal Argus power struggle had resulted in Conrad's father's being betrayed by his partners and forced to retire. Conrad vowed someday to avenge his father's name.

His father sent him to a prep school for the sons of power and privilege. Upper Canada College was run along the classic lines of British public schools—in those days, it encouraged caning and harbored a sadistic pederast on its faculty. "This place is a concentration camp, but most of the inmates are oblivious to the fact," Conrad complained to a classmate, John Fraser, who went on to become a distinguished foreign correspondent for the *Globe and Mail* and, eventually, the editor of the Canadian magazine *Saturday Night,* which is part of the Black empire.

Conrad was expelled after he was caught stealing final exams, which he sold to the boys on a sliding price scale depending on his shrewd assessment of their families' net worth. The experience confirmed Black's low opinion of humankind. "As I was walking out the gates [of the school]," he said, "a number of students who literally twenty-four hours before had been begging for assistance—one of them on his knees—were now shaking their fists and shouting words of moralistic execration after me. I've never forgotten how cowardly and greedy people can be."

By his mid-20s, Black had traveled throughout Europe, toyed with the idea of becoming a psychoanalyst, and returned to Canada to enroll as a student in the law school of Laval University in Quebec City. Far from his brooding father in Toronto's Park Lane Circle and surrounded by new, French-speaking friends, he felt that for the first time he was being judged on his own merits, not as a poor little rich boy.

Despite all his wealth, he wanted desperately to be viewed as a self-made man. He began making guest appearances on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio news show *Daybreak,* where he would discourse on great speeches of the past, such as the Gettysburg Address and the speeches of Franklin Roosevelt and Martin Luther King Jr.

It was at this time that he and a politically well-connected friend acquired an interest in a decrepit Quebec weekly called *The Knowlton Advertiser,* which became the first link in his newspaper chain. He also developed an intellectual interest in Roman Catholicism, which was nurtured by Paul-Émile Cardinal Léger, the brilliant and aristocratic archbishop of Quebec.

"Léger went off to the Cameroons and founded a leper colony," Brian Stewart said, "and Conrad got so fascinated by a cardinal who would give up all the riches of a prince of the church that he flew to Africa, and he trudged his way through the jungle, and he had this meeting with the cardinal which went on for days. They talked about religion, and the fate of man and the world. Later, when a group wanted to put Léger up for a Nobel Peace Prize, Conrad wrote the application to Oslo." Léger didn't get the Nobel, but he did capture Conrad's soul for the church.

In 1976, only 10 days after Conrad's mother died, his father, who had been drinking heavily and who had recently ventured forth from his home only to gloat at his former partners' funerals, crashed through the railing of a staircase and fell to his death. His last words to his son: "Life is hell, most people are bastards, and everything is bullshit."

By now, Black was a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, and he turned his university thesis into a scholarly, if adoring, 743-page biography of Joseph Maurice Le Noblet Duplessis, the premier of Quebec for an unprecedented four terms between 1936 and 1959, who was generally dismissed as a corrupt right-wing political boss. "A reader of the thick volume," wrote Black's biographer, Peter C. Newman, "can easily spot the clues to Black's personal identification with his subject, almost as if he were using the act of placing someone else's life on paper to exorcise his self-doubts. Conrad praises Duplessis for abstaining from all physical activities except croquet, endorses his conservative ideology, lauds the Premier's photographic memory, defends his use of police as strikebreakers, and supports his condemnation of the press."

Conrad had inherited $7 million from his father, and when Bud McDougald, the autocratic chairman of Argus, died in the spring of 1978, Black launched a daring bid for the company. He persuaded McDougald's widow and her sister to sign over control of their Argus shares to him. In a 125-day campaign that he later compared to Napoleon's successful strategy at the Battle of Rivoli, Black, then just 33, and his older brother, Montegu, gained control over assets worth $4 billion for a total investment of $18 million.

Some charged that Conrad had hoodwinked the women. And indeed, Maude McDougald told a CBC reporter who interviewed her at her home in Palm Beach, "[Black's lawyer] started turning back this sheaf of papers. My sister and I, like absolute idiots and birdbrains, signed and signed and signed—without reading at all."

Black didn't seem to be deterred by this tarnish on his reputation. He dismissed criticism as an example of what Peter Newman later called "the most indigenous of Canadian fevers: the rush to humble any individual who dares push ahead of the herd." With a ruthless disregard for public opinion, Black proceeded to slough off the most famous names in the Argus

portfolio—companies like Massey-Ferguson and Dominion Stores—and shift his assets into newspapers. Conrad-bashing soon became a favorite sport at the Toronto Club, where Conrad himself had been given a life membership for his 21st birthday. "In those days," remarked a club member, "taking turns attacking Black was like going into a Jewish bakery to buy bagels. You had to take a number."

More seriously, Black and his less ambitious brother, who were slowly beginning to drift apart in business, became the target in the early 1980s of a probe by police and investigators from the Ontario Securities Commission into allegations—never subsequently proved—that they had broken U.S. and Canadian laws in a takeover bid for the Cleveland-based Hanna Mining Company. A couple of years later, Conrad settled a rancorous dispute by returning the surplus millions he had removed from a pension fund—a celebrated incident that prompted one Canadian political antagonist to describe him as "that most symbolic representative of bloated capitalism at its worst."

"There were several conversations during that time between Conrad and his brother in the kitchen and family room of Monty's house in Forest Hill," recalled Sarah Band, a prominent Torontonian, who dated Montegu after he separated from his first wife. "They talked about Hanna Mining, and about how Monty was dealing with his divorce. His wife was giving Monty serious time over money. And I remember Conrad saying something along the following lines: 'Listen, this is going to get a little too messy. We don't want lawyers looking into what is yours and what is mine. So let's saw this off cleanly, and I'll give you what you need.' "

He bought his brother out for $17 million—$5 million of which went into Montegu's divorce settlement—and then redoubled his efforts to sell off his remaining major non-newspaper assets. He was eagerly searching for more newspaper properties, especially for a flagship paper that would give his company the kind of profile it needed to generate interest in the stock market—and, not incidentally, give him a larger stage on which to strut.

His big opportunity came in 1985 in the form of the London *Telegraph*, once the proud voice of British middle-class conservatism, but now a paper that had fallen on hard days, with a sclerotic management and a declining readership. The *Telegraph* was exactly what Conrad Black had been looking for. "Monty's divorce may well have been an excuse to split the assets," said someone who knew both brothers. "It was certainly a way to get Monty out of the picture. Conrad had grandiose plans, and nothing was going to stop him."

It was that rarest of rare breeds in the world of business—a financially astute wheeler-dealer journalist—who brought the *Telegraph* to the attention of Conrad Black.

Andrew Knight, the editor of *The Economist*, knew that the paper, which had been in the Berry family since 1928, was in desperate need of an infusion of cash. Knight arranged a meeting at the Hilton hotel at New York's Kennedy Airport. Under the constant roar of jet planes landing and taking off, Black agreed to put up the necessary money, provided that Lord Hartwell, the head of the Berry family, agree in turn to give Black the right to purchase any future offering of the family's shares. Just as Black had suspected, the Berrys were forced to sell more of their stock within a matter of months. And after Lord Hartwell announced to an emotional meeting of his board that Black had wrested control of the paper, he fainted and had to be carried out of the room.

For his trouble, Andrew Knight was made chief executive of the *Telegraph*. "Andrew came to see me," Peregrine Worsthorne told me over tea at his home in the country, "and he said, 'Conrad has it in mind to make you the editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*. But before doing so he would like to meet you, and would like you to go out to see him in Toronto.' I arrived in a heavy snow, and the taxi dropped me off at the gate of the house, which was locked. I climbed over and rang the bell, which was answered by Conrad himself. He said, 'Will you excuse me? My wife's having a baby.'

"So I went into the library," Worsthorne continued. "He didn't come down for a half-hour. I developed an appalling headache. 'Could you give me an aspirin?' I asked him when he came in. 'We don't have any medicine in the house,' he said. He called a security guard, who left in a car with lights flashing.

"We then had this chat. Max Hastings [who became the editor of *The Daily Telegraph*] had told Black that I would know the answers to many questions. He asked me about 19th-century history, who was the longest-serving prime minister since Lord Liverpool. He knew the answers beforehand. I thought to myself, If you're a Canadian tycoon, and you gain control of an old, conservative, and highly respectable newspaper, you are tempted to demonstrate that you are a damned sight more knowledgeable than the people who are condescending to you."

Black was quite anxious about his initial impact in London. He would ask friends whether or not he was getting through to people. Did they like him? How was he perceived by the Establishment? "You wouldn't have found two people in London who knew who he was when he came," said Sir Charles Powell, who served for a number of years as the foreign-policy adviser to Prime Minister Thatcher. "He started from a very low recognition factor indeed, with a lot of ground to make up, and he did that."

Black bought a large house in Highgate, on a hill above Hampstead Heath, the most beautiful park in London, and he turned over the job of decorating the place to his wife, Shirley. "She wanted to give it an impression of her own," said her decorator, Sally Metcalfe, of the firm George Spencer Decorations. "Full of color. Her taste is Victorian, pattern on pattern—comfort. She very much wanted a family house for a wife and a dog and three kids that required little or no staff."

Shirley's low-key approach was in distinct contrast to that of her husband, who soon made close friends of such far-right, big-money men as Sir James Goldsmith, Kerry Packer, and John Aspinall. Black went in for traditional Establishment activities—Ascot and weekends at the great country houses of Lord Hesketh, chief whip in the House of Lords, in Northamptonshire, and other rich toffs.

Early last summer, when he spent a weekend at the Scottish castle of Simon Fraser, son of Lord Lovat, near Inverness, he took along two of his children and their nanny. "There was a major get-down breakfast, a major lunch, a major tea, and a major supper," said one of the guests that weekend. "Conrad definitely held forth. He's used to everybody listening to his wise words. Also, he's into being a Catholic. I said it was trendy to be Catholic these days, and he didn't let me get away with that. 'Justify that!' he said. Of course I couldn't. All I could say was that a lot of pretty girls go to Brompton Oratory."

Meanwhile, even Black's critics had to admit that he was making something of the *Telegraph*. "The British press has gone downhill in the past 10 years," said Lord Donoughue, a prominent member of the Labour Party and a former assistant editor of *The Times*. "Most of it has managed to descend from the gutter in which it traditionally rested into the sewer. But the *Telegraph* remains a quality paper in the old-fashioned sense."

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A lot of the credit for resurrecting the paper had to go to Andrew Knight. But when Black moved to London a couple of years ago and began breathing down his neck, Knight began talking to Rupert Murdoch about moving over to Murdoch's News Corporation. Finally, Knight left, taking with him a whopping $25 million in stock options. Black felt betrayed. To his surprise and delight, the Canadian outsider found that the overwhelming preponderance of sympathy in Britain was in his favor. "When your butler leaves, you like to know beforehand," commented a banker in the City.

Even if Conrad Black had bought the *Daily News,* it is unlikely that he would have moved to New York. The Canadian tycoon has grown accustomed to London—to its good conversation, good restaurants, good cultural life. He now spends about seven months of the year there, and is often spotted by his editors arriving in midmorning in his chauffeur-driven racing-green Bentley at the new tower on the Isle of Dogs, where, as a favor to Paul Reichmann, an old Canadian friend who is on one of Black's boards, he has rented space in the Reichmanns' bankrupt Canary Wharf development.

For another thing, he seems intent on taming his new trophy wife. He and Barbara Amiel are looking for new quarters in London. "Barbara hates the house in Highgate," said the decorator Sally Metcalfe, who is helping her search for a house. "Maybe in Chelsea—not something miles away from everything. It's always difficult when a second wife moves into a first wife's house. It's emotionally impossible."

There are those who believe that, despite the thickening Oxonian accent they detect in Barbara Amiel, she will in fact be a moderating influence on her husband. "I think she will have her feet on the ground," said a newspaperman who knows both of them very well. "She's a real cool customer, and would hate to be associated with anyone who makes a fool of himself."

Miriam Gross, Barbara Amiel's good friend, agreed. "She is very aware of the danger of taking advantage of the luxuries of life, and how things can change from one moment to the next, as any intelligent person would be," Gross said. "She will guard against and consciously fight against being spoilt. That is why being married to a rich man won't change her. She won't let herself become dependent. She will be quite prepared for any eventuality."

Still, everyone who knew Conrad Black wondered whether he would ultimately become a victim not of his femme fatale wife but of his own narcissism. "All these guys face the danger that they make the deals and then they've got to finance them," said Hal Jackman, Conrad's old comrade in the trenches of toy-soldier war games. "They've got to act precipitously to make the deals, before the financing is in place. Mind you, I'm not drawing any parallels with Conrad, who's been doing fine so far. But when Roman generals had their triumphs, they always had slaves who held a wreath over their heads and whispered in their ear, 'Glory is but fleeting.' " □

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(Continued from page 228) were over 600,000 circumcised at Gilgal."

"So you're saying you'll find the Ark by looking for the heavy, compressive tread of hundreds of thousands of men trudging toward adult circumcision?" I ask.

"Well, we don't expect to find the *foreskins,*" he says merrily, "but there's a joke you must have heard: You know why foreskins make good purses? Because you stroke 'em, they turn into suitcases!" He laughs uproariously. "You gotta have a sense of humor about these things," he adds. When I say good-bye he's still laughing, a swashbuckling Texan apparently unconcerned by the notion that he is playing with fire in the Holy Land.

My companions at Qumran tell me they're skeptical about Vendy's "atomic fingerprints" claim, but interested enough to investigate further. They invite me to accompany them when they pay a visit to an influential Messiah-theorist rabbi who has been at Vendy Jones's dawn press conference and acclaimed the find as important. He's a rabbi who has his own stash of the sacred substance.

That evening, in one of the strangest moments of my reporting experience, the rabbi emerged from the kitchen of his suburban-Jerusalem home bearing a silver salver filled to the brim with the "fine reddish-brown powder." And there it was in front of us, the powder—it looked like gourmet chili powder—that some believe is the very perfume of the apocalypse.

"Rub it between your fingers, then sniff it," the rabbi suggested. "Taste it." I did all but the latter. It smelled, well, like *dirt* to me, although I must admit I wouldn't have recognized the atomic fingerprints of frankincense even if they had been there. But were they there? After we sniffed the incense, the rabbi himself admitted he had some questions about Vendy Jones's claim. It wasn't just that most academic archaeologists dismissed it. It was the problem with the Weizmann Institute scientific analysis. The institute, when called by reporters, claimed no connection with the report by the man who signed himself "chemical consultant" and who used some curious locutions for a scientist (a random sample "amazingly weighed exactly 26.0 grams"). Jones insists the tests themselves vindicate his find, regardless of the stationery question.

But doubts haven't dampened the rabbi's enthusiasm for the quest. He, too, had a theory about the Ark. He knew someone, he said, who had already located it. He told us about another rabbi he knows who was with a group of seekers when they secretly tunneled beneath the Dome of the Rock to explore the ruined foundations of the temple upon which the Muslim shrine rests. They were stopped mid-dig by Israeli authorities, but what's not generally known, what's only whispered about among the cognoscenti, is what happened just as they were halted.

They said they'd come within inches of breaking through a final layer of mortar to a still-intact chamber they were certain was nothing less than the secret compartment where the Ark had been hidden.

The authorities prevented them from breaking through, but the rabbi in the lead claimed to have heard—dimly but unmistakably—through the fragile subterranean masonry, an awesome *roaring* sound like a fierce wind. A sound he said he knew for sure was the roaring breath of God.

PART TWO
Entering "a Very Dark Hole"
In Which a Learned Man of God Speaks Gravely About "the Curse of the Scrolls"

East Jerusalem. The courtyard garden of the palace of Pasha Rabbah Effendi el

Husseini, now the American Colony Hotel.

Graham Greene stayed here, and one suspects Graham Greene would have loved the Reverend Dr. James Charlesworth and his obsession with his White Russian. You see, Reverend Charlesworth is accustomed to having his White Russians concocted in a certain, *special* way by Ibrahim, bartender and longtime fixture of this Arabian Nights scene, which has hosted eminences from Lawrence of Arabia to Glubb Pasha.

But tonight in the flickering candlelight of the courtyard garden, Reverend Charlesworth—Methodist minister, scholarly luminary of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and pillar of the Dead Sea Scroll establishment—has been trying, without much success, to explain to the Arabic-speaking waiter exactly how to prepare White Russians, Ibrahim-style.

When the somewhat confused waiter departs, Reverend Charlesworth and I return to our conversation about Scroll scholars and their curious behavior. I ask him about the dark side of Scroll study. What might be called Scroll Scholar Syndrome. In reading the literature, I tell him, I was struck by the number of *calamitous* episodes that have befallen those who have gotten too deep into Dead Sea Scroll studies.

Consider the first unfortunate soul to bring forth ancient manuscripts from the Dead Sea shores, back in the late 19th century, a man named Shapira. He saw his find "declared a shameless forgery" by experts who denied any genuine manuscripts could have survived the harsh climate for 2,000 years. Shapira, "the luckless purveyor", of the "forgery," was "hounded to a lonely and despairing suicide," according to one historian. Indeed, Shapira "blew his brains out in a Rotterdam hotel," *Biblical Archaeology Review* editor Hershel Shanks told me.

What is it about the Scrolls that brings misfortune to scholars? I ask Charlesworth.

He laughs. "Well, one *could* write a whole article about the curse of the Scrolls. I've seen it since the 50s. There *is* something about the Scrolls. Let's just be objective: some of the people who have worked most intensely on the Scrolls have either gone crazy, have suffered from severe alcoholism, have had nervous breakdowns, or have had the most *horrible* lives of confusion, lack of happiness, loss of self-identity . . ."

An amazing summation, particularly coming from a scholar not otherwise prone to melodrama. In fact, one might say the lives of the Scroll *scholars* have been as gravely marked by messianic expectations and bitter disappointments as those of the Scroll *writers*.

Much of the drama has swirled around the members of the Scroll editorial team in Jerusalem, the elite group of scholars who hoarded the secrets of Qumran for four decades. It was King Hussein's government in then Jordanian East Jerusalem that initially gave the Scroll team its stranglehold on the manuscripts in 1953, naming a Dominican scholar-priest, Roland de Vaux, to head the team. They had full power to limit access to the texts to themselves and whichever favored few graduate students and acolytes they blessed with a precious fragment. Privileged access became the basis of lifelong academic careers, scholarly empire building—the Scrolls were the hot center of contemporary biblical studies and Scroll scholars became powerful, globe-trotting academic superstars.

It's hard to overestimate the atmosphere of acute anxiety at the time the Scroll team began its translations. Would the New Testament have to be rewritten because of the new testimony? It's true that most of the Scrolls proved *not* to be controversial—many of the relatively intact identifiable texts found were multiple copies of already well-known books of the Old Testament and the biblical Apocrypha. (A few scholars have argued that the Qumran corpus was actually a "library" collection of Scrolls written elsewhere.) The source of the nervousness, the potential shock value, was the so-called Sectarian texts, the ones that appeared to have been composed by the Scroll Sect writers themselves, the ones that analysis of scribal handwriting styles had placed in the period shortly before the time of Christ.

There were psalms, hymns, beatitudes, and liturgies of worship. But there were also detailed rules of communal living that emphasized common possessions, baptism, and a shared meal of bread and wine, and suggested to many a proto-Christian worship. There were earnest, painstaking reinterpretations of the prophetic books of the Bible, exegeses that made it seem that the prophecies were about *them*, about the community of the New Covenant, as they called themselves (shortly before the Christians used the term and long before Bill Clinton). And about the shadowy leader of the sect, a messianic figure they called the Teacher of Righteousness, who was preparing the way of the Lord in the wilderness. And about the enemies of the Righteous Teacher, the allegorically named Wicked Priest; the Spouter of Lies; and ancient slick politician types they called the Seekers After Smooth Things.

It wasn't long before the trouble started. In 1956, John Allegro, one of the original members of the Scroll team, an Oxford-trained Hebrew scholar, gave a sensational interview to the BBC in which he argued that the Dead Sea Scrolls would make the Gospels look derivative if not obsolete. He claimed they showed that the Scroll Sect's Teacher of Righteousness had been crucified 100 years before Jesus, and implied that the Gospel Crucifixion story was at best a mythologized, hand-me-down version of the Dead Sea Scroll original—that the Righteous Teacher was the "real" Jesus.

Whatever the merits of Allegro's claim—and almost all of his Scroll-team colleagues denounced it as unsupported by the texts—there was something so megalomaniacal about his anti-Christian ambition that it went beyond an intellectual position. In a letter to his Oxford colleague John Strugnell, later to become editor in chief of the Scroll team, who'd been considering a career as a theologian, Allegro proclaimed that "by the time I've finished, there won't be any church left for you to join."

"Allegro had a fixation with finding the nontruths of Christian crucifixion," Strugnell says.

Allegro wanted, in other words, to be the Messiah of Atheism. He was treated like the Antichrist. Not till a decade later, when John Lennon declared that the Beatles were "more popular than Jesus," did a remark on the subject of religion cause more of an outcry. His mainstream colleagues ostracized Allegro, but he was a man possessed by Scroll Fever. He struck back with an even more blasphemous theory in 1970, when he published *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross*. A book which advanced the outré thesis that there was *no* historical Jesus, that the name Jesus in the Gospels was a code word for the psychedelic mushroom *Amanita muscaria*, which, Allegro claimed, was the original sacrament of Christianity. Allegro, roundly ridiculed, went off to live in self-imposed exile on the Isle of Man.

Allegro's outbursts and, to a lesser extent, Edmund Wilson's more sober speculations in *The New Yorker* (he publicized the more moderate interpretation of the French scholar André Dupont-Sommer, which maintained that the Righteous Teacher had developed doctrines Jesus later popularized) gave birth to a torrent of popular mystical apocalyptic fantasies about the Dead Sea Scroll Sect, the Righteous Teacher as a Yoga master–Jesus

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who learned the secrets of godhood during his Lost Years in India.

"By now," says Hershel Shanks, "there's a whole fantasy literature about what's in the Scrolls, with the supermarket tabloids talking about finding the cure for AIDS and the date of the Second Coming. It's even infected semi-scholarly work. You've probably seen this new work by Australian scholar Barbara Thiering, who claims Jesus was crucified at Qumran, kept alive with some snake poison, and later went to a Mediterranean island where he and his wife had two children, before he divorced, remarried, and died in Rome."

But by the mid-80s the mainstream scholarly consensus on the Scrolls had solidified—and consigned the Scroll writers to a much less central role. The consensus had it that the authors were the Essenes, and though their teachings may have been part of the ferment Jesus absorbed, they were too far removed to have played an important role in His life. The Dead Sea Scrolls and Dead Sea Scroll studies had become a kind of Dead End.

But then, two years ago, Scroll Fever broke out of its Scroll-team quarantine and onto front pages worldwide. The Scroll team itself became the focus of a best-selling conspiracy theory: *The Dead Sea Scrolls Deception*, by Michael Baigent and Richard Leigh, charged that the committee was the cat's-paw of a Vatican cover-up suppressing bombshell Scroll texts. And new biographies (A. N. Wilson's *Jesus: A Life*) and fantasies (Gore Vidal's *Live from Golgotha*) are once again stirring up controversy about that whole feverish moment in time.

Meanwhile, in Jerusalem, John Strugnell—the august head of the Scroll editorial team, the potentate of Qumran, the man who kept the Scrolls' secrets under his thumb—was self-destructing in a spectacular blaze of infamy, driven from his throne by a furor over remarks he allegedly made to a Tel Aviv newspaper calling Judaism a "horrible religion" that should have died out after Jesus appeared.

Strugnell: they were still talking about his fall in Jerusalem with a mixture of wonder and awe. If the Reverend Charlesworth is a pillar of the prestigious Scroll-scholar establishment, Strugnell was its *pinnacle*. He was a scholarly Master of the Ancient Universe with a degree from Oxford and a professorship at Harvard, who had reigned over the international Scroll team since 1987. Hershel Shanks recalls Strugnell making an appearance at a U.S. conference of biblical scholars in the mid-80s, bestriding the halls like a colossus, "dispensing new texts as if he were dropping crumbs from his table, everyone scrambling for them, feeling gratitude on the outside, rage within."

But with his reign threatened, Scroll Fever raging around his head, and his head about to roll, the besieged scholar king began spreading the word that if only he were left alone to *operate* he'd have a shot at bringing to light an unimaginably precious treasure. Yes, he was close to getting his hands on a long-rumored but never seen Qumran Scroll, the Aramaic Book of Enoch, the visionary, apocryphal account of the secrets of the angels, holy and fallen.

The surfacing of an original Book of Enoch would be a sensational coup, and Strugnell, burdened, as he now concedes, by drink and manic-depression, was spinning a sensational story about how he proposed to pull it off.

Something about a wealthy Kuwaiti who owned the Scroll but wanted to clandestinely liquidate this most priceless of assets in the wake of the Iraqi invasion. The piquant detail of this purported intrigue, the one that had people who heard it buzzing, was that the Kuwaiti had proposed smuggling a microfiche photo of the Scroll into Israel (for Strugnell to authenticate) by concealing it in the vagina of a Jordanian prostitute. Who would then stroll across the Allenby bridge, past the Israeli border police, and deliver it to Strugnell. The Book of Fallen Angels secreted inside a fallen angel. It was almost biblical, although probably apocryphal. (Hershel Shanks says the way *he* heard the story, it was two prostitutes and they approached Strugnell in Bethlehem with, presumably, a two-part microfiche.)

The details are less important than the dramatic transformation in Strugnell: from a mild-mannered scholar of esoteric biblical philology into a swashbuckling adventurer, a veritable Vendyl Jones.

Shapira lost his life, Allegro lost his head, Strugnell lost his job and, for a while, his reason. What was it about the Scrolls that was responsible for this pattern of peculiar behavior Charlesworth called "the curse of the Scrolls"?

In an uncharacteristically spooky footnote to his landmark Scroll work, Edmund Wilson made mention of what he called an ancient local superstition about some kind of "mysterious agency" that haunted the Qumran cliffs and repulsed unsuitable supplicants to the community there. And there is a parallel Jewish legend about the Evil Ones, fallen angels who haunt the wilderness there.

Reverend Charlesworth has a less supernatural explanation of the "curse": When scholars go into Scroll study, he tells me in Jerusalem, "we enter into a very dark hole. . . . Some of these men are geniuses, *extremely* brilliant people. . . . But to work intensively, from five in the morning through to three the next morning without a break, trying to piece together—"

At this point our waiter returns to set the long-awaited White Russian down in front of Charlesworth.

Who stares at it with a *deeply* pained expression.

"Can you put it in a bigger glass?" he asks the waiter. "And I need it, I need it to be *stirred*."

The waiter mumbles something sadly and walks away.

"Ibrahim's not here," Charlesworth tells me mournfully. "And I need it in a bigger glass," he says, calling after the waiter. "Ibrahim puts it in a *square* glass. And it needs to be *stirred*."

Ah, yes: the strain. Charlesworth goes on to attribute the breakdowns, the madness, the *horrible* lives, not to a supernatural agency but to the sheer brain-burning mental strain of Scroll scholarship. Particularly on the impossibly fragmented Scrolls from Cave Four, the jigsaw puzzle from hell:

"I want you to put together six *hundred* jigsaw puzzles," he commands me as if I'm a Scroll-scholar initiate. "I'm giving you *100,000 fragments*. Cave Four literally had 100,000 fragments. Some of the fragments are from documents 30 feet long; the fragments may be 3 feet apart. They are written by hundreds of different scribes. . . most of them you cannot read. Go: that's your instruction. Where would you begin? The first thing you start doing is shaking. And the more you look at it, the harder you work, the more intense it is. It would drive you *crazy*, the demands upon your mental powers."

Terrifying as it is, however, Charlesworth's mental-strain analysis of Scroll Scholar Syndrome neglects a more soul-wrenching dimension of the phenomenon: the spiritual stakes, the kind of Higher Instability of Faith that Scroll scholars seem to fall victim to. A remarkable number of the best and brightest of them have flickered back and forth from belief to unbelief to a new kind of belief. There have been losses of faith and leaps of faith, conversions and reversions. Twentieth-century Christians becoming first-century Jews: Professor James Tabor, raised an Evangelical Christian, gave that up in graduate school and found a new version of his

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faith in Scroll study—he now describes himself as a sort of modern "Ebionite," after the adherents of a long-extinct sect of Jewish followers of Jesus who Tabor believes were the spiritual heirs of the Qumran sect. Oxford Scroll mandarin Geza Vermes was born Jewish, raised Catholic, then returned to Judaism. Pre-eminent Israeli biblical scholar David Flusser is a Jew who has become such a champion of Christ's spiritual message that one sharp-tongued critic calls him "Mr. Jesus."

Why this Higher Instability? Because Scroll study forces one to focus with fierce intensity on that moment when Christianity and Judaism converged and diverged, when the membrane between the two was never more permeable. In a provocative recent essay called "Through That Glass Darkly" (in *Salmagundi*), George Steiner speaks of the historical moment of the Scroll writers as a period when apocalyptic, messianic longings "burnt a fever in time itself." An epoch whose remoteness from us—we have almost nothing firsthand *but* the Scrolls—obscures the answer to what Steiner calls a momentous question, one "almost wholly unexplored, in some Freudian sense perhaps suppressed. . . . [why] the core of Judaism rejects the messianic claims and promises put forward by Jesus of Nazareth."

That "very dark hole" the Scroll scholars enter: it's really that murky gap between the Old Testament and the New, the time when the two religions defined themselves against each other and changed the world forever. The real curse of the Scrolls may be a kind of spiritual Heisenberg uncertainty principle: the more microscopically one focuses on a few fragmentary texts, the more feverishly one attempts to find historical answers to spiritual questions, the more one tries to find, in effect, the fingerprints of God on a few tattered scraps of ancient fabric—the more uncertain one becomes, not just of what one's looking for, but of who one *is*.

PART THREE

In the Hall of the Heretic King

In Which We Hear About "a Staggering Discovery" and Stumble on the Seventh Seal

Huntington Beach, California. Orange County's original "Surf City," home to the International Surfing Museum. And home base to embattled Scroll dissident Professor Robert H. Eisenman, chairman of the Religious Studies Department at Cal State Long Beach, who from his academically unfashionable perch overthrew the monopoly of his Oxford-Harvard arch rival, John Strugnell, liberating the Unpublished Corpus from the Scroll-team stranglehold.

Eisenman lives a few miles inland from the ocean, in a split-level suburb on La Batista Avenue. But don't try to make any ironic remarks to Eisenman about his living on "The Baptist" street.

Don't portray him as a voice crying in the wilderness. He doesn't like the implication of isolation and doom, the rebellious prophet's bloody head on the plate.

> Eisenman says his find "will force us to rewrite the entire raison d'être of Christianity as we know it."

He knows he has enemies. "I'm beset by Lilliputians! By people who are putting darts in me like idiots!" he tells me in one of his many rants against his antagonists in academic orthodoxy. "They're absolutely, totally *blind*, like the people in Plato's cave, who see no light and have not even a vague comprehension of these things."

And don't, says the very spin-conscious scholar, make any facile comparisons between him and his famous deconstructive architect-theorist brother, Peter Eisenman. (I'd made the mistake of remarking that one brother deconstructs the orthodoxy of form in Western culture, while the other disassembles the orthodoxy of spirit, the architecture of faith.)

"I think my brother purposely does things that are fun," Eisenman says, frowning, "and he likes to be naughty." He adds, a bit unnecessarily, "I'm not about 'naughty.' "

What is he about, this obsessed scholar crusader? During the intense five-day stretch I spent with him, I found myself fascinated with the enigma of Eisenman, a smart, humorous, modern man, a good-natured husband and father of four—good-natured, that is, on any subject but his Scroll theory. On which he becomes a furious, evangelical zealot, a virtual incarnation of the Righteous Teacher, cursing his enemies, cursed by his obsession.

Now, the value of a scholarly theory should stand or fall on the character of the evidence, not on the psychology of the theorist. But it's almost impossible to discuss Eisenman's Scroll heresy without examining his "family secret." A secret which, depending on your point of view, either has given him the special kind of insight he needed to unlock the true secret of the Dead Sea Scrolls or has led him to project his personal history onto the Scroll texts and make them into a mirror of his own mind. "Did Eisenman tell you about his family?" Jim Tabor asked me when we were out at the Qumran caves. "It's pretty amazing when you think about it, the connection to his theory."

Eisenman did tell me, one evening in Huntington Beach. He'd been a whiz-kid physics student at Cornell in the mid-50s, a classmate of Thomas Pynchon, exhibiting only a mild foretaste of his later rebellious temperament, when he took part in a student march on the president's house. Then, just as he was about to leave for Israel for the first time, to work on a kibbutz, Eisenman learned a secret about his family that, he told me, was "one of the eye-openers of my life."

It had to do with the hidden paternal side of his family. Eisenman's mother came from a German-Jewish family that had arrived in the States in the 1830s and was proud of its assimilated Americanness. So proud, according to Eisenman, that they displayed a snobbish disdain for his father's Russian-Jewish immigrant family, who'd arrived a half-century later.

"But just at the time I was going to Israel," Eisenman told me that night as we were cruising up the Pacific Coast Highway in his ancient gray Mercedes, "suddenly my father appeared and said, 'Uh, son, you know you have a family in Jerusalem.' "

It turned out much of his "Russian" family was actually living in Jerusalem. But his father had concealed their existence from him. "And there I was, 22, 23 years old, and up to that time he had never breathed a word that we had a family in Jerusalem."

Eisenman still seems astonished by his father's complicity in this effort to con-

ceal what his mother's family regarded as a literally unspeakable side of his identity: its unassimilated Jewishness.

And then when he went to Jerusalem he made a further discovery: "It was absolutely staggering. . . . It wasn't just a *family* in Jerusalem. It turned out my great-grandfather had come to Jerusalem at the time the Turks settled there. . . . He'd founded a religious hospital, the Bikur Holim. . . . They were in *everything* there. They were in the electric company, the law courts, the Jewish Agency. And when I came there I was treated like royalty returning—and in all the 22 years in America no one breathed a word about it!"

I was treated like royalty returning. The fantasy that one is actually the secret heir to royalty raised incognito by an ordinary family until destiny calls was dubbed "the Family Romance" by Freud. But, for Eisenman, *his* royal family was a reality—repressed by Jewish self-hatred.

The Eureka moment for Eisenman, the one that linked his family romance to his Scroll theory, came in 1976, he told me, when he was teaching a New Testament class and rereading the New Testament Epistle of James, the brother of Jesus. That work and certain Epistles of Paul, like Galatians, speak of a time in the immediate aftermath of the Crucifixion. When James, presiding over something referred to as "the Jerusalem Church"—the mostly Jewish nucleus of apostles and disciples of Jesus—came into conflict with the apostle Paul, who was traveling in the North making converts among the Gentiles.

The Epistles depict Paul getting into a serious dispute with James's Jerusalem Church. Would the new converts have to follow the strictures of Jewish Law (James's position), or could they win salvation just by faith in Jesus and his New Covenant alone (Paul's more accessible view)?

Eisenman was struck by how much the theology, the imagery, of James, particularly in the matters of strict observance of the Law, resembled the beliefs, the language and imagery, of the Scroll Sect's Righteous Teacher in *his* dispute with his enemies, the Seekers After Smooth Things, the Spouter of Lies. And how the debate between James and Paul was the genesis of a centuries-long split in the early church between the "Judaizers" and the "anti-Judaizers."

The more Eisenman looked into the neglected figure of James, and the other members of Jesus's family (he had four brothers), the more he began to believe that the Jewish family of Jesus had been deliberately erased from history by anti-Judaizing editors of the New Testament. That the importance of the Jerusalem Church of James—first-century Jews for Jesus—had been edited from collective memory the way Eisenman's Jewish family in Jerusalem had—and for the same reason: the heirs were embarrassed by their unassimilated Jewishness.

Although the full truth about the shadowy Jerusalem Church may have been obscured by the victorious anti-Judaizers—whose zeal Eisenman blames for the horrors of Christian anti-Semitism—Eisenman believes we can recapture the spirit, the soul, of James's "original" Jewish Christianity by looking at the Dead Sea Scroll Sect. The more extreme formulation of his theory—that James actually *was* the Scroll Sect's Righteous Teacher—has come under withering fire from academics who dismiss it as impossible on the basis of paleography (the dating of ancient documents through scribal handwriting) and carbon 14 dating, both of which Eisenman deems too imprecise for certainty within a hundred years.

But under attack Eisenman tends to fall back to a more moderate position: that James and his Jerusalem Church were a direct outgrowth or branch of a broader messianic movement that included the Scroll Sect.

In the current issue of Hershel Shanks's *Biblical Archaeology Review*, James Tabor and University of Chicago professor Michael Wise, Eisenman's co-translator, argue that the language in one previously unpublished Qumran fragment, which Shanks colorfully describes as "the Cosmic Messiah Text," explicitly foreshadows the description of Jesus that appears in Luke 7:22—a Messiah who heals the sick, raises the dead, and preaches glad tidings to the poor. "It's perhaps the strongest, most specific linguistic link so far between Qumran and Christianity," Tabor told me.

And there are signs that some more mainstream academics—like N.Y.U.'s Lawrence Schiffman—are also questioning the orthodox view that the Qumran sect were pacifist, irrelevant Essenes.

But don't try to tell Eisenman his views may finally be gaining some acceptance. They're coming around, he says, but they're not giving him credit, because they're "low, extremely ungracious, in fact, cowardly, servile," he tells me. Schiffman, he adds, is "a running dog of the Establishment." (Schiffman denies his work owes anything to Eisenman. "His wild theories are totally unsubstantiated," Schiffman fires back, "and he misrepresents the true significance of the Dead Sea Scrolls as ancient Jewish texts.")

Still, Eisenman says, he's not bitter. He takes satisfaction in having already achieved some stunning victories: After all, he points out more than once, "I'm just about *solely* responsible for getting the Scrolls opened up."

Opening up the Scrolls: this summer in his office on La Batista Avenue, Eisenman afforded me an exclusive look at the first translations of the Unpublished Corpus he and Wise are rushing into print. (*The Dead Sea Scrolls Uncovered* will be published on November 19 by Element Books.)

It was thrilling to read them aloud into my tape recorder (Eisenman wouldn't allow a single slip of paper out of the house for fear of a leak) and hear the words of writers who'd been silent for so long. Although, after a while, I did find myself a bit oppressed by Eisenman's insistence on leaning over my shoulder and stabbing his finger at the page whenever he found any imagery he felt vindicated his theory against the Lilliputian enemies besieging him.

Still, reading the long-silent texts aloud gave me a feeling for the cumulative power of the Qumran writers, a passion that came through even in these badly fragmented, conjecturally reconstructed texts. Indeed, Eisenman was a bit taken aback at my enthusiasm, particularly for texts which *he* didn't consider decisive for his embattled polemic, but which I liked for their forceful poetry. However, a few weeks later he called to tell me that, influenced by my reaction, he'd changed the provisional titles he'd given to some of the fragments to reflect the drama (or melodrama) I'd been responding to. Thus, "A Fragmentary Apocalypse" became "The Tree of Evil (A Fragmentary Apocalypse)"; "Beatitudes" became "The Demons of Death." And the ultra-dry-sounding "A Record of Sectarian Discipline" became the semi-gross "He Loved His Bodily Emissions (A Record of Sectarian Discipline)."

There is one text that he'd originally titled "The Messiah at War" that's already put Eisenman at war. This fragment, which has been popularly known as the "Slain Messiah" text, was the first bombshell Eisenman brought forth from the liberated texts and hurled into the popular press, earlier this year—one which subsequently blew up in his face. Eisenman's discovery was a cryptic reference to a "slain" or "pierced" messiah. A reference pre-dating Christ which seemed to be a sensational challenge to the uniqueness of the Gospel Crucifixion story. But an onslaught of orthodox scholars led by Oxford's Geza Vermes charged that Eisenman and his

co-translator had made a glaring grammatical mistake, mistranslating what was really a reference to a messiah who *slays his enemies*. While Eisenman defends his interpretation, saying the text can be read both ways, at the very least he was left looking like he'd unwisely rushed to judgment.

The temptation to jump the gun, to find *something* in these maddeningly teasing fragments is a seductive and perhaps dangerous one (think of all the blood that's already been shed arguing over interpretations of ambiguous ancient texts). I felt a touch of this Scroll Fever one afternoon while I was racing through Eisenman's translations of the Unpublished Corpus. It happened when I was reading into my tape recorder one of the more exotic texts, a 42-line fragment that Eisenman had called "Stories Concerning the Adventures of Jews at the Court of the Persian Kings."

It's an atypical Scroll text, more fabulist than religious, suggestive of a novelistic imagination—all that's left of a lost Jewish *Arabian Nights*. The passage that struck me reads, "Among the books was found a cer[tain] scroll [sea]led by seven seals (impressed by) the signet ring of Darius."

"Could this be the source of the seven seals in the Book of Revelations?" I asked Eisenman.

"It probably has something to do with it," he said dismissively.

Those who remember the Seventh Seal passage from the Book of Revelations (or the Bergman film) recall that after the climactic opening of the Seventh Seal, all Hell will literally break loose, bloody plagues from the bottomless pit will be unleashed upon the earth in the final apocalyptic holocaust.

It struck me what's unleashed upon the world when the seventh seal in the Persian-court text is opened is a *scroll*—perhaps a metaphor for the havoc unleashed when the jars that contained the Dead Sea Scrolls were unsealed.

But I couldn't get Eisenman interested in my Seventh Seal reference. It just doesn't show up as a blip on his radar. Which is now focused with laser-like intensity on an "absolutely staggering" discovery that he says will be the big news in his forthcoming book of translations. This one, he says, "will force us to rewrite the entire raison d'être of Christianity as we know it. Just *mind-boggling*."

The fragment he's referring to is No. 4Q266, one he entitles "The Foundations of Righteousness (The End of the Damascus Covenant: An Excommunication Text)." What he's found the fragment to be, he says, is, in essence, a *curse*. Not a curse of the Scrolls, a curse *in* the Scrolls, an elaborate formal communal curse he believes to be the excommunication sentence read to those who transgressed the strict commandments of the Qumran sect. Here in the Eisenman Wise translation is how the curse reads:

His soul has rejected the Foundations of Righteousness.
For rebellion, let him be expelled from the presence of the Many....
'Boundary markers were laid down for us.'
Those who cross over them,
You curse...

What makes it so staggering, he claims, is that the cursing language used seems to be mirrored by the language Paul uses in Galatians when he describes his split with the Jerusalem Church of James. The Jamesians censured Paul because he dismissed the importance of fidelity to Jewish Law. Paul responded by proclaiming that the Jewish Law was "a curse" that Jesus had redeemed mankind from.

Eisenman calls Paul's inversion of the cursing language in the Qumran excommunication text, and his turning the curse against the Jews, "the fundamental basis of Western religious expression." Paul, says Eisenman, "turns this around, and then all Jews ever after are hung...have to go around as the enemies of the whole human race. And that, of course," Eisenman concludes, "ends up in the Holocaust."

This is a lot of weight for a connection based mainly on the similarity of language structures to bear. It is, I believe, an example of the way Eisenman's hostile obsession with Paul as the source of Christian anti-Semitism—Paul as the villain in the "family romance" of Jewish Christianity, Paul as the archetypal self-hating Jew—has become the lens through which Eisenman looks at the evidence now. This is his version of the Scroll curse: it's cursed his ability to look at the texts objectively, and often has *him* cursing those who don't accept his theory as insufficiently opposed to the anti-Semitism he says is inherent in the New Testament.

On the other hand, it must be said that in his arch-rival, John Strugnell, Eisenman found someone who fills that bill precisely, the perfect enemy—the Wicked Priest to his Righteous Teacher, the Paul to his James.

Strugnell, disgraced and deposed, is still a sore point with Eisenman. A very sore point, one that can be traced back to a remarkably dramatic showdown—a real *mano a mano* duel between him and Strugnell one wild night in Jerusalem.

One evening over dinner at their favorite Italian place in Huntington Beach, Eisenman and his wife, Heather (a Scottish-born convert to Judaism), paint the duel in dramatic detail for me. The year was 1986. Eisenman had been awarded a National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship to pursue his Scroll studies in Jerusalem. There was one part of the Unpublished Corpus he particularly wanted to examine: the so-called Zadokite fragments of the Damascus Document, including that very same 4Q266 fragment, he says, which would later turn out to be the Excommunication Curse Bombshell he showed me.

They wouldn't let him see it. The Scroll team, including Strugnell, wouldn't cooperate at all, he says. But one night in Jerusalem not long after this rebuff, Eisenman found himself face-to-face with Strugnell at a Scroll-scholar soirée.

It was an uneasy encounter from the beginning, one he later chronicled in *Midstream*, a small monthly on Jewish affairs. According to Eisenman and his wife, as the evening wore on, Strugnell grew more and more spirited and attentive toward Mrs. Eisenman, questioning her at one point about why she'd converted to Judaism and married a Jew. Strugnell then suggested that they take a drive out beyond the gates of the city to greet the dawn over Moab from the top of the Mount of Olives. "My presence was immaterial to him," Eisenman recalls laconically.

In the event, dawn found all three of them drinking together when the duel began. Strugnell "proposed a curious toast," Eisenman recalls in *Midstream*. "Turning to me in the lucid way some alcoholics have, he asked whether I was prepared to drink to anyone he proposed."

Intrigued, Eisenman assented.

"Thereupon he raised his glass and said he wanted to drink 'to the greatest living man of the latter part of the 20th century.' " Strugnell then pronounced his choice: "Kurt Waldheim."

"I drank and quietly replaced my glass," Eisenman writes, "searching my mind for a name that would cause him as much distress as he had caused me."

At last Eisenman came up with just the name: Orde Wingate, the English general famous for leading "Wingate's Raiders" in W.W. II Burma. More to the point, Eisenman explains, Wingate was "an ardent Zionist from his days in Palestine in the 30s. He had been the pro-Jewish T. E. Lawrence of that time.... He had laid the foundation for the Israeli army and trained all of Israel's future military leaders of the next generation...."

"I therefore said to Strugnell, 'I drank to whomever you asked, will you now

drink to whomever I ask?' He nodded his head: Certainly. 'All right,' I said, 'I want to drink to Orde Wingate . . .' "

According to Eisenman, "Strugnell was mortified: He knew who Wingate was. A wave of trapped anger swept across his face. '*No,*' he said, slamming his glass on the table. 'I will not drink to that traitor!' "

(Strugnell, now dismissed from his eminence, in exile up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, told me there was "some conversation" about Waldheim in which he criticized Israeli "intervention" in Austrian politics over the issue—but he denied any competition of toasts, and denied he *believes* Waldheim was "the greatest man," etc. Eisenman and his wife insist their version is faithful and there could be no mistaking the thrust of the remark.)

That one moment, Eisenman now says, impelled him to launch his crusade, against Strugnell, against what he calls "the Strugnell mind-set," which ruled the Scrolls and kept the Unpublished Corpus under wraps.

In that moment, he feels, Strugnell's mask of scholarly objectivity slipped off, long before he told the world Judaism was a "horrible religion." "Here I am, faced with the situation that the Israeli authorities are giving *this* person total control of the Scrolls. . . . *That's* what set me off."

PART FOUR

A Visit to a Fallen Angel

In Which We Learn About the Enoch Intrigue and the True Meaning of the Word "Horrible"

He won't be there. In August the Annenberg Research Institute in Philadelphia convened a yearlong colloquium of some of the world's leading Scroll scholars, an ambitious attempt to define the state of the art of Scroll scholarship in the face of the unruly outbreak of Scroll Fever among the masses.

But John Strugnell, once the chief luminary of the Scroll-scholar world, won't be there. Instead, he'll most likely be *here* in Cambridge, in an ancient top-floor flat across the street from the Harvard Divinity School. He'll be here, painfully ascending the creaking stairs of the walk-up with a cane, shuffling from bookshelf to bookshelf in the small apartment stacked to the ceiling with the lifetime's worth of books and papers he brought back from Jerusalem, seeking to pluck some reference or other for the memoirs he's writing. Memoirs he hopes will set the record straight on what he calls his "calamities."

"What do they say of my calamities in Jerusalem?" Strugnell queries wistfully when I call him up to arrange a visit to his place of exile.

Depends on who you ask. Both Magen Broshi, head of Jerusalem's Shrine of the Book—the museum that now has physical possession of most of the intact Scrolls—and Hebrew University scholar David Flusser spoke warmly if sadly about Strugnell as a colleague and asked me to give him their regards. Both attributed his "Judaism is a horrible religion" remarks to his "sickness," the drink and manic-depression he was suffering from in the final years of his reign over the Scrolls. A sickness which, Strugnell tells me, he now has under control, but only after his children briefly committed him to Massachusetts's famed McLean Hospital, the recovery retreat of choice for distressed Harvard geniuses dating back to Robert Lowell.

Is he a fallen angel, or, as Eisenman sees him, a kind of Wicked Priest?

Strugnell evokes a humbler image these days: "A squeezed orange."

It is an image he employs in response to my citation of Reverend Charlesworth's "curse of the Scrolls" litany.

Strugnell doesn't like the supernatural, Mummy's Tomb connotation of "curse," but he agrees there is a tremendous *strain* in Scroll study. "I mean, obviously when you look so closely into the origins of Christianity and Judaism—the texts that we are specializing in are the *only* new texts that we have or we're likely to have. And the only way to get anything out of it is like an orange. To squeeze harder and harder, and make sure you get the maximum." He pulls himself forward in his rickety old swivel chair with the aid of his cane. "And there is a danger of excess there. That you squeeze *too* hard . . ."

He's speaking of squeezing the texts, but the subtext—the squeezing of John Strugnell—is not far from the surface.

It started shortly after his ascension to Scroll editorship, one of the most prestigious posts in the world of international scholarship. A day-school student at St. Paul's in London, Strugnell went to Oxford with thoughts of studying for the Presbyterian ministry, but got caught up in the excitement of Scroll scholarship, going to Jerusalem to replace John Allegro on the Scroll team. Although Strugnell is known for editing only one major Scroll text, hymns of praise he entitled "An Angelic Liturgy," he made his bones as a Scroll scholar in a kind of avenging-angel role: publishing a savage 114-page "correction" of Allegro's alleged translation errors.

Strugnell, who took charge of the Scroll editorial team in 1987, defends his stormy tenure by blaming the glacial pace of publication on the regime of his predecessor, the Dominican Father Benoit. Indeed, as far back as 1977, in Benoit's reign, Oxford's Scroll expert Geza Vermes had warned that the delay in releasing texts was "likely to become the academic scandal *par excellence* of the twentieth century." Strugnell claims that when he took over he was energetically trying to squeeze the recalcitrant scholars into emitting more texts from the Unpublished Corpus—*had* them on a speeded-up schedule. But by then it was too late; *New York Times* coverage of the "scandal" lit a fire under the Israeli authorities, who began squeezing Strugnell. Who admits he was in a state of collapse around the time he gave the interview that got him fired.

As for that "horrible" interview, with Avi Katzman in *Ha'aretz,* the Tel Aviv newspaper, Strugnell insists at great length to me that his remarks were taken out of context, that the interviewer had asked him to address the question of a historian's objectivity. And that in explaining how a conscientious historian had to be vigilant about his subjective biases, he'd instanced his own Catholicism (he converted in the mid-70s), and what he called "the classical Christian theological argument" that Judaism's Old Covenant had been *replaced* by Christianity's New Covenant, making it obsolete. As for using the word "horrible," he insists that he was using it in the Miltonic sense ("I went to Milton's school," St. Paul's). "Horrible" in the Miltonic sense means "deplorably in antiquity," Strugnell tells me, in the sense of a religion that depends on primal awe, horripilation.

The Oxford English Dictionary does cite "horrible" in the sense of "inspiring awe and dread." It describes the usage as *primarily* "of things objectionable, but often without such qualification." Still, Strugnell would have to be "deplorably in antiquity" himself not to know that the use of the word "horrible" to characterize someone's religion would offend people, regardless of Miltonic connotations.

While he denies any personal animus against Jews, he does say he objects to Israeli policies toward the Palestinians. And in fact, he says, his sympathetic relationships with Arab and Palestinian sources

are key factors that put him in a unique and indispensable position to be the intermediary between the shadowy possessors of the Unseen Scrolls and the outside world. The Unseen Scrolls: not the Unpublished Corpus, which are now out, but the Scrolls that have *never* been read, some of them never even *unrolled*.

Which brings us to the intrigue over the Enoch Scroll. Not only does it exist, Strugnell says, it's the tip of the iceberg. There are no fewer than *four* intact Scrolls out there, he claims—a sensational story if true, even more sensational if they could be brought to light.

Which is what he was working on when he was deposed, he says. What he's still working on now, he implies.

"If he can really come up with Enoch," James Tabor tells me, "it would be incredible. We only have Enoch in Ethiopic," he explains, and the earliest extant version is a 14th-century copy, done after Enoch was excluded from the canon by the early church. Most scholars suspect the Enoch we have was heavily censored by church copyists over the centuries. "When you go from the Old Testament to the New Testament," Tabor says, "the single book that really fills you in on this whole world of religious development is Enoch, which has angels in heaven, all the stuff that is mostly passé in the New Testament outside Revelations. You think, Where the hell did this kind of Jewish occultism, cosmic speculation, come from? And Enoch is the book."

The prospect of finding an Original Enoch is particularly enticing because of its bearing on what, to me, is the most interesting aspect of the Scroll Sect's theology: the way they wrestled with the problem of evil and the role of the angelic Watchers.

"Wrestle" is literally the word here. I mentioned to Strugnell what Israeli biblical scholar David Flusser calls "the Dark Side" of the Scroll Sect: their invention of a radical predestination doctrine known as the Two Spirit Theology. In which one's soul is said to be fated for all eternity, blessed or cursed as the result of a kind of angelic wrestling match between two of the "Watcher" spirits (as they're called in Enoch and Scroll texts): a Good Angel and an Evil Angel, who struggle for possession of your soul *long before the creation of the world,* while God looks on, a kind of Watcher of the Watchers Himself, a passive spectator to this Cosmic Wrestling Federation Soul Slamathon.

But Strugnell spoke quite lucidly about more subtle aspects of the Two Spirit Theology: the Scroll writers are not always rigidly consistent on predestination. Some texts indicate that one's *own* struggles with good and evil can influence the outcome of the angelic wrestling match; others suggest the struggle was not decided *before* the creation, but is still going on *within us* now.

One can certainly sense the Two Spirits struggling within Strugnell (apt name, is it not?) as he hints at how he thinks the Enoch intrigue might be consummated: he'd like to surface the Scroll, but he'd like to make sure it surfaces as *his* Scroll.

He tells me that because of "questions of high finance and Jordanian law" he's "not at liberty to tell you [anything more] except that it exists." But he goes on to hint strongly that he could still play an important role in bringing the lost Book of Angels to light.

> The arch-rival Scroll scholars had a *mano a mano* duel one wild night in Jerusalem.

"*When* the owner wants to get rid of it, and there is a public library willing to buy it, under all the conditions of international law and Jordanian law and so on—at *that* time," he says, choosing his words carefully, "I could certainly suggest, you know, who would be the best scholar to edit it." After all, he adds, "that used to be my job."

That used to be my job. What he's hinting at here, it seems, is more than the resurfacing of the Enoch Scroll, but a resurfacing of John Strugnell, reascension to his lost pre-eminence. Perhaps the curatorship of a well-endowed institute exclusively dedicated to the New Finds?

The timing is right. The last secrets of the known Dead Sea Scrolls—the Unpublished Corpus texts—are finally out. New unknown Scrolls would cause a sensation. Perhaps the Lost Aramaic Book of Angels will yet serve to resurrect *this* fallen angel.

PART FIVE
A Vision of the King of Evil
In Which We Watch the Watchers Wrestle for Our Souls

One night 2,000 years ago, one of the initiates at the Qumran monastery had a very bad dream. "The Testament of Amram," one of the most striking visionary works in the Dead Sea Scrolls, has the unmistakable feeling of a real nightmare. Or worse, perhaps it wasn't a dream—perhaps it was a waking vision, something chilling he encountered one night outside the walls beneath the cliffs of the Judaean desert.

It was a vision of the very face of the Evil One wrestling for possession of his soul.

The next day, one may conjecture, the writer sat down and unrolled a length of scroll, dipped his sharpened quill into his inkwell in the monastery's scriptorium, and inscribed the text that has come down to us—in fragmentary form—as "The Testament of Amram." Much of it has been lost, but not the power of the following glimpse of the face of Evil. Here is the Eisenman-Wise translation of the vision:

> [I saw Watchers] in my vision, the dream-vision. Two (men) were fighting over me . . . holding a great contest over me. I asked them, "Who are you, that you are thus empo[wered over me?" They answered me, "We] [have been em]powered and rule over all mankind." They said to me, "Which of us do yo[u choose to rule (you)?" I raised my eyes and looked.] [One] of them was terr[i]fying in his appearance, [like a s]erpent, [his] cl[oa]k many-colored yet very dark. . . . [And I looked again], and . . . in his appearance, his visage like a viper. . . . [I replied to him,] "This [Watcher,] who is he?" He answered me, "This Wa[tcher . . .] [and his three names are Belial and Prince of Darkness] and King of Evil."

O.K., it's a bit literal-minded in a surreal way. One wishes that all the Evil Ones of the world were as readily identifiable by their telltale writhing viper faces as this Watcher was. Or as happy to identify themselves—*Please allow me to introduce myself*—as the King of Evil.

But there's more to it than that. There's a deeper anxiety beneath the surface horror show in the text, one that reflects better than almost any other Scroll vision the tension in the Two Spirit Theology over God's role in the persistence, the apparent *triumph,* of evil in the world—a question that still torments theologians and the millions of troubled people who buy books like

Riddle of the Scrolls

When Bad Things Happen to Good People.

The Scroll Sect doesn't have the kind of comforting answers that book does. The Scroll writer who calls himself "Amram" seems to be offered a choice of which Watcher, Good or Evil, he wishes to be ruled by, but the subtext here is the conspicuous *absence* of God in the decision-making process: He appears to be just a passive watcher of the Watchers, apparently uninvolved in the outcome of the struggle between Good and Evil, helpless to affect the decision.

Yes, it's true "The Testament of Amram" (in the Vermes translation) concludes with the obligatory affirmation that ultimately, finally, "the Sons of Darkness will be burnt" and sent to "perdition." But it sounds like whistling past the graveyard: All around them the Scroll Sect writers could see the innocent being slaughtered; not the wicked but the righteous were being burnt; the Messiah was late, or never coming; God seemed to have abandoned the field to the grappling of the Watchers; the thrice-named Evil One in the vision of Amram comes across as far more formidable than the Good Angel.

In a Jerusalem study lined with books in a dozen ancient languages, David Flusser, professor emeritus at Hebrew University and biblical scholar *extraordinaire*, tried to convince me that the Scroll Sect had the answer to the paradox of God's role in the persistence of evil. Assuming the voice of a Righteous Teacher, he declaimed, "Evil exists by the *decision* of God. It exists because God decided that the struggle against it will help you [in your spiritual evolution] and you will recognize the truths, and at the end the wickedness will disappear as smoke, and the world will be as full of the truths of God's grace as of the sun." Flusser concluded triumphantly: "Despair is the thing against which you must *fight* to be purified."

An impressive rationale for the riddle of evil, but it still seems to put God in the position of being a kind of cruel aerobics instructor of the soul—pumping up its spiritual strength by forcing it to "feel the burn" of suffering, defeat, and despair.

Which is a little too pat to be entirely consoling. I have to give Eisenman credit: although I have my doubts about his heretical Scroll theory, he is one of the few Scroll scholars who seem to have a real feel for the inconsolable, indeed heroic, pathos of the Scroll Sect's doomed followers.

"They're watching a moment when everything is falling apart around them," Eisenman told me. "You would weep because they know everything is being destroyed around them. They *know* that they're losing everything."

We spoke about the comparable position of pre-Holocaust European Jews, unable to believe God would allow them to perish and evil to prevail. The Scroll Sect, Eisenman said, "never stopped thinking God will not forget His people. That's why I say this is an extremely poignant moment," the eve of their destruction.

"But he *did* abandon them, didn't he?" I suggested. "They lost, they disappeared."

"But they didn't lose hope. They went to their death believing. They had no reason to keep believing, but they did, and they were ready to die for their beliefs. I have to admire them for that."

No one knows exactly what happened to the Scroll writers, exactly how they perished. Some say they fled the monastery under Roman assault, having first hidden their sacred texts in jars in the caves for the day when they'd return to greet the Messiah. Others believe they may have been among those who held out until the end at Masada during the final Jewish revolt, and chose suicide over surrender there. Still others believe they died out quietly somewhere in the desert wasteland on the other side of the Dead Sea.

We have no account of their last days. They bequeathed us a mystery and, it seems, a curse upon all who pretend to be able to solve it on the basis of the fragmentary evidence left behind.

Do not understand me too quickly, André Gide implored his readers. After 2,000 years it may still be too soon to understand the Scroll writers. Or, worse, too late. □

Mia's Story

(Continued from page 220) she and her siblings were often left with nannies, and the family later had problems with alcohol and drugs.

Mia Farrow's mother, Maureen O'Sullivan, was a beautiful movie star, most famous for playing Jane to Johnny Weissmuller's Tarzan, and her late father, John Farrow, whom Mia adored, was a screenwriter and director, who had his greatest success as the author of the best-selling inspirational book *Damien the Leper,* which went through 33 printings. Along with being celebrated for having a roving eye, he was knighted by the pope for his erudite history of the papacy, *Pageant of the Popes.* The family lived on an enormous lot in an exclusive Beverly Hills neighborhood, and they had a beach house in Malibu and later an apartment in Manhattan. The children also resided with their parents on location in Spain and England, and Mia was educated in a convent boarding school in London. Her brother John recalls that as a child Mia identified with Wendy in *Peter Pan,* who mothers a gang of lost boys. "We lived in a tall row house in London, which made it seem very real." At nine, Mia was stricken with polio; her toys had to be burned, and the little girl in the iron lung next to hers in the hospital died. Every Christmas after she recovered, she put on a play starring her brothers and sisters and the neighborhood children—the sons and daughters of producer Hal Roach and actor MacDonald Carey—and charged one-dollar admission. The money was donated to a polio fund.

"Mia was a mother figure in the family. She tended to be in charge," says Mia's oldest friend, Maria Roach. "With *her* family she's tried to achieve more of a Norman Rockwell experience, with her kids around her all the time. Deep down, we all just wanted to be more normal."

"There was nothing fragile about Mia," her mother says. And nothing remotely conventional. By the time she was 18 she was a porcelain beauty eating butterflies at the St. Regis hotel with her dear friend Salvador Dalí. At 19, as a budding flower child and ingenue star on the most popular prime-time soap of the mid-60s, *Peyton Place,* she made sure she caught the eye of 49-year-old Frank Sinatra on the Fox set one day and promptly flew on his jet to Palm Springs for the weekend. About a year later, her mother got a frantic phone call from one of her neighbors in New York: "Mrs. Basil Rathbone. She said, 'Something terrible has happened to Mia.' I said, 'Tell me what. Is she dead?' 'No, she's married to Frank Sinatra.' 'Oh,' I said, 'is *that* all.' "

The marriage started falling apart when Mia landed the starring role in *Rosemary's Baby,* made by the hot new director Roman Polanski. When they divorced in 1968, Mia astounded Sinatra by not asking for a penny of alimony. (After hearing of her recent troubles, the crooner, who still has a soft spot for Mia, called her up

and offered her help and money.) In 1969, Mia herself was the younger woman who broke up a marriage; she became pregnant with twins by André Previn when he was principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. With their marriage and the arrival of the twins, Mia found what gave her the greatest joy in life: mothering. The marriage lasted 10 years, during which the couple produced another biological child and adopted three others. Previn pays child support and half the tuition for their children.

Previn has also been supportive of Mia, and has told friends, "If Mia is not a good mother, then Jascha Heifetz didn't know how to play the violin." Ironically, Woody Allen in the recent past praised Mia specifically as a mother. He told Eric Lax, the author of his 1991 biography, "She has raised nine children now with no trauma, and has never owned a thermometer. I take my temperature every two hours in the course of the day."

Little Allen Konigsberg (Woody's real name) didn't grow up surrounded by stars the way Maria de Lourdes Villiers Farrow did. But for 12 years they shared a life—she starred in 13 of his films—and he credited their time together with opening him up to understanding fatherly love. "Mia's been a completely different kind of experience for me, because the predominant thing has been family," Woody told Lax. "She's introduced me to a whole other world. I've had a child with her, and we've adopted one. She's brought a completely different, meaningful dimension to my life." Two years later, Woody Allen and Mia Farrow are locked in ugly and hurtful conflict. Eric Lax now says, "I find it baffling. Up to the time I finished the book the relations between them seemed very solid, and the relations with the children seemed perfectly normal. I'm crushed for all of them."

The crisis was shattering for Mia, who would rant on the phone at all hours to Woody, who, her friends insist, kept begging her to take him back. Finally, the endless back-and-forth ambivalence and denial that had gone into attempts at reconciliation came to an end in August. Allen and his friends not only mounted an aggressive campaign of damage control but also sought to defend him by painting Farrow, whom he had never moved in with, as filled with rage and out for revenge, hysterical, a compulsive adopter of damaged children who were living out their days in a latter-day version of Miss Hannigan's orphanage. Chaos reigned at Mia's house, according to Woody's side; several teenage children were hunted to be seriously out of control. Woody's supporters, many of whom have depended upon him for their living, claimed that Mia had turned her older adopted Asian daughters into housemaids, favored her biological children, and beaten Soon-Yi, even breaking a chair on her.

Particularly vicious were the tabloid Hamill brothers, Pete in the *New York Post* and Denis in the New York *Daily News*, whose brother Brian has worked for Woody as a still photographer on 17 movies. In a single column, Denis incorrectly charged that Mia "breast-fed Satchel until he was 3½ and even had a special harness constructed to do so over Woody's objections." He quoted Woody minions who said that Mia washed down tranquilizers and antidepressants with abundant red wine, and that in April, after quarreling about his affair with Soon-Yi, she had staged a fake suicide attempt in Woody's apartment. What had Woody done, was the leitmotif, to deserve all this?

The publicly reclusive director called his first press conference in years at the Plaza hotel to deny the charges. He told the world of his love for Soon-Yi, a sophomore at Drew University in New Jersey, "who continues to turn around my life in a wonderfully positive way." Revenge for his being attracted to the "lovely, intelligent, sensitive" Soon-Yi—to whom, he explained in subsequent interviews, he had hardly spoken since she was seven or eight, and to whom he had never been any sort of father figure ("She's probably more mature than I am")—was the reason, Allen implied, for Farrow's having made such irrational and outlandish claims as that he had abused his beloved kids Dylan and Satchel. (If rumors existed about Satchel, he had never been publicly mentioned by the authorities or Farrow.)

Less than a month before Mia discovered the photos, Woody had formally adopted Dylan and Moses, but he now spoke of their romantic relationship as if it had ended long ago—apparently news to Mia and friends who continued to see the couple. "I had dinner with them on October 28. Everything was just the same. Woody spent the whole night talking about the adoption—that he was willing to move hell and high water to get it through," says playwright and lyricist Leonard Gershe, one of Mia's closest friends and confidants. "Would you be so anxious to adopt a child with a woman you're not going to see anymore? And would she have allowed it? Maybe it was over in his mind. It certainly wasn't in hers," Gershe adds. "But if it were over, then it makes his eagerness to adopt Dylan even more sinister."

Soon-Yi issued her own statement to *Newsweek*, asserting her independence, savaging Mia, and declaring, "I'm not a retarded little underage flower who was raped, molested and spoiled by some evil stepfather—not by a long shot. I'm a psychology major at college who fell for a man who happens to be the ex-boyfriend of Mia." Soon-Yi declared in writing exactly what Woody had said, that Mia would have been just as upset if he had slept with "another actress or his secretary."

Mia's family were astounded by the statement. "Soon-Yi doesn't know half those words, what they mean," one close to them said. Equally astonished was Audrey Sieger, who has a doctorate in learning and reading disabilities and had spent hundreds of hours tutoring Soon-Yi from the sixth grade all the way through high school. When Soon-Yi was in the third grade, her I.Q. tested as slightly below average. She went to Sieger with "very deprived early language development, which carried on throughout the years." Sieger and Soon-Yi became close, and Soon-Yi worked very hard. "She's a very typical L.D. kid, very socially inappropriate, very, very naïve," says Sieger, who is deeply worried about Soon-Yi today. "She has trouble processing information, trouble understanding language on an inferential level. She's very, very literal and flat in how she interprets what she sees and how she interprets things socially. She misinterprets situations." Sieger doubts that Soon-Yi could have written the statement to the press. "The words were often exactly the same as Woody Allen's, if you compare the two," says Priscilla Gilman, daughter of Yale drama-school professor Richard Gilman and literary agent Lynn Nesbit and an honor student at Yale, who as the longtime girlfriend of Mia's son Matthew Previn is regarded almost as a daughter in the family.

After Woody Allen volunteered and gave "exclusive" interviews to both rival newsweeklies, *People* also produced a cover story and a follow-up the next week. "The media, to my mind, appear to be reporting Mia Farrow's [responses]. . . and looking at them as if they are on par with Woody Allen's having an affair with her daughter," says Dr. Kathy Weingarten, a Boston family therapist who is writing a book on changes in modern motherhood. "[Her reactions] are looked at as if they are morally equivalent. I find that troubling."

Mia declined all offers of interviews giving her equal time, although she did speak briefly to *Newsweek* about her family. Diane Sawyer was willing to give her a whole show, Barbara Walters was ready

Mia's Story

to hop a plane back from Italy, Maury Povich even sent flowers to one of the baby-sitters. Several of Mia's children, however, elected to give statements in support of her, which led to charges by Woody that she was "parading" her children to the press in an unseemly fashion. It didn't help that Maria Roach read a letter from Mia—with Mia's permission, she said—to an A.P. reporter in Los Angeles. In the letter, Mia confessed that she had come to a "genuine meltdown." "Mia was sobbing when that letter was released," says Priscilla Gilman. "I spoke to her, and she said, 'I'm so humiliated, I can't believe this—and she's saying I authorized this.' " "I just read it to show she has all her faculties and that she had been dealt a terrible blow," says Roach. "I read the letter thinking he would paraphrase it. In the end it was misquoted."

Most damning was the implied belief in Soon-Yi's statement to *Newsweek* that it was Mia or someone close to her who had got a copy of Dylan's videotape into the hands of New York's Fox Channel 5 news. Both Mia and her mother denied the charge. The tape never ran, but the station did not exonerate Mia of leaking it. Reporter Rosanna Scotto says, "I wish we could," but to do so would "narrow the field" among the possible suspects.

By not tightly controlling all statements in the beginning, Mia's side made some clunky missteps that Woody's side offered as proof of her irrational rage. Mia told friends that he seemed to be following through on a threat she said he had delivered a few days before August 4, as word of the affair with Soon-Yi began to leak out. When Mia refused to appear at a proposed press conference called in part to say there was nothing at all between him and Soon-Yi, he reportedly told her that if the story ever came out he was going to say he loved Soon-Yi—making good on what he had previously threatened, that by the time he was finished with Mia there would be nothing left standing.

"It's a classic case of a woman scorned," says Jane Martin, a close friend of Woody's who worked as his assistant in the 1980s. "I've never been chewed out like I was twice by Mia. She can go from zero to 100 miles an hour in one second. She went berserk screaming crazy at me for two situations I had nothing to do with." Martin, who is convinced Mia favors her natural boys over her adopted girls, likens her presence to "having a huge cobra coiled up in the corner of the room and having to watch it every day so it wouldn't come out." Martin also thinks that Mia's "revenge" has been successful. "She's put an indelible black question mark at the end of Woody's name forever."

Mia Farrow not only felt massively betrayed but also was terrified that Woody Allen was coolly and deliberately tearing her family apart. In spite of everything, she had been holding her breath and hoping that the agreement would be signed. She was dependent on him both emotionally and financially. Although *Variety* recently reported that "Woody Allen makes expensive pictures and demands a rich deal," all she reportedly earned from Allen was a modest $200,000 per film. Woody Allen is one of those rare auteurs in the film business who has had to answer to no one, and Mia enjoyed the security he provided. "One of the things that happened to Mia," says Lynn Nesbit, "is that she got cut off, too."

To close the nightmare down, a few days before the *Newsweek* and *Time* cover stories came out, Mia told friends, Woody had agreed to drop the custody case and sign the original agreement if Mia would say she was dropping the abuse charges and the family would deal with the issue privately. "I think Woody's big thrust is: You poisoned the atmosphere so much that Dylan's making this thing up," says Lynn Nesbit. Thus, an eyewitness who has given an affidavit to police says, Mia went to Dylan to see if she was willing to recant. Mia said, "Dylan, you know, we all make up stories. Everybody does that. Sometimes we know we made it up, and it's perfectly O.K. to say you made it up." But the little girl would not back down. "If he says he didn't," Dylan answered, "he's lying."

An individual close to Woody denies that Woody ever suggested such a compromise, countering, "That original agreement was old news. Mia had no options of taking it back—none."

Since the incident, Dylan has burst out, even in the middle of playing games, with statements like "I don't want him to be my daddy." "The thing that people have to understand in this case is that it is not Mia versus Woody; it's just a plain simple fact that a seven-year-old child has told her mother something and that her mother has to choose to believe her," says a member of the household. "If her mother doesn't believe her, who is going to believe her?" Lynn Nesbit observes, "Mia says, 'How can you turn your back on a seven-year-old?' Believe me, her life would be a heck of a lot easier if she dropped it."

Over the years Mia had turned down other directors' offers to act—including the role in *Father of the Bride* played by Diane Keaton, Woody's ex-girlfriend—in order to stay in New York with her family and appear only in films by Woody. "Mia told me he was always telling her she had no talent at all," says Leonard Gershe. "She was only good in his pictures, not anybody else's. Nobody would ever hire her again." Mia, who throughout their relationship had endured blistering putdowns by Woody—she told friends he once lit into her in front of the Russian Tea Room because she was off four degrees on the weather, and another time because she was unable to tell him how many kinds of pasta there were in the world—now so feared Woody that some of her behavior was classic textbook "female victim." For example, when the Connecticut police asked her for Woody's home-phone number, she refused to give it to them. The police just laughed at her.

To those on the inside, however, who have watched the departure of Soon-Yi from the family, who have heard Dylan on the videotape and seen her changes of behavior, who have read the lurid headlines about Mia, who know about another approach Woody apparently made within the family, and who wonder if their phones are being tapped, Woody Allen is a chilling figure of power, a potentate of reel life who doesn't seem to have to play by the rules. "This man is so exalted in the business—no one has the position he has. Until recently he hasn't had to submit a script or anything," says Leonard Gershe. "I think when you get up into that stratosphere you no longer have to pay attention to the law of gravity. Regular morals, conscience, ethics—that's for slobs like you and me." The effect, says Gershe, "spills over into real life. He's treated like a little god, and little gods don't have to do what everybody else does." "He just scares me," says a member of the household. "I think he scares everyone who knows all the things he has done. And anybody who is close to him—that he has any possibility of destroying—I think is scared of him."

That includes most of the members of Mia's unconventional family. "She's afraid that he's going to be gunning for her kids," says Gretchen Buchenholz, a friend of Mia's who heads the Association to Benefit Children and has helped Mia to find children to adopt. "He hasn't done everything yet." Mia's twins by André Previn, Sasha and Matthew, are now 22. Sasha is in his last year at Fordham, and

Matthew has graduated from Yale and is studying for his law boards. Mia and André Previn's next child was adopted, a Vietnamese orphan named Lark, 19, who is now in nursing school at New York University. She has always been the one, those who know the family say, who likes to cook and care for her brothers and sisters. Mia then became pregnant again, with Fletcher, 18, now a senior at the prestigious Collegiate School. As Vietnam crumbled, André and Mia were able to get their daughter Daisy, 18, out on the last plane. Daisy was so malnourished and her intestinal lining was so damaged that she had to be fed at first through a tube in her head. She is now an honor student who won a math prize at another posh New York prep school, Nightingale-Bamford. Soon-Yi came at around age seven, just as André and Mia were ending their marriage. Six of Mia's 11 children, therefore, are quite grown-up.

Moses, from Korea, who has made great strides in overcoming his cerebral palsy, is 15, in the ninth grade at the exclusive Dalton School. Dylan is at Brearley, considered one of the top girls' schools academically in New York, and Satchel goes to a Montessori pre-school. Tam, who is still learning English, is in a special-education class at P.S. 6, one of the best public schools in the city, and the baby, Isaiah, seems no longer to have any symptoms of cocaine withdrawal.

In various interviews, Woody or his supporters have mentioned shoplifting, truancy, turnstile jumping, and check forgery as the dirty secrets of Mia's kids. According to those close to the family, two years ago Lark and Daisy and two of their friends were picked up for shoplifting some underwear from a Connecticut mall. Around four years ago Lark got caught jumping a subway turnstile going home from a party that she had sneaked out to. Last year, Daisy, who hadn't yet received her monthly allowance check from André Previn, forged Soon-Yi's signature on hers while Soon-Yi was away at school. She was immediately made to pay the money back. Daisy also skipped five days of school last year when Mia was in Vietnam to arrange for an adoption.

"Most of my students are New York City kids. Many have parents who are glamorous and famous, and most of these kids are very neglected and troubled and grow up very fast," says Audrey Sieger, who has been tutoring the children in the Previn-Farrow-Allen household for the last 12 years. "Mia's family is very unusual. She—at any time in these 12 years—has been able to tell me in detail about every one of her kids. These kids travel on buses with bus passes. They cook dinner for each other. They do their own laundry. Different kids over the years have been assigned the job of going to the supermarket. They have not been raised by nannies." Mia, according to Sieger, was "warm, loving, sincere, and throughout all my years of working with the kids, having them at my office, calling at home, they were happy kids, giggling and laughing and involved with each other."

"I couldn't get over how much the biological children weren't favored. They all viewed each other as equal and always referred to each other as 'my brother,' 'my sister,' " says Lorrie Pierce, who has gone to the house to teach the children piano for the last seven or eight years. "Mia passes down family heirlooms to each one, without regard to who is adopted." The piano teacher echoes the tutor: "She's the one the kids threw up on. She gets right in the arena and does all the dirty work. She doesn't push them off onto the help." Every September, Mia would start a new film with Woody, and, according to those in the household, there was rarely a day when at least one of the children didn't accompany her to the set; she turned her dressing room at the Kaufman-Astoria Studios into a nursery for them. Creating a large family "is not the act of a compulsive. It's too much hard work," says Mia's friend Rose Styron, the human-rights-activist wife of novelist William Styron, who is Soon-Yi's godmother. "I've never known anyone who cared so selflessly about children, and who put so much of herself into them. . . . They always came first." Perhaps that was the key issue for Woody: who came first? One of the people who has spoken up for him, his costume designer Jeffrey Kurland, said in *New York* magazine, "Why this constant need [of Mia's] for infants and little ones? Get on with your life!"

Tisa Farrow says, "That *is* her mission in life. Her vocation is her work as an actress; her vocation makes her mission possible." Leonard Gershe says, "Mia told me long ago, when she was adopting the fifth or sixth child, 'Lenny, I was so lucky to find out fairly young that pink palazzos and swimming pools were never going to fulfill me. They don't do it for me. I'm not interested in fashion, I'm not interested in jewelry. I'm interested in giving a life to someone whose life would not exist if it weren't for me.' What's so terrible about this? It's absolutely sincere."

Throughout this ordeal Mia's other children have been loyal to their mother; none of her older children any longer speaks to Woody. They appear to be furious that he has said that he was never any sort of father figure or figure of authority for them, and that they wouldn't have cared two seconds that he was having an affair with Soon-Yi if Mia hadn't kept them whipped up. "The insensitivity of someone who could say that brothers and sisters would not care that their mother's boyfriend was having an affair with their sister. . . devastated the entire family," says Priscilla Gilman. "She wasn't jealous; it wasn't that at all. It was a sense of moral outrage."

Soon-Yi has reportedly told her mother that she doesn't need her anymore. For the time being, Soon-Yi is out of the family. Woody pays her tuition at Drew, where his limousine has been seen picking her up on Fridays. The empty space at the dinner table at Mia's where Soon-Yi used to sit has been taken up by Isaiah's high chair, although all in the family insist they still love Soon-Yi and want her to come back.

Both Woody Allen and Mia Farrow had to make strenuous efforts to get these children: a New York adoption law had to be stretched for Woody to adopt Dylan and Moses, but it required an act of Congress for Mia to have Soon-Yi.

For the first three years Mia cared for her, Soon-Yi referred to her as "Good Mama," as opposed to her natural mother, "Naughty Mama." Naughty Mama was reportedly a prostitute; for punishment, she would force Soon-Yi to kneel in a doorway, and she would slam the door against the little girl's head. One day she left the child on a street in Seoul and said she would be back in five minutes. Then she disappeared forever. When the orphanage found Soon-Yi, she spoke no known language, just gibberish.

Mia waited almost a year to get her, and finally had to request that Congress change the law that limited the number of alien children an American family could adopt. She then stayed at the orphanage in Seoul washing dishes for 10 days until Soon-Yi's papers came through. In order to get to know the child, Mia brought her a doll and a pretty new dress. The doll frightened Soon-Yi. She had never seen one before and thought it was some kind of an animal. Later, when Mia dressed her up and stood her before a mirror, Soon-Yi hated what she saw and tried to kick the mirror in. She despised men more, and hissed whenever one came near. Recently a psychiatrist who has seen Soon-Yi informed Mia that mothering her was probably a no-

win proposition: in terms of transference, her intense antipathy toward her biological mother was too great. Mia's friends say Mia disagrees with this assessment.

At some point Soon-Yi started calling "Good Mama" Mia. "She was not as close to Mia as the other children were," says Priscilla Gilman. "She wasn't very demonstrative. Mia was towards her, but she just never was towards Mia."

Nobody knows how old Soon-Yi really is. Without ever seeing her, Korean officials put her age down as seven on her passport. A bone scan Mia had done on her in the U.S. put her age at between five and seven. In the family, Soon-Yi is considered to have turned 20 this year, on October 8. Prior to Tam, she was the oldest child Mia had adopted; she was also the most learning-deprived, the quietest and least socialized of all the children. She has always worked extraordinarily hard, spending hours on homework it took others a half-hour to complete. Because of her learning disabilities, she took her S.A.T.'s untimed.

At Marymount, a parochial school that Buchenholz says has had outstanding success with a "heterogeneous system which mixes girls like Soon-Yi with National Merit Scholars," Soon-Yi was so upright the family thought she might want to become a nun. "She was very straitlaced, very, very proper—morally," says Audrey Sieger. "That was the shock for me: she's so very moral about anybody who would cheat on a test or take a shortcut to do something."

Soon-Yi shared a room with Lark and Daisy, both of whom were far hipper and more outgoing than she. Soon-Yi seemed to live in a world of fairy-tale romance, dreaming of boyfriends who never called. She had a picture of Fred Astaire next to her bed. "My personal opinion is that she's basking in the sunlight of the attention," says Sieger, "kind of like she's in a romance."

Soon-Yi and Lark were paid $70 by Woody to baby-sit on alternate weekends for Dylan and Satchel—an arrangement Soon-Yi and Woody's side are now using as evidence of Mia's making servants of the children. "I felt it was kind of tough on them," says Sieger. "It was like a 24-hour deal, watching babies." One summer Woody got Soon-Yi a part as an extra in *Scenes from a Mall*, the film he starred in with Bette Midler. Soon-Yi entertained thoughts of being a model and in her senior year Woody advised her on how to go about it. "Those last six months of high school, there was a definite change. I have no idea when her relationship started with him," says Sieger. "He was helping her to show her how to dress and prepare herself to be a model, and he arranged for her to have professional pictures taken. When I saw the professional pictures, I was very surprised, because Soon-Yi looked so glamorous."

The family soon sensed that Soon-Yi had a crush on Woody, which he seemed to delight in. But they thought nothing of it, since Soon-Yi had yet to receive her first phone call from a boy. Woody started taking her to basketball games, and Mia would reportedly tell her to stop dressing up for them as if she were going to a disco. The summer of '91, Soon-Yi stayed in the city to work. She lived in Mia's apartment with her big brother Matthew, whom she idolized, while Mia and the younger children were in the country. At night she would get all dressed up and go out, never telling Matthew or Priscilla where she was going.

"All of a sudden she started wearing these incredibly sexy clothes, and putting on these black, really slinky shirts and little skirts and these pumps and stuff," says Gilman. "She would say, 'Don't tell Mom. I'm going to a friend's house.' And I said to Matthew, 'I think she has a secret boyfriend, and I think we should find out who this is.' And Matthew said, 'Oh, no, just let her do her own thing.' Matthew is very into respecting people's privacy, and I said, 'No, Matthew, as a good brother you should find out who this is. This is rather odd that she's slinking around like this.' And he said, 'No, no, no.' " Soon-Yi's other brothers and sisters also noticed things. Once, Moses told a family member he had seen Woody looking up Soon-Yi's skirt right in the apartment, and Daisy was surprised to find him another time touching Soon-Yi's hips, but the two kids didn't dwell on these things.

Around last Thanksgiving-time, a few weeks before Woody's formal adoption of Moses and Dylan was to become final, a time when members of the family now feel he was probably involved with Soon-Yi—Leonard Gershe says Mia told him both Soon-Yi and Woody told her on the day she found the pictures that they had been seeing each other for about six months and that the relationship had become sexual about the first of December—Woody also began to take a special interest in Daisy. Four different times, according to several sources, he tried to engage her in intimate conversation, asking her to tell him all her secrets, things she wouldn't tell her mom about a boyfriend, asking, Where do you go at night—do you sneak out? Daisy, according to those close to her, couldn't figure out if he was trying to become more of a father figure or "some cool friend or what." "But she didn't tell Mia at the time, because Mia would be hurt," says Gershe. When Woody saw Daisy defend her mother in the media, he reportedly called her "a lying little twit," and threatened that he'd see her in court.

Despite more than 20 years of analysis, Woody Allen seems to keep repeating himself. And right up to *Husbands and Wives*, which Mia had no idea was such a close parallel to them, he seems deliberately to have tried to work out his real life in his films. "Substitute Mia and her daughters for Hannah and her sisters and you begin to understand what this man is about," says Leonard Gershe.

Once Mia found the pictures, life for the two took a different course, and would never be the same again. But from the beginning, Woody Allen has seemed curiously numb to the moral implications of his relationship with Soon-Yi, unwilling to recognize the effect his behavior has on others. "To this day I don't think he really understands what everybody's so excited about," says Leonard Gershe. "He does not understand the morality of it. He's deflecting things with 'She's over 18.' Nobody ever questioned that he did anything *illegal*. He did something *immoral*, and that's what he can't understand." "He didn't see how traumatic this was to the family," says Lynn Nesbit. "He saw it as something traumatic a man had done to a woman. He couldn't acknowledge it. He wouldn't."

Mia called Gershe from Woody's apartment the day she discovered the photos. "Her voice was shaking, and I knew something god-awful had happened. . . . She said, 'I can't believe this. I have nude pictures of Soon-Yi.' " Mia then phoned Woody and told him she had found the pictures and "to get away from us." She grabbed her child and went back to her apartment. Soon-Yi was there, still at home on her Christmas break. A donnybrook ensued. Mia slapped Soon-Yi four or five times over a few days. Woody said that Mia locked Soon-Yi in her room and also smashed her with a chair, but one eyewitness denies it. "I was over there the next day," says Casey Pascal. "The room wasn't locked, and I never saw any bruises or anything [on Soon-Yi]."

Woody came over immediately. He first told Mia that he loved Soon-Yi and would marry her. "Fine," Mia said. "She's in her

oom. Take her and go. Get out of here, oth of you." Then, Mia told friends, Woody dropped to his knees and started to ry. He begged Mia's forgiveness and sked her to marry him—"put this behind s, use it as a springboard to a better rela- onship." He called what had happened vith Soon-Yi "a tepid little affair that vouldn't have lasted more than a few veeks anyway." He also told Mia that the ffair was "probably good for Soon-Yi's elf-esteem." "His whole attitude about it as as though it were a breach of eti- uette—he used the wrong form: So let's ut that behind us. It's embarrassing, but, ou know, let's get married," says Leon- rd Gershe. "She couldn't believe what vas coming out of him. And then she lapped him." Nevertheless, Woody ent the dinner hour with the children s usual.

The next day Mia asked Casey Pascal go to Soon-Yi. " 'I'm too angry to talk her, but go in and make sure she knows at I still love her.' And I went in carry- g that message," Pascal recalls. "Soon- i just cried and said, 'I didn't mean to urt my mother.' And I said, 'What did ou think was going to happen?' And she id, 'I never thought she'd find out.' " oon-Yi would not hear of any of its be- g Woody's fault. "He's not to blame for is," she told Pascal, and admitted that eir affair had begun in the fall. "She was ying things like 'My mother didn't under- and him—she didn't have time for him d all his needs.' The child was absolutely rtured, and she was totally loyal to him."

When a much younger, less sophisticat- l person takes a lover the age of a parent, ys Dr. Leo Kron, the director of adolescent d child psychiatry at St. Luke's/Roose- lt Hospital in Manhattan, "it may create r her the opportunity to avoid the anxi- y of normal development. It can be a ay to avoid socialization. It's a safe ha- n with a parent figure, an escape from e normal vicissitudes of growing up. ne fact she had such a deprived early istence makes it more difficult for her to come independent. There's a greater sk of getting involved in a relationship here she has to be taken care of."

Soon-Yi's big confrontation with her mily came the following weekend. Most the children had been in the apartment e previous tense days, witnessing tears d fights, yet Woody blamed Mia for lling them anything at all. "It was *her* ult they were mad at him," says Leonard ershe. That Sunday in Connecticut, while ylan and Satchel watched *The Little Mer- aid* in the TV room, the older children and iscilla Gilman and Mia had a family meeting with Soon-Yi. "The whole no tion that Mia kicked her out of the house is completely a lie," says Gilman. "It was a choice. She said, 'Soon-Yi, we want you in this family. We love you. But you are going to have to choose whether you want to be in this family or to be with Woody. And that you can promise me that you will never do anything like this again.' " Then the brothers and sisters spoke, trying to understand what had happened. "All I remember Soon-Yi saying was 'It's my fault, it's my fault, it's just as much my fault as Woody's,' " says Gilman. Soon-Yi refused to explain anything. "She just ran out."

Woody, however, according to those close to the family, promised Mia he would leave Soon-Yi alone, and Soon-Yi confided to her mother that he had told her previously to go ahead and meet other boys and sleep with other boys, that their relationship was just a little secret something on the side and not to expect anything to come of it. Not long after, Mia finished her last two days of shooting on *Husbands and Wives*. "She was in denial, obviously. Her whole life was tied up with this man," says her sister Tisa Farrow. "He made her feel like she couldn't live without him. She took a long time to get pissed off. She's no less vulnerable just because she's an actress and has money."

On Valentine's Day, Mia sent Woody a picture of her and her children, with a toothpick stuck in each person's chest. The message: "This is how many hearts you've broken in this family." Woody gave her a red satin box filled with chocolates and an embroidered antique heart.

February was an amazing month. A six-year-old Vietnamese boy Mia and Woody had been waiting months to adopt arrived. He was supposed to be recovering from polio, but she soon discovered that he had severe cerebral palsy and was retarded. He screamed all day. She felt that the burden of having him was too much for the other children, and after four days she allowed him to go to a family in New Mexico who already had older retarded children and who wanted him very much.

In his place came Tam, an 11-year-old Vietnamese girl who had lost her eyesight from an infection while she was in an orphanage. Woody went to the airport with Mia when Isaiah joined the family the same month. All during the spring, Mia, who would later be characterized in the press by a friend of Woody's as a heavily medicated, walking zombie, was busily putting together an education program for Tam.

Rose Styron saw Mia in May, when she "was overwhelmed on all fronts, when

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Page 6: [illegible] **Page 14:** [illegible] **Page 20:** [illegible] **Page 74:** [illegible] Reuters/Bettmann, bottom left, by Albert Ferreira/D.M.I. **Page 106:** [illegible] **Page 124:** Photograph © by the Estate of Tseng Kwong Chi/Muna Tseng [illegible] **Page 126:** [illegible] graph from Black Star. Painting © by the Estate of Jean [illegible] Basquiat, from the collection of Francesco Fellizzi, courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art. **Page 138:** Painting courtesy of Rick Prol. **Page 156:** Photograph from U.P.I./Bettmann. **Page 172:** Photographs, top, from All Action Pictures; bottom, from Topham/The Image Works. **Page 174:** Photograph from Globe Photos. **Page 186:** Grooming by Charlie Altuna for Célestine; motorcycle courtesy of Thunder Road Classic Motorcycles. **Page 192:** Photograph, left, styled by Lauren Ehrenfeld for Célestine; hair by Kareen Bousier for HMS Bookings, makeup by Beth Katz for Cloutier, tulle skirt by Karl Lagerfeld, from I. Magnin, L.A.; mesh blouse by Dana Deathridge; velvet bustier by Vivienne Westwood, from Les Habitudes, L.A.; earrings by Lee Brevard. **Page 194:** Hair and makeup by Rosaly for Indorato Artists. **Page 196:** Photographs, center right, by Robin Platzer/Twin Images, bottom right, by Adam Scull/Globe Photos. **Page 205:** Styled by Jennifer Tzar; hair by Avram for Vidal Sassoon, makeup by Joe McDevitt for Pierre Michel; nails by Sheril Bailey for Jed Root, Inc.; dress by Brayant Hoven; jewelry by Robert Sorrell. **Pages 208–9:** Set design by Ronald Oates, linens from D. Porthault & Co., N.Y.C.; Pratesi Linens, N.Y.C.; and Anichini, 800-553-5309. **Page 213:** Photograph from Ron Galella Ltd. **Page 214:** Photograph from the *New York Post*. **Pages 218–19:** Photographs from Gamma-Liaison. **Pages 222–23:** Photographs, left, from A.S.A.P.; top right, from Magnum Photos. **Page 224:** Photograph courtesy of the Institute of Judaic-Christian Research. **Pages 226–27:** Large photograph from the Image Bank; inset from Magnum Photos. **Page 229:** Hair by Mari Bloom and Josee Normand, makeup by Michele Burke and Carol Schwartz. **Pages 230–39:** Hair by Rolando Beauchamp Jr. for Bumble & Bumble, Deanna for Dorie Sherman, Inc.; Keoni for Cloutier, Enzo Laera; Tony Lucha for Jed Root, Inc. Makeup by Sheryl Berkoff-Lowe; Gary Berkowitz and Daniel Blanco, both for Cloutier; Leanne Hirsh for Dorie Sherman, Inc.; Jacqui Lefton; Rumiko for Jed Root, Inc.; Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy and Visages Style. Grooming by Richard Keo. **Page 231:** Paul Newman's shirt, private label from Barneys New York; vintage Levi's from the Antique Boutique, N.Y.C. **Pages 232–33:** Bruce Dern's black cotton turtleneck from all Gap stores, Laura Dern's navy cashmere cardigan by Malo; Frances Fisher's cashmere cardigan by TSE Cashmere; Ben Gazzara's taupe double-breasted suit jacket by Calvin Klein; Melissa Gilbert-Brinkman's vest by Dolce & Gabbana; Mary Stuart Masterson's black silk shirt by Equipment, and her vintage Levi's from the Antique Boutique, N.Y.C., Peter Masterson's suit jacket by Ermenegildo Zegna Soft; Aidan Quinn's cable-knit sweater by Commes des Garçons; Ron Silver's gray cotton T-shirt from Barneys New York; Shelley Winters' silk shirt by Equipment. **Page 234:** Darren McGavin's polo shirt by TSE Cashmere, his ankle boots by Gucci. **Page 236:** Daniel McDonald's vest by Romeo Gigli, Susan Strasberg's jeans from all Gap stores, Marlo Thomas's and Peter Weller's silk shirts by Equipment. **Page 237:** Penny Allen's jacket by Jil Sander. **Page 240:** Beaded gown by Bob Mackie, to order from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. **Page 241:** Inset photograph by Marc Bryan-Brown, courtesy of Nippy, Inc. **Page 242:** Sweatpants by Karl Kani Jeans, from all Bullock's and Macy's stores, sneakers by Nike Air. **Page 243:** Underwear by Calvin Klein, wool knit pants, Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C., and from June Blaker, Chicago, and Maxfield, L.A. **Page 253:** Large photograph by Jeff Wasserman/The Toronto *Financial Post*. Insets, top, by Stan Behal/Canada W[illegible] **Pages 254–55:** Photograph by David Lee, © 1992, courtesy of Warner Bros. **Page 256:** "Death in the Fast Lane" is from *Pasolini Requiem*, by Barth David Schwartz, to be published this month by Pantheon, © 1992 by Barth David Schwartz, printed by permission of the author. **Pages 256–57:** Photographs, left, from U.P.I./Bettmann, right, from Topham/The Image Works. **Page 258:** Photographs, top to bottom, from Fotocronache Olympia, by Claude Wherle/Grazia Neri, Jerry [illegible] **Page 259:** [illegible] Photos. **Pages 260–61:** Large photograph from U.P.[illegible]

nothing was sorted out." Styron saw her again just before Labor Day, in Connecticut, down by the pond, happily surrounded by eight of her children. "Tam was speaking English, laughing, standing up straight, showing she could handle things. I couldn't believe what had happened to Tam in the three months since I'd seen her."

Nevertheless, Mia had had a bleak spring. She and Woody went round and round about their relationship. She told friends he wanted to come back. She became depressed and sought a psychologist's help for the first time in her adult life. As usual, Woody paid for the therapy. ("You can't say his own therapy failed," quips Mia's lawyer Eleanor Alter. "He might have become a serial killer without it.") She was given an antidepressant, which she had a bad reaction to. Reeling from the drug, she had thoughts of suicide and wrote a note to Woody, saying she felt she couldn't go on. But sources close to her say she tore the note up immediately, and flatly deny that she ever faked a suicide attempt. She then called the doctor, who explained that the drug "sometimes has the reverse effect." For two months she took a different antidepressant and a mild sleeping pill each night so that she could still wake up to feed the baby, who slept in her room. One night Woody took her to Elaine's when she seemed particularly low. Leonard Gershe got a report back from friends that "Mia looked like Jackie Kennedy on Air Force One." In June, she stopped both the therapy and the pills. Since January she has had four panic attacks, and takes medication if one comes on.

Every day the children went through their usual routine. One member of the household staff says about the reports of Mia's need for pills and alcohol, "How could she have cared for a baby in the evening? How could she have cared for all the children? . . . I think I would have noticed if she were drinking or taking pills." Mia told Leonard Gershe of an evening when Woody took her out to an East Side restaurant and they had a fine wine. "He was being particularly sweet and lovely to her, and he said, 'Mia, we really can put this behind us. Let's go back to your place together, and let's tear up those pictures of Soon-Yi.' Mia said, 'I don't think so.' "

In June, Soon-Yi was about to finish school and go to work as a camp counselor for the summer. She hadn't had much contact with the family—according to someone close to the household, one of the legion of shrinks told Mia it was better for Soon-Yi to remain outside the circle for a time as she was "too sexualized an object." Mia thought it would be a good idea for her to be with kids her own age, so Soon-Yi took the counselor job at a camp in Maine. But in July, Mia received what Maureen O'Sullivan calls "an awful letter." The head of the camp had fired Soon-Yi because she didn't get along with the children, and was concerned that she kept getting phone calls from an older man who called himself Mr. Simon. Mia's friends say that Woody, who had given his solemn word that he wouldn't have any contact with Soon-Yi, first denied, then admitted to, the calls, but said he had made them just to be certain Soon-Yi had enough money. Soon-Yi called to say she was going to go live at a friend's, but Mia did not know where she was until the tabloids found her, after everything exploded in August.

One of the great ironies of this story is that Woody Allen, by virtue of his vaunted reputation, was able to adopt Dylan and Moses, who had already been legally adopted by Mia in 1985 and 1978, respectively. Never before in New York, it seems, had two single people separately adopted the same children—unmarried couples have not been able to adopt at all—and in fact, had the case been taken to family court, the usual venue for adoptions, such an exception would probably not have been allowed. But their lawyer Paul Martin Weltz put the adoption of Dylan and Moses before Judge Renee Roth in the surrogate court in Manhattan. "Surrogate court is less hectic. I felt the two judges there were both very humane and forward-looking," says Weltz. "In family court you never know who you're going to get. I didn't want some clerk to say, 'The statute doesn't permit it. Go away.' " But, adds Weltz, "to have a second parent of the intellectual ability and the financial ability of a Woody Allen—how could anybody at that point think of a single negative?"

Given the status of the father, the home study was waived, and the court presumably knew nothing about Woody's sessions with Dr. Coates. "You have a home visit when you're thinking maybe these people can't afford another child. Here there was no issue of morality or finances," Weltz says. "Woody had told me that he used to go over to Mia's apartment every day and be there when the children woke up. He'd see them every day in the middle of the day. He'd be there when they went to bed. On the surface it seemed that he was more of a father than a lot of natural fathers I represent." Weltz recalls December 17, the day Woody, Mia, and the children accompanied him to the courtroom (where Woody remembered he had once shot a scene) and the judge's chambers, as being "probably the happiest day I've ever spent in court."

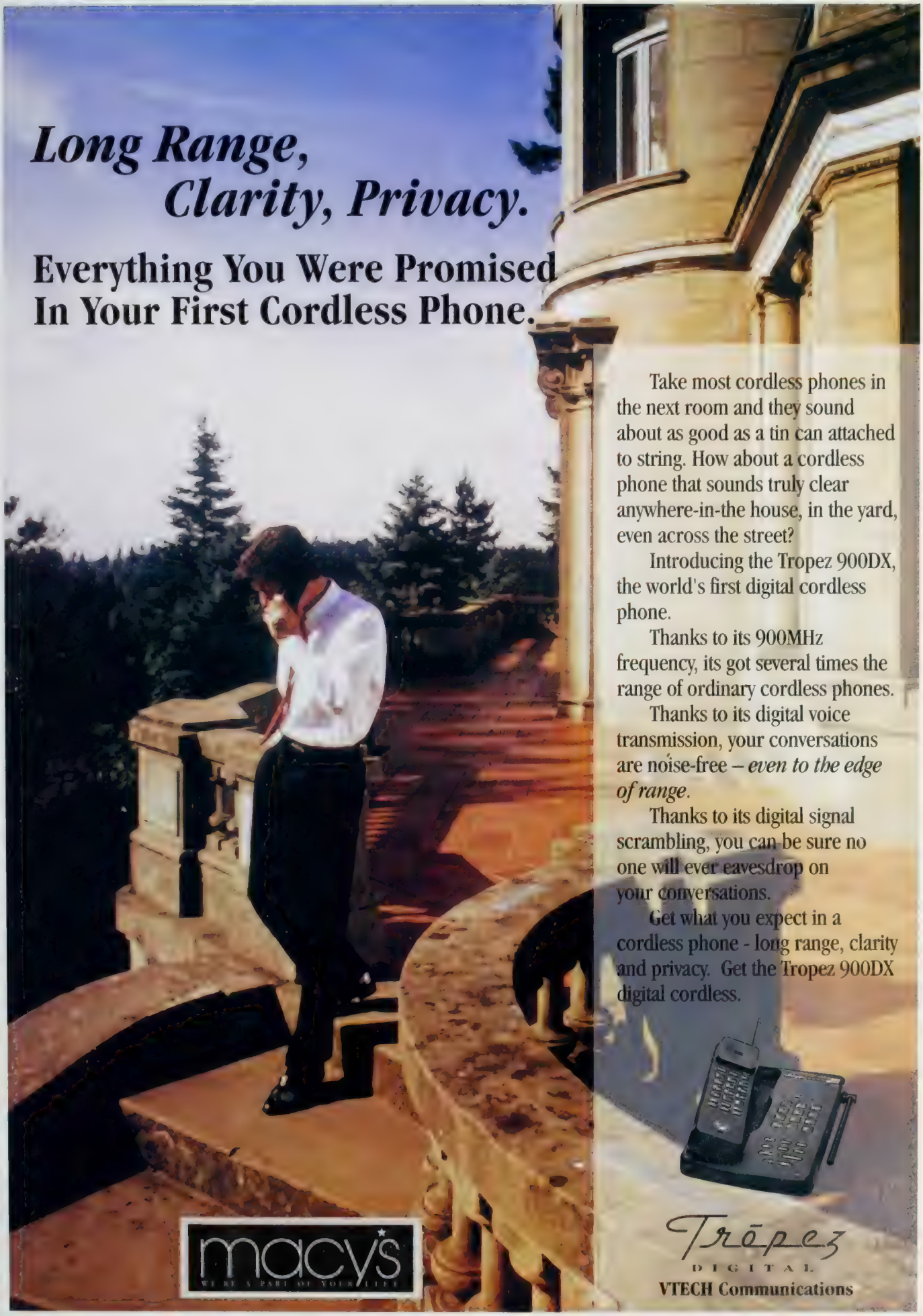
Now Mia, who is the one being accused of being an unfit parent, wants the adoptions nullified, and her lawyers are considering going to court to try to overturn them. If they succeed, the custody case would be moot, of course. Meanwhile, authorities in Connecticut are pursuing their investigation to decide whether or not there are sufficient grounds to charge Woody Allen criminally with child abuse. For the last month a team of experts in New Haven have been examining the evidence and listening to Dylan tell her story. If they conclude that there is sufficient evidence to charge Woody, it is still up to the Litchfield County prosecutor to decide whether to proceed with a trial. And if so, will Mia allow Dylan to take the stand? The family says she will. A gripping courtroom drama may be in the making, one that would undoubtedly give tabloid TV its highest ratings ever. Or things could be settled overnight. Left unresolved, however, is the healing process—how Mia and Woody and these 11 children can ever be reconstituted as a family.

In March, Mia Farrow had all of her children who were not Catholics—including Soon-Yi—baptized. □

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SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

You've been sloshing your way through jungle swamps for so long that every tree stump has begun to resemble a crocodile. In mid-October, though, when Jupiter enters Libra, you'll need some spiritual refreshment and an intimate kiss. "Yeah, sure," you say, "but who's gonna keep an eye out for predators?" Jupiter last passed through your 12th house in 1980–81. Think back for a moment. Though it may seem like weakness now, didn't you then experience love of the giving kind? As Saturn moves forward in your 4th house, try to identify with the homeless and the abandoned. Remember, Marie Antoinette was a Scorpio.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

Sweet, dark dependencies can be extra sweet and dark when Venus meets Pluto in October, but as it moves over the north node in Sagittarius during the first week of November, no one will ever know you've been naughty. Jupiter is bringing new friends into your life. That's good news, since a number of your older relationships are collapsing and you find that you have little to say to the people you were once closest to. Is there somebody you're not talking to because he or she seems either too deaf or too thick to reach? Look again. It just may be that you're the one who isn't communicating. Impossible?

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

There are no predictions of the trivial, day-to-day sort for you at this time. Given the current Uranus-Neptune conjunction, such predictions aren't very meaningful. Yes, Jupiter is coming to your 10th house, and may bring along a producer who will pay attention to your wonderful ideas. And yes, with Saturn moving forward in your 2nd house you'll be freaking out about money, but you would probably do that even if you could get into Fort Knox with your A.T.M. card. After all, isn't self-actualization a heck of a lot more rewarding than crass and superficial things like career and money? Don't answer that.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

This is not the end of the world, no matter what TV evangelists say, no matter how crummy you feel. With Pluto squaring the sun, Saturn conjoining it, and Uranus in the 12th house, it's normal to feel like an orange rolling down an incline toward the juicer. But here's a chance to cook yourself a new life from scratch. With Jupiter in the 9th house, instead of angrily pummeling do-gooders when they start preaching their message of hope, try listening to them. And avoid mirrors (Saturn in Aquarius is sometimes called "the hag transit"). Just hang a sign around your neck that says, PARDON MY APPEARANCE. I'M REMODELING.

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

Jupiter's entering your 8th house now means that you could get funded by someone with real dough. This transit also suggests heightened sexual intimacy, provided, of course, you can stay out of the office long enough to fit in even a quickie. So many times you've been thrust out into the world when you would certainly have preferred to stay in bed. With Saturn in your 12th house, either you can play victimized martyr and the butt of everyone's jokes, or you can immerse yourself in a mission for the good of universal humanity. Unfortunately, there is usually a major spillover between those two roles.

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

Maybe if you were more "normal" you wouldn't have so much angst or so many disruptions. Also, maybe knowing that Aries is being squared by Uranus and Neptune can help you grasp the conflict between your desire for independence and the need to surrender to a force over which you have little control. That's hard for you, because you get furious if a new roll of toilet paper doesn't immediately start unfurling at your merest touch. Cheer up. Jupiter in Libra for the next year will bring you people who haven't heard your story a million times and who don't know your patterns. Lucky for you *and* them.

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

Geographical changes are in store. Travel is indicated. Great sex could happen in early November. That's all marvelous, but uppermost in your mind now are your public image and your relationships with people in power. Individuals at the top aren't going to hand over everything you want just because you blow them a kiss once in a while. A new agent could help, someone to open a door or two, but the real issues are who is on top, who calls the shots, and who makes the final decisions. Nobody can predict how the public will receive you, no matter how many kisses you blow.

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

Opposing forces have been pulling your arms toward Mexico and your legs toward Maine, but when Venus meets the moon's node in early November, you'll be delighted to learn that people love you. That *is* rather incredible, since you've all but convinced yourself that you're falling apart. Actually, you've got a lot of support. Saturn in the 9th house opens new doors through education and—surprise!—may actually help you think a little more deeply. Jupiter in your 5th house may even give you a taste of Hollywood romance and help you prove to everyone that rumors of your demise have been greatly exaggerated.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

You have every right to be touchy these days. Mars, the planet of home construction, excess stomach acid, and whatever it is that makes dogs bark in the night, will be in Cancer for several months. Fate, it seems, has been using you for its own personal wind chime, so now if you have a little extended adrenaline rush, don't be surprised. You're getting back in control, and that's really healthy. It's certainly a lot better than sitting there with the windows boarded up waiting for the next disaster. You'll soon be buzzing around so much that even those on the receiving end will wonder what you're on.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

Two planetary influences, two kinds of relationships. Jupiter in the 3rd house will bring you those little carefree and gay things: a rendezvous by the boathouse at sunset, a stream of sweet nothings, emotions lighter than meringue. Saturn in your 7th house, though, is the wife in curlers standing at the door with a rolling pin, or the macho husband looking angrily at his watch and banging his fork on the supper table. There are a million chances to strike up conversations with interesting and attractive strangers, but don't scream foul if people are not totally available to you. After all, are *you* truly available?

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

Dare we mention the word "health" without causing mass hysteria and loud sobbing among Virgos all over the world? Your body is a magnificent machine. Stop feeding it junk and everything should run smoothly. Workwise, don't treat yourself like a star. You're just a regular person. There is good financial news. Not that you should immediately run out and charge some new implants on your credit card, but fiscal pressures could ease now. That should free you up for coping with the mad hormonal swings that have been making your emotions as unpredictable as an eighth-grade girl's.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

Are sudden reversals actually letting up at last, or are you just getting numb to the pain? The answer is a little of both. Libras born from October 8 on are still getting the jolts of the outer planets, but when Jupiter enters your sign on October 10, there is hope. Though Jupiter can make sugary Libras even worse, it does give you a genuinely healthy take on life, at least enough of one so that you can truly enjoy yourself—even at the epicenter of the quake. Regarding Saturn's position after October 17, here's a philosophical question to ask your clergyman: Why *do* people have kids, anyway?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

By Michael Lutin

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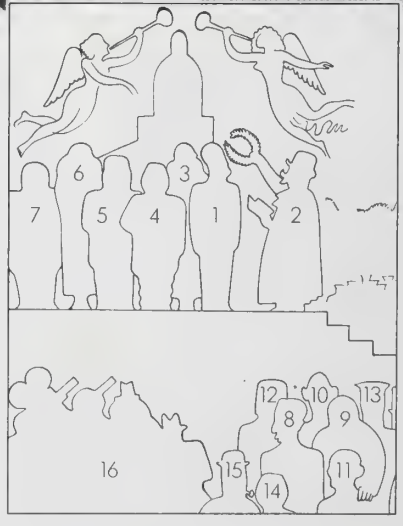
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Inauguration Day

Vanity Fair
March 1933

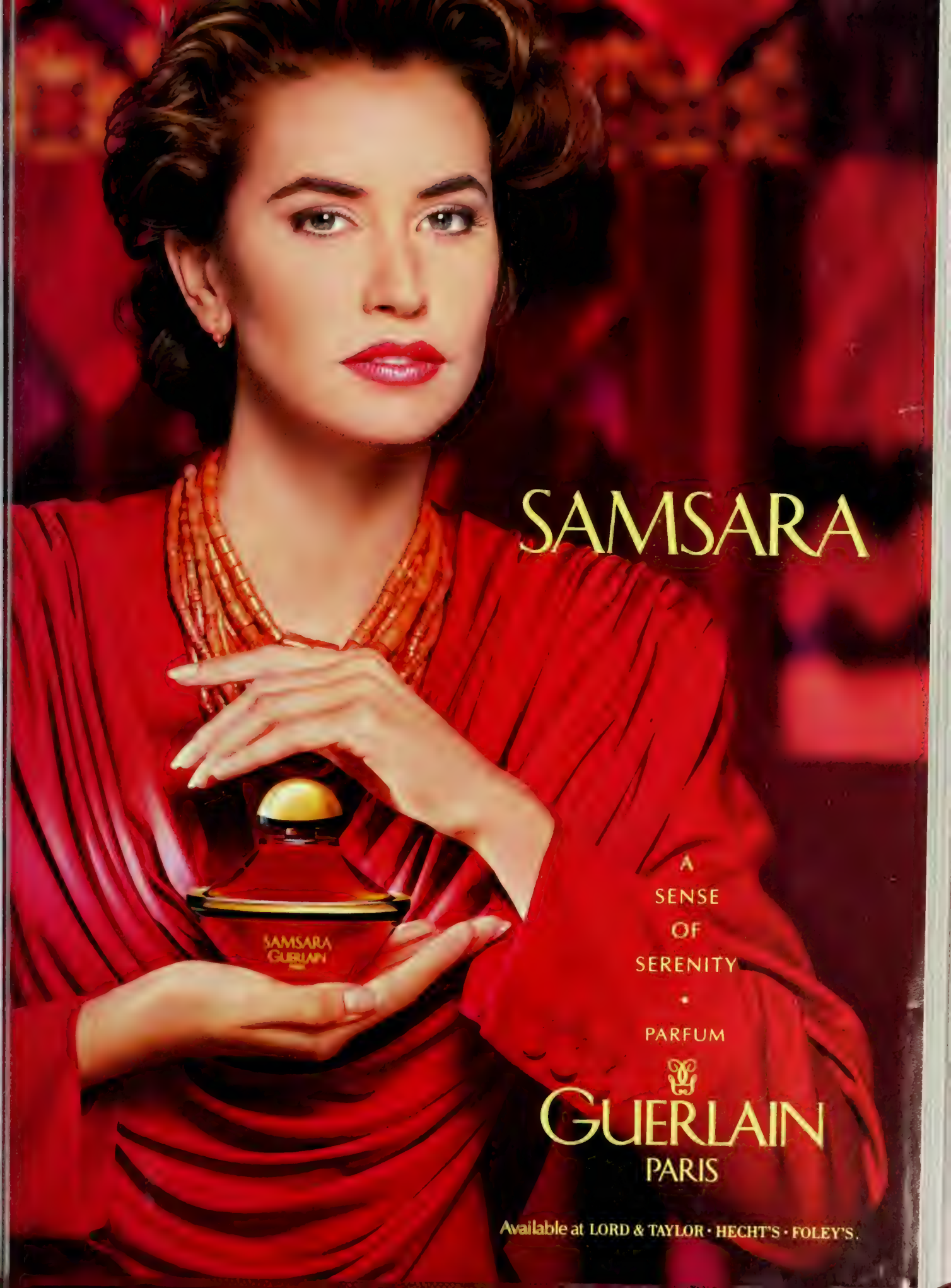


Avert your eyes, Mr. President. This is *not* the inaugural tableau you want to see. That dour chub in the high starched collar is Herbert C. Hoover, who, following more than a decade of Republican rule, was given the brush by voters. It may have had something to do with the Great Depression—the longest economic downturn in U.S. history. The second-longest is still in full bloom.



1. President Franklin D. Roosevelt
2. Chief Justice Charles Hughes
3. Eleanor Roosevelt
4. Vice President John N. Garner
5. Ex-president Herbert C. Hoover
6. Lou Hoover
7. Ex–vice president Charles Curtis
8. Alfred E. Smith
9. James Farley
10. Professor Raymond Moley
11. Louis Howe
12. Senator Joe Robinson
13. General John Pershing
14. Walter Lippmann
15. Mark Sullivan
16. Gentlemen of the press

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December

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by Jesse Kornbluth

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Cool Candy

WHAT DOES CANDICE BERGEN VALUE MOST?
by Roger Rosenblatt

HALL OF FAME
Annie Leibovitz Salutes A Few Good Women

ON THE TRAIL OF MEDELLÍN'S COCAINE LORD
by Andrew and Leslie Cockburn

THE BOO[K] ON MICHAEL
by Lynn E[dgley]

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A conviction closely adhered to in the new 740i from BMW. Because if our engineers build the ultimate "driver's car," then this car must house the ultimate "driver's engine."

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But then, that's what inevitably happens when a car manufacturer views the driver as a starting point instead of an afterthought.



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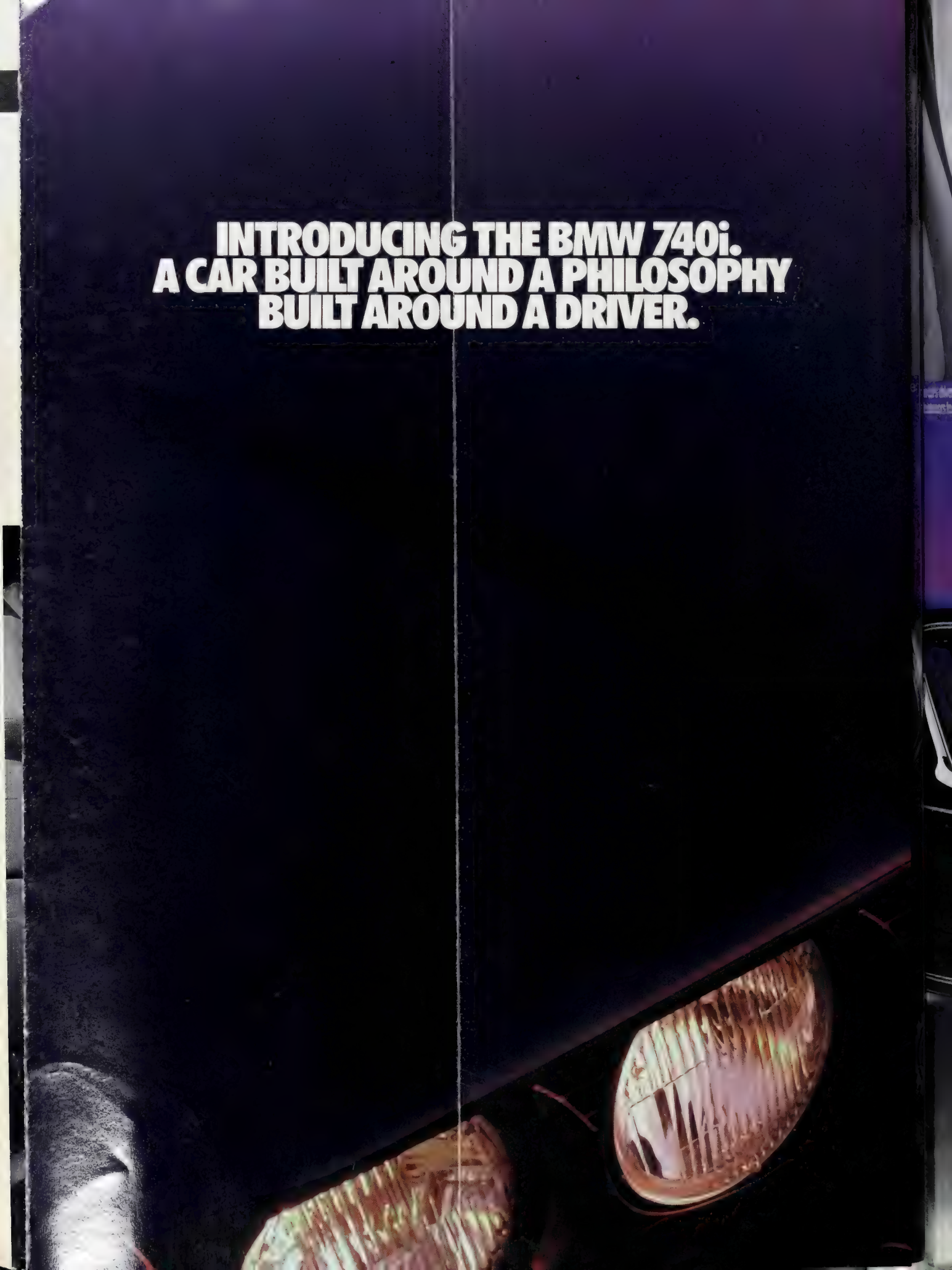
Unlike some companies, we didn't build our car around a price tag or a gas tank. We built it around a driver. So it only makes sense that the BMW 740i would be endowed with all the gathered Nappa leather, hand-hewn walnut trim and various other creature comforts to make that driver as comfortable as possible.


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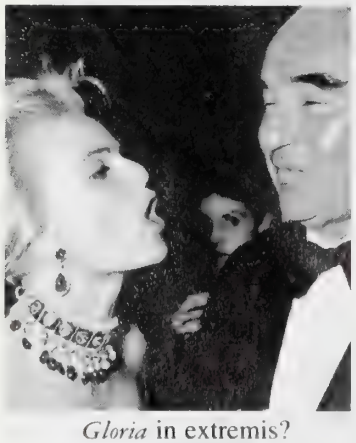
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Gloria in extremis?
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Exeter's Passion Play: Convicted on child-pornography charges, Exeter drama teacher Lane Bateman may have been tried before his case ever went to court. But, Jesse Kornbluth reports, the ex-Mormon had for years been playing with fire. Photographs by James Hamilton **216**

Candy Can: She's not really a fearless, V.P.-smiting superwoman, but she plays one on TV. Roger Rosenblatt spends time with Candice Bergen, who is finally discovering the Murphy within. Photographs by Michel Comte **222**

Check (Ani)mated! Disney is releasing *Aladdin*, its fifth animated film in as many years—and doubtless the face of next year's lunchbox **228**

Keith Rolls On: Yes, Keith Richards is still alive and rocking—in fact, as an X-Pensive Wino, he has a new album out. Bryan Appleyard caught up with the ever quotable guitar legend. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **230**

Painted Desert: From her studio in New Mexico, where Martin Filler found her, painter Susan Rothenberg has the art world at her feet. Photographs by Todd Eberle **236**

Diamonds Aren't Forever: Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis is selling some of the family baubles at a mammoth auction at Sotheby's in Geneva. Is she selling out the past? Bob Colacello finds no shortage of opinion among royal circles. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz **242**

Treasured Island: Eighty-one-year-old Robert Gardiner is battling fellow Social Register regular Robert Goelet for control of historic Gardiners Island, and few punches are being pulled. Leslie Bennetts enters the fray. Photographs by Jonathan Becker **248**

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Dispatches: Andrew and Leslie Cockburn report on the hunt for Medellín-cartel kingpin Pablo Escobar **92**
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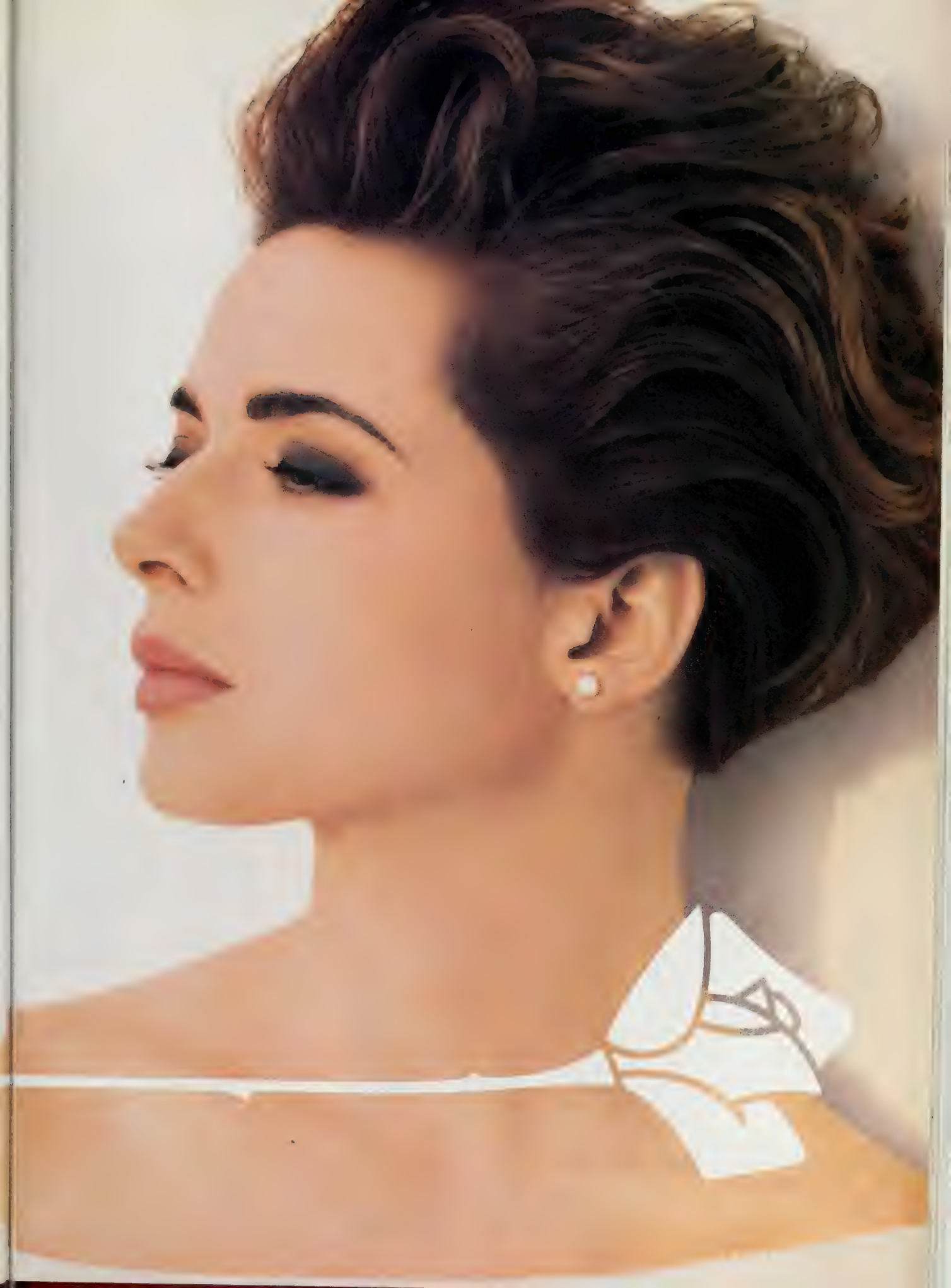
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Editor's Letter

Belly Up to the Escobar



A reader is a reader, but it was with decidedly mixed and complicated feelings that I heard about Pablo Escobar's devotion to this magazine. The *V.F.* tent must be very big indeed if we've got something to offer such a character.

In any event, Escobar—Colombian drug lord and *V.F.* aficionado—remains in hiding following his escape from prison, yet continues to wield chilling power and inspire profound fear. No one wants to talk about him. No one wants to mention his name. When contributing editors Andrew and Leslie Cockburn were reporting their story (page 92), people were reluctant even to give them the phone number of Escobar's attorney; there was no question, everyone seemed to feel, that if Escobar happened to be curious, he could have anything anyone said traced to its source. It's a marvel that the Cockburns' investigation has any proper names in it at all. But it does—that's part of what makes them such a remarkable reportorial team. The gathering of information for their story, which takes the reader deep into Escobar's world, was further complicated by the fact that in Medellín-cartel country black hats and white hats are pretty meaningless. Every government-agency employee the Cockburns talked to was certain the place has been infiltrated by Escobar's men. Many said they didn't really know whom they were working for, the government or Escobar. And most of the people interviewed for the story knew the two reporters were in town before the Cockburns had even contacted them.

As they have done in the past, the Cockburns have taken us inside a world better read about than visited in person. Now, if we only knew where to send Mr. Escobar his copy of the magazine. Perhaps his turning himself in will provide a solution for our subscription-fulfillment office.

S. Gregory Boyd Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Candy's Land



ON THE COVER
Candice Bergen wears a bustier, pants, a coat, and necklaces by Dolce & Gabbana. Earrings by M & J Savitt. Hair by Cemal, makeup by Carol Shaw, both for Frontier. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michel Comte.



Candice Bergen poses with un-Murphyesque glamour on the beach in Los Angeles with photographer Michel Comte. "The most important thing you can say about Candice Bergen is that there is a delicate, sensitive, and very beautiful real person behind the Murphy Brown character," says Comte of his subject. "She's extremely lively and animated—there was so much motion for such a still picture." Bergen wears a dress by Victor Costa, a shawl by Hermès, and M & J Savitt earrings.


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VANITY FAIR'S 1992 HALL OF FAME

Our Hall of Fame in this year of grace is devoted to just that. Grace. You might make that "grace under pressure," since so many of Annie Leibovitz's subjects had a tough time of it in 1992. But they came through, and, as Annie puts it, "I never enjoyed myself more in my life than doing this, because I felt it was important to photograph women who set examples. These women have broken ground. They are strong and admirable. They have taken risks and put themselves in difficult positions, and it was a privilege to photograph them."

Of the brave women chosen for this portfolio, Leibovitz says that Paula Coughlin, the navy flier who was disgracefully mauled at the Tailhook convention, was her personal favorite. "I was so impressed because in all the photographs I'd seen she looked low and down and out. But she loves her job, and she loves to fly, and she's going to stay in the navy." Annie was herself brought up around air bases, and so it gave her pleasure to photograph Coughlin "as a hero and a real flier."

But of course, says Leibovitz, "she wouldn't have been possible without Anita Hill. If Anita Hill hadn't spoken out, all these other cases would have been forgotten. So in a way all these women reflect off each other." Leibovitz reports being especially pleased that Hill "wasn't afraid to look beautiful. It sounds stupid, but I was afraid she might want to play it down for fear of what people might say."

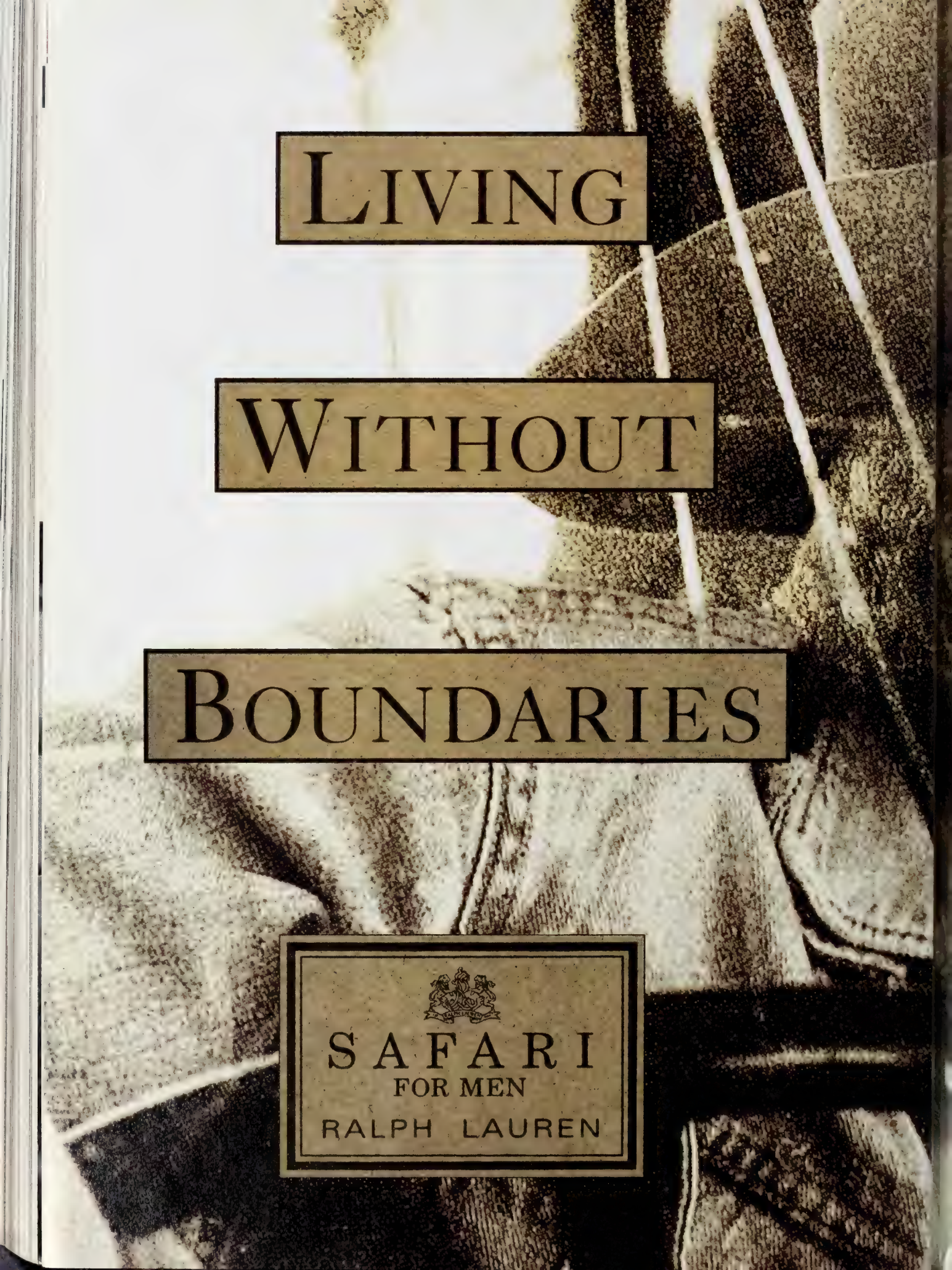
Other memories of the shoot: "It seemed that Susan Faludi was living the life that her mother could only have dreamed of living, so I asked if they'd like to be photographed together. She told me that no one had ever thought of taking them together before." And Gloria Steinem? "Well, I was looking for a way to get Gloria out of her apartment in New York. And she's always helping people out, so I shot her in the outdoors with Wilma [Mankiller], chief of the Cherokee Nation, who's a story in herself."

Hillary Clinton, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, Gail Devers, Ann Richards, Maxine Waters, Tina Brown, Elizabeth Glaser. . . Let's see, have we left anyone out? Only Annie Leibovitz herself, and she's been a presence in every Hall of Fame we've ever done.

State of grace: Unwinding from her Hall of Fame labors, Annie Leibovitz does a few laps around a downtown-Manhattan rooftop.




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Contributors



Lynn Barber on the autobiography of Michael Caine, page 150.

David Bailey's book *If We Shadows,* a compilation of photographs from the past 10 years, is just out from Thames and Hudson. He spends most of his time directing commercials.

Lynn Barber, a *V.F.* contributing editor who lives in London, writes a weekly column for *The Independent on Sunday*. She was three times named magazine writer of the year in the British Press Awards and has recently published a collection of interviews, *Mostly Men,* out in the U.K. from Viking Penguin.

Jonathan Becker's portraits have appeared frequently in *V.F.* since 1983. He is working on a collection of his photographs for a book and a show.

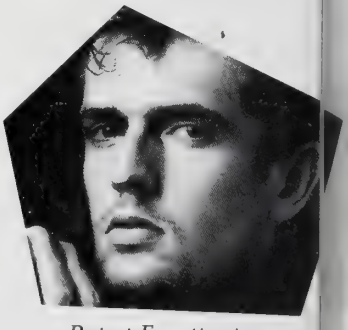
Leslie Bennetts says of her piece this month, on the battle over Gardiners Island, "I have always been fascinated by family feuds, because of the intense emotions they arouse. The rich historical dimensions of the Gardiner saga make it particularly compelling."



Bob Colacello on ex–punk princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, page 242.

Andrew and Leslie Cockburn traveled to Medellín for their piece on Pablo Escobar in this issue. They have been covering what Colombians call "the Labyrinth"—the country's mix of drugs, politics, and violence—since 1989.

Bob Colacello is the author of *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up* (HarperPerennial).



Rupert Everett enters the world of Helmut Newton, page 173.

Michel Comte, the photographer, is working on a collection of photographs for a book. He contributes frequently to Italian *Vogue*.

Jason Epstein is Random House's editorial director.

Rupert Everett, the actor, is the author of the novel *Hello Darling, Are You Working?* (Morrow).

Jesse Kornbluth is writing the screenplay of his book *Highly Confident: The Crime and Punishment of Michael Milken* (Morrow) for Robert De Niro's Tribeca Productions. The subject of his piece in this issue, the scandal at Exeter, "seems to be the story of private behavior between two individuals that somehow ended up in a federal courtroom and the tabloid press. In the process, it's come to evoke a primal fear: that lurking inside every homosexual teacher is a predator."



Roger Rosenblatt on Candice Bergen and her family values, page 222.

Roger Rosenblatt, who joins *V.F.* as a contributing editor, is working on a collection for Random House of his journalistic pieces from the past 17 years.

Kathleen Tynan, the London-based novelist and screenwriter, is the author of *The Life of Kenneth Tynan* (Morrow), a biography of her late husband. She is writing two novels for Random House.

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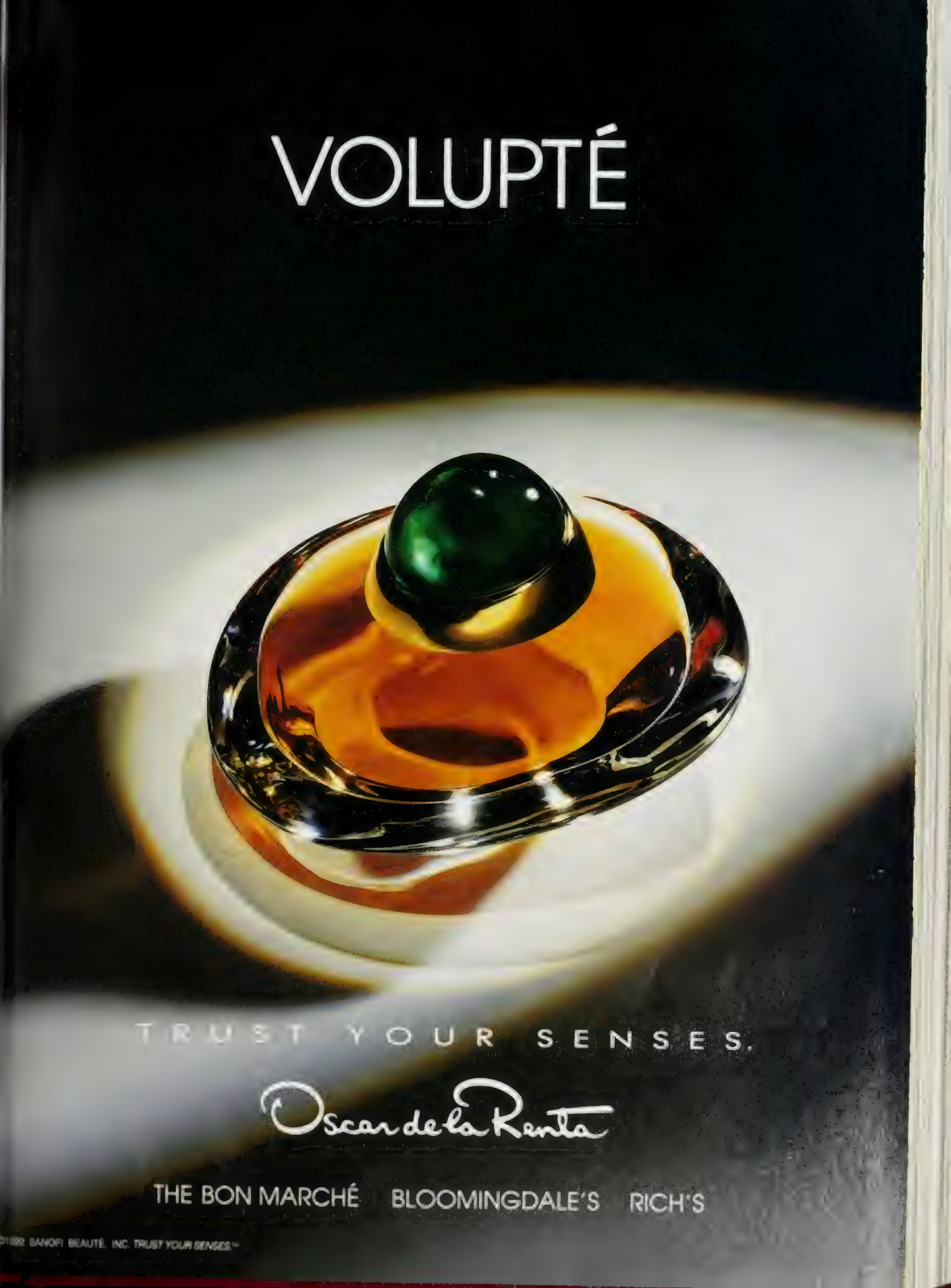


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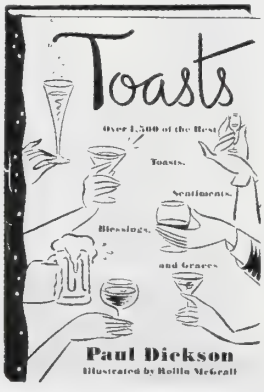
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Letters

MAIL AGGRESSION

Madonna Madness

Madonna in a pinafore contributes to the general eroticization of children in this culture ["Madonna in Wonderland," by Maureen Orth, October]. Is Madonna so ambitious that she is unaware how she feeds the kinds of fantasies which lead to child sexual abuse? Didn't someone on your staff object? The taboo against acting on sexual fantasies with children keeps child abuse in check. What if even one child is sexually abused because of the message sent out by this feature?

VIRGINIA SPELTZ MULLIN, Ph.D.
Practicing psychotherapist
Los Angeles, California

Madonna has made a dash of talent go a *very* long way, like stretching a Chiclet to the moon.

MARK GAUVREAU JUDGE
Potomac, Maryland

Why charge an outrageous $50 for Madonna's book? The family-values set isn't going to spend that kind of money; it's yuppie-chic America who'll dole out the dough (the rest will buy *Penthouse* and save the $45 for groceries).

KATIE BOWEN
Chicago, Illinois

I resent the Puritan-like fundamentalists and their ilk who keep sex in either the closet or the jails. Have you heard of the proposed measures in Oregon, Colorado and Maine? Did you hear Pat Buchanan's speech at the Republican National Convention? It's scary that there are people like that in influential positions! This sexual person in Oregon thinks Madonna's a great choice as sexual spokesperson to the rest of the closed-minded little world.

KATHLEEN MATTSON
Wilsonville, Oregon

The one area in which I think Madonna is highly talented is comedy. All her sex stuff is actually a mockery of sex, of ethics, of the people who feel blessed by the goddess herself—an invitation to lick her boots.

ANNIE FINEMAN
New Orleans, Louisiana

It doesn't take great intellectual prowess to make the connection that transforming a sexually available woman into a sexually available child implies the alternative: transforming my child into a sexually available woman! I am enraged at this woman and this magazine for putting my child at risk. One in four men already sees her as sexual, innocent, and available.

COLLEEN O'NEIL
Bowen Island, British Columbia, Canada

Madonna does not seem to understand that there is a real world where people aren't driven *(Continued on page 48)*





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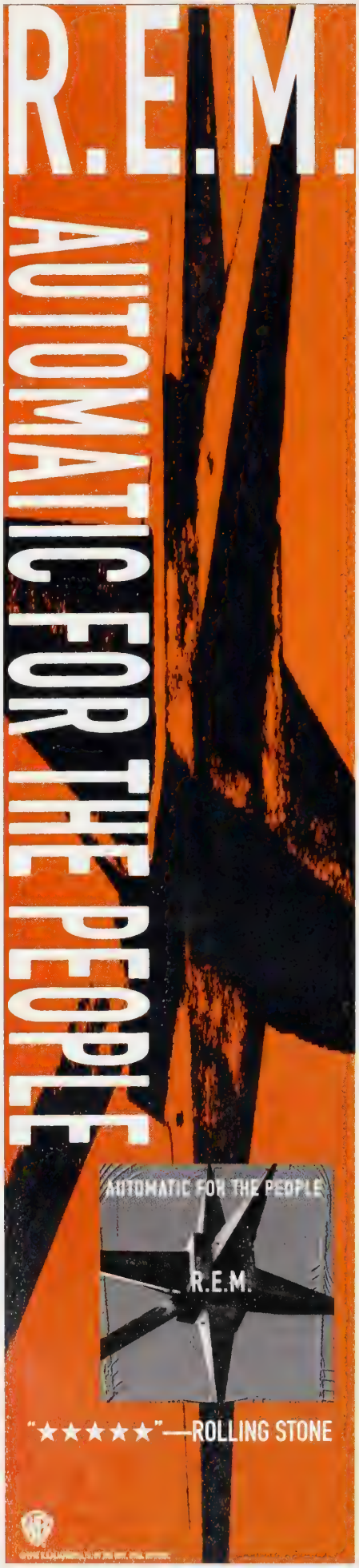
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Letters

(Continued from page 34) around in limousines, and don't have bodyguards at their beck and call or homes equipped with the latest in intruder-proof devices. We in that real world have to walk home from work many nights and stand alone at bus stops. I love sex, but I do not flaunt my sexuality outside my home. I know one of the best ways to empower myself is not to make myself vulnerable. And to do all I can to help protect my fellow women.

WHITNEY A. BECKWITH
Alexandria, Virginia

Family Therapy

The article about my estimable brother, Larry Kramer ["Kramer vs. Kramer," by Michael Shnayerson, October], is, in virtually all respects, right on target. One error, however, needs correcting. A long paragraph dealing with the Kramer-family dynamics while Larry and I were growing up concludes with the sentence "For their entire adult lives, both sons have been in some form of therapy." My own therapy started and ended long ago, circa 1957 to 1962. Since then, for most of my adult life, I have been on my own.

ARTHUR B. KRAMER
New York, New York

Nuts About Bolton

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the last month, Vanity Fair *has received more than a dozen letters of the sort printed below.*

You seem to be featuring quite a few women on your covers. How about their male counterpart, Michael Bolton? He has his own softball team (the Bolton Bombers), which plays radio stations to support local charities. He is also dating foxy Nicollette Sheridan, and there have been rumors of movie offers.

LYNN LEWIS
Canton, Michigan

What about featuring a favorite of mine, Michael Bolton—singer, songwriter, and great-looking guy? He came out first in a most-popular-male-singer poll recently. Even Oprah thinks he's terrific.

SALLY FREEMAN
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Mincemeat

I very much wanted to purchase Linda McCartney's new photo book ["Moll of Kintyre," by Zoë Heller, October]. Bu oh, well. Can't do it. I'm a meat-eater

PATTY H. MURI
Detroit, Michiga

Super Ego

Thank heaven for the King James Ver sion of the Bible, Gibbon's *The Declin and Fall of the Roman Empire,* an Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Thir Reich;* without these, Henryk de Kwiat kowski ["The Savior of Calumet," b Bob Colacello, October] would lay clain to everything.

PETER M. MAYNARI
New York, New Yor

I remember being in White's tent a Royal Ascot three years ago, when Hen ryk de Kwiatkowski was holding fortl with a number of his stories about hov rich he was and how many horses h had syndicated, and an elderly gentle man sitting at a nearby table said, " didn't get your name." De Kwiat kowski replied, "Henryk de Kwiat kowski." The gentleman retorted, "Oh I thought it was Henryk de Keep Quietski-Please."

HUGH JARDON
New York, New Yor

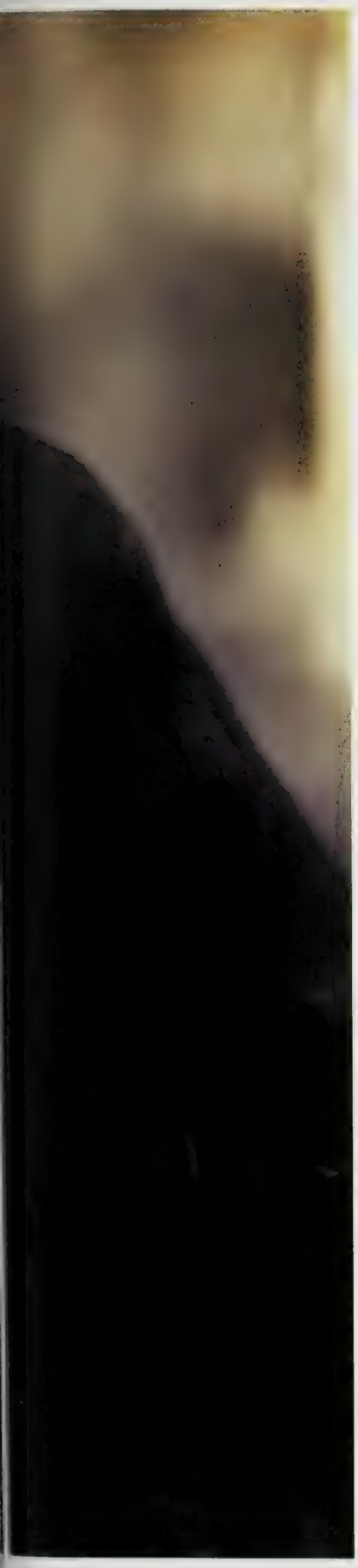
Perotnoia

I have read your article "Perot's Fina Days" [by Marie Brenner, October]. In general, I feel that it was totally mislead ing and unjustly harsh. Specifically, the comments attributed to me about neve reading a newspaper and never voting are not true. Not only do I read at leas three newspapers a day, but I have voted in presidential, state, and local election since I was 21 years of age. It is a shame that Marie Brenner did not come closer to getting the facts straight.

MORTON H. MEYERSON
Dallas, Texas

MARIE BRENNER REPLIES: Oh, come now, Mr. Meyerson. If this is so, why did you tell two of your guests one night at a summer dinner at your house, "I have never voted, and I rarely read the newspaper." And if it isn't so, why did you not return my numerous phone calls? I am pleased this is the only fact in my piece you take issue with.

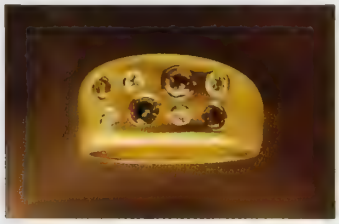
Native Texans have been hearing Ross Perot stories for years; most of us never viewed his presidential campaign as anything more *(Continued on page 54)*



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Letters

(Continued from page 48) than a 1992 version of the "Emperor's New Clothes."

MORNA K. REYNOLDS
Auburn, Alabama

If you think J. Edgar Hoover's furtive blackmailings and voyeuristic surveillances were wounds to constitutional liberties in America, just try to fathom the perversions this Napoleonic rodent would have brought to the United States. You won't have to look very hard for me, Ross, I'm in the book.

MARK W. MORGAN
Atlanta, Georgia

Palace-Guard Rail

You really don't need "a team of psychiatrists" to figure out George Bush and Jim Baker ["His Master's Voice," by Marjorie Williams, October]. They are simply the Leopold and Loeb of American politics.

ALEXANDER WALLACE
Portland, Maine

Closing Arguments

A close reading of Peter Collier's piece ["Blood on the Charles," October] reveals as much about its author's sexist perspective as it does about the schism of legal theory at Harvard Law School. To describe the controversy set in motion by the murder of law professor Mary Joe Frug, Collier characterizes the largely male cast of characters solely, and respectfully, in terms of their work and the contributions they have made in their respective milieus. On the other hand, Collier writes that Frug looked years younger than her age, wore miniskirts while riding a bicycle, made physical contact with her male students, and knew how to make men "comfortable" despite her position on feminist issues. For what purpose is this information offered? Tragically, and quite obviously, Frug is not alive to object to her trivialization by Collier any more than she was able to respond to the parody of her posthumously published article in the *Harvard Law Review*.

JORDAN TAMAGNI
New York, New York

As a basically conservative woman who is decidedly *not* in agreement with feminists who claim to represent all women, I am relieved to discover, via Alan Dershowitz, that not all liberals have bleeding hearts and a herd mentality! If Harvard students and faculty would focus less on the packages professors come in (weren't blacks telling whites this not so long ago?) and more on hiring people of substance and intelligence, such as Mr. Dershowitz, the university would once again be the Harvard, rather than the Beirut, of legal education.

CHRISTINA MUENNING
Chicago, Illinois

Unfinished Business

In comparing "The Trail of a Hustler," by Ann Louise Bardach, and "Dan's Big Plan," by Sidney Blumenthal [both September], I find it interesting that the names of the big Hollywood people are withheld, while the politicians' names are frequently used. Does this mean that Hollywood bigwigs have more power than politicians, or instill more fear in the writers? I personally think we readers have a right to know the names of these people.

SUSAN CHRISTENSON
Fort Wayne, Indiana

The bulk of the letters on your Luke Perry article ["Wild About Perry," by Kevin Sessums, July] seemed to be concerned with either handguns or cigarettes. I really don't understand the role-model problem. Luke Perry, like James Dean, is a creature of fantasy and desire. Get real, people, and loosen up. Reality died in this country about the same time movies were invented.

MICHAEL MAGER
Sonora, California

What? You called Demi Moore's nanny "plump" ["Demi's Body Language," by Jennet Conant, August]? You vicious, fascistic *swine!* How do you people sleep at night?

ALAN PATERSON
London, England

And Another Thing...

Did you notice that whichever way you position your October cover, Madonna is always staring right at you?

CLAIRE JAGGER
Jacksonville, Florida

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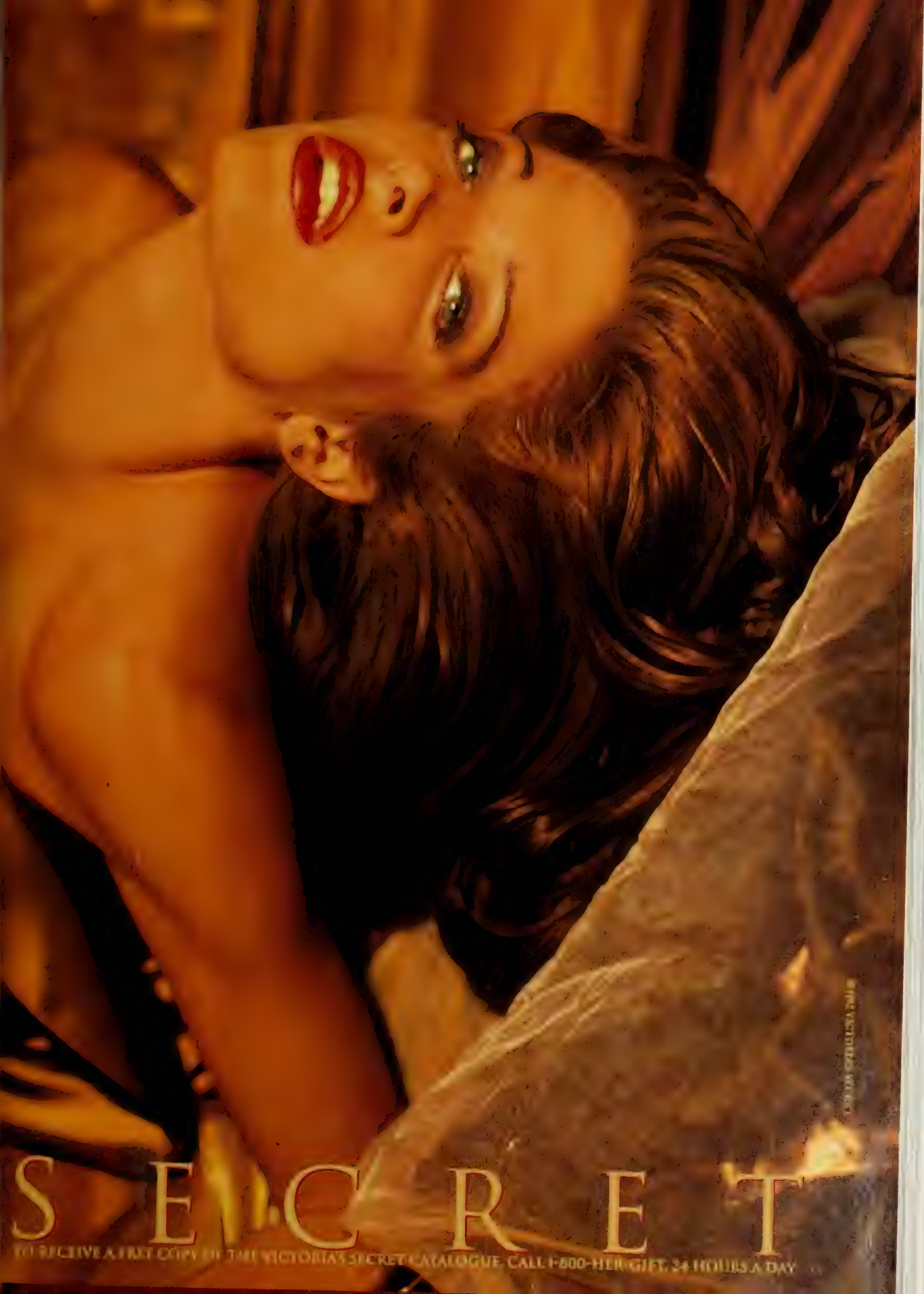
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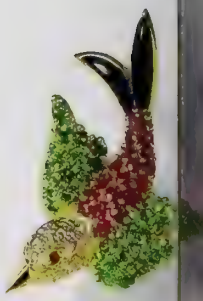
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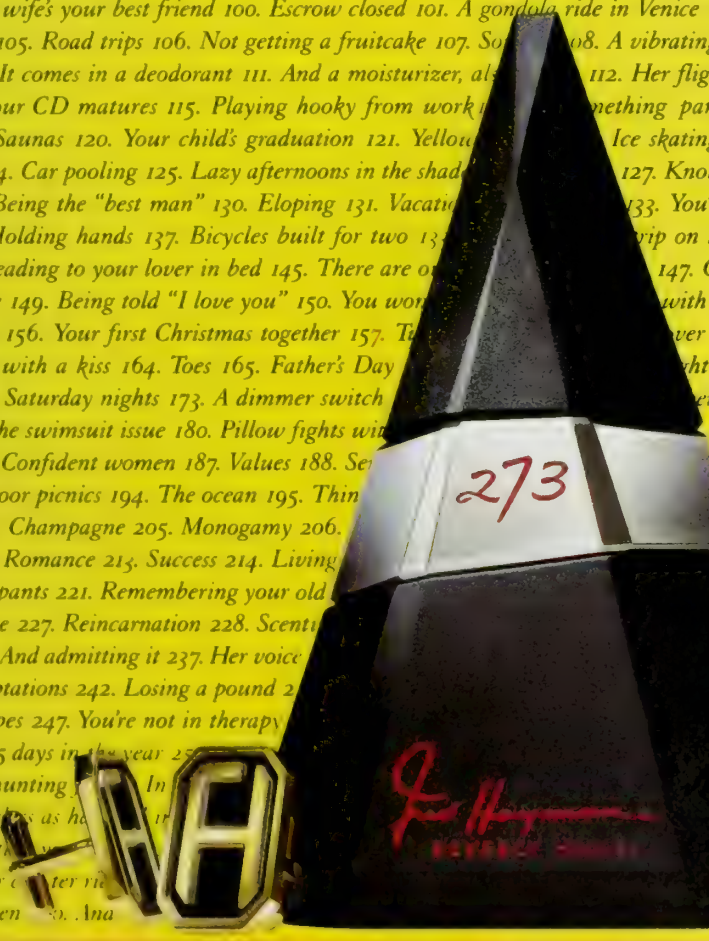
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Your second honeymoon 42. You're planning on climbing Everest 43. She just gave you her home number 44. Starlight 45. She knows more about baseball than you do 46. It's Wednesday 47. Someone just complimented the tie you were afraid to buy 48. You didn't get a chain letter 49. First date 50. Blind date 51. The airport just found your luggage 52. Her smile 53. Sunsets 54. A jukebox filled with all your old favorites 55. Your investment doubled 56. Ragtops 57. Boots 58. Your new bride likes your shot glass collection 59. Winks 60. Your houseguests just left 61. Child's first words 62. Their first steps 63. Gravity 64. Lowering your cholesterol level 65. She's a morning person, too 66. Fireplaces 67. Talked your way out of a ticket 68. A great restaurant nobody knows about 69. The Renaissance 70. Modesty 71. Guitar solos 72. An old flame has invited you to lunch 73. Dining alfresco 74. Tax shelters 75. Class reunions 76. Learning to say "I love you" in French 77. Your wife's pregnant 78. You can't take it with you 79. Spring 80. Room service 81. Inside jokes 82. Your final alimony payment 83. Snowflakes 84. Clean white sheets 85. You've never read "Crime and Punishment" 86. It matches your wardrobe 87. A weekend at a B&B 88. Earlobes 89. Modesty 90. You just dropped your kids off at camp 91. They'll be gone two whole quiet weeks 92. Casablanca 93. Selling your first screenplay 94. Revival houses 95. Finding old love letters 96. From your wife 97. Milan 98. She thinks your gray hair makes you look distinguished 99. Your wife's your best friend 100. Escrow closed 101. A gondola ride in Venice 102. It comes in a shower gel 103. And after shave 104. Rain 105. Road trips 106. Not getting a fruitcake 107. So[illegible]08. A vibrating bed and a roll of quarters 109. Pizza with extra cheese 110. It comes in a deodorant 111. And a moisturizer, al[illegible]112. Her flight comes in tonight 113. Meeting your future in-laws 114. Your CD matures 115. Playing hooky from work [illegible]nething parties 117. You've just learned CPR 118. Champs Élysées 119. Saunas 120. Your child's graduation 121. Yellou[illegible] Ice skating on a frozen lake 123. You caught a fly ball at the game 124. Car pooling 125. Lazy afternoons in the shad[illegible]127. Knowing someone has a crush on you 128. A Sunday drive 129. Being the "best man" 130. Eloping 131. Vacati[illegible]133. You've won the lottery 134. Porch swings 135. Fireworks 136. Holding hands 137. Bicycles built for two 13[illegible]rip on the Orient Express 142. Fantasies 143. Valentine's day 144. Reading to your lover in bed 145. There are o[illegible]147. Going to the movies and not watching the film 148. Mistletoe 149. Being told "I love you" 150. You wor[illegible]with 153. Volunteer work 154. Masquerade balls 155. Mardi Gras 156. Your first Christmas together 157. T[illegible]ver 162. Having a book dedicated to you 163. Being awakened with a kiss 164. Toes 165. Father's Day [illegible]ht lips 170. Payday 171. Completing the crossword puzzle 172. Saturday nights 173. A dimmer switch [illegible]ench press your own weight 177. Limos 178. Chocolate 179. The swimsuit issue 180. Pillow fights wit[illegible]184. It doesn't come with a childproof cap 185. Monaco 186. Confident women 187. Values 188. Se[illegible] your lover gives you a gift certificate for a massage 193. Indoor picnics 194. The ocean 195. Thin[illegible] your rich uncle's will 202. Lust 203. Expense accounts 204. Champagne 205. Monogamy 206. [illegible] Her mind 211. Her jokes are more risqué than yours 212. Romance 213. Success 214. Living[illegible]218. The blues 219. Honesty 220. Not owning polyester pants 221. Remembering your old [illegible]ves you the keys to her apartment 226. You only live once 227. Reincarnation 228. Scenti[illegible] Scary movies with a date 235. Not liking caviar 236. And admitting it 237. Her voice[illegible] Finding out where she's ticklish 241. Giving in to temptations 242. Losing a pound 2[illegible]4. It's your birthday 245. Day dreams 246. Horoscopes 247. You're not in therapy[illegible]r 250. Not remembering the '60s 251. There are 365 days in the year 25[illegible]e she loves the way it smells on you 254. Antique hunting [illegible]dnight kiss on New Year's Eve 257. You see the g[illegible] as h[illegible] Love at first sight 260. Making love 261. Gett[illegible]king up 263. Back rubs 264. Hugs 265. Roller c[illegible]ter ri[illegible]ndles 268. Fidelity 269. There's a 273 for women [illegible]. Ana[illegible]unrise 273. Happy endings



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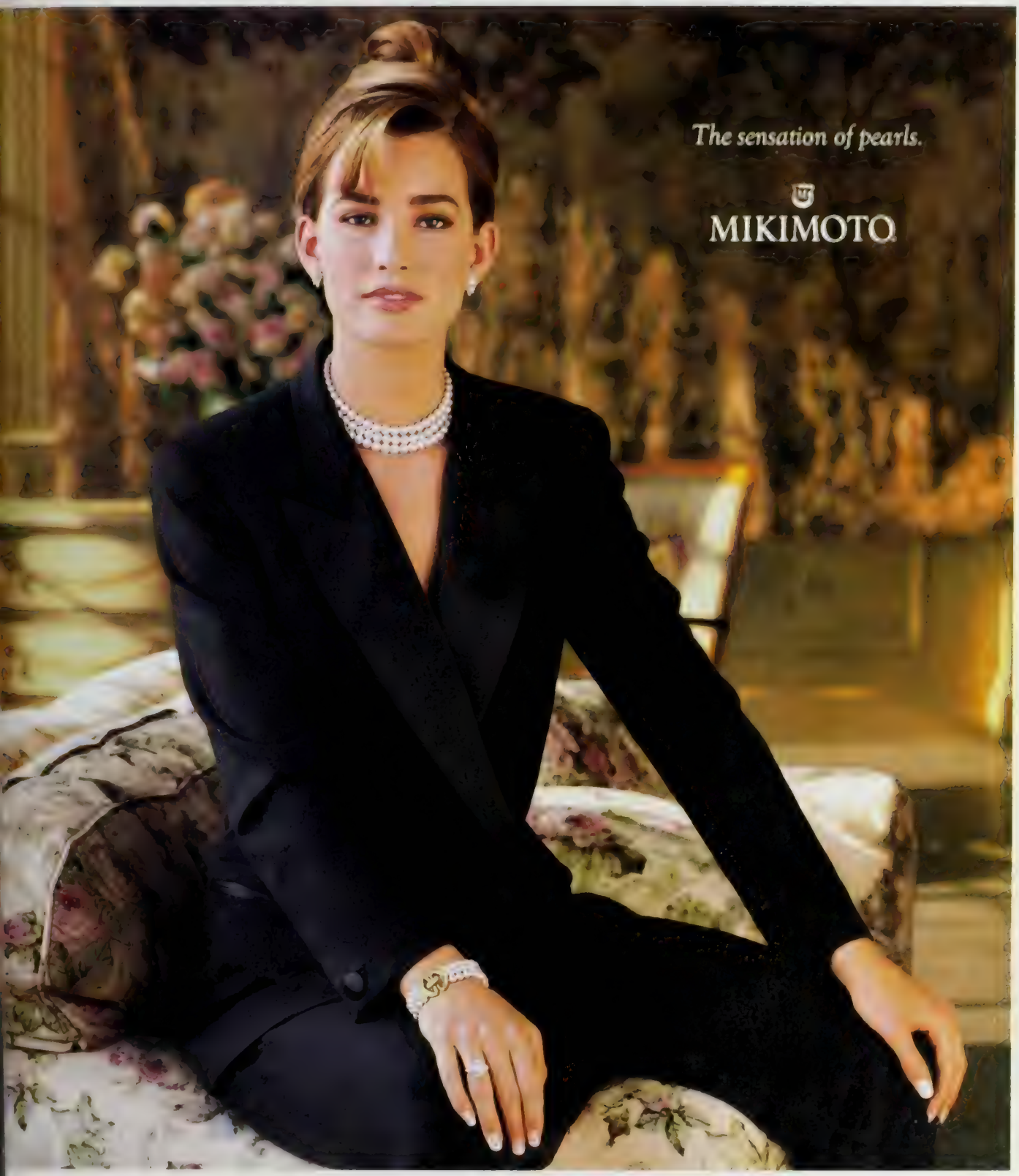
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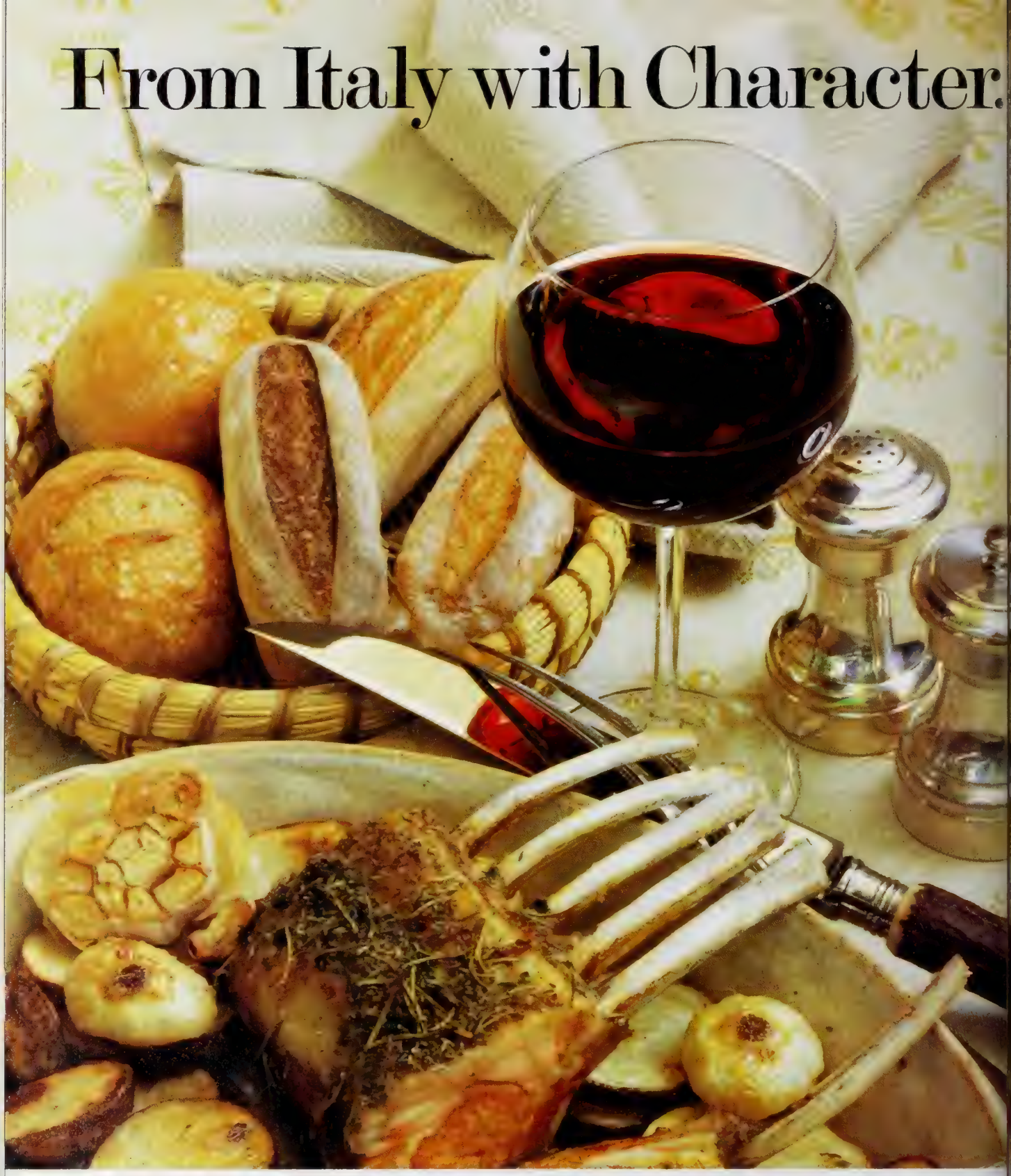


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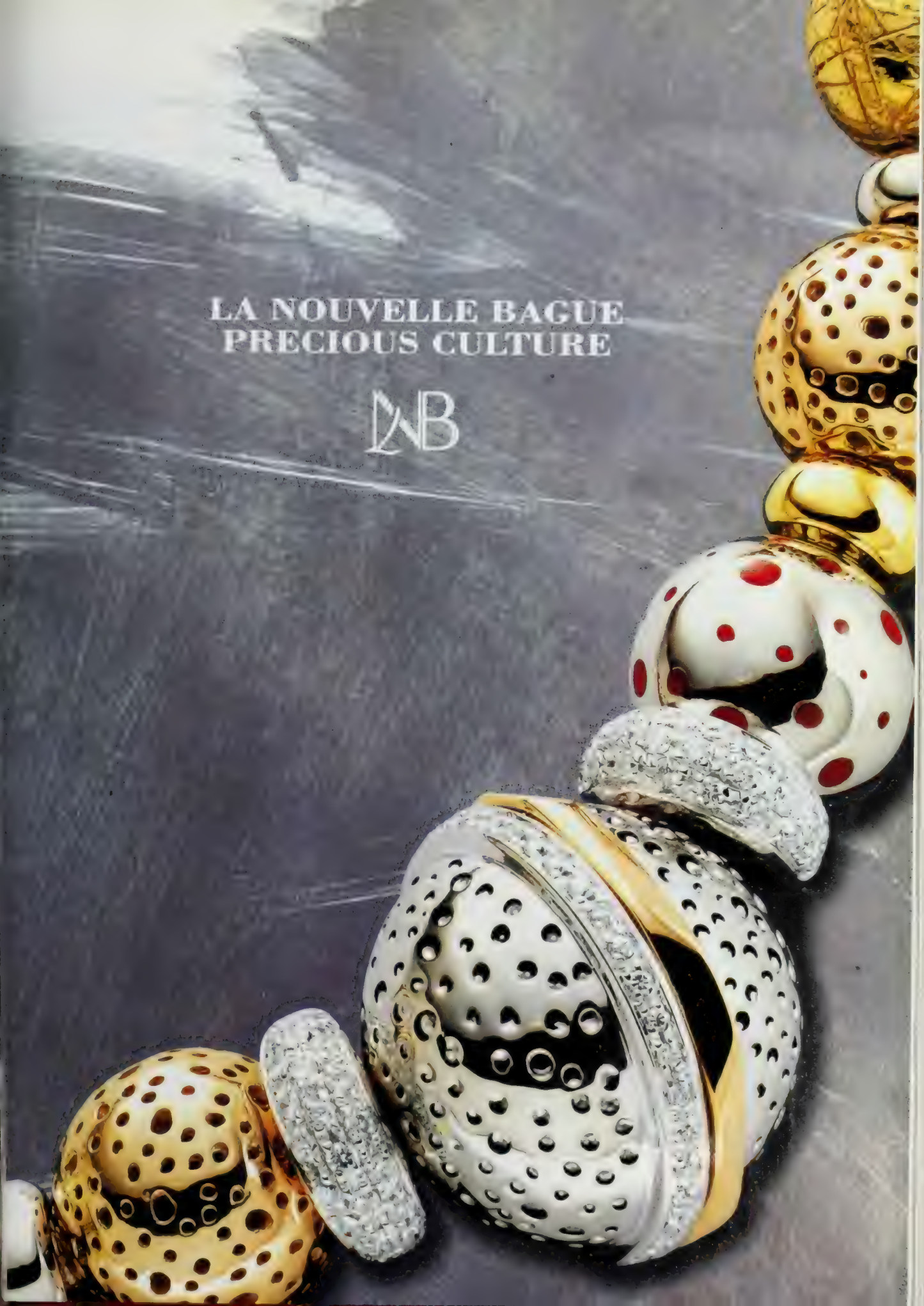
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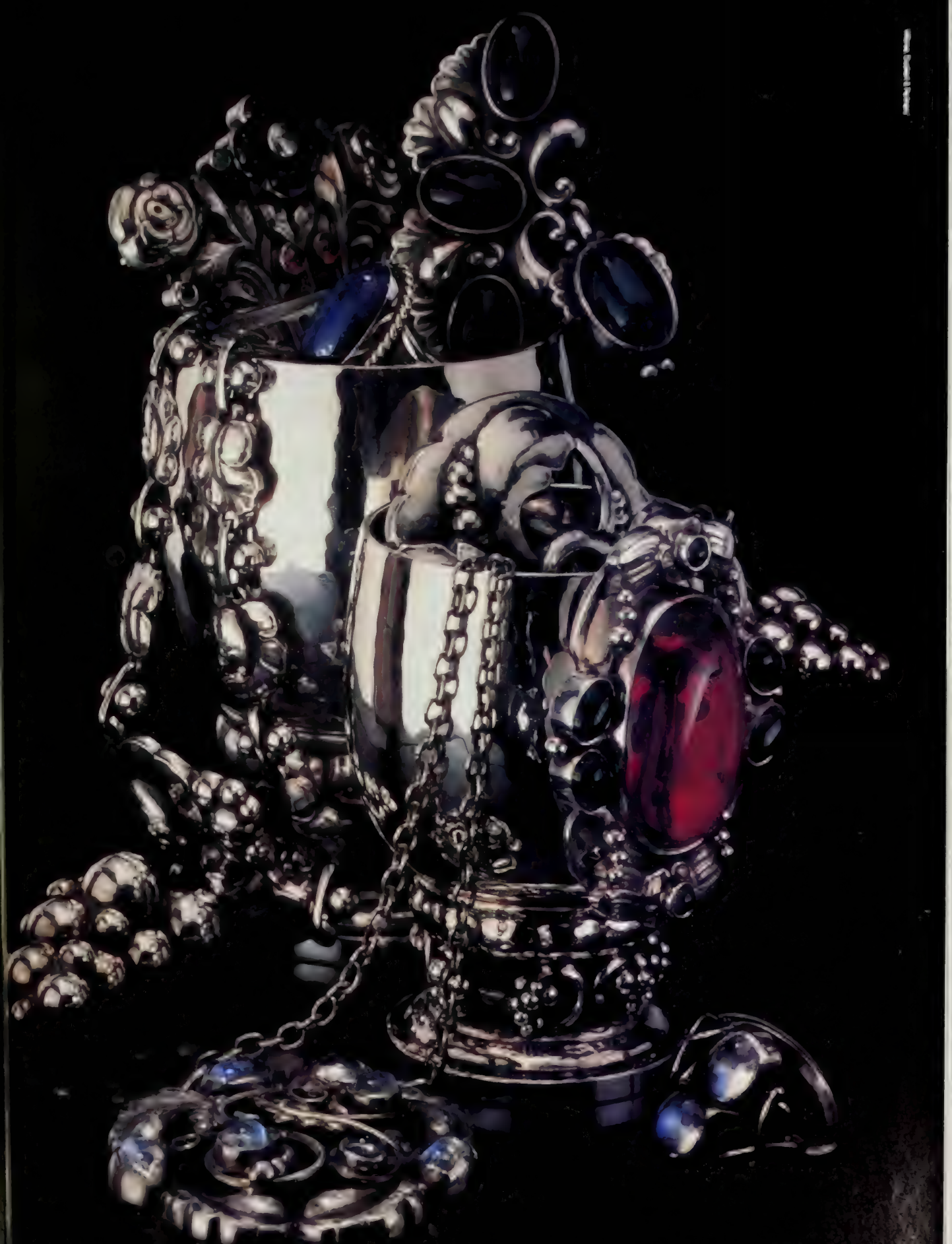
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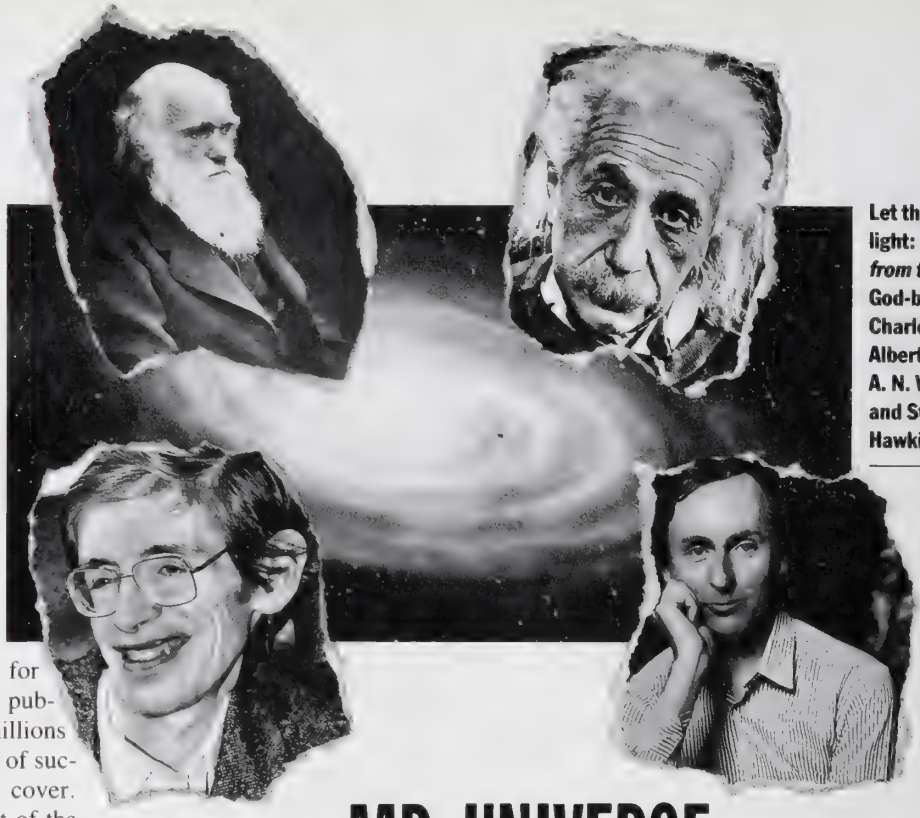
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Let there be light: *Clockwise from top left,* God-busters Charles Darwin, Albert Einstein, A. N. Wilson, and Stephen Hawking.

MR. UNIVERSE

Is the mind of God a black hole? Stephen Hawking, Gore Vidal, Harold Bloom, A. N. Wilson, Dostoyevsky, Einstein, and Madeline Bassett all have their theories

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In the cinema that was showing *A Brief History of Time,* it was next to impossible to find a seat. And there was a pin-drop silence as the screen disclosed the unimaginable grandeur of the universe, the awesome majesty of the process by which, in the limitless past, there came to be light. The book version of this movie has been on the *New York Times* best-seller list for well over 100 weeks—infinity in publishing and sales terms—and millions of people are shy about their lack of success in reading it from cover to cover. The silence, though, was not that of the deep torpor you find in classes and lecture rooms. It was, I suddenly realized, the hushed reverence of a house of worship. After a magnificent discourse on creation came the closing homily, one replete with promise and redemption: "Then we shall all, philosophers, scientists, and just ordinary people, be able to take part in the discussion of why it is that we and the universe exist. If we find the answer to that, it would be the ultimate triumph of human reason—for then we would know the mind of God." Silence. Closing music of a faintly devotional timbre. A slow, quiet move to the exit.

For this member of the congregation, the climactic moment had in fact occurred somewhat earlier. Brandon Carter, the scarily brilliant physicist who directs research at the Observatory of Paris, was describing what might happen if you got over or through "the event horizon" and fell into a black hole:

> Before you lose sight of the outer world, you would see things happening, and you would see them happening at such a great rate that it would look like a fireworks display. The frustration would be that although you would be able to see everything that happens in the future it would be going so fast that, from a scientific point of view, you would have no time to analyze it. You wouldn't be able to take it in, and eventually things would be going off so fast and it would be so explosive that you yourself would be destroyed by the explosion. It would be a very exciting way to end one's life. It would be the way I would choose if I had the chance.

I defy any of the Hieronymus Bosch school, or any other religious painter, to capture *that.* It makes the Revelation of St. John the Divine look merely bilious. It marks, definitively, the arrival of a moment which has been hastening toward us for some time: the moment when physics becomes more absorbing, more intricate, more compelling than theology. Einstein may have spoken cryptically about "the Old One," and remarked that "God does not play dice with the Universe," but the confrontation with "the event horizon" can have only two outcomes. Either it will greatly increase your tendency to religious mysticism, or it will abolish it altogether. (Interest declared: I myself have always concurred with Bertie's rebuke to Madeline Bassett in *The Code of the Woosters.* She thought that "the stars were God's daisy chain." His comment was "Perfect rot, of course. They're nothing of the sort.")

In America, in the short run, mysticism is certain to increase. In the first place, Hawking himself looks and sounds like a mysterious child or a *Star Wars* animal—a fitting object for cultish attention. And, in his *Under God: Religion and American Politics,* Garry Wills cites polling data which, while subject to the usual caveat (i.e., that most polling data is abject rubbish collected by morons from morons), suggests that on the face of it "nine Americans in ten say they have never doubted the existence of God. Eight Americans in ten say they believe they will be called before God on Judgment Day to answer for their sins. Eight Americans in ten believe God still works miracles. Seven Amer-

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icans in ten believe in life after death." The same findings are extended by Harold Bloom in his book *The American Religion: The Emergence of the Post-Christian Nation,* which notes pityingly that "the essence of the American is the belief that God loves her or him, a conviction shared by nearly nine out of ten of us, according to a Gallup poll. To live in a country where the vast majority so enjoys God's affection is deeply moving, and perhaps an entire society can sustain being the object of so sublime a regard, which after all was granted only to King David in the whole of the Hebrew Bible."

Obviously, when people are so sure that everything is all about *themselves,* and that a Creator maintains a personal, ongoing, and above all *friendly* interest in their doings, it will take more than a bit of radical cosmology to shake them. Solipsism survived the discovery that the earth was not the center of the solar system; it survived the discovery that the sun was not the center of the universe; it will blithely survive the discovery that the universe is not the *center* of anything. Still, the internal evidence of Hawking's actual text makes it plain that God, to him, is not much more than a term of art. As he recalls the Vatican conference on cosmology in 1981 (where colleagues remember him going straight to the archives on church persecution of Galileo) and his own audience with the pope:

> He told us that it was all right to study the evolution of the universe after the big bang, but we should not inquire into the big bang itself because that was the moment of Creation and therefore the work of God. I was glad then that he did not know the subject of the talk I had just given at the conference—the possibility that space-time was finite but had no boundary, which means that it had no beginning, no moment of Creation.

Hawking's close friend Don Page, who combines the role of physicist with the vocation of evangelical Christian, has the grace to admit at least some of the implications: "I think Hawking is careful not to come out and say directly there is no God. He just says, What place then for a Creator?—although I think it's pretty obvious what conclusion he'd like you to draw from it."

A. N. Wilson's biography *Jesus* is not so much a profane undertaking as it is a near-impossible one.

Actually, it's the implications for *religion,* rather than for God, that are the more subversive. Hawking's work, together with every other innovation in physics, makes the assumption of a Creator *unnecessary*. But it doesn't finally prove that there *was* no Creator, someone, as he rather condescendingly puts it, "to wind up the clockwork" and "start it off." You could in theory be convinced by Hawking and still remain a Deist, as were many of the Founding Fathers, who thought that God *created* but did not *intervene* (which is why, never mind the 1992 Democratic Party platform, there is no mention of God in the United States Constitution).

One thing, however, does emerge as certain. The forces set off by the big bang, the great redshifts and waves of radiation that send the galaxies and nebulas speeding apart from one another, are morally neutral. These forces do not know or care whether you are a Baptist, a snake handler, a Druze, or a Hindu. They are indifferent to the ingestion or otherwise of pork, to the practice or otherwise of self-abuse, to the line you take on the termination of pregnancy, to the success or failure of the Patriot missile. Hawking approvingly quotes the physicist Alan Guth: "It is said that there's no such thing as a free lunch. But the universe is the ultimate free lunch." There is no lesson on continence to be learned from the promiscuity of the big bang, no sermon on the postponement of gratification. I once heard it said that one should pity the atheists because they had no one to talk to while receiving a blowjob. Alas, this limitation applies (moan devoutly though they may) to believers also. Relativity and relativism are closer cousins than the Church Lady wants you to think.

Like elements of the same universe flying apart, the arguments for God and the arguments in favor of religion are now almost completely separated from their origins and from each other. There are those who believe in God but not in religion, and those who believe in religion but not in God. Many people who belong to no church, and who are even hostile to organized faith, profess a belief in God because, in the usual phrase, it gives their life meaning. (This is of course subject to the same grand regress as the creationist argument: just as we have to ask who then created the Creator, so we're bound to ask if God's life has meaning and, if so, from what deity He or She derives it.) Whittaker Chambers, author of *Witness,* one of the most influential works of secular confession ever penned, said once that he saw his baby daughter's beautiful ear one day and realized in a flash of grace that something so perfect must have been *created*. Go figure; even on a good day my son's ears furnish persuasive arguments for evolution. There are as many impressionist arguments for God's existence as there are human moods, and you can't argue with someone's gestalt. But nor can you found a religion based on Miss Chambers' ear.

Of those who conversely believe in religion but not in God, the most important was probably Leo Strauss, semi-official philosopher of American conservatism and the man who shaped the minds of Allan Bloom, Francis Fukuyama, and (admittedly through intellectual intermediaries such as Carnes Lord and William Kristol) J. Danforth Quayle. Strauss believed that Athens was the superior of Jerusalem and that pure philosophy was the key to human understanding, but he also believed that this insight was too exciting and too difficult for the rabble, and proposed that they be given religion as a substitute. This conforms to the time-honored use of religion as something that's good enough for others and useful for inculcating respect and obedience—which is why its advocates want mandatory prayer in the schools rather than in, say, the trains, the men's rooms, or the welfare offices, where presumably it's deemed to be too late to start. The mentality was nicely caught by Flannery O'Connor's Mrs. Shortley: "She had never given much thought to the devil for she felt that religion was essentially for those people who didn't have the brains to avoid evil without it. For people like herself, for people with gumption, it was a social occasion providing the opportunity to sing."

Comes now the novelist and biographer A. N. Wilson, who used to believe very strongly in God and in religion but has abruptly renounced his faith in both. Wilson studied for the Anglican priesthood and is, as well as an accomplished writer on sacred subjects, the editor of *The Faber Book of Church and Clergy,* which he describes as "an inventory of the mental furniture" of the Anglican



Jim Koch



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and Episcopalian persuasions. He knows whereof he speaks. So his two recent works, *Jesus* and *Against Religion*, have come as rather a rebuke to the godly.

Jesus is a biography, which is not so much a profane undertaking as it is, in the absence of any reliable evidence, a near-impossible one. Wilson records his shock when he realized what he'd been taking for granted even about the Redeemer's birth:

> The Gospel according to Luke dates it most specifically to a time when Caesar Augustus required that everyone in the Roman Empire should take part in a census. It happened at the time when Quirinius was governor of Syria. Herod was King of Judaea at the time. This would seem to place the birth of Jesus very accurately, until you discover that Herod died four years before the Common Era began, and that Quirinius was not the governor of Syria during the reign of Herod.

This is minimal potatoes compared with Wilson's later assertion that Holy Communion has nothing whatsoever to do with the life and teaching of Jesus; that the Resurrection could not have occurred; and that the Jews, though they could rightly claim that Jesus was a Jewish heretic, have been unfairly blamed by the Gospels for the Crucifixion. Most of what we call Christianity was concocted at a later date by Saint Paul, operating rather shakily in northern Greece. Never having met Jesus, he still contrived to persuade his hearers that there were eyewitnesses who saw the Messiah rise from the tomb.

It is those opaque days—some claim as many as 40—when Jesus was said to have walked on earth *after* being put to death that give rise to what Harold Bloom calls "the American religion." What did he do in that time? The Bible is oddly silent on the point. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was thus enabled to claim that Jesus came to America and therefore prepared it as a holy and special land. Of the several quasi-Christian religions invented in the United States—Mormonism, Christian Science, Seventh-Day Adventism, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and Pentecostalism—all are troubled and exercised by the failure of the Scripture to prefigure "God's own country." You can get Russia and China out of Revelation and the Apocrypha, if only as Antichrist. You can read of Iraq, Palestine, and Egypt, and you can, if you really try, "pinpoint" the Garden of Eden and the resting-place of Noah's ark. But of the land of the free and the home of the brave . . . nary a word. This irritates the fundamentalists. It used to irritate the English too, but then they decided that Jesus had been to England when still a boy, and lived in the same town—Glastonbury—that made King Arthur famous. (William Blake became a bore on the subject.) Since according to Malory's legend Sir Lancelot was a cousin of Jesus's, and since the Holy Grail was brought to England for safekeeping, this at least provides some authority for the Camelot legend, which, in its Broadway form, has now come as close to the kindling of an American secular religion as a musical should be allowed to get.

The several quasi-Christian religions invented in the United States are troubled by the failure of the Scripture to prefigure "God's own country."

People will believe anything. This annoying fact provides Wilson with the energy of his essay *Against Religion*, with its muscular subtitle: *Why We Should Try to Live Without It*. His repudiation of belief has liberated Wilson, never all that tender-minded in the first place, from any inhibition on plain speech. "The Old Testament is a handbook which justifies the killing and suppression of a lot of semitic tribes by the one semitic tribe which happens to have been chosen by God." One can hear Gore Vidal, whose *Live from Golgotha* is a masterpiece of blasphemous vulgarity, slapping his thigh (or perhaps someone else's) with applause.

Wilson deals with the old Dostoyevsky tag—which states that if God did not exist, then any excess would be permitted—by standing it on its head. "If goodness is good, then it will attract, and be pursued, for its own sake, and not because it has anything to do with religion. It never seems to occur to religious people that all through the centuries when religious belief was almost universal (including a belief in hell), the human race went on blaspheming and fornicating and thieving and killing, just as much as they do today." Like Hawking with physics, Wilson argues of ethics and morals that you can do as well if not better *without* the unnecessary assumption of a deity, or supervisor, or Supreme Being.

Vidal's novel may seem unnecessarily coarse to some, with its graphic sex and triumphant physicality, but it can also be read as a satire of the "In His Image" superstition. If we are indeed created in God's image, as the believers tell us on who knows what or whose authority, then that image must have room for a digestive tract—with all that it entails—for erections (where applicable), for vile thoughts and dubious motives. Early church punch-ups took very seriously the question of whether Christ had a sexual nature, whether he had human functions, fantasies, and desires, and whether he could be represented in painting as having, say, a navel. So Vidal is being curiously scrupulous and reverent in his attention to such matters as the dimensions of Timothy's member and . . . so on. Much more probable, really, is the countertheory that man created God in *his* image. This would account for there being so many of Him (more than a hundred dead ones included, by H. L. Mencken's famous count) and also for His being such a son of a bitch.

Yet, as Harold Bloom phrases it, this is a country that is literally "religion-mad." No matter that God is right on the money, and right there in the Pledge of Allegiance, and right there in the rather questionable prayers which open every session of Congress, and right there in the official "blessing" that concludes presidential broadcasts, the religious consider themselves as dwelling in a secular, godless universe, and the secular maintain, almost as bizarrely, that religion is a private matter. In between is a huge morass of undigested millennial tripe, which is sure to get tripier as the year of the second millennium approaches, and an additional morass of personal-growth witch-doctoring that talks confidently of the inner child—a version of the born-again—while refusing to speak of death. Turning away, then, from Hawking's dauntless and playful attitude to eternity, the educated millions seek to recover what cannot be retrieved—"an improved infancy," in Hart Crane's words—and to escape what cannot possibly be evaded. At this rate, the unadorned Me-God cannot be long delayed in vouchsafing his appearance to his chosen, very special people. □

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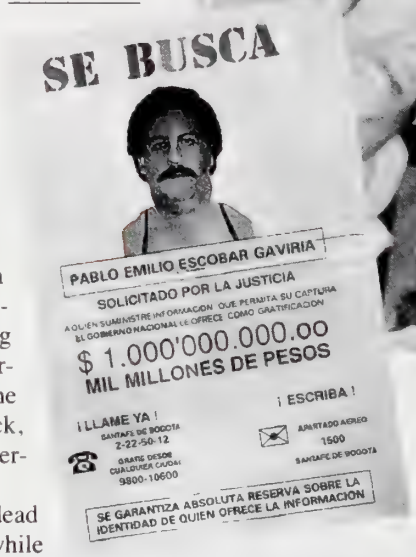
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Escobar in jail with his wife and children, and the government "Wanted" poster issued after his July escape. "You'd be rich—for a day," says one Colombian of anyone who'd collect.

ON THE TRAIL OF MEDELLÍN'S DRUG LORD

The Colombian government is offering a reward for his capture; his old associates have put a hefty price on his corpse; Pablo Escobar is thinking about running for president

BY ANDREW AND LESLIE COCKBURN

On "Love and Friendship Day" in Medellín, Colombia, brightly painted little buses, the *chivas,* are cruising the Setenta district, packed with revelers in fancy dress clutching half-empty bottles of aguardiente. On Calle Diez, the Café Zino, the Blue Rock, and the Tobasco Club are overflowing.

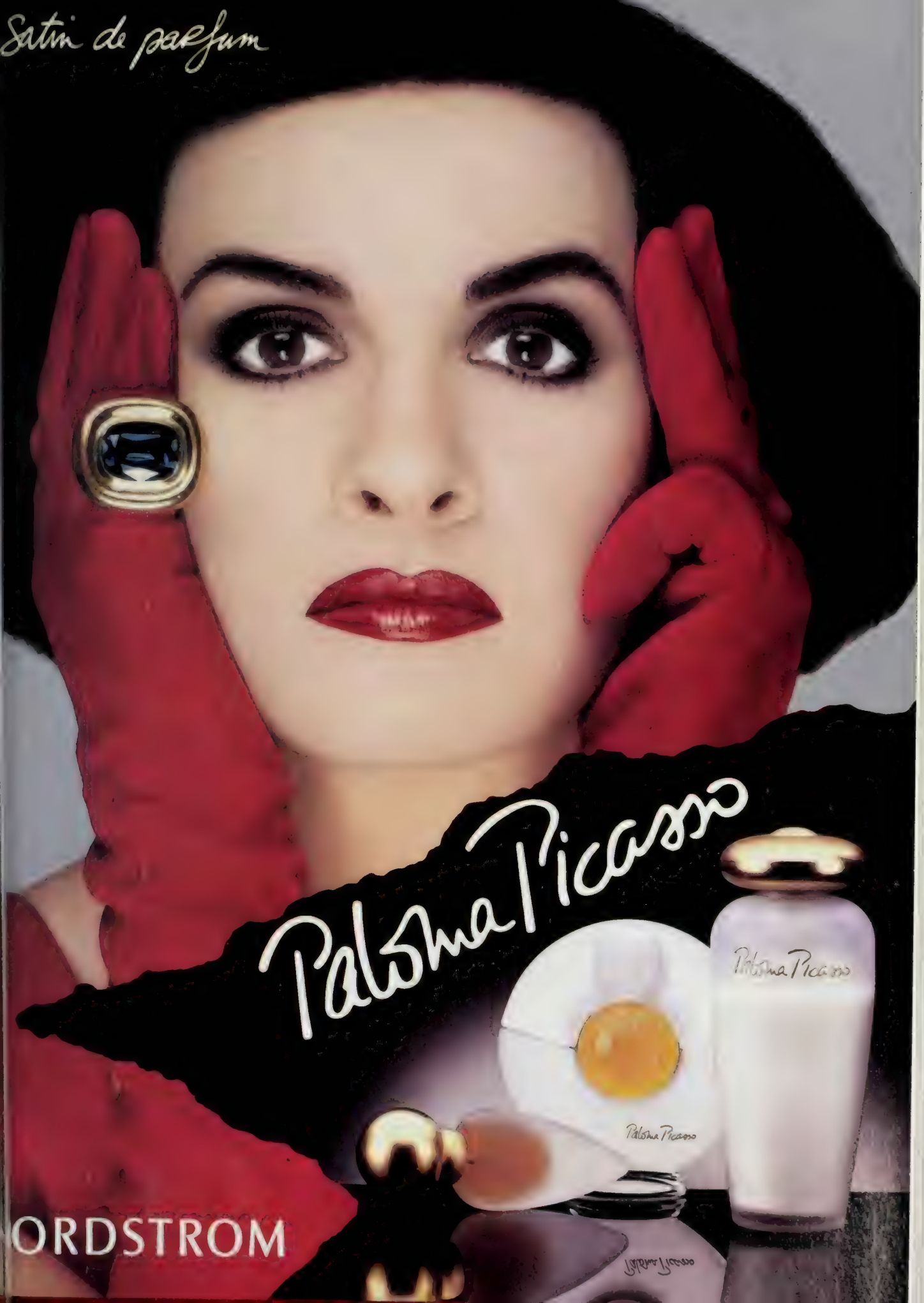
No one mentions the dead judge, riddled with bullets while her young son looked on, shouting, "Don't kill my mother. Don't kill her, for God's sake."

The hit was professional, executed by a team drawn from the 3,000 or so *sicarios,* career killers, of Medellín. They might have been dispatched by drug lord Pablo Escobar, now in hiding, or by one of his growing list of enemies. Since the boss of what is loosely described as the Medellín cartel (Colombians prefer the word "Mafia") sentenced 22 of his associates to death last July for cheating him out of business profits, his organization has been racked by feuds and vendettas. The condemned were men with potent names like Galeano and Moncada, cartel dons in their own right, who had once sworn their allegiance to Escobar. After his much-negotiated surrender to the Colombian government on June 19, 1991, on a minor trafficking charge, these men had assumed the day-to-day management of cartel operations. Collectively, they paid Escobar a tithe of $100 million a month.

"He said, 'I am making the sacrifice, so you should compensate me,' " says an old friend and confidant. But apparently Escobar concluded they were welshing on their obligations. "So they are in Campos de Paz"—a Medellín cemetery. (It is quite easy to end up in Campos de Paz even without owing Pablo Escobar money, which is why so many old friends, enemies, former girlfriends, and others connected with him tend to be exceedingly keen on not being named.)

"Pablo is *un guerrero,* a warrior," says one such anonymous friend. "He doesn't care about danger, about threats. He likes to fight." Which is a good thing: angry relatives of the dead are now offering a million-dollar reward for Pablo Escobar's corpse. And that's not the half of it.

On July 22, when the billionaire drug baron, wearing "*bluyines y tenis,*" climbed the steep mountain slope behind his custom-built prison in the Envigado suburb of Medellín and vanished, he became the most wanted man in the Western Hemisphere. As of this writing, he is still being hunted by several thousand Colombian army troops, various Colombian secret-police forces—including the powerful DAS (Departamento Administrativo de Seguridad) and the even more feared DIJIN (Dirección de Policía Judicial e Investigación)—the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, and a contingent from the U.S. Southern Command specializing in electronic intelligence. The Colombian Ministry of Defense is overrun. "This building is full of American officers saying we have to find Escobar," confided one top general. "There are American planes, U-2s. There is a lot of pressure from the


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U.S. now. It is political pressure."

Later, over a double brandy at the Club Militar, the general leans close to compete with the piano player's rendition of "My Way." "Escobar is no fool. He will not abandon Envigado," his home turf. "Two hundred thousand eyes and ears. . . maybe more than 100 taxis with radios, listening and informing."

Across town, the old Escobar friend and confidant pours himself a glass of Chilean wine. "I saw Pablo a week ago." He smiles. "I asked how he was so good at hiding. He said the best way to hide yourself is not to hide."

"Unfortunately," as Escobar himself understates it in a courteous handwritten note to us, "my conditions of secrecy make it impossible to meet you in person."

All agree that the fugitive's strategy at the moment is to stay alive long enough to surrender again, on favorable terms. "Everybody knows where he is," says José "Pepe" Caicedo, Bogotá's leading international lawyer, who holds Escobar's trust. "But there is something like a cordon of police around where he is. Three weeks ago, several of his people wanted to surrender. But they couldn't get through the cordon. When we send in messages and documents, it is like the police open the gate and close it again. Right now they are keeping the guy in the deep freeze."

They may well have been planning to serve him up to the one man who, Colombians think, wanted Pablo Escobar more than anyone else. "We believe," Caicedo continues, that "they [wanted] to keep him there so they [could] kill or capture him just before the American election, and win the election for George Bush."

Does the Colombian government have a preference for taking him dead or alive? "Who is the government?" the urbane Caicedo replies. "[President César] Gaviria would want him to go back to jail. But Gaviria has no power now. It is the security forces who control things. The police would like to kill him. The military would be happy if he was killed or captured by the United States."

The general at the Club Militar is unambiguous. "I want to kill him. It is the best way."

For Colombians, the notion that the security forces might have policies vis-à-vis Pablo Escobar different from those of their president is perfectly easy to grasp. They often refer to their country's political landscape as "the Labyrinth"—a quagmire of shifting alliances among politicians, the army, different units within the army, the two secret-police forces, drug-trafficking cartels, assorted guerrilla groups, and right-wing death squads.

If anyone is expert at pulling the strings of these competing interests, it is Escobar. Even in captivity he managed to get exactly what he wanted. He had served 13 months in "the Cathedral," as his celebrated prison retreat high in the lush mountains over Medellín had been dubbed. He expected to remain another seven years or so and to walk away a free man at the young age of 50.

"[Escobar] was so ambitious and so rich, he began to control things. He believed this country would open its legs. 'I bought it. It's mine.'"

From his prison apartment in the low stucco villa, he enjoyed a spectacular view of the city that had become the capital of his considerable domain. No one below was rash enough to think that Pablo was no longer a player.

"Pablo Escobar ran the prison." Senator Fernando Botero, son of Colombia's most famous painter, is a leading member of the commission of inquiry investigating the Cathedral and Escobar's escape. Business communications, Botero says, were maintained with "11 telephone lines, cellular telephones, three radio telephone systems, nine beepers, and a very elaborate system of carrier pigeons that could be used not only to carry messages but also computer microchips."

The Escobar suite at the Cathedral is unsettling, so meticulously preserved that the inmate might have just stepped out for lunch. The candle in the little holy shrine is still lit. A half-empty bottle of Scope sits by the bathroom sink. Nine pairs of identical Nike sneakers and six pairs of well-pressed jeans line the closet. No one has touched the stuffed woolly monkey on the bed, gazing up at a portrait of the Virgin in inlaid painted tile. A Barbie Barbecue Playset lies tucked behind a pink-and-white plastic vanity table ready for his daughter's amusement. The motif is "East Hampton August rental"—cane sofas with throw pillows and yards of peony chintz. The paintings are expensive not-quite Hoppers. "Middle-class with money," sniffs the chief government prosecutor. "Well," says an old flame of Pablo's, "knowing his taste, you wouldn't expect a palace."

The walls are cluttered with personal mementos: "Wanted" posters, a snapshot of Pablo and his son in front of the White House, a sexy photo of Che Guevara. As life imitates art, there is a framed collage from *Hustler* magazine fantasizing about Pablo's life in the Cathedral. Caressed by naked women, he is shooting rubber darts at George Bush on the TV screen. The caption reads, "Ever wonder about the hardships South American cocaine czar Pablo Escobar is facing in prison right now?. . . Hey, Pablo, save some for us!"

The video selection might have been scripted: Steve McQueen's *Bullitt,* Chuck Norris in *The Octagon,* Burt Reynolds in *Rent-a-Cop*. There is also a much-viewed set of *The Godfather: The Complete Epic*. Escobar has joked about the parallels. Once, when one of his legal team went to visit him in jail, the lawyer greeted him deferentially: "*Buenos días,* Don Pablo." "Don't call me Don," cracked Escobar. "It makes me sound like a mafioso!"

His library includes five Bibles, a wide selection of books on the drug trade, and the odd Nadine Gordimer and Graham Greene. There are also hefty volumes of Prix Goncourt, Pulitzer, and Nobel literature winners, one García Márquez, and a life of Christ. *The Greatest Man of All Time* is inscribed, "To my dear Pablo from Aunt María." Two hundred and forty leather-bound volumes of cartoons, all with Escobar as their subject, are piled up, destined to be Christmas gifts. "What was he reading?" the old flame tries to remember. "Eight years ago, they were all reading Clausewitz and Machiavelli."

Curiously, Escobar owns a complete set of the works of Stefan Zweig, the early-20th-century Austrian writer. His enthusiasm for Zweig may spring from the fact that the novelist is a favorite of his hated business rival Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela, capo of the Cali cartel. Perhaps Escobar felt a need to



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compete intellectually as well as with routine deployments of hit men and bombs.

Several members of the elite special-police force who occupy the Cathedral now are working out in the gym and watching an American cop show with subtitles in the prison compound's disco, done in solar-system murals. Their guns and equipment litter the floor. The men complain that the vegetable garden had been neglected by the prisoners. They lovingly tend the modest marijuana plantation—perhaps to preserve as evidence.

Another bunch are playing soccer on Pablo's old field, designed by army engineers for perfect drainage. As Pablo has been a staunch patron of the Medellín soccer clubs, two top teams played a match here for his pleasure. Escobar himself is somewhat intimidating on the field. As one participant in a game in the Magdalena Medio, the lawless area northeast of Medellín, remembers, "When Pablo kicked the ball, the other side moved away to let the ball through to the goal." A weekend guest at the Escobar country estate of Nápoles recalls another game. "Pablo would play and be referee at the same time. The game went on for four hours. Pablo wouldn't stop the game while his team was losing."

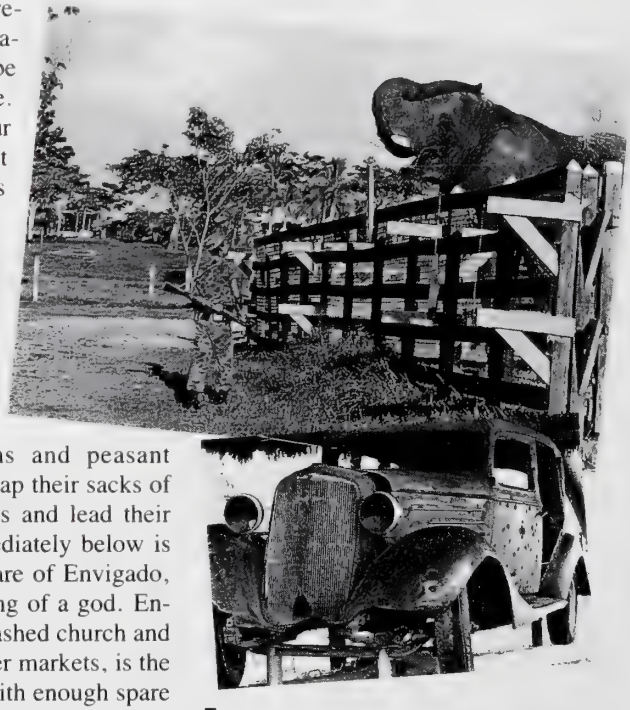
During the months he spent in the Cathedral, five kilometers of rutted dirt track separated Escobar from family and friends. The route passes through rich coffee plantations and peasant farms where the men strap their sacks of charcoal to their saddles and lead their horses to market. Immediately below is the unspoiled town square of Envigado, where Pablo is something of a god. Envigado, with its whitewashed church and crowded cafés and corner markets, is the only city in Colombia with enough spare cash to pay its citizens adequate welfare. It is exceedingly rich, from textiles, shoes, lamps—and cocaine. Envigado boasts "more banks than Panama." The car dealership off the main square stocks everything from fancy children's cars to a black Rolls. "Pablo Escobar completely controls Envigado," observes Senator Botero. "He controls who is elected mayor, who is elected to the city council—absolutely everything."





The bar/reception area in Escobar's private prison suite (*left*), and the prison-deck telescope. The warden's job at Envigado "was to protect Pablo." *Bottom*, the zoo at Escobar's country estate of Nápoles, and the bullet-ridden car he claimed belonged to Bonnie and Clyde.

"The fact of the matter is that the guards were selected by Pablo Escobar, even to the point that some of the guards were relatives of Pablo Escobar."



It wasn't always that way. Pablo Emilio Escobar Gaviria, whose wealth *Forbes* magazine once put in the $3 billion class, is an entirely self-made man, with a father, Abel, much like those men leading their packhorses near Envigado. Born in 1949 on a small farm in Rionegro, outside Medellín, he managed to finish high school in Envigado—his mother was a teacher—and graduated to a life of petty crime. He stole gravestones for resale, dealt in hot cars, and worked as a *gatillero*, a triggerman for minor Mafia entrepreneurs operating in the drug trade in the early 70s.

His first real capital came from his cut of the ransom from the kidnapping of a wealthy industrialist, Diego Echavarría. He began running "mules" to smuggle modest amounts of cocaine and by 1975, at the age of 25, was attracting the attention of Colombian customs as a *narcotraficante*.

The following year Escobar was still describing himself as a car dealer, cattle rancher, and farmer, the career path his father would have wanted. In fact, he was riding the crest of the exploding cocaine trade, besting his competitors by shrewd business tactics and brute force.

He once summarized the basics of the cocaine business as "simple; you bribe someone here, you bribe someone there, and you pay a friendly banker to help you bring the money back." For the most part, his and other cartels (a term first applied to the Colombian cocaine Mafia in an American TV documentary in 1983) functioned basically as transport and insurance organizations—something like Federal Express—for others, who produced their own cocaine and needed to get it to market.

But there was more to it than that. The Colombian police diagram of Escobar's organization before he went to jail covers five pages of partners, advisers, lawyers, accountants, extortion and kidnapping specialists, a rural security division, as well as the names of some 40 *sicario* groups—Los Enanos (the Dwarves), Los Nazis, Los Escorpiones—that made up his urban army. Escobar opened recruiting offices in the poor barrios, as one Medellín politician remembers, "to recruit kids for *sicarios*. To get


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two million pesos to commit an assassination, you had to climb the ranks. They signed up to do little jobs. Dirty little jobs. It was very difficult to ascend that social scale."

The ethic of "*plomo o plata,*" "bullet or money," prevailed. "[Escobar] was so ambitious and so rich," says the politician, "he began to control things. He believed this country would open its legs. 'I bought it. It's mine.' "

Those were the days when Escobar moved freely between his quarters in El Poblado, the smart district on the south side of Medellín, and his farm retreats around the country. Hacienda Nápoles was the center of the empire. Seven thousand acres on the Magdalena River, it housed Escobar's exotic zoo, complete with a soccer-playing kangaroo, his first drug plane, a bullet-ridden car Escobar claims belonged to Bonnie and Clyde. "My main memory of the farm," says a guest, "is of the constant noise of computer games, all day and all night. There was a famous transvestite there who was very witty and amusing. She was part of the weekend entertainment. There was another guest, a Saudi prince, much more proficient on the Jet Skis than anyone else. He was the only one standing up."

No one indulged in cocaine. Certainly not Pablo. "They have a saying, 'Don't sleep on your own poison,' " recalls the houseguest. "But I remember one night going out to the pool. Pablo and his cousin Gustavo [killed by police in 1990] pulled out a perfectly wrapped Marlboro packet: they were joints."

The guest vividly remembers the host expounding his political hopes and dreams. "He talked to me about being president of Colombia, and how he wouldn't betray the people, because he had been poor himself and wouldn't forget them. He was [once] a caddie at the Medellín country club. He turned up later with cash to buy the club, but they wouldn't sell." He displayed his concern for the poor in concrete ways, building more than 200 houses for families previously living on the city dump.

There were many other newly rich mafiosi in the early 80s flaunting their millions in the face of the old money. "We thought it was amusing at first," remembers one scion of a venerable Medellín family. What made Escobar different was his desire to break into the class that governs the country, "the Men of Always," as Colombians call them. Ultimately, these men would never accept a former golf caddie with a billion dollars, a private army, and Napoleonic ambitions, but initially his money was welcome. In 1982, Escobar managed to win a Liberal seat in Congress, and soon thereafter the press eulogized him as a "Robin Hood" whose sources of wealth "never cease to be the object of speculation."

He cut something of a dash in Bogotá, where gossips still recall his liaison with, among others, TV talk-show host Virginia Vallejo. Ms. Vallejo is less ready to recall the relationship. "I discovered him for television," she says, but "I do not discuss Mr. Escobar."

No one in Escobar's house indulged in cocaine. Certainly not Pablo. "They have a saying, 'Don't sleep on your own poison,'" recalls a guest.

As an elected politician, however, Escobar did not shine. His lobbying techniques lacked finesse. "He didn't know how to behave in Congress," laughs a former senator. "When someone opposed him, he would say, 'What do you mean, you oppose me? I gave you money,' and produce the check. They were terribly embarrassed and pretended they didn't know who he was."

"For Pablo," says an old friend, "the great disappointment, the great break, was when he was forced out of politics [in 1983]. Pablo likes money, sure, but most of all he likes power. I once asked Pablo which woman in the world he would most like to make love to. He replied, 'Margaret Thatcher.' "

If the national arena did not suit Escobar, on a local level he knew how to run a machine. At his house in El Poblado, "he was the Godfather. There was a big long room with a lot of people waiting to ask him favors," as one former supplicant describes it. "Pablo's office was at one end of the room, high up so he could see everyone below. He was very efficient, very organized, issuing orders. He had a gun stuck in his belt. It was like a court."

In business, Escobar, by all accounts, has little trouble maneuvering to get his way. People who have dealt directly with him on cocaine-trade matters recall his ruthlessness and occasional lapses in business ethics. Independent traders who use Escobar's transport facilities to send loads to the U.S. have sometimes been curtly informed by the boss that a shipment was "lost" or "intercepted by the D.E.A." Though the injured party, several million dollars poorer, might suspect that the takings landed in Pablo's capacious pockets, nothing could be done. "You don't argue back to Pablo Escobar about business," shrugs one narcotrafficker, himself a dangerous man to cross. "I lost."

At the Casa Medina in north Bogotá, one of Pablo Escobar's former girlfriends orders a cognac. The drug lord is not her favorite subject, for loose talk about Pablo Escobar in Colombia is decidedly unhealthy. She remembers back a decade, when he was making his first millions in the trade. Pablo and his friends "were peasant boys, adventurers. They were fun," she says, smiling. "They had lots of airplanes and helicopters and zoos."

She recalls spending time at Nápoles with Pablo and his business associate Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, "El Mejicano," a nickname derived from his fondness for mariachis. "Rodríguez Gacha was scary. He would never say anything—you had to drag the words out of him. Of course," she notes, "he always treated me with deference." A former D.E.A. undercover agent who had dealings with El Mejicano puts it more succinctly. "Gacha was a fucking lunatic. He would kill you as soon as look at you."

Though Escobar and Rodríguez Gacha were very "close" in business matters, they differed politically. "Gacha was *very* conservative," says the old flame. "Pablo was a liberal." Rodríguez Gacha found political allies in the army and the extreme right. (Asked once if he was a Nazi, cocaine trafficker Carlos Lehder replied, "Is that a crime? Not in Colombia!") Rodríguez Gacha and his allies drew up lengthy death lists and systematically exterminated perceived "threats" to the state. Escobar, at times, intervened.

Jorge Child, a writer and columnist whose name appeared prominently on the list, is alive thanks to Pablo. "One night two men came and waited for me outside my front door. They were in a *camioneta*, like a Land Rover, and they knew I came *(Continued on page 104)*



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(*Continued from page 98*) home every night at 7:30. That one night I didn't come home," the gray-haired, impeccably dressed intellectual says with a laugh. "I was drinking in a bar. I talked to the head of DAS, who gave me protection, but I didn't trust my protection. So a friend of mine went to see Escobar and said, 'Gacha wants to kill Child.' Escobar said, 'But I admire Child, I read his column. I'll phone Gacha and tell him not to kill Child.' And he did."

Escobar's respect for writers may date back to his childhood. "He was very proud," remembers his old flame, "that his mother was a teacher." His vast fortune, it seems, is not an end in itself but a means to gain prominence, recognition. "Pablo doesn't care that much about money. O.K., he likes to have $100 million. But more than that, he doesn't really care. Pablo"—she pauses for a Marlboro—"loves being famous. He would be reading the paper" during their shared mornings, "saying, 'What are they saying about Reagan and me?' "

Whatever his dalliances, Escobar has remained a good family man. His wife, Victoria, better known as "Tata," has stuck with Escobar throughout his meteoric rise and has triumphed over all competitors. In the early 80s, when Pablo presided as squire of Nápoles, Tata "blossomed," recalls one acquaintance, "from a little middle-class girl" to "expensive European dresses and bad Picassos." She labored on the campaigns of politicians favored by her husband's largess and raised their two children. Her mother also loomed large in the Escobars' life. "I could see the power [his mother-in-law] had over Pablo," says a Nápoles guest. "I had the feeling she intimidated Pablo." "That woman," says another close observer, "has always been with Escobar, in good times and in bad."

The bad times for Pablo Escobar began in 1989, when Luis Carlos Galán, formerly a political ally, was running for president. Compared frequently to J.F.K., Galán was wildly popular, campaigning on a platform of reform. He had also become a leading partisan of the extradition of cocaine traffickers wanted in the U.S. Escobar and Rodríguez Gacha were at the top of the Americans' list.

In August 1989, Galán was gunned down on the stump. The killers were quickly traced back by DAS to Rodríguez Gacha and his paramilitary friends. Escobar was tainted by association, though the man charged with protecting Galán, Homero Rodríguez, says that Rodríguez Gacha, not Escobar, was the guilty party, "along with others" outside the narcosphere.

Galán's murder forced the then president, a colorless individual named Virgilio Barco, to announce a crackdown on the *narcotraficantes*. It was the last time Pablo got to relax among the elephants and kangaroos at Nápoles.

He and Rodríguez Gacha now shared a common cause, fighting the threat of being shipped to Miami. "The Extraditables," as they called themselves, engaged in a bloody war of "narcoterrorism" against the government, shooting and bombing. Most spectacularly, in December 1989, a half-ton of dynamite gutted the headquarters of DAS, whose director, General Miguel Maza, was regarded by the Medellín traffickers as a dangerous threat, principally because they believed he was in the pay of the rival Cali cartel while ostensibly working with the Americans.

"He didn't know how to behave in Congress. When someone opposed him, he would say, 'What do you mean, you oppose me? I gave you money,' and produce the check."

In his letter to us, Pablo Escobar spells out these feelings very clearly. "In the war over narcotrafficking during the government of Virgilio Barco," he writes in carefully hand-printed characters, "those who really governed the country were the police under the command of their supreme chief, General Maza, an unquestioned ally of the Cali cartel." He goes on to suggest that Maza aimed at total power, and was behind the assassination attempts against all the presidential candidates. Maza is used to such attacks from his old enemy. Escobar, he announced earlier this year, "has seen in me someone who in one way or another has managed to beat him in many battles, though not the whole war."

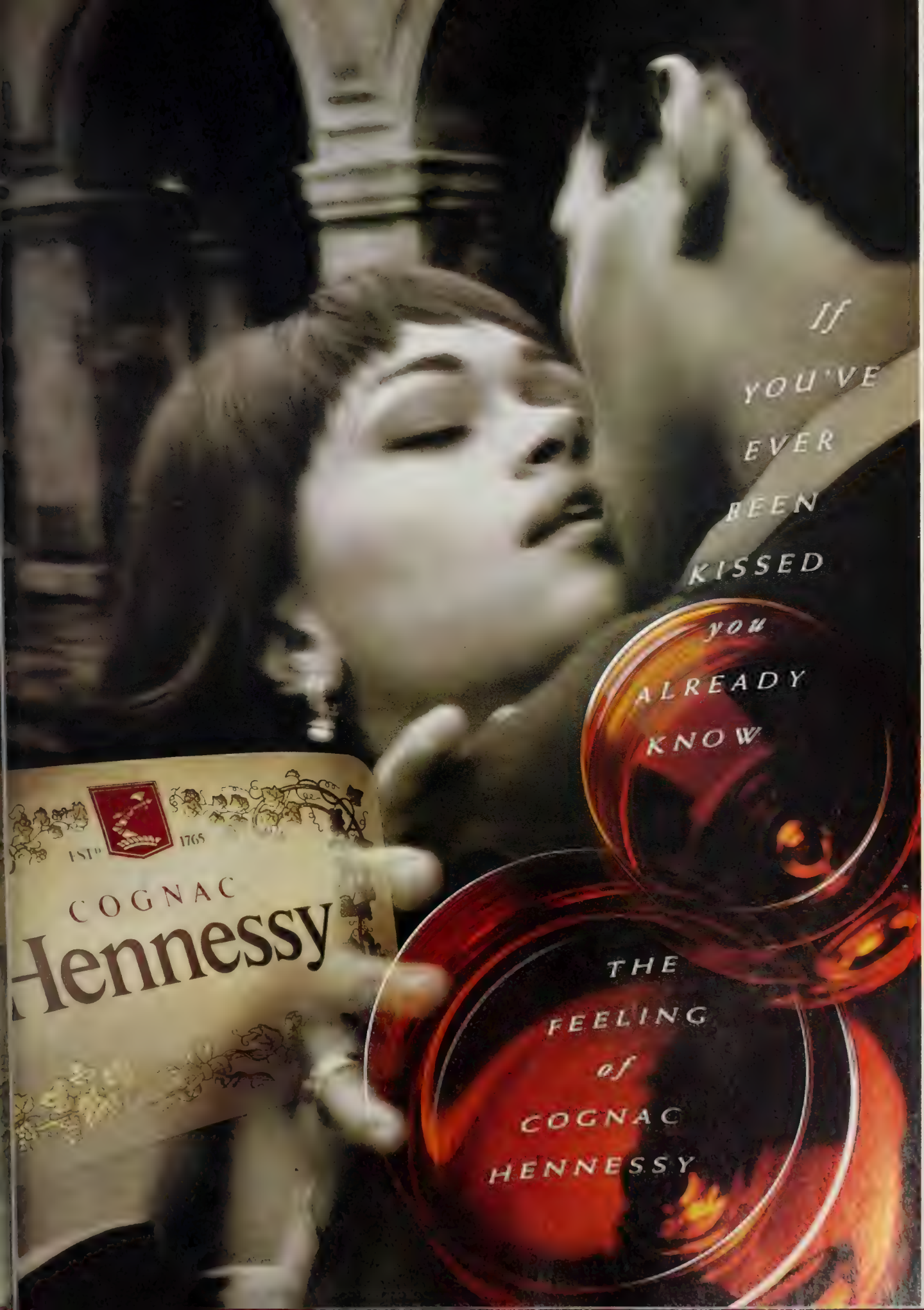
By late 1989, therefore, Escobar the warrior was involved in at least two serious wars. While fighting the government on the issue of extradition, he was also locked in combat with the Rodríguez Orejuela brothers and their associates in Cali. There are innumerable explanations for how the feud between the two cocaine city-states began—a stolen load, disputes over the New York market, a killing demanding revenge. "They probably don't remember themselves," says one Bogotá socialite who knows both Pablo Escobar and Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela. "They are so different. Pablo's thrill is to fight. Gilberto likes to bribe the most important man in the country."

Although he and Escobar come from similar backgrounds, Rodríguez Orejuela has gone to great lengths to groom himself socially. While in jail in Spain in 1985 (he had been arrested while opening up new European cocaine markets), he flew a "cultural adviser" over from Colombia so that his art-history lessons could proceed uninterrupted. The grooming gets mixed reviews from those he most wants to impress. "I went to lunch there once," says one cosmopolitan Colombian. "The garden was nicely landscaped, good bonsai, but the food was disgusting. And the lavatory seat had *gold coins* plastered around the edge!"

Nevertheless, in Colombia, where they take culture very seriously, the polishing of the Rodríguez Orejuela clan (Gilberto even dispatched one of his sons, despite the boy's protests, to Oxford) has paid public dividends. They are appreciated for their courtly and nonviolent ways. "The gentlemen of Cali" divorced themselves from the violent campaign of the Extraditables against the government by lying low, largely avoiding civilian targets, and continuing their efficient practice of hiring the services of the military and the police to do their dirty work. "Escobar asked Cali to join in narcoterrorism," says a top army general. "They refused. Because they think that it would be bad for them in the long run. They think that they could not defeat the state."

Escobar perceives a darker motive behind Cali's pacifism: "The police never went after Gilberto Rodríguez," he writes bitterly, "because Maza is his friend and protector." Maza is no longer director of DAS, but in an interview conducted in 1989 amid the rubble of his bombed headquarters, he freely admitted that the first priority for the Colombian government was to deal with the Medellín traffickers because of their penchant for assassinations and other acts of violence.

"Nonviolence," however, is a rela-


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tive term in Colombia. In 1988 a huge bomb commissioned from Cali blasted the Mónaco Building in Medellín's El Poblado while Escobar's wife and son were sleeping there. The bomb had been placed by a retired lieutenant and a staff sergeant from the Colombian army's Fourth Brigade (the Medellín garrison), and Escobar paid a thousand dollars to an officer from the brigade to help him track down and kill them. Later, the Cali "gentlemen" recruited a group of British mercenaries to mount a helicopter attack on Nápoles. The attempt failed when one of the helicopters crashed, but Escobar responded not only by sending killers to Cali but also by bombing and burning the Rodríguez Orejuela chain of discount pharmacies—La Rebaja—around the country.

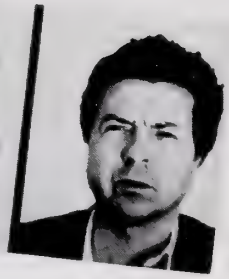
When DAS tracked down and killed the fugitive Rodríguez Gacha, along with his son and bodyguards, in December 1989, Cali counted it as their victory, since they had supplied intelligence on his whereabouts to General Maza. Escobar, however, proved more elusive, and at least some of the security force were less than assiduous in looking for him. On one occasion, when he was supposedly cornered by a joint force of police and army, the army side of the cordon let him through. His money and the fear and respect that went with it were serving him well.

Soon interesting rumors began to circulate in Bogotá that a deal had been struck. Presidential candidate César Gaviria, who had succeeded Galán as the front-runner, would not be assassinated and the Liberal Party would receive a lot of money. In exchange, extradition would be dropped. Meanwhile, despite occasional breathless announcements that the authorities were close on Escobar's trail, he remained defiantly at liberty, issuing statesmanlike bulletins in the name of the Extraditables. He was safe as long as he did not fall into the hands of his rivals in Cali or any unduly dutiful unit of the security forces. The place where these conditions were most easily found was Medellín, particularly his native suburb of Envigado.

In a dark bar in Bogotá, a neatly dressed, slightly sinister-looking man explains why Escobar had reason to feel safe at home. Colonel Augusto Bahamón retired in the summer of 1991 as chief of staff of the Fourth Brigade. He is discussing the customs and practices of law enforcement in Envigado, specifically a civilian force called "the Department of Security and Control."

"Every night," he reports, "its agents would patrol for anything suspicious. It was enough for a car to have Cali plates. They would follow the person, and capture and question them, and then at three in the morning 'take them for a walk,' with their mouths taped, to one of the lonely roads in the mountains on the edge of Envigado. There they would kill them with hatchets."





Escobar's right hand, "Popeye" Velásquez, who escaped with him, likes to dress in drag. *Left,* Escobar's principal enemy, Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela, head of the Cali cartel.

"Most of all [Pablo] likes power. I once asked [him] which woman in the world he would most like to make love to. 'Margaret Thatcher.'"



Loose talk about Pablo Escobar in Colombia is unhealthy. Actress and former Escobar girlfriend Virginia Vallejo: "I do not discuss Mr. Escobar."

Sipping an orange juice and maintaining a somewhat unnerving unblinking stare, Bahamón reels off the names of prominent "respectable" citizens—from ex-presidents to archbishops—who surfaced in his files as agents of the Medellín cartel. His own headquarters, he knew, were no less infiltrated. "The cartel knew my plans, constantly. When I gave an order, I wrote it by hand, no computer. I was suspicious of everybody." Indeed. One general, just before taking over as commander of the Fourth Brigade in Medellín, gave a party at which Rodríguez Gacha was the guest of honor.

In the past, Escobar has toyed mercilessly with Medellín's Fourth Brigade. "I received an order to run a mission against him," the former chief of staff recalls, sipping his juice. "But I needed cars and radios. I never knew, but Escobar provided them for us. It was never official, but he gave things to people involved in operations." Not surprisingly, the mission was a failure. Stories that the army guards at the Cathedral did Escobar's bidding in exchange for a plate of food are perfectly credible to Colonel Bahamón. "For a soldier, in general, they don't eat well. When Pablo Escobar offered them potato salad, they accepted. Do you know how much a soldier receives every month? Twenty dollars.

"Escobar is more powerful than what the government has to fight against him. And as for morale," Bahamón continues wearily, "after they leave the government, no functionaries have security. I walk only with the protection of the Virgin."

To escape Escobar and his men after his retirement, Bahamón has asked for asylum in the United States, only to be told, " 'Wait a year.' I said, 'While Escobar decides to kill me.' The American Embassy said, 'You have to give us a list of army people who are corrupt.' I said it wasn't honest. A colonel can't do that. That's a stool pigeon. If I sent a list of my colleagues, they would forget me and I would be left alone with Pablo Escobar."

A prominent Colombian journalist, amazed that Bahamón was talking, shook

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his head. "You're going to call me in a year and I'm going to tell you that he's been gunned down in the street."

Bahamón assumes that Escobar would know where to find him. Everyone in Colombia has a healthy and well-justified respect for his intelligence system. The country's chief prosecutor, Gustavo de Greiff, admits blithely that Escobar "has an incredible intelligence network. He corrupts people at the telephone company in order to intercept conversations. He has corrupted a lot of people even here"—he gestures with his pipe around his heavily guarded office. Others confirm that Escobar is well briefed on what the other side is up to. Not long after Escobar's escape from the Cathedral a friend of Pablo's had a 10-minute telephone conversation with one of his associates. "After 10 days," says the friend, "[Escobar] sent me a copy of the tape that the police had made of our talk."

Still, the government feels there are grounds for optimism. An intelligence chief recently said that "Escobar's intelligence network is declining. It is now on a par with Colombian government intelligence."

There is less respect among the Colombian professionals for the intelligence of the visiting Americans. "The D.E.A. only want to earn their big salaries," says one veteran of Medellín law enforcement. "They think that intelligence is only electronic intelligence. They are very superficial."

In the bar's semi-dark, while the obligatory piano player churns out cocktail numbers, Bahamón, impassively recounting his desperate situation and the U.S. Embassy's attempt at blackmail, is offended by both the cruelty and the crudity of the Americans. "The Americans are much more crude than the Mafia," he says. "The Mafia are very intelligent. They don't try and corrupt you by directly offering money. Everybody has a weakness, and they look for that weakness."

While Bahamón had been fighting his war in Medellín, Escobar was negotiating with the government through his lawyers and friendly politicians. Whatever secret deals may have been struck before the election, President Gaviria and the team of youthful advisers who moved into the presidential palace with him in the summer of 1990 were determined to take Colombia into the "New World Order" as defined by Washington: to become a favored nation in South America and enjoy the advantages of free trade with the U.S., they first had to provide a friendly climate for foreign companies. Having Pablo Escobar at large, a loose supercannon firing off bombs and communiqués in the name of the Extraditables, not to mention kidnapping prominent journalists and offering bounties for dead policemen, was acutely embarrassing. It had to be stopped.

Escobar, on the other hand, wanted somewhere to settle down, somewhere where he would be assured of protection from serious enemies: from the Cali cartel, the D.E.A., various Colombian security agencies, as well as from a group of right-wing paramilitary death squads with whom he was at lethal odds. Both he and the Colombian government were in a position to give each other what they wanted.

"They would follow the person, and capture them, and then at three in the morning 'take them for a walk,' with their mouths taped, to one of the lonely roads in the mountains."

The absolutely essential requirement for any agreement was that there be no threat whatsoever of the Americans' getting their hands on him. Fortunately, Colombia was in the process of revising its constitution, and the new version duly contained a clause barring the extradition—despite a treaty with the U.S.—of any Colombian citizen. Since extradition had long been a prime tool in the U.S. war on drugs, the Colombian move might have provoked an uproar in Washington. However, this having been the fall of 1990, the Bush administration was concerned solely with garnering international support for the attack on Saddam Hussein. Colombia happened to have a seat on the U.N. Security Council at the time and accordingly voted in November 1990, reversing a previous position, for war in the Gulf. At the same time, the Colombian government announced that it would be extraditing no more drug lords in chains to the U.S. There was no outrage from Washington, merely a pro forma protest. As one Colombian politician jokes of this deal, "The Gulf War brought peace to Colombia."

Escobar did not surrender immediately. In his usual, careful way, he wanted others to test the waters and make sure there were no hidden snags in the agreement. He also wanted to make sure that the prison where he was going to take up residence met his requirements, which he defined as "my family, which can visit me three or four days a week, soccer, which is my passion, and reading for entertainment."

Rather more important, Escobar had to ensure an income for himself and his numerous dependents and employees while he was in jail. The sum in question—$100 million a month—was reportedly based on a percentage of profits earned by other, less famous, but equally prosperous cocaine traders who were going to remain at liberty. ("When I came to the job," says prosecutor de Greiff, "I thought the amounts moved by the narcotraffickers was an invention of novelists. Now, from what I have seen, maybe they are short.")

In an office in a smart quarter of Bogotá, a respectable citizen with close connections to Escobar explains the way the arrangement worked. "The cartel of Medellín really consisted of separate groups, each with their own business and intelligence networks, each with their own armies, each with their own policy. They did join together on specific problems, such as extradition. After '86, Escobar may not have been the biggest narcotrafficker, but he was 'the landlord,' the big boss, the manager."

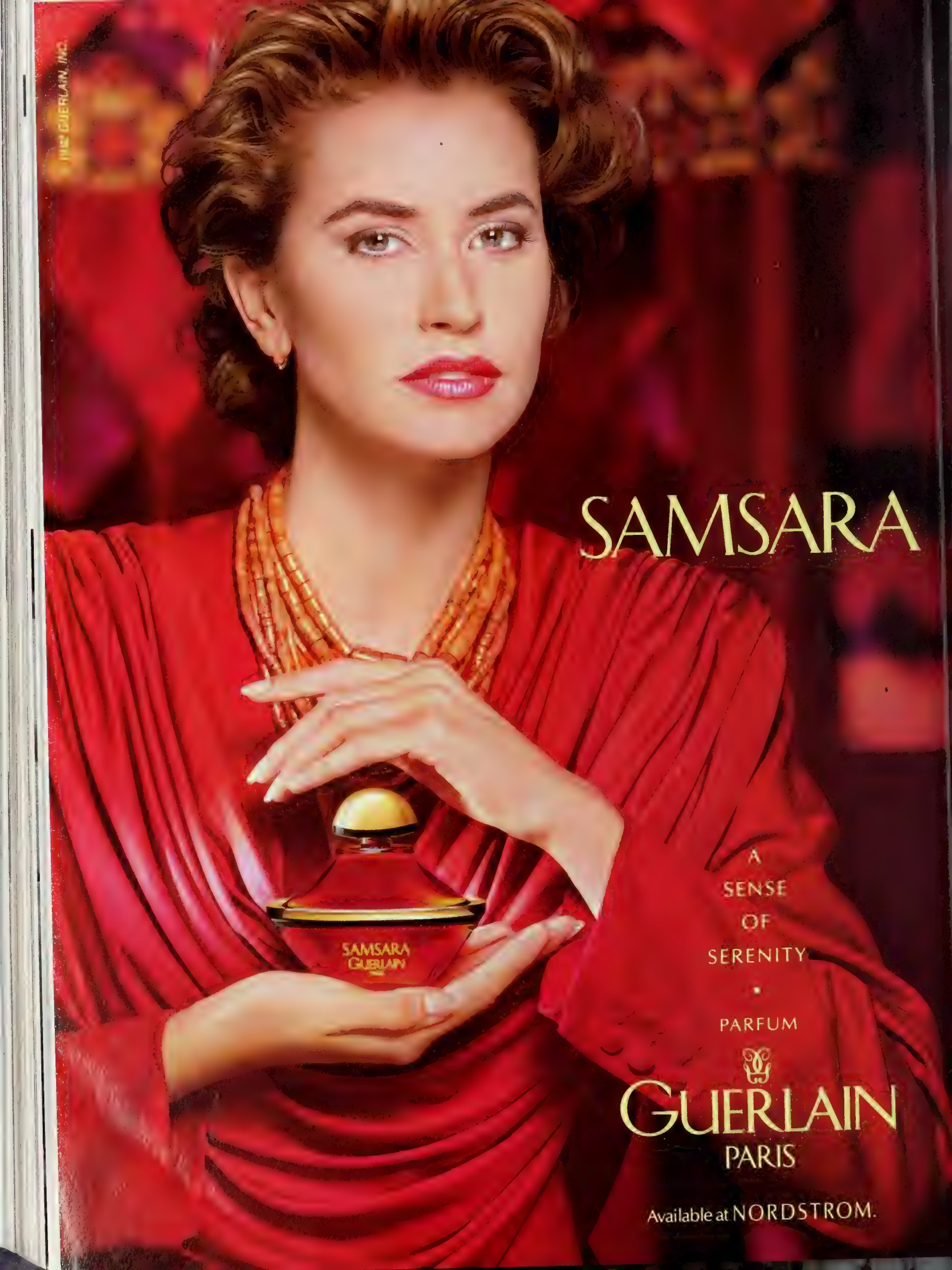
The man pauses while a secretary serves coffee. "Between '89 and '91, for example, everyone had an obligation to send money to Escobar for the war [over extradition]. But when he surrendered they also owed money because, he said, 'I am the price of the peace.' The surrender was really a three-way deal between the government, Escobar, and the other narcotraffickers, and the others were expected to pay the price of his going to jail." In other words, Escobar, as chairman of the trade association, was taking the rap—and in the process saving everyone else from the dread specter of extradition. Reasonably enough, he wanted to be compensated.

Two principal traffickers who were to assume the burden of paying the price demanded by Escobar were Fernando Galeano and Geraldo "Kiko" Moncada. Though they may have been as success-



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ful as he was in the business of trading cocaine, there was no question of who was the boss. "Kiko Moncada is just as big in the business as Escobar," another trafficker remarked before Escobar went to jail, "but he is very afraid of Escobar and he will do what Escobar tells him." (Apparently, he didn't. A question about the murders of Galeano and Moncada elicits a shrug from the respectable citizen in the Bogotá office: "If he is in jail and if someone has to be killed, so?")

Finally, on June 19, 1991, when all was ready, down to the last floodlight on the soccer field, Escobar surrendered to the authorities and moved into the Cathedral. Checking in with him were such trusted henchmen as John Jairo "Popeye" Velásquez, Carlos "El Mugre" (Dirty) Aguilar, and 12 others. As they checked in, Escobar and Popeye denounced each other as drug traffickers (though without offering any usable evidence), thereby earning a substantial reduction in jail time for turning in a dealer.

"Everybody was very happy," remembers Senator Botero. "It seemed like the end of violence in Colombia. Nobody was very interested in looking into the fine print, because the Colombians thought that the nightmare was over." (Up to a point: homicides in Colombia, including multiple killings by the death squads, were up in 1991, to 28,284.)

Botero's commission of inquiry is now very much interested in the fine print, or at least the fine print it is allowed to see, including a pre-surrender contract between the Colombian minister of justice and the mayor of Envigado. "In this contract, Envigado gives the ministry a 'center for the treatment of drug addicts' in order to create a jail. It was never a jail, O.K.?" explains Botero. The contract also stipulated that guards inside the jail would be selected by a committee that included the mayor of Envigado, and that all construction would be financed by Envigado. "This property belonged to Pablo Escobar," the senator complains. "The fact of the matter is that the guards were selected by Pablo Escobar—everybody knows that—even to the point that some of the guards were relatives of Pablo Escobar."

Upright citizens like Senator Botero—"He is clean," a friend smiles indulgently, "rich enough to be clean"—speak sternly these days about how "there was never any security in this jail" and how "the national penitentiary code was not met at all." But that was never the point. To understand the real nature of the treaty between the government and Escobar, one has only to look at the resumé of the man sent to run the prison.

Colonel Homero Rodríguez proudly displays his F.B.I. Academy class ring (class of '86) and a business card spattered with the acronyms of various U.S. intelligence organizations he has spent time with. "I don't know about jails," he says, fiddling with the ring, "but the government asked me, saying that we have to keep these people alive."

The government feels there are grounds for optimism. "Escobar's intelligence network is declining. It is now on a par with Colombian government intelligence."

He was certainly no ordinary prison director. In fact, he was the DAS specialist in protection—which, this being Colombia, meant that he was a busy man. His celebrity charges before Escobar included the visiting Henry Kissinger, Dan Quayle, and George Bush. "I have a thank-you letter," he reveals with pride, "from Dan Quayle." In Colombia's last and bloody presidential-election campaign—three candidates assassinated—he made sure that Gaviria survived to win. "As intelligence officers," Colonel Rodríguez says meaningfully, "we prefer to operate in the darkness." But he is talking now because he suspects that he is the fall guy in the welter of recriminations and finger pointing following Escobar's disappearance from the Cathedral.

"Either he was in the service of Pablo Escobar or he was so completely inept that it borders on criminal conduct," scoffs Senator Botero. When pressed, however, Botero does concede that perhaps the ace bodyguard had a rather different brief from that of the average prison warden. "Apparently, his job was to protect Pablo—that's what it seems."

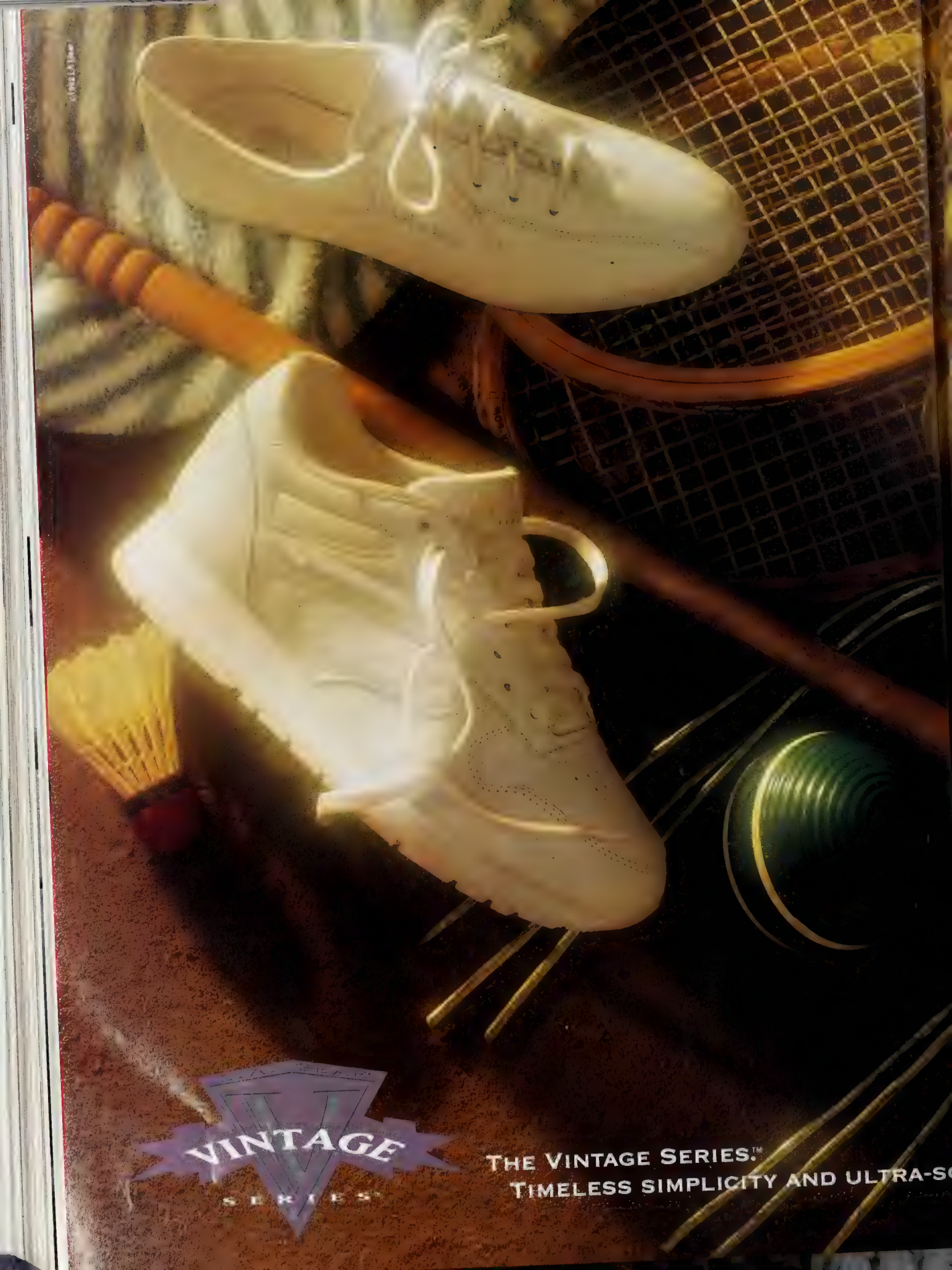
"The government was determined that the prisoners not be killed," Rodríguez confirms. "If anything happened to Pablo Escobar in jail the government knew that it would face a very dangerous situation. I don't want to think what would happen, but it would be ugly. Pablo Escobar," he goes on, "has a lot of enemies, but I think he is most afraid of Rodríguez Orejuela."

Not without reason. In January 1992 Colonel Rodríguez learned from his excellent intelligence sources that the gentlemen in Cali had bought four 250-pound bombs from the Salvadoran air force and were in the market for an A-37 attack plane to drop them. "Three of the bombs are still somewhere in the country, they have not been found." At that point he authorized the construction of an air-raid bunker at the prison. Even though the Cali bomber never showed up, the colonel watched the skies, and when a Colombian air-force plane appeared overhead one day performing what he deemed to be "hostile maneuvers," he ordered the guards to open fire. "We missed."

There was further aerial activity. On two occasions American planes—D.E.A. planes, according to both Colonel Rodríguez and Colonel Bahamón—came close to colliding with Avianca civilian airliners. Danger seemed to be all around. In June an AR-15 rifle fitted with a night-vision device turned up in the forest above the prison. Just over a month before the escape, Colonel Rodríguez told the national director of prisons that someone was offering, according to his intelligence, $1.5 million to anyone who would kill the prisoners.

There was more. In January the attorney general came and roamed around the jail taking photographs, 126 in all. Not long afterward, some of these same photographs were sent to Escobar, from Cali, with a sinister message: "We have good intelligence inside the jail."

By midsummer, therefore, Escobar had plenty to worry about. To make matters worse, there was ominous news from the North. "We have evidence," says Botero, "[from the five bodyguards whom Escobar left behind when he escaped] that Pablo Escobar was very worried about the American political situation, the fact that Bush was trailing in the polls, because this is a very intelligent guy and, make no mistake about that, very sophisticated in the way he analyzes things. The fact that Bush was trailing gave him the sense that at any moment there could be an operation to kidnap him and take him from Colombia, even though that would violate the


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relationship between Colombia and the United States. Perhaps a president in desperation would do that, and also the [U.S.] Supreme Court said that [kidnapping wanted people abroad] was legal. So you don't have to be a genius to realize that something like that would give Bush 30 points."

Escobar may indeed have been thinking along the right lines. Last November, a grand jury in Brooklyn, New York, began hearing evidence garnered by the D.E.A. that linked Escobar with the blowing up of an Avianca airliner en route from Bogotá to Cali in November 1989 with 107 passengers and crew on board. Two of the dead were American citizens. Someone in a position to observe the proceedings recalls that at the time there seemed something strange about the case. "It was all done very quietly, very methodically. It was done [the indictment] and then they waited. I kept thinking, What are they waiting for?" According to this individual, they were waiting for the removal of Escobar from the Cathedral to a secure jail that he could not leave at will. Once he was locked up, the indictment on the Avianca bombing—in Colombia always ascribed to the late Rodríguez Gacha—would be unveiled with appropriate fanfare. The hope was that there would be enough outrage at Escobar in Colombia over this atrocity to allow his removal, formally or informally, back to the U.S. in chains. "The plan was to bring Pablo back, put him on trial before the [U.S.] election. It would have been spectacular. But I think Pablo smelled it out."

Lawyer José Caicedo confirms that Escobar indeed had been aware of the charges being prepared in New York. But the events that led to Escobar's exit from the Cathedral were prompted by news that was just as worrisome for the boss of the Medellín cartel as the steady erosion of Bush's electoral base. Sometime around the beginning of July, someone relayed to Escobar the unwelcome intelligence that there was treachery in the ranks: Galeano and Moncada in fact owed more than the $100 million a month they were contributing.

Anyone who knew Escobar would have been perfectly well aware of the lethally stern view the big boss would take of such news. True to form, he summoned the accused for interrogation. He was, apparently, not satisfied with their explanations. Shortly thereafter, on July 10, Galeano and Moncada turned up dead, their bodies bearing marks suggesting that their deaths had been painful. The purge also included some 20 of Galeano's and Moncada's associates.

But the execution squad made a serious mistake. One of those who had been summoned to the Cathedral escaped his captors and made his way immediately to Bogotá. There he gave a sworn statement to de Greiff about the interrogations at the Cathedral. It was an unprecedented move—a strong indication of the hatred and fear Escobar had excited among his old Medellín associates. De Greiff went to Gaviria, who agreed that Escobar be moved immediately from the jail. From then on, everything went wrong.

"The fact that Bush was trailing in the polls gave [Escobar] the sense that there could be an operation to kidnap him. You don't have to be a genius to realize that something like that would give Bush 30 points."

In the unlikely event that Escobar hadn't smelled a rat before July 21, he certainly did that night. For reasons no one can explain, the operation to move him from the Cathedral was mounted in a frantic hurry. Nor can anyone explain why the various military and civilian officials involved all gave differing accounts to Escobar about what they were going to do with him, and why. "I can't understand what happened, I can't understand it." José Caicedo shakes his head. "Gaviria was asked afterwards if the Americans were involved. He didn't deny it."

That night was a long one for Caicedo, whose office is across the street from the American Embassy in Bogotá. "At 10:30 P.M. I got a call from Santiago Uribe [Escobar's chief Medellín lawyer, reputed to keep baby crocodiles as pets]. He said, 'Something is happening that we don't understand. Please call Gaviria and say that the lawyers are ready to go to the jail [to negotiate].' I called the president and spoke to his secretary. He said Gaviria was in a meeting and he would call me back. At 11 P.M. I got another call from Uribe, saying, 'The jail is surrounded, we think they're going to kill all the inmates.' I called Gaviria again, and I was told that he was still in a meeting and I should wait for his call."

Caicedo got two or three more desperate calls from Medellín, pleading with him to try to get through to the president. The answer from the palace, he says, was always the same. At 5:30 A.M. a very worried Escobar called the Medellín lawyers, saying, as Caicedo recounts it, "The only guy who can save my neck is Caicedo."

Escobar had already taken some practical measures on his own to save his neck. The night before, for reasons best known to themselves, two senior civilians, the vice minister of justice and the national director of prisons, went inside the prison to talk with Escobar, who promptly took them hostage "in order," as he later explained, "to guarantee our lives."

"I believe that Pablo Escobar did not want to escape," admits Botero. "I believe that sincerely. I mean, he's in a comfortable prison, he's doing what he wants. People come in, people go out. Why would he want to leave in order to live a life of persecution as a fugitive? I'm sure that he left at 7:30 or 8 in the morning only when it was evident to him that there was no possibility of remaining. That's when the military comes in to rescue the hostages, shooting and with hand grenades."

Once he had decided to pull out, Escobar and the nine men he took with him, including his faithful right-hand man, Popeye, had no trouble getting away. As he later wrote to a Colombian newspaper, "We left in the middle of the shooting that started about seven in the morning. I was wearing blue jeans and sneakers [not a military uniform or women's clothing, as some initial reports had it]. . . . We went out the back on foot up the mountain, and then made a U-turn round to the left"—down to Envigado and onto the front pages of the world's press, which was just what President Gaviria did not need.

The government immediately posted a reward of a billion pesos, subsequently boosted to 2.9 billion—almost $5 million—for information leading to Esco-

As Jarmo Parvi peered out the window on the morning of his 50th birthday, his hopes for an impromptu party began to fade. His wife assured him that not even the sturdiest of friends could be expected to brave two meters of fresh snow. Apparently she underestimated the loyalty of friends, and the drawing power of Jarmo's well-known stockpile of Finlandia.



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bar's capture. Sensible Colombians were leery of trying to collect. "You'd be rich—for a day," as one Medellín native observes laconically.

One notable exception is Father Rafael García, Colombia's most famous TV preacher, who combines a high regard for Escobar ("In the United States, they think he's a monster. He is not a monster. No! He is an intelligent man. He has good in his heart") with a keen interest in using the reward money for his good works among the poor. He hopes that Escobar will surrender to him before proceeding to jail under the protection of the venerable padre's saintly white poncho.

The scene at the barracks of the Elite Force of the national police in northern Medellín suggests that Escobar may need something a little more substantial than a white poncho to get him through the difficult days ahead. Squads of uniformed troops in full combat array climb into trucks on their way to make house-to-house searches in Envigado. Informally dressed plainclothesmen saunter about, submachine guns dangling casually on shoulder straps. Some are Colombians, not all that distinguishable in appearance from their mortal enemies, the *sicarios*. The taller ones with the crew cuts, however, are Americans. They look very much at home here, though they move off quickly when they notice outsiders within the heavily guarded gates. Botero insists that there were no Americans at the jail the night Escobar walked. But Caicedo points out that "all the soldiers at the prison that night were masked. You might ask why. And you might ask why they shot at the two officials [who had been taken hostage] as they were running out of the prison. Any Colombian soldier would know not to shoot at someone in Colombian fatigues. The only explanation is that they were Americans who didn't recognize who it was."

Be that as it may, Botero and other officials agree that the Americans have been present in force ever since. "I'll tell you, perhaps more than 500 Americans are participating one way or another here in Colombia. I say this with absolute certainty."

"We have the proconsul here today," sneers a high-ranking military officer. The head of the U.S. Southern Command has just flown in for a visit. "It is part of the invasion."

The invaders are working alongside some unlikely allies. "The Moncadas and the Galeanos [the ones who inherited the family businesses], they don't want more money, they don't want more power," explains one senior Colombian security official. "They have only one goal: to kill Pablo Escobar. They have enough power, they have money in Medellín, in Bogotá, in Miami, in New York, in Europe, in Panama. They have *lots* of money, and so they offer $1 million for anyone who kills Pablo Escobar, and they are collaborating with whoever they need to, including the authorities." Escobar himself seems to agree that surrender is his best option, having stated that he is prepared to go to the "most humble and modest jail" in his home province as long as he has "absolute guarantees" that he will not be moved for any reason whatsoever.

"In the United States, they think he's a monster. He is not a monster. No! He is an intelligent man. He has good in his heart."

His problem is getting there. On the 21st floor of an ugly high rise in downtown Medellín, Ricardo Perdomo Lince, the chief regional prosecutor, is pondering some uniquely Colombian features of his job. The judge gunned down in front of her child on Love and Friendship Day worked with him, and the office bulletin board is covered with In Memoriam notices and a sad little poem from a colleague. "When Pablo Escobar surrenders," explains the quietly good-humored young prosecutor, "he surrenders to me. But it is very dangerous for me, because I have to protect him then, and the army and the police might fire on the group, including me."

Assuming Escobar, with or without Father García, makes it safely behind bars, he will serve his time in Itagüí, a suburb across the valley from Envigado. This prison lacks the splendid solitude of the Cathedral. It sits at the edge of a poor barrio called San Francisco, where children play soccer a few yards from the gates. The Ochoa brothers, old friends and associates of Escobar's, are already there, model prisoners serving their time until they can get out to enjoy their enormous fortunes. In preparation for the day when the boss turns up, the government is hurriedly building a maximum-security annex—maximum security for the prisoner. As it stands, the prison "is strong enough now to keep Pablo Escobar inside, but it is not strong enough to protect Pablo Escobar from his enemies," explains Perdomo Lince matter-of-factly. "For example, someone could throw a bomb over the wall." He imitates someone hurling a grenade. "So it is not a good prison for him."

Perhaps inevitably for any jail connected with Pablo Escobar, Itagüí is already mired in scandal and mystery. An Israeli-owned security firm that was hired to work on the Cathedral also got a contract from the Ministry of Justice to upgrade security at Itagüí. The former Envigado prison warden, Colonel Rodríguez, relates the murky tale. One of the Ochoas had reported that someone from the firm had been to see him and told him that "the government was putting in hidden microphones and other equipment. He offered other equipment and countermeasures to the Ochoas," and thoughtfully handed them his business card, which the Ochoas obligingly turned over to the authorities. He should have waited to sell his services to Escobar, who is certainly never going to trust the government to keep him safe.

It is fashionable in Bogotá to talk about Escobar as if he were almost a spent force, beset by enemies from within the old Medellín cartel, the malignly triumphant men of Cali, the army, and the police, not to mention the hordes of Americans swarming over the country with their high-tech equipment. Escobar himself does not feel that way. In the words of a friend who saw him recently, he is convinced that "now, today, he is on top. He still thinks he will be president of Colombia."

Pablo Escobar is a flamboyant symbol of the power and wealth of the Colombian cocaine business. But José Caicedo makes a somber point: there are others in the shadows who are all the more sinister because they are not flamboyant, not prone to building zoos or houses for the poor. "You wouldn't believe it, upper-class families, well known for three or four generations. These are people who always had money, not like some guy who suddenly appears with a gold chain around his neck. They are stronger than Escobar, they have more money, they have more killers, and they are very dangerous. . . . It's a rough country." □



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Acclaimed pianist Mitsuko Uchida—Japanese by birth, Austrian by training, British by choice, and reclusive by nature—is coming to New York for her Carnegie Hall solo debut

BY RUPERT CHRISTIANSEN

Where is she coming from? Her appearance suggests some feline and imperious figure out of a Japanese woodcut, her beauty delicate and irregular in outline, her manner refined yet gracious. But the tiny blue-rimmed teacup I am handed for refreshment is, she briskly informs me, "from the Caughley pottery, about 1770," not Oriental at all, and the intonations of her conversational manner suggest a paid-up member of the London intelligentsia: sensible, ironic, nobody's fool, a patron of Marks & Spencer ("God knows what I'd do without it"), and an expert on the vagaries of the local bus system.

Then she starts talking about music. About her Bösendorfer piano, about her fascination for Schoenberg and passion for Schubert, about her need to analyze before she can perform—and suddenly she is earnest and transfixed, a priestess of her art, possessed by the spirit of Middle-European intensity.

The shifts are arresting, but they add up: Mitsuko Uchida is not so much a bundle of contradictions as a rich amalgam of blood and culture. She is also increasingly acknowledged around the world to be one of the supreme pianists of her generation. She will be 44 this month, as her latest American tour reaches its climax on December 11 with her first solo recital at Carnegie Hall in New York.

Hers isn't playing that hits you like a thunderbolt. It doesn't aspire to the electrifying virtuosity of Vladimir Horowitz or the alabaster-smooth perfection of Arturo Michelangeli. What it offers instead is a finely held balance between clarity of articulation and depth of feeling—qualities which make her a great interpreter of Mozart, Schubert, and Debussy.

As Thomas Heinitz, a distinguished London record dealer and critic, explains, "Mitsuko understands the inner workings of a piece of music with the precision of a master watchmaker. But her art is never mechanically accurate. It breathes, it lives, it sings." Her colleague the conductor Jeffrey Tate points to her "stringent sense of architecture . . . and capacity to unroll a musical line with the elegance of a Japanese scroll," while fellow pianist Melvyn Tan is awestruck by "the meticulous research that she puts into everything she undertakes. It's not just a matter of knowing the notes or analyzing the harmony—she delves deep into the historical context as well."

But as the business raves and audiences roar, Mitsuko Uchida remains aloof, perhaps even a little disdainful. "She wants to be a pianist, not a personality," says her partner of many years, British diplomat Robert Cooper, with whom she shares a passion for Shakespeare and the habit of bicycling. Home is a small mews house next door to his, in a quiet yard off Portobello Road in West London, and inside it her daily existence is an austere one. "I need to focus," she says. "I need to clarify." You can sense this domestically, as you can hear it in her playing. "She hates fuss, chitchat, glitter. She would never go to a cocktail party," says Cooper. "She has a small circle of very close friends, but I sometimes think she'd do very well on a desert island, just her and a piano."

The walls are bare, the carpet oatmeal, the atmosphere functional—which is to say that the piano dominates. "Music is my life," she admits. "If there were no music, I should not live. It is as simple as that."

But it's also quite com-



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plicated. Mitsuko Uchida has followed her own fiercely individual trajectory. Never a wunderkind, never an overnight sensation ("Overnight sensations last just that long," she snaps dryly), she has made her way entirely on the passport of her talent, and her integrity is zealously prized. She gives interviews reluctantly, and keeps certain doors into her personal life courteously but firmly closed. She doesn't want to discuss her concert clothes (though critics frequently comment on her stunning appearance onstage). She has turned down opportunities to pose for advertisements. "That sort of thing would attract the wrong sort of person to my concerts. I'm not interested in this obsession with playing to the millions, just for the sake of it." Such brisk contempt for anything that reeks of easy vulgarity is fundamental to Mitsuko Uchida's style.

"I could go with my parents and end up as the ambassador's talented daughter, playing at embassy soirées. Or I could stay in Vienna."

"I have always regarded myself as peculiar," she says with a certain pride. "I don't like to be told things. I have never much liked being taught. Life has so many rules which the outside world enforces; the difficulty is sorting out which of them will work for you." This attitude has brought her into open rebellion against Japan and its culture, into which she was born in 1948. Japanese music, for a start, means nothing to her: "I never put much effort into understanding it." Western music, however, was "a presence" for her from infancy, when her father returned to Tokyo from his stint as a diplomat in Berlin with a large collection of records of Wilhelm Furtwängler, Lotte Lehmann, Artur Schnabel, and other great names of the mid-century. He then decided that piano lessons were the proper thing for his children. "So I started playing because my brother and sister both did. In Japan, nobody does anything because they want to. You are not supposed to play for pleasure, but you are supposed to practice, and it becomes a duty. You never ask, What for? Why? Is this for me?"

Her first real shot of musical ecstasy came from a performance of *Aida,* when an Italian opera company visited Japan. She was nine, and she sat on her father's knee. "I still have a weakness for Verdi," she says with a sigh. Weakness? Why think of loving Verdi as a *weakness?* "No, I'm afraid it *is* a weakness," she confirms. This remark suggests the Teutonic seriousness of Uchida's musical education, which began in earnest when she was 12 and her father was posted as ambassador to Austria, to the mecca of the piano, the city of so many great composers from Mozart to Schoenberg—Vienna.

"I didn't want to go, and when I got there I hated it. The change of language, of my style of life—it was absolutely terrifying." But here music became more to her than just another duty. "I had lessons at the Academy of Music and Dramatic Art; I gave my first recital at the age of 14. My teacher said, 'You want to be a pianist now, don't you?' But I didn't know that I did. It took me a long time to work it out. I was never deeply interested in anything else except music, I knew that I loved playing the piano, but I had no idea what making a career out of it might imply."

When she was 16, her father was sent back to Berlin, and she faced a stark choice. "I could go with my parents and end up as the ambassador's talented daughter, playing the piano at embassy soirées—then back to Japan, and a decent marriage and so on. Or I could stay in Vienna: it would be lonely, but I could continue my studies and I would be free. I chose the latter. It wasn't easy: I *was* lonely. I am always lonely."

What is remarkable about the way she talks about these years is the absence of any acknowledgment of the influence of a teacher or guide: only Richard Hauser, a pupil of the composer Anton von Webern whom she refers to as "an interesting case," rates more than a cursory mention. Otherwise you get the impression that Mitsuko Uchida the pianist is her own creation. "I think that her independence of mind is a trait of Japanese women who have had to struggle to free themselves of the restrictive roles that their society assigns them," says Jeffrey Tate. Uchida herself would agree. "I don't accept things easily. I misunderstand. I even misunderstand myself."

So at 19 she was out of school and into the jungle, with nobody really to advise her. "My parents neither encouraged nor discouraged me. I am grateful for that. But I had no connections, no letters of introduction, so it was hard to start professionally." She trudged the round of international competitions—"It was a way to survive"—and won several prizes, none of them spectacular enough to matter much. More significant was her decision, at the age of 22, to leave Vienna. Looking back at her 11 years in the city, she has mixed feelings. "I never wanted to admit it, but the older I get the more I see how deep the influence of my Viennese training has been. It is something so much a part of me that I find it hard to describe, but I feel it when I hear the Vienna Philharmonic play—every other orchestra sounds slightly wrong in comparison. And I can play a Strauss waltz without thinking! Yet I feel that Vienna is my past, not my present. I could never live there again."

She chose to move to London. "I thought of New York for a moment, but I rejected it, because I knew I belonged to Europe. Anywhere in Germany would have been too much like Vienna. Paris I rejected because the French are essentially not musical. So I chose London and have never regretted it." Twenty years later, Robert Cooper's view is that "her nationality has become English, her values are English. She has essentially English tolerance and respect for privacy, and her mastery of the subtleties of the language is amazing in someone who is not a native speaker." "I've sorted myself out here," she comments simply. "The great attraction of London for me was the freedom of thought. In Japan and Vienna, it was all rules, duty, tradition: you must do this, you must not do that. Here you are allowed to make up your own mind."

It was in London, too, that the major breakthrough occurred. In 1982 she gave a complete cycle of Mozart sonatas at Wigmore Hall (a feat she repeated for last year's bicentennial at Alice Tully Hall in New York). Thomas Heinitz remembers how the concerts early in the series were half empty. "Then the word got around, and it was impossible to get a ticket. Her playing frightened the hell out of me. How dare a Japanese girl, I thought, give me so much new insight

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FOR MEN

into *my* music, music that I've known for a lifetime?"

Another bowled-over member of that Wigmore Hall audience was Erik Smith, doyen of British record producers, who signed her up exclusively to the Philips label and went on to work with her many times in the studio. "It's always been difficult to get her to agree to make a record," he laments (apart from the cycles of Mozart concertos and sonatas, she has to date released only three other discs—two of Chopin, one of Debussy), "but once you've got her there, she's tremendous. Most artists in the studio are sunk in miseries of self-criticism and complain endlessly. Mitsuko is the opposite. 'Oh, that's really rather good, isn't it?' she'll say when we're listening to the playbacks. Then she'll want to do it all over again—and again—in a quite different way. She loves to experiment: however many takes we do, she rarely repeats herself. You mustn't think of her as coldly meticulous—there's a side of her that is almost crazily exuberant."

Without hesitation, she calls Mozart "the greatest of composers," but she is entering a phase of her career when she will play much less of his music; at Carnegie Hall, the program will consist of Beethoven, Schumann, Webern, and Schubert. "Mozart I now play only 5 percent of the time, although I suppose the public will go on perceiving me for a while as a Mozart specialist. There is more Schubert coming now, more Debussy. I am passionate about the music of the Second Viennese School—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. Bach's preludes and fugues I want to play when I am 70."

"The great attraction of London for me was the freedom of thought. In Japan and Vienna, it was all rules, duty, tradition."

The catalogue of her enthusiasms is exhilarating, but highly discriminating. The big Romantic blockbusters don't interest her. "I heard her play Rachmaninoff's 'Paganini Rhapsody' once," says Thomas Heinitz. " 'Very nice, dear, but don't do it again; it's not really you,' I told her." The advice seems to have been taken. She has "a block" about Russian music, "although one day it may come down," and finds a lot of late-19th-century music "overblown." There are no *bonne bouche* encores handed out at her concerts, no overheated transcriptions played to wow the crowds. She looks a bit sniffy when you mention such things—she's a pianist, remember, not a personality or a performing animal. "Sometimes I think I would be quite happy to play for myself," she says. "I certainly don't need an audience in order to feel satisfied."

This year has given her a chance to test out this sort of solitude. She has spent much of it on sabbatical at home, "playing the piano and trying to get to bed earlier" (after concerts, she can't unwind until three or four A.M.). In the summer, she had a happy month at the Marlboro Festival in Vermont, centered on chamber music and informal coaching and guidance of younger musicians. Otherwise, her days have passed in almost monastic calm, reading, learning, and thinking music. "In a sense, you could call me a narrow person," she says. Yes, but in another sense you couldn't. Although she claims that the piano marks her beginning and end, friends report on a lot else bubbling away in between. She is no puritan. Good wine, holidays in France, art galleries, the movies and theater, voracious consumption of English, German, Japanese, and French literature all pile into a life further spiked by an irrepressible sense of humor (Gary Larson, the syndicated American cartoonist, is another of her weaknesses).

What is more baffling is the way that the Japanese ambassador's daughter in her seems to have been suppressed. Her relation to the first epoch in her life is hostile, and it's hard to get her to say a good word about her native country. "She's loyal to and enormously fond of her family—she calls her mother every day—but I wonder how close she is to them spiritually," one friend says. Her frankness (which can be "quite alarming" in the view of Melvyn Tan) seems like a reaction against the bowing and kowtowing which color all human communication in Japan.

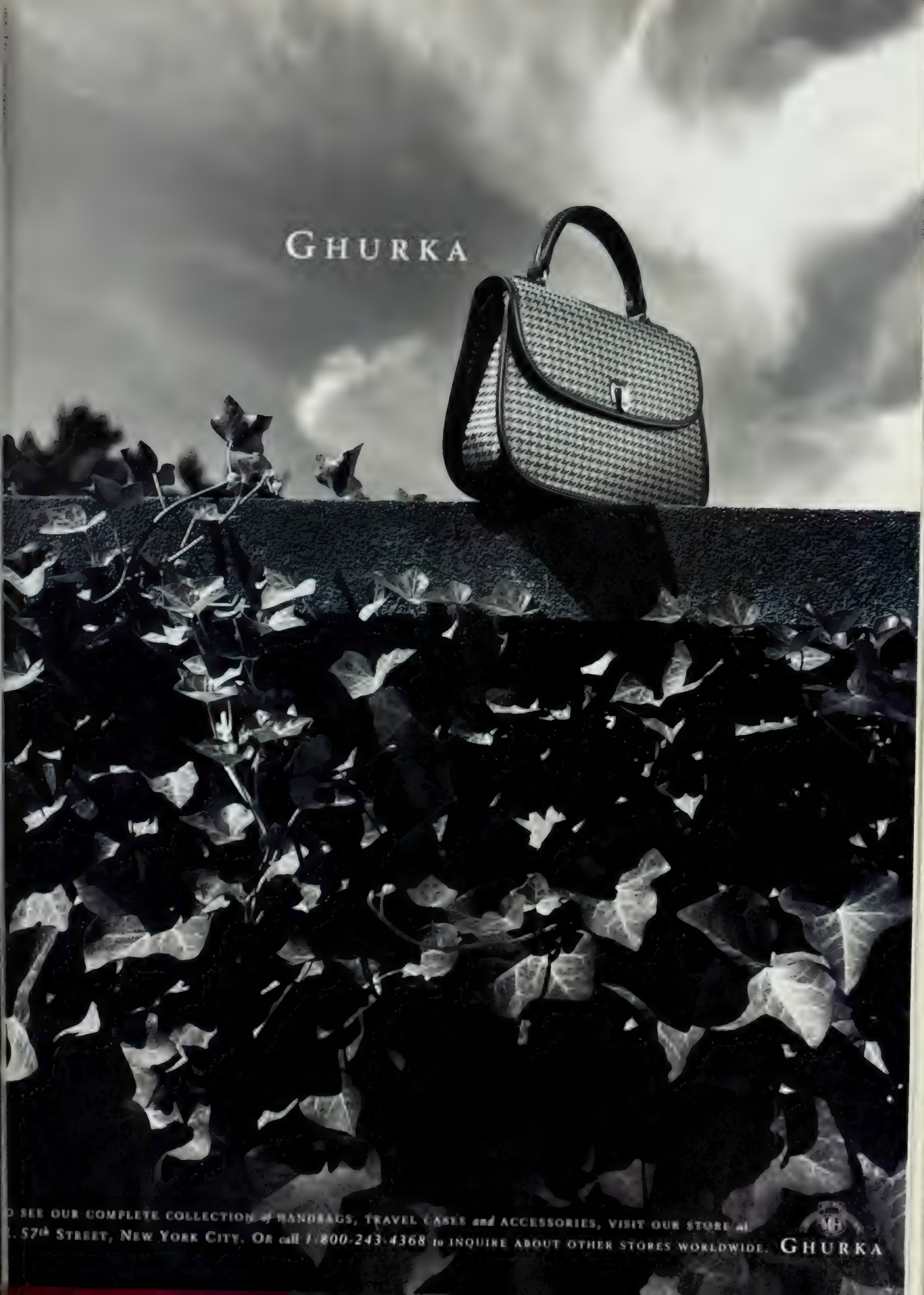
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that "her nationality has become English," other of her friends see aspects of her personality that have remained untouched by her move to the West. Sometimes this emerges in something quite superficial: her surrogate parents in New York, Adele and Irving Moskovitz, ardent music lovers who met her 20 years ago, are touched by the way she sometimes sits cross-legged at breakfast, and feel that her ritual presentation of gifts ("always very simple and tasteful") is Japanese in style. Jeffrey Tate believes that "Mitsuko's discipline and concentration, the impulse in her playing to seek out the essential line," are further evidence of the influence of her cultural roots.

"I think she shares the Japanese philosophy of nature," says another close New York friend, Kazuko Oshima, a successful designer of healing-crystal jewelry, which Uchida buys and distributes in quantities. Kazuko has made Mitsuko godmother of Bobi, a one-footed canary that flew into her open window five years ago. In her Manhattan apartment, Kazuko plays Bobi Mitsuko's Mozart recordings, and she has taken him with her to Tanglewood and Philadelphia when Mitsuko was giving concerts. His godmother faxes him valentines and birthday cards.

This sort of receptivity to other people and their worlds is another of Uchida's most notable characteristics. It extends from Kazuko Oshima and her New Age beliefs to the drawing room of 91-year-old Eve Molesworth, a friend of Picasso and Giacometti, now nearly blind and chair-bound, whom she visits en route to and from Heathrow airport. It was Mitsuko who threw her a 90th-birthday party; it is Mitsuko who talks to her doctors, calls her up "just to tell me a joke," and keeps her abreast of the news in the arts.

"I try to be as accurate and honest as possible, in language and in music," Uchida says. It is a modest ambition, perhaps, for a great musician, but a sane one. "I don't think public success means much to her. She is too relentlessly self-critical, for one thing," says Eve Molesworth, "and privately very critical of what others are doing." So what fires her, what impels her? Uchida shakes her head impatiently at the question: "I just don't think about myself in those terms."

Yet think she does. One of the great strengths of her music-making is its sheer intellectual lucidity—she talks, significantly, about the pleasure of "deciphering" a score—as well as its transcendence of the inspiration of the moment: Mitsuko Uchida always knows exactly what she is doing at the piano and why she is doing it. This rationality makes her an excellent broadcaster, and she has made several television programs, with Jeffrey Tate, among others, in which she deftly explains to the intelligent layman the workings of a piece of music. It is a field she hopes to explore further.

Another latent gift is for conducting. After she led some performances of Mozart concertos from the piano, a German opera house reportedly was impressed enough to offer her the podium for a production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She declined, but it cannot be out of the question that one day she will follow in the footsteps of pianists like Vladimir Ashkenazy, Daniel Barenboim, and Maurizio Pollini. Thomas Heinitz is amused to observe that at concerts "she can't stop herself from indulging in some quite dramatic armchair conducting—much to the astonishment of those in neighboring seats."

Meanwhile, she has enough on her plate. Because she loathes constant travel and the empty glamour of five-star-hotel life, she limits her concertizing to about 50 appearances a year—about half of what many of her colleagues undertake. At present, her attention is most deeply absorbed by the first work commissioned specially for her—a concerto by the British composer Sir Harrison Birtwistle, to be premiered on May 5 in Paris, under the baton of Pierre Boulez. She has already been delivered the score, and it represents a major challenge. "It is very strong, but not easy. I have to do a helluva lot of work on it."

She pours herself one small glass of vintage champagne. She is rushing off—via the 52 bus—to the Royal Albert Hall, where her beloved Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra is playing. Her excitement at the prospect is almost childlike. "I am insatiably greedy for music," she admits, "and I have to clear the rest of my life to make room for it." But she has remained a human being in the process. "Oh, she's glorious, just glorious," says Thomas Heinitz, who has heard and known many of the century's most celebrated musicians. "I thought I had reached the stage of life at which there could be no more surprises. But Mitsuko has illuminated my old age. She is pure joy." ☐

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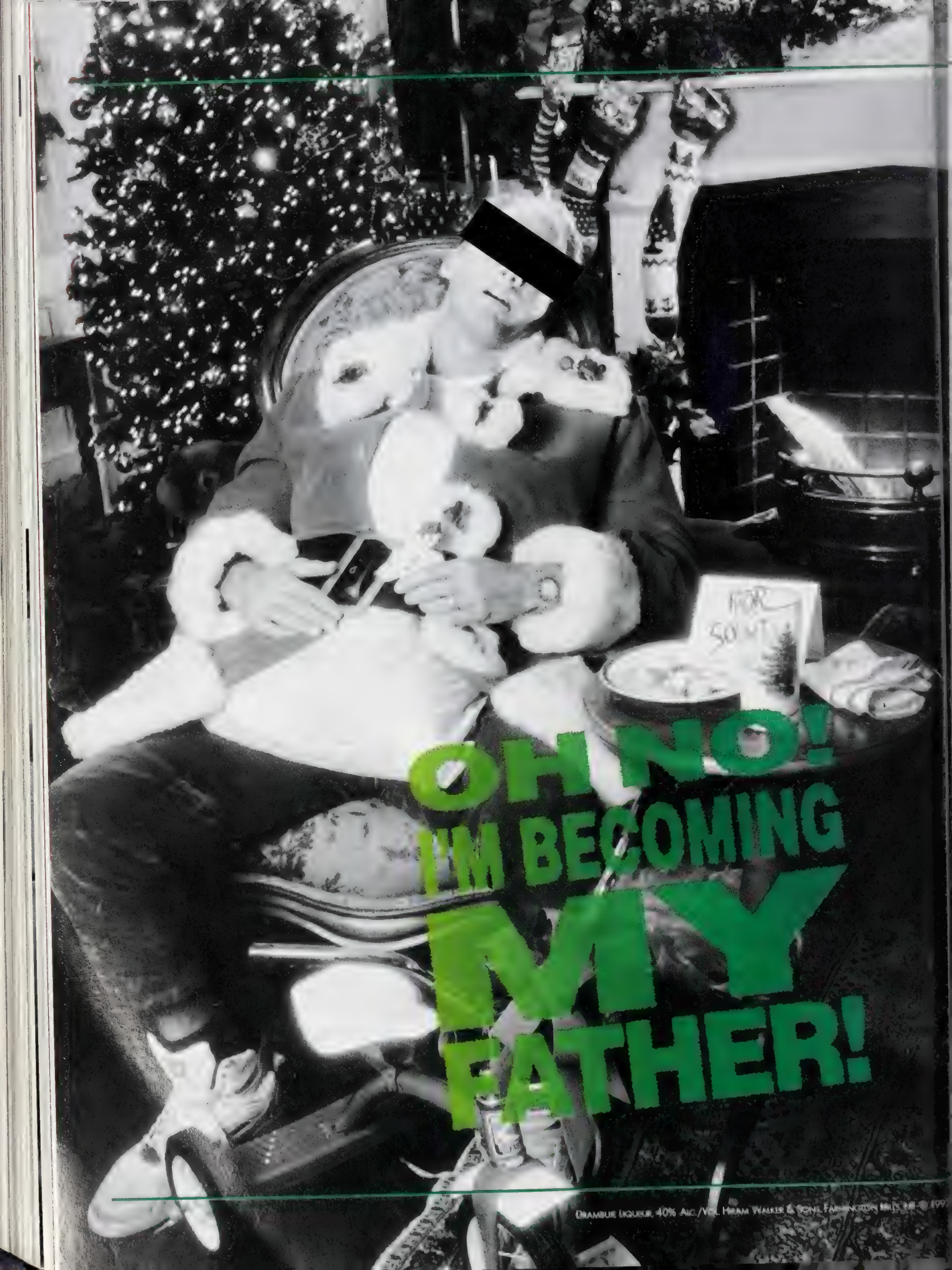
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THE NEW SEXPERTS

The work of Masters and Johnson (personally divorced, professionally in disarray) may live on in Bill Masters' protégé, Mark Schwartz, and his wife, Lori Galperin (the new First Couple of sexology)

BY STEPHEN FRIED

In the darkened boardroom, the old projector clicks and creaks while the film of the masturbating women shows on the portable screen. At this makeshift family reunion at the Masters & Johnson Institute in St. Louis, the low-tech production is as close as they come to home movies.

The film was made in 1958 to study, for the very first time, the widely misunderstood physiology of female orgasm—what *happens*. The upper body was documented with traditional camera techniques. The genitalia were observed with a device David Letterman would probably call "the speculum-cam" to expose, and properly light, the inside of the sex organ. The finished product looks like an industrial film, which makes perfect sense: it was part of landmark research to create plodding user's manuals for the erogenous zones.



Mark Schwartz and Lori Galperin—the Masters and Johnson of sexual trauma—at their home in Eureka, Missouri.

Photographs by HARRY BENSON

Just to the left of the screen, Dr. William Masters, now 76, sits imperiously, his big scary eyes locked open and glassy, his cane planted firmly next to his bad foot. He watches the film as if for the first time, narrating along over his own narration from 34 years ago and making the exact same points again. Impatient for the little white arrows to appear on the screen, he lifts his cane to point to the swelling areola of the nipple and the flushed skin across the stomach. During the lower-body sequence, in which the woman's hand is visible stimulating herself above the speculum, Masters points out the "sweating" on the walls of the vagina—an observation that, years ago, completely changed the accepted medical view of how sexual excitement progressed. "Look at all that lubrication," he says proudly. "Before this, they believed the lubrication came from the *cervix!*"

Soon after the "plateau phase" has been achieved and announced, the word "orgasm" appears at the top of the screen, and the walls of the vagina contract very visibly several times. It is a remarkable thing to actually see. But as Masters watches and explains and points, he can't help commenting on the production values as well. "We forgot to have the girl take her fingernail polish off," he says, chiding himself.

The film ends and the lights come up, and we are no longer in 1958. And while the film graphically proves two of Masters' lifelong contentions—that "the work survives" and that "sex is a natural function"—both the boardroom, adorned with photos of the disbanded M&J board of directors, and the few people sitting in it are reminders that the institute is at an unplanned turning point.

Running the projector, for example, is William Young, who is the current director of what is left of the Masters & Johnson Institute—an organization in need of such serious *re*organization that last year its founders considered closing it. One of Young's biggest recent responsibilities was writing the February 20, 1992, press release announcing that the First Couple of Impotence and Anorgasmia were getting a divorce. This was a strange task for Young, because he is married to Virginia Johnson's daughter.

Sitting at the conference table with me is Lori Galperin, a 32-year-old therapist who has been slowly settling into one of the many vacant offices at the institute, just on the outskirts of Washington University. While she probably wouldn't say so herself, Galperin could well be


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the next Virginia Johnson (who is working out of her home, and who took most of the institute's archives with her). Certainly her co-therapist and husband, Dr. Mark Schwartz, is quietly maneuvering for what may be his professional inheritance as the next Bill Masters. While this concept receives an indignant I'm-not-dead-yet look from the current Bill Masters, he gruffly concedes, "I would love to see Mark become the heir apparent."

The 41-year-old Schwartz did his post-grad training at the Masters & Johnson Institute, to which most patients come for the marital-and-sex therapy. But as therapeutic interest boomed in untreated child sexual abuse—later recast as "sexual trauma" when the "post-traumatic stress disorder" (PTSD) model started becoming popular—Schwartz left the institute to work in this growing, controversial, and potentially profitable field. He set up a private practice and his own inpatient sex-trauma unit in New Orleans, treating everyone from "garden-variety premature ejaculators" to rape victims and hard-core sex criminals.

In 1987—30 years after Johnson first came to work with Masters, then a gynecological surgeon and med-school professor doing clandestine sexual-function research with his own money—Lori Galperin came as a Tulane grad student to train with Schwartz for her master's in social work. Like M&J, the therapists became professionally interchangeable first, and then husband and wife. Now they are Schwartz & Galperin—although Mark & Lori might better suit their informal demeanor.

Together they set up a Masters and Johnson Sexual Trauma Unit at another New Orleans psychiatric hospital and, later, one in Kansas City. They now spend weekends on the national lecture circuit with Masters, spreading the word about using trauma-based therapy to treat the previously untreatable, undiagnosable, or, in the case of some multiple-personality-disorder (M.P.D.) cases, just plain unbelievable. It's a provocative road show, in which the couple often speak together from one lectern, padded-shoulder-to-padded-shoulder. As slides of their treatment models and patients' artwork are flashed on a floor-to-ceiling screen, Schwartz and Galperin look like the studious Sonny and Cher of sex trauma. Galperin, the taller of the two, is cool and controlled behind her thick blond bangs, with a quiet wit and a voice made for clinical hypnosis. Schwartz, more gregarious and quick to grab a mike, is alternately self-important and professorially boyish, a passionate therapist and salesman who wears his long blond hair in a wispy pageboy and has a closetful of silk suits and shirts.

Their lectures have built them a formidable national referral network as the sex therapists of last resort. They are not the only professionals working in their area, or even the best known. They haven't published any books yet. But they are highly regarded in the very hot field of trauma-based therapy—including the controversial use of clinical hypnosis to "scan" for past abuse and treat M.P.D. Their specialty of sexual trauma, sexual compulsion, and gender confusion is, in itself, *sexy*. And they *are* the only ones who get to label their therapy with a widely recognized brand name—although they must use "Masters *and* Johnson" rather than "Masters & Johnson," because the name with an ampersand denotes the painstakingly guarded nonprofit status of the institute.

Schwartz and Galperin are about to use the Masters and Johnson name and treatment model to address the problem that savvy therapists across the country are working to solve. If even the *conservative* new estimates are accurate, many more people have been sexually abused than was considered possible even five years ago. The question is, What is the therapeutic community supposed to do about



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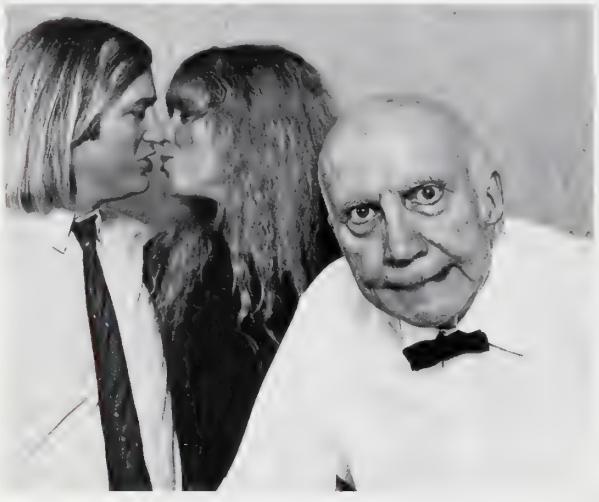
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it? Inpatient psychiatric care with specialists is too expensive and too extreme a commitment for any but the most dysfunctional patients. Adding sexual trauma to the smorgasbord of disorders treated by general therapists and counselors can be difficult, even dangerous.

In the early 60s, Masters & Johnson reinvented marital-and-sex therapy as a short-term, directed, outpatient treatment. People came to St. Louis for two weeks, stayed at a hotel, and came in to the institute every day, all for a high, flat fee (which is now up to $5,000).

Next month, Schwartz and Galperin are opening a Masters and Johnson Sexual Trauma day hospital that will treat sex trauma—recent, repressed, or current—in a similar way, for about $300 a day, less than half of what their inpatients (or their insurance companies) have been paying. And while trying to revolutionize the sex-trauma field, they'll get a chance to spend more time with their professional parents during their golden years, and maybe even save the family business.

"It all starts with men's dominance and brutality over women. I think we minimize that," says Schwartz.



Dr. William Masters with Schwartz and Galperin: "I would love to see Mark become the heir apparent."

It is a little too easy to joke about sex-related illnesses, until you see their victims in group therapy—men and women in their 20s, 30s, and 40s, some holding on to stuffed animals for dear life while they talk about their incredible emotional pain and the hundreds of people they have slept with or molested. Sometimes, without prompting, they dive deeper into themselves to describe and reexamine whatever childhood events the current theories suggest they are ritually reenacting, or reacting against. A woman in her late 30s tells how her adoptive father's affection went from paternal knee bouncing to forced sex, and how she's always been upset because the part of her that needed affection somehow liked it. A young woman from a prominent family who was traumatized when she discovered her parents having group sex describes how her mother came into her room afterward and cut the eyes out of her favorite doll. A gay man who has had thousands of partners and a history of sexual abuse seems most obsessed with his unjustified feeling of physical unattractiveness. A 17-year-old girl with a shaved head admits, for the first time, that she knows she has M.P.D. After group, one young woman who can't handle her feelings goes into the bathroom and slams her head against the tub.

The therapist sometimes needs a place to hide. Sitting in the sunny St. Louis office that Ginny Johnson once used for training—Bill Young got her main office—Mark Schwartz spins in his inherited desk chair before settling down to serious talk. He tells the kind of story I've been hearing from therapists for the last six or seven years—about reaching a point where they realized that even their most successful work may have been treating symptoms rather than causes. That's when they joined what sometimes seems like an intellectual guerrilla war against old-fashioned shrinks: the Freudian *revisionistas*. Professionals embracing the trauma-based model are learning to make the radically subtle distinction of asking patients "What happened to you?" rather than the traditional "What's wrong with you?" The best of them are also becoming more aware of biological problems that present themselves as psychological maladjustments. It's therapy as investigative reporting until the core problem is revealed; then the process of "abreaction"—reliving a painful past memory and owning up to what you did to survive it—is like containing an emotional nuclear reaction to prevent meltdown.

The son of a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, auto-parts dealer, Mark Schwartz came to M&J in 1977 from Johns Hopkins, where he had been working with Dr. John Money, the gender-identity pioneer who was part of the controversial Johns Hopkins work with transsexuals as well as the original research into chemical "castration" of sex criminals. While earning his doctorate—his degree is in behavioral medicine, although he refers to himself as a doctor of sexology—Schwartz became interested in newly discovered hormones and how they affected sex. The freezerful of blood samples from decades of Masters & Johnson patients proved to be a treasure trove. It would have cost millions of dollars in grants that M&J could never have gotten—it has always had a terrible time raising money—to collect all that blood.

In analyzing the samples, Schwartz found 20 former patients who had dangerously high levels of prolactin, a hormone believed to be linked to dopamine production in the brain. He called them all and explained that even though they'd been successfully treated for what seemed like psychological problems, in fact they had small, treatable brain tumors.

"This one guy had come to M&J with an inability to ejaculate," Schwartz recalls. "Actually, with his *wife* he couldn't ejaculate, but he used to have affairs, and when he did he could *always* ejaculate. When you get that presentation, you assume psychological—that's what we've been trained to think. Also, he had never masturbated. So they treated the ejaculatory problems back in those days, and it was a success. It turns out he eventually got out of the marriage and married some other woman, and when he was dating this girl he was fine, but when she moved in he stopped ejaculating. Again, it's psychogenic, right?

"Well, in his case, he had a very small brain tumor—that's why we found the prolactin. So after I called him up, he took the drug that knocks the tumor out and he started masturbating every day. And he had no difficulty with erections or ejaculations. What that shows you is, here was a hormone we didn't even know affected sex drive. It was just



REMY MARTIN *Raise their Spirits.*

discovered. But look at the way his organic, medical problem manifested itself and how it seemed to be effectively reversed by sex therapy." It was realizations like this that led Schwartz to believe that sex therapy had to be pushed to the next plateau, where premature ejaculators could be more easily separated from patients with more severe medical problems and victims of sexual trauma.

But he also learned that identifying this new class of sexual-trauma victims was much easier than figuring out how to treat them. With the help of a pre-trial diversion program arranged with local police, M&J got an opportunity to study incest families to see if intensive therapy could stop the abuse from happening again and allow the family to live together. The program was successful, but Schwartz would later wonder if it had actually *worked*.

"The children didn't get remolested when we rehabilitated the families," he explains, "but when we followed them up, I began to think we had made a mistake letting the fathers come back. . . . As the girls grew up, they had all these problems, and they told us they wished we hadn't put the father back into the family—living with the father who raped them was the most horrendous thing in the world. Now I understand better that you have to consider what's in the best interest of the *victim*."

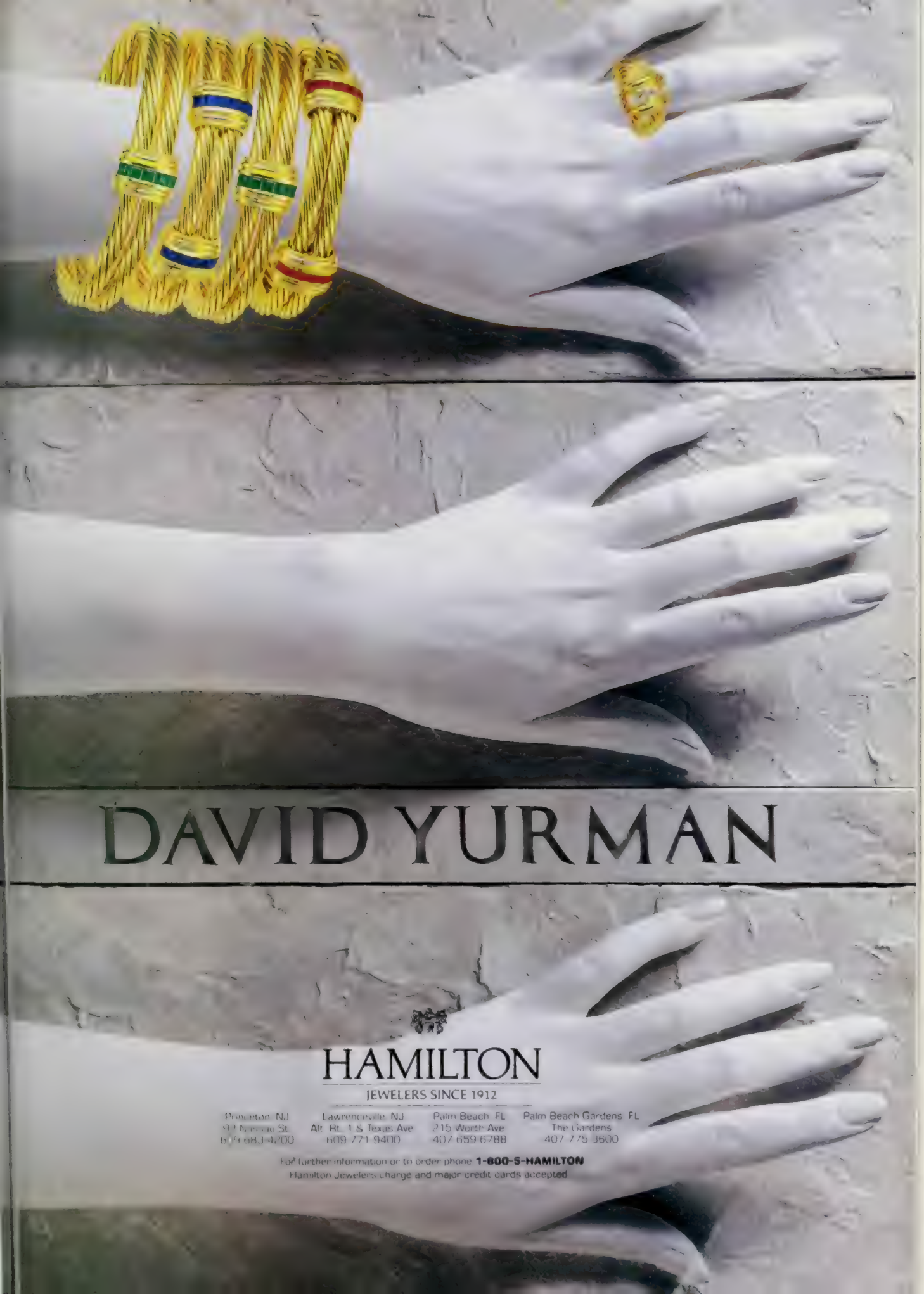
Because the victimization can cause dissociation and even amnesia—in the most severe cases, some experts believe, the dissociation can lead to multiple personalities—it is still far from being diagnosed with great accuracy. "I'll give you an argument about pedophilia and research in sex trauma," Schwartz says. "The way you do the research is you ask if the patient was sexually molested. But one of the things I kept finding was that . . . some of the people who said no had blocked it out. And if you ask a man if he was molested, he typically won't answer yes—because if it was by a guy, you might think he liked it, and if he didn't beat the guy up, he doesn't want to call it 'being molested.' . . . And then, a lot of men are molested by women but don't want to think of it as molestation. If you're seven years old and a foxy woman gave you a blowjob, you didn't think of yourself as being raped, you think of it as lucky. It isn't being coded as a traumatic event, but it turns out that it *was*. I have large numbers of men who have severe post-traumatic stress around those events, and their sex lives have been systematically affected. When you do the trauma work with them, they get better, so I have to assume it was a critical event in their lives."

But these critical events don't cause completely predictable behaviors. "We're seeing a lot of sexual compulsion," Schwartz explains. "This whole Pat Carnes movement—he wrote the book that identified sexual addicts—I think these people used to do a lot of coke and alcohol and are now doing sex. They're hypersexual, and I think that's a new one. And what they're addicted to is idiosyncratic: some affairs, masturbation, sex with animals, being tied up, urinated on. One guy came in: it was women who blew cigarette smoke out a certain way—he gets an immediate erection and can't get it down, and wants to take her home. That's pretty idiosyncratic. I had another guy who would shoot himself at point-blank range with a bulletproof vest on, and he would orgasm. He kept using less and less protection, because he was building up a certain amount of tolerance, until a couple of the bullets went through and that's when he called me in.

"Another thing I've found is that deviant arousal patterns aren't just for men. Of our patients, approximately 80 percent of the women showed some paraphilia, but only in a permissive environment. What happened was that I was sitting in a women's group and a woman started saying she was sexually aroused by dogs, and two others said the same thing. They had never talked to *me* about it. So then all the women in there started talking about being aroused by deviant compulsive patterns. There is nothing in the literature about women with deviant arousal patterns. If you ask about women paraphiliacs, most people would say they don't exist."

This is all part of the politics of diagnosis that often accompanies sex-trauma work. One aspect of Schwartz's New Orleans practice—which should easily travel with him to St. Louis—was his growing popularity as an expert witness. He has, for example, already testified in seven cases involving sexual abuse by priests—all of which were quietly settled out of court before they ever reached the stage of a public trial. "The other side will bring in a therapist to say the child has a rosy future," he explains, "and what I'm brought in to do is show what the long-term effects of abuse are. It depends on what age the kids are, what sex, whether everyone in school knew it. What I'm able to do is show





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statistically how they are permanently affected in major ways.

"I could probably make a living off being an expert witness. To me, it's fun. I love taking research data into court. Imagine trying to cross-examine me: I've read 200 books and they haven't read *any*. I've got file cabinets full of depositions. I think I have one right here. Look. Two boys were sexually abused by a priest in a church. Not only did they sue the priest, but they sued the priest who *molested* the priest. . . . And if an attorney hires me, it gives me hours and hours to go to the library, get a comprehensive review of the data, and get paid for it.

"But there's always politics. I was once hired to go out West on behalf of a child-molester to prove that he could be rehabilitated. I was on the stand for 10 hours; I even asked that they give him to me to treat and I'd send him back. It was an unbelievably good presentation. The judge gave him the maximum sentence anyway—he couldn't take a chance because of his own political ambitions."

Mark Schwartz is only too happy to pepper his remarks with references to his own cases. In that way he differs from Masters & Johnson, who are so fanatical about their patients' privacy that even the ones who *volunteer* to go on talk shows and speak to reporters are dissuaded from doing so. Someday, over M&J's dead bodies, a historian may get access to their files—an invaluable cache of the sexual problems of the powerful, rich, and famous of the past four decades.

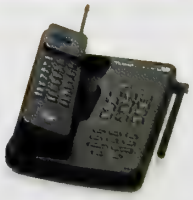
Schwartz also differs from Galperin in this regard. She is much more reticent about sharing *anything* but their treatment models—which sift together many people's work, from a new buzzword to the entire inpatient "Sanctuary" program of psychiatrist Dr. Sandy Bloom—and high praise for the excellent professional teams they have put together in New Orleans and Kansas City. "It would be grandiose to think we were spreading any gospel," she says sternly. "When we're out talking about what we do, we're just sharing what we've learned and synthesized and what we found works. I don't think our approach to marketing is a particularly competitive one. There are a lot of good treatment facilities, a lot of excellent clinicians. I don't think it's an either/or thing, or that we're in some way better. We're dedicated to maintaining quality and being a place of respect for patients. And staff too. . . . When you're doing trauma work, there's a high potential for vicarious traumatization—secondary PTSD. So we encourage our people to take care of themselves and have balanced life-styles and get whatever support they need to deal with any of their own issues that might surface."

While I am at their spectacular new house outside St. Louis finishing up my interviews, Schwartz asks Galperin to hypnotize me so that I can experience the feeling. She flatly refuses. "It's inappropriate outside of a clinical setting," she says in a measured tone. "And, frankly, Mark, I think it's inappropriate of you to ask."

Why does there need to be a next Masters & Johnson? Because the originals started running out of steam in the mid-80s; they were growing older and disagreed on how and when to retire. And, as Virginia Johnson is the first to admit, "Dr. Masters and I. . . were so busy pioneering and making the breakthroughs and trying to stay viable that we didn't turn our attention to administrative and fiscal needs." Unfortunately, this didn't dovetail with their mission's being fulfilled. "We're idealists to the core," she says, "and we always said



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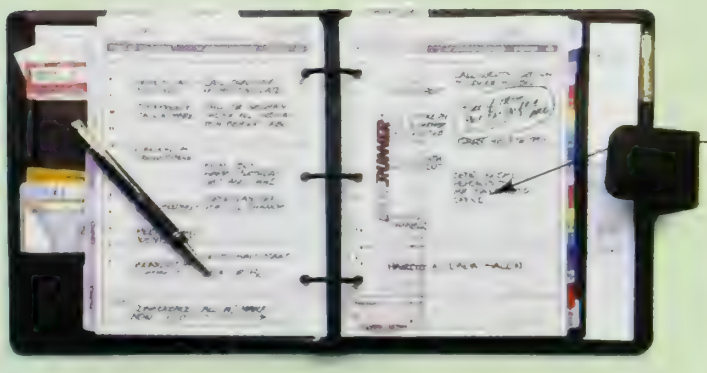
fig. A



THE HUMAN
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fig. B



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we'd like to put ourselves out of business—to make such cultural changes that sex would no longer be a sin and something to be feared." Clearly, they still need to be in business.

When their 1966 book, *Human Sexual Response*, became a best-seller, it got a page-one story in *The New York Times* and created an onslaught of publicity. The concept of a couple in white lab coats watching people masturbate and copulate to some 15,000 orgasms—sometimes employing a mechanical plastic phallus for "intravaginal observation and photography"—was so titillating that it scarcely mattered that the book was written in such clinical language that few of the thousands who bought it could possibly *read* it. From then on, the couple had two jobs: continuing their research and being Masters & Johnson, the latter of which became even more all-encompassing when Masters divorced his wife and married Johnson in 1971. That was just after their second tome, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, became a best-seller, and the world learned that M&J were using "sex surrogates," mostly females, for some of their cases (a practice they later abandoned).

"If you ask a man if he was molested, he typically won't answer yes—because if it was by a guy, you might think he liked it."

During those early years of fame, which came when Masters was already nearing 50, he often noted that he didn't plan to end up like sex statistician Dr. Alfred Kinsey, with whom he shared a mentor, Dr. George Corner, who discovered progesterone. Kinsey died in the mid-50s nearly in ruin, severely depressed over frequent attacks on his work, without a clear heir or any surety that his legacy would live on. (One of his last associates did eventually create a Kinsey Institute in Indianapolis.) But, unwittingly, M&J may have been tempting the same fate by operating under the auspices of their nonprofit Reproductive Biology Research Foundation—so nobody would doubt their motives any more than usual—and dumping many of the proceeds from their for-profit ventures back in when grantsmanship failed.

They always counted on the books and lectures to keep their referral network for sex-therapy patients intact. They also had a for-profit biochemistry lab and Masters' fees as a gynecologist. Masters retired from surgery in 1975 when he reached 60. A few years later, the lab became more onerous than profitable, and was sold. But when M&J moved to their current location, in 1981, they still had a staff of 25 and a healthy waiting list for therapy patients. They had just released their next magnum opus, *Homosexuality in Perspective*, detailing research on normal homosexual function, gay sex problems, and work with gender-confused men and women who wanted to be "cured." And they had at least two sterling protégés in the wings: Mark Schwartz and Robert Kolodny.

Kolodny, an M.D., had been there since the late 60s. He was interested in sexual medicine and sexually transmitted diseases, and he also wrote M&J textbooks on sexual medicine and human sexuality. He left in 1983 to set up his own Behavioral Medicine Institute in Connecticut. He specialized in AIDS research and did some other writing with his wife, but he continued M&J textbook work and was placed on the institute's board of directors.

Schwartz, who was professionally closer to Masters than to Johnson, left soon after. According to Virginia Johnson, who always ran the company while Masters did his science, the main reason was that the pilot program for child sex abuse Schwartz did with M&J produced groundbreaking treatment that was too expensive for the institute to offer full-time. "He left and affiliated with a hospital company, which allowed him more freedom," she explains. "As a not-for-profit, we are pretty rigid in our adherence to real time-consuming, and perhaps delimiting, techniques for making everything open for scrutiny."

The institute was slowing down just as the AIDS crisis was making sexual-science issues more important than ever before. For that reason, the AIDS book Kolodny was researching—and Masters & Johnson were "co-authoring"—was crucial to the institute's future. Besides his desire to help a colleague, Masters says he got involved with the book because of his frustrating inability to obtain funding for a small research project to determine if H.I.V. was carried by the male pre-ejaculatory discharge as well as by the semen. "They talk about safe sex," he says, "but who says when to put the condom on? Maybe it should be as soon as he gets an erection. But no major foundations wanted to be involved in supporting masturbation—which is, of course, the only way to see if the virus was there."

If the book had been as successful as might reasonably have been envisioned, "we would have had a staff increase and a huge increase in inquiries, not only about H.I.V. but about sexual matters in general," says M&J director Bill Young. "We were all looking forward to it." Instead, the 1988 book *Crisis: Heterosexual Behavior in the Age of AIDS* was an unmitigated catastrophe. M&J research had always been criticized; *Crisis* was buried, and M&J's reputation was buried with it—even though it was mostly Kolodny's work. *Crisis*'s most severe critics described the book as breeder hysteria, and were particularly galled at its assertion that AIDS was "running rampant in the heterosexual community." By raising the question of whether AIDS could be caught from a toilet seat—as part of a highly theoretical chapter about how little was known about which body fluids carry the virus and how long it lives in them—the book was politically incorrect in the extreme.

Masters, Johnson, and Kolodny all characterize the reaction to the book as hysteria, and rightly point out that some of their major findings were later confirmed by other studies. They are now *not* the only research group suggesting that some 5 percent of the most sexually active heterosexual population (with no other risk factors) carry the virus or that gay men experience substantial slippage back into high-risk behavior. They also say that many of the people who criticized the book never read it, but the irony is that *Crisis* was the first M&J research book that wasn't deliberately obfuscated by unreadable prose. With the hype and the huge excerpt in *Newsweek*, maybe *too many* people read it or read about it, and agreed with one critic who called it a "literary opportunistic infection." The research itself—probably because it's in a book, not a paper—is rarely cited in other medical research on the disease; therefore, if its methodology is flawed, as some say, nobody will ever bother to prove it.

While Kolodny could repair to his private practice, there was no place for



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M&J to hide. "I could never have envisioned the damage done by *Crisis*," says director Bill Young. "The medical community just turned against us. Everett Koop was saying Masters & Johnson were irresponsible. The reaction hurt Bill and Ginny personally, and it hurt their reputation. In people's minds, if there's something wrong with this research, they wonder if they should look back at the other stuff too. It really didn't do us any good. The day of the press conference [announcing the book] the phones rang, but everyone was saying, 'How could you do this?' Then patient inquiries just fell off dramatically." As the numbers of patients and staff dwindled, the institute quietly disbanded its board—which had included Kolodny and Christie Hefner—replacing it with an interim group of M&J, Young, and a lawyer. Johnson used the opportunity to move into semi-retirement, which further separated her from Masters, who plans to work full-time till he drops. When Masters and Johnson—private citizens, not the nonprofit institute—announced they were divorcing, it was the *other* shoe dropping. (The same St. Louis gossip columnist who broke the story of the divorce recently reported that Masters would soon remarry.)

"We always said we'd like to put ourselves out of business," says Johnson, "make such cultural changes that sex would no longer be a sin and something to be feared."

William Masters and Virginia Johnson still have some good work in them. Currently, each is seeing a few patients and writing a book (Masters promises that his has some surprising unpublished research about penis length). And their institute has a research legacy that well deserves preservation and tarnish removal. But it is likely to be the energy generated by Schwartz and Galperin's day hospital—and their presence in St. Louis—that restores the good name of Masters & Johnson. Once the hospital is running, Schwartz dreams of turning the St. Louis building into "a major sexological institute. The institute is dedicated to research, education, and psychotherapy. I'd like to have a training program in sexology. The way this trauma stuff is unfolding, it spans so many disciplines; sexology is one way of pulling it together. I want to have a number of grants on the research end and go back to doing state-of-the-art psychotherapy. In this day of AIDS, it would be useful to have some focus on a center for the study of human sexual behavior. If it's true that one of three women and one of seven men are being molested, as current research suggests, the question is why. If it's true that one out of two couples has a sexual dysfunction, obviously we're doing something wrong. It would be nice to have a think-tank sort of thing. Masters & Johnson has always been that kind of place."

A psychosexual think tank could be a forum for many issues. One might be Schwartz's belief that basic feminism has been undervalued in the sex-trauma revolution. "If you want to get to the bottom line, it's about men's control of women," he says. "It's really about looking at men's *fear* of women. I'm not saying women don't perpetrate, but when they're doing their share, it's usually because of what a man has done to them—the father has been brutal. It all starts with men's dominance and brutality over women. I think we minimize that."

The think tank would also have to deal with the grass-roots backlash against trauma-based therapists—especially therapists such as Schwartz and Galperin, who use clinical hypnosis and diagnose a lot of patients' repressed memories of sexual abuse and M.P.D. A group called the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, with an impressive board centered at the University of Pennsylvania, has piggybacked onto recent memory studies to drive home its belief that practitioners trying to ride the new wave of sex-trauma treatment are unwittingly encouraging fabricated recollections of abuse. "Countless adult children who go to therapy come to believe they have been victimized by their parents," writes Eleanor Goldstein in the privately published F.M.S.F. book, *Confabulations*. "Some of these adult children are victimized—by their 'therapy.' No matter what the reason is for seeking therapy, they are led to believe they were sexually molested as children." Roseanne Arnold's parents are among the growing thousands of F.M.S.F. members, almost all of whom are parents who deny their children's accusations of abuse.

But theoretical issues aside, Schwartz and Galperin's move to St. Louis isn't just remarkably sound careerwise (although Johnson wants it made clear that S&G have no official association with the nonprofit institute). It is just as much an opportunity for Mark Schwartz to savor a few more years with his mentor.

The high point at each stop of the Schwartz and Galperin/Masters and Johnson (without Johnson) Sex Trauma Road Show is when Masters resolutely limps on to do his shtick—usually a speech or a scripted marital-therapy session. While they've tried to draw crowds by adding many of the other top names in trauma therapy to the schedule, it is still Masters who fills a room with both paying customers and a sense of the history of fighting against old-fashioned Freudian couch therapy.

"You're all in for a treat tonight," Mark Schwartz says into the mike attached to his silk lapel as he addresses a crowd of more than 200 therapists gathered recently in New Orleans for a five-day session of advanced training. "We'll have some fun—dessert with Dr. Masters. When I worked at the institute, the real treat was always watching Dr. Masters in action. To me. . .he was like a magician. What he does is not something you can read in a book. We all tried to duplicate his style, and it didn't work."

Masters sits with his hands crossed, faintly acknowledging the praise.

"Now, Dr. Masters can be a little ornery at times," Schwartz explains, "so we have to be careful. There's a joke I always had at the institute, that if Dr. Masters ever looked at me with those big eyes and told me to get it up. . . *I'd get it up*, no matter what!"

When the big laugh dies down, Masters does a mock sex-therapy session. A couple of therapists "present" with pre-written marital problems. And then Masters begins the way he always does.

"Sex is a natural function," he proclaims gruffly to the faux husband. "And you made a mistake where all men make a mistake: thinking you're an expert on women!"

He pauses for effect and bobs his head.

"I'm the only exception to that," he says. □



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Caine today. Writing, he says, has transformed his life. "You don't have to be nice to 25 people, all before breakfast."

THE CAINE SCRUTINY

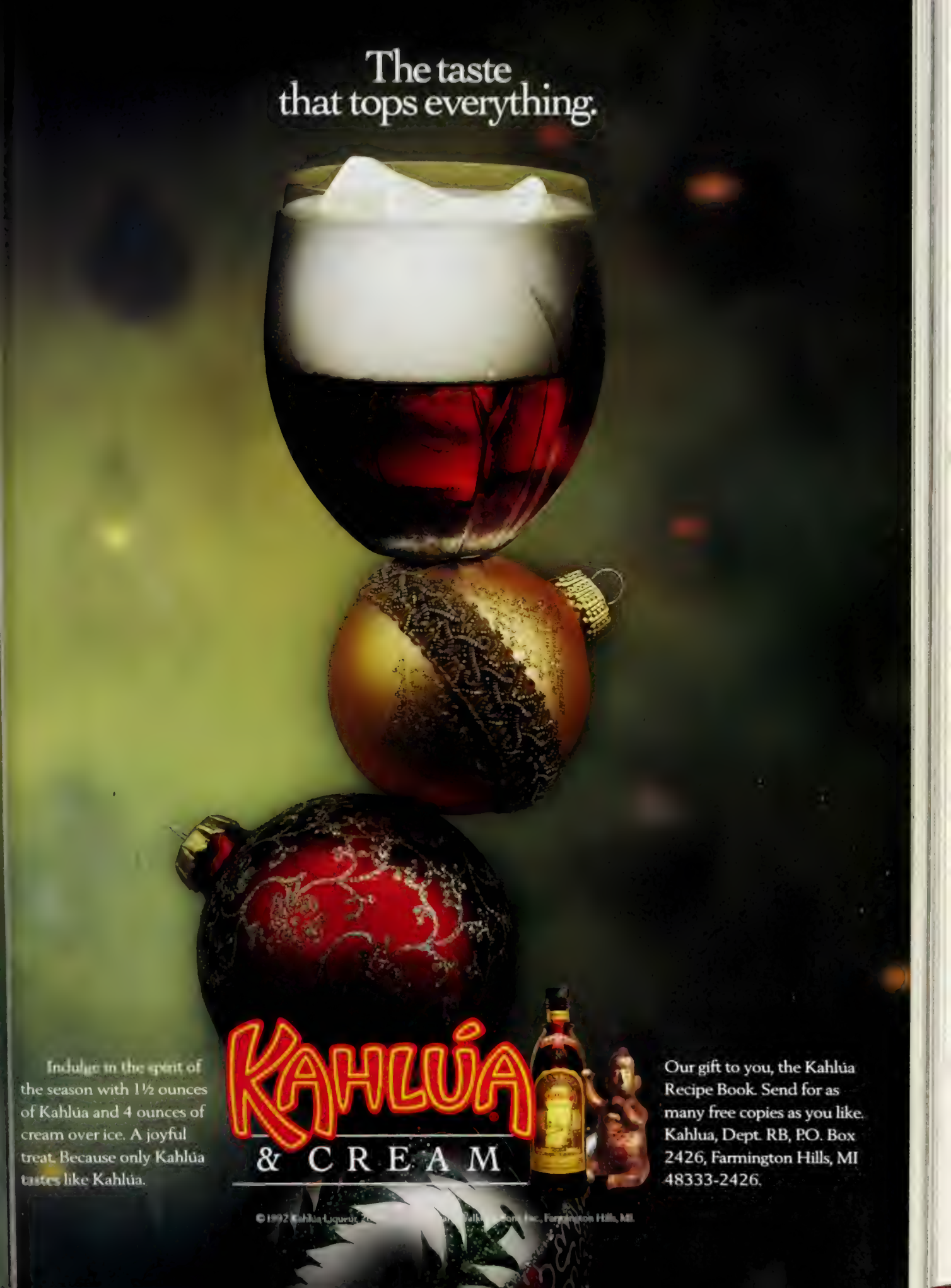
From rough-and-tumble Cockney to swinging Londoner in the 60s to Alfie to jet-setter tax exile and, now, to contemplative autobiographer, Michael Caine has had one constant—his determination

BY LYNN BARBER

In 1981, Michael Caine was asked by a reporter what he thought of a newly published biography called *Raising Caine*. Caine said, "I would rather there had not been a book on me. I would never write one myself. I have no revelations, and anyway, I would never think of embarrassing friends or members of my family by writing about them."

Never say never. On October 5 of this year he had two London premieres. One was for his new film, *Blue Ice*, and was a ritzy occasion with friends like Sean Connery, Bryan Forbes, Michael Winner, Sir John Mills, and of course his wife, Shakira, and daughters, Dominique and Natasha. The other, at lunchtime, was a less glamorous affair in a small London bookshop: the first of many signing sessions for his new autobiography, *What's It All About?* Caine sat at a table with a trio of minders behind him and a semicircle of press photographers in front, while the line of customers snaked around the shop. He seemed nervous and never looked up from the squiggle of his blue felt-tip pen. Eventually one of the photographers grumbled, " 'Ere, can't you look up? Smile?" Caine flashed his dental work for half a second, but then it was head down again and back to the blue felt-tip. Caine had been told that the bookshop's previous signing record was set by racecar driver Nigel Mansell, who signed 450 copies in less than an hour. Caine was determined to sign more, and, as he told me later, "when I say determined, I mean it will happen." Of course, it did: he signed 550 copies.

Photographs by DAVID BAILEY


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So, what's it all about? Why is Michael Caine, having said he would never write a book about himself, releasing an autobiography at the comparatively tender age of 59? He says now that he always wanted to be a writer, but there has been no evidence of it hitherto. Of course, the money was good—Random House paid him a $1.5 million advance. And he could write the book in, oh, six months easy or knock it off here and there between films. It didn't have to be a work of literature; he didn't have to master punctuation ("All I know are full stops and commas and question marks"), because the editors would do that; the publishers suggested that he write 50 pages himself and then they would decide whether he needed a ghost. What Caine didn't tell them, but told me, was that if after 50 pages they had said he needed a ghost he would have returned the advance. He didn't want someone else telling his story.

Perhaps he was looking to lay the basis of a new career, for when he is too old and too ugly to act. His acting career has been pretty shaky since *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986), and he had an out-of-work period in 1989, which is when he signed the book contract. His next starring role is in *The Muppet Christmas Carol*, not exactly a career peak, and *Blue Ice* (which will premiere in the U.S. on HBO next year) got a cool reception from the critics. His days as a sex symbol are obviously numbered: watching *Blue Ice*, I kept wishing he'd keep his overcoat on. Of course, he still looks amazingly good, but not quite as amazingly good as a film star needs to. The other week he had liposuction to remove some pads of fat from his back. The famous hooded cobra eyes are puffy, and his smile has lost its wicked glint. As he himself says, "I'm not middle-aged anymore. I don't know many people who are 120."

But whatever the original motive, he has now become seriously hooked on writing. Far from knocking off the book in six months, as he had intended, he spent two and a half years on it and was still writing when the editors came to collect it for the printer. He wrote 700 pages; they cut it down to 500; he still resents that, as a good writer should. Shakira says it has been the saving of him. He used to go berserk when he was not filming, filling endless files with notes and plans for his spring garden, summer garden, winter garden; now he just writes.

In fact, he says that writing has transformed his life. "It's a wonderful thing for me. I don't have to get up in the morning, and the great thing about it is you don't have to look your best. You can do it in your pajamas not having had a shave. For a movie you have to get up and get in costume and be nice to 25 people, all before breakfast."



Caine in 1965, after the hit *The Ipcress File*.

> I was never a stud. I never walked into a party and all the girls said, "Who's that?" I had to inveigle myself, with conversation and charm.

And he loves the solitude. When Shakira goes up to London (their daughter Natasha is away at college), he stays at their house on the river Thames near Windsor in Oxfordshire and he'll often go for two or three days without talking to another soul. He would have hated it when he was young, but now he loves it. "I can spend days on my own. I'm very self-sufficient. Perhaps that's why I talk so much when I come to town, because sometimes for two days or more in the country I won't have heard the sound of my voice." Doesn't all this solitude sometimes make him morose? "Yeah, yeah. But that's why I like being a writer—because no one notices. And I can do it for the rest of my life."

Can he write? Yes, why not? The book is not bad at all. It zips along easily, an amiable mix of show-biz anecdotes and personal reflections. He has a good eye for detail—his description of Prince Andrew's wedding and the *thud-thud-thud* of the staves of the Garter Knights advancing into the silent cathedral is masterly. Irving "Swifty" Lazar, his literary agent, told him his style was "like Hemingway—only not as good." That seems fair.

We meet for lunch at Chelsea Harbour, London's new marina, where he has an apartment (not a penthouse, he says quickly), also overlooking the river Thames. But before we have lunch he wants to show me the site of his new restaurant, the Canteen, which he's opening with Marco Pierre White, a prominent local chef. Everyone in London thinks he's mad to open in Chelsea Harbour, a proven graveyard for restaurants, but Caine says firmly that it *will* succeed—he is determined. And Langan's Brasserie, which he opened with the late restaurateur Peter Langan in 1976, was the best investment he ever made—an initial £25,000 yielding a 15,000 percent profit. This one will be even better, he insists. As we wander along watching the builders at work I remark that the last time I saw Marco he told me all about his roulette system, which sounded like complete rubbish. I'm just making conversation, but Caine wheels to face me and says with alarming vehemence, "I *hate* gambling." Then we go in to lunch.

He refuses bread. He doesn't order wine. This is the new, health-conscious Michael Caine, as opposed to the roast-beef-and-Yorkshire-pudding man of former times. Perhaps for this reason, he is much less fun than I remember him. I first met him on location for *Water*, one of his many flops, in 1984, when they had covered a Devon cliff with plastic palm trees to look like the Caribbean. Unusually for Devon in summer, the sun shone endlessly, and they were working 12- and 14-hour days nonstop. Caine was wonderful. When he wasn't doing scenes, he was


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chatting with the crew, chatting with the press, chatting with the locals, and then keeping the hotel bar in a roar all night with his anecdotes. "Do you always have this much energy?" I asked him. "No. Only when I'm filming."

So this is Caine not filming. Soon, without my even asking, he is telling me about his health regime. One of the first things he'll do when he goes to Los Angeles next month is to have a prostate-cancer test because "they keep telling me I'm not likely to get it but still . . ." In his youth he smoked and drank heavily—in fact, by the time he met Shakira he was on three bottles of vodka a day. He claims that he could drink without showing it. "You'd never know I was drunk. I could keep a conversation going, never fall down, never weave. My father was that kind of drinker—the most dangerous kind. Because you can become an alcoholic without knowing it."

But Shakira weaned him from the bottle, and he began taking other health precautions as he approached his mid-50s, the age at which his father died. "You see, I've got two chances. My mother died of natural causes when she was 89, and my father died of liver cancer at 56. So I'm trying to do what my mother did. I mean, I've cut right down on cigars now. I don't drink. I don't eat white bread, I don't eat salt, I don't eat sugar, I don't eat nonskim dairy products. I never eat fruit unless on an empty stomach, which is the only way to eat fruit, and if I do eat dairy products I only eat those on an empty stomach and then wait two hours and eat pineapple because the enzymes in pineapple are the only things that will break down the lactose in the milk. I don't eat eggs, sausages, bacon, because of cholesterol. I don't eat the skin on chickens—this is very boring, but I thought you'd just like to know—and I take half an aspirin a day to thin the blood. I take the main anti-cancer vitamins, A, C, and E, and I don't . . . what else don't I do? I don't drink tap water. I exercise. I eat a lot of oatmeal, which breaks down cholesterol. There are a mass of things—I could go on and on . . ."

Luckily at this point the waiter brings the menu, so I can change the subject. But, gosh, what brought *that* on? I suspect it is like the fascinating facts—"Not many people know that . . ."—he used to bore people with. He is a natural pedagogue who likes to acquire information himself and then pass it on, regardless of whether anyone is interested. The big thing to avoid, one of his friends told me, was letting him show you around his garden, when he'd tell you the Latin name of every single plant. Acres of boredom there.

When Swifty Lazar first suggested to him that he write a book, Caine said, he couldn't remember anything. But when he started writing, it all began to come back. "A funny thing happened," he told me. "We have a Japanese woman who is a traditional Shiatsu masseuse, and I always laugh at her because she massages your feet for headaches, or the back of your neck for bad knees. And one day she was massaging my fingertips, and I said, 'All right, what's that for?' And she said, 'Memory.' And I suddenly thought, I am sitting there, all day long, typing, and the longer I sat typing, the more my memory kept coming back, coming back, like doors opening, and if you think what you're doing when you're typing, you're massaging your fingertips all the time. Isn't that a strange thing?"

Yes. But what is stranger—though absolutely typical of Caine—is that he prefers the farfetched physiological explanation to the more obvious psychological one. When he was droning on about all his food fads I asked if he had also adopted any of the Californian interest in psychiatry, and he said sternly, "I don't believe in that at all." Why not? "Because I *know* a lot of psychiatrists and they all seem to be quite neurotic. And I'm a terribly self-sufficient person inasmuch as—speaking in an old Victorian, macho sense now—I cannot imagine putting myself in a subservient position to another man, to tell them my story, and have them above me, telling me what I should do with my life. So that's my attitude. It's rather arrogant . . . but it is impossible for me to believe that I could have a problem that I couldn't solve and a stranger could. And I'm very unneurotic, as you might have gathered by now. I'm not a nervy, neurotic person."

However, Shakira says that writing the book "was a tremendous process of psychoanalysis for him, and he got it all out of his system. He was able to analyze certain things about his life . . . all the rejection, the anger, the fear." As a result of writing it, she says, he has become a calmer, more contented person.

This makes the book sound far more soul-searching than it actually is. He hated writing the sad bits (such as Shakira's near death from peritonitis) and tended to skate quickly past them. He told me, "On two or three occasions, I found myself

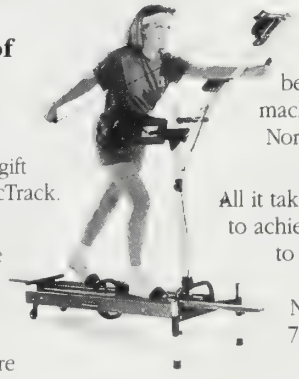
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writing with tears streaming down my face and eventually thought, Sod this, and wound it up fast, because I didn't want to cry anymore that day. So that's why those bits are short."

Thus the book gives only partial glimpses into his inner life, but they are enough to suggest that he is not quite the paragon of non-neuroticism that he would have us believe. He mentions periods of depression and a near nervous breakdown after his father's death and the collapse of his first marriage, and he describes an extraordinary reaction when he read the reviews of *The Ipcress File* (1965), his first starring movie: "I suddenly found myself sobbing uncontrollably, and screwing each review up into a ball after I'd read it and throwing them out of the window down into the street as the years of stress, anger and pent-up frustration started to flow out of me in the form of tears." Surely this suggests that there is some sort of unexplored emotional hinterland? "Oh, yeah, there is. I think everybody in this business is slightly nuts, including me, and I think we all get to the edge a lot."

His particular edge takes the form of a temper which his friends describe as rare but terrifying. First he goes silent, then his neck grows very red, then he explodes. His agent Dennis Selinger once took a girlfriend to a nightclub with Caine, and at one point the girlfriend went off to dance with another man. Selinger himself didn't mind, but Caine, being both very possessive himself and very protective of his friends, gave her a tongue-lashing which, even now, makes Selinger shudder. Another friend told British *GQ* that once, at lunch, Shakira served a Yorkshire pudding which had failed to rise, and Caine shouted at her. Most people who have witnessed the Caine temper look shaken at the memory, like people who have seen war at close hand. Caine himself says that "I'm instantly ashamed of myself if I do lose my temper, because it's really not very nice."

Perhaps because he has always worked so hard, Caine has kept the same London friends he has had since the 60s. They include Dougie Hayward, the showbiz tailor, Terry O'Neill, the photographer, Roger Moore, the actor (who, despite his suave image, actually comes from a working-class background similar to Caine's), and Johnny Gold, the co-owner of the Tramp nightclub in London. He is comfortable with these old cronies, a tough-looking bunch much given to leather blouson jackets. Although they are all successful, they are marginally less successful than he is, and there is just a hint of the Seigneur in his dealings with them. At their regular lunches, Caine always dominates the conversation, telling anecdotes they have often heard before. Johnny Gold says that sometimes he'll tell Caine a joke and the next time they meet, Caine will say, " 'Ere, I've got this great joke to tell you. . . ," and it's the same one.

> "I think everybody in this business is slightly nuts, including me, and I think we all get to the edge a lot."

Apparently in Los Angeles it is different. "Everybody's a bigger star than me in Los Angeles," he admits, and there Shakira plays the social lead. He annoyed many English actors a few years ago by giving a snobbish account to *The Sunday Times* about the Hollywood social scene and how, if you were A-list, like him, you could not attend B-list parties. But in his book, perhaps mindful of how it will be received in Beverly Hills, he demotes himself and Shakira to "fun" people. One English actress told me that although Caine always greets her warmly when they meet in London, in Los Angeles he doesn't seem to know who she is. Incidentally, it is striking how frightened some people are of talking about Caine. "I have to be very careful," one told me. "He remembers everything—and he is not forgiving."

Caine fell out with actor Terence Stamp, who used to be his roommate and closest friend, in part over a very minor point in Stamp's autobiography which he felt was unflattering. Since Stamp's autobiography is a paean of almost girlish praise to Caine, one feels that Caine's notions of loyalty must be unusually rigorous.

Socially, he has come a long way, Maurice Joseph Micklewhite, from the slums of London's Elephant and Castle to the A-lists of Beverly Hills—and the only baggage he still carries is his accent. Yet the accent is not really Cockney; you could walk around Elephant and Castle all day and not meet anyone who talks like Michael Caine. Its origins are mysterious, but it is not insignificant, I think, that the first part he ever played onstage was that of a robot. Anyway, although he *can* talk posh—and did in his first major film, *Zulu* (1964)—he prefers not to. He has never tried to hide his working-class origins.

His father was a fish porter at Billingsgate Market, his mother a cleaning woman, and they lived in a rented apartment with no electricity in one of the dingiest tracts of dingy South London. Caine says in the book that his first acting experience was at age three, when he had to go to the door and say "Mummy's out" when the rent collector called. When he was six, his father went off to fight in the war, and Caine, his mother, and his younger brother moved to Norfolk. He remembers this as an idyll, the start of his long love affair with the English countryside. It was there, too, his brother recalls, that "his teacher, when he was about 10, sorted him out as a personality." Most unusually for a Billingsgate porter's son, he won a scholarship to grammar school, and everyone believed that he was destined for great things.

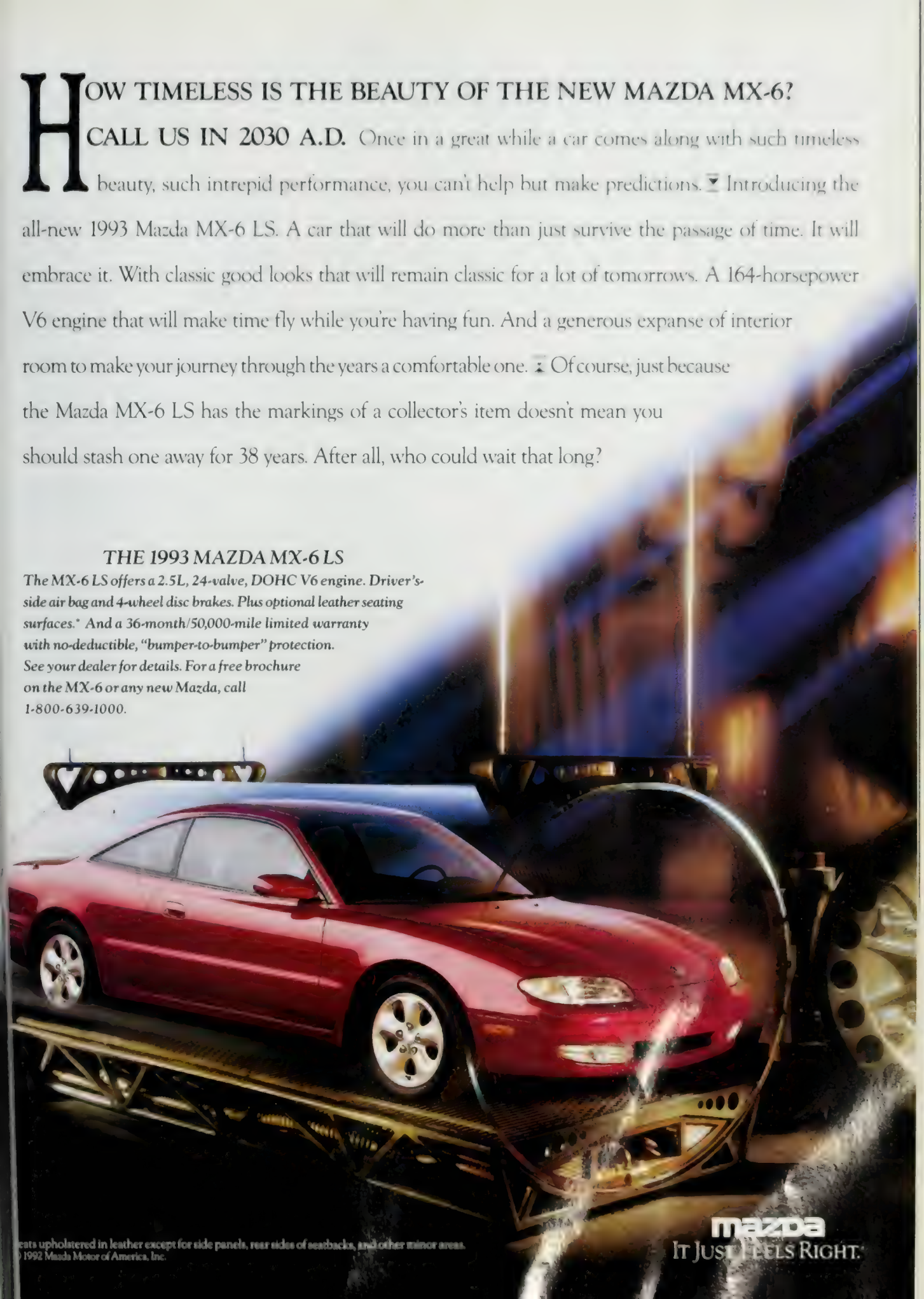
But when Caine was 12, the war ended, his father came back, and they returned to the dingy streets of South London. It seems to have been at this stage that he developed the gigantic chip on his shoulder that is such a striking feature of his personality. One of his schoolteachers, John Parr, told his first biographer, William Hall, "All his grievances against life stemmed from his years here. Whatever chip he has on his shoulder was self-induced." Officially, the chip was about class, about the injustices of the British class system, and certainly it is a subject on which he can wax very eloquent indeed. "Class here," he says, "is like ego in Hollywood. It isn't *around* you, it's a *balloon* the size of this restaurant. I think if there was a class-relations act, like the race-relations act, a third of the British people would be in prison." Just the other week, he goes on, winding himself up, British *GQ* had the nerve to call him "a professional Cockney," whereas "I'm a professional *actor*. I've never been paid for being a Cockney. I was a Cockney for 30 years and completely broke. But they still say Cockney actor as if I was some kind of lucky moron who was standing on the street corner at the right time. It pisses me off intensely."

O.K., O.K. But it is still jolly diffi-

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IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

cult to understand quite what this class obsession is all about, even if one understands the byzantine complexities of the British class system. For a start, Caine doesn't really like the working class and has never supported it by voting Labour. He told me, sourly, "When I said I was going to be an actor, everybody took the piss out of me. No working-class person ever said 'Good luck' to me—they all usually said the same thing: 'What are you going to do? Sweep the stage?' And directly I became an out-of-work unknown actor, I was completely ignored by my own circle. Based on a very simple thing, which was I couldn't buy a round in the pub, and I might take a drink off *them*. Which is why sometimes when reporters say to me, 'Michael, me old son, still go down to the old pub with the lads?' they see this slightly steely look in my eyes, and I say, 'No, I only ever see my old friends who stood me a drink in the pub when I had nothing, and that is just one, Paul Challen. And he's still with me today.' "

He has always refused to take part in the television program *This Is Your Life* (which resurrects old schoolmates and neighbors) because "I don't want to meet all those people. I didn't like any of them. What the hell would I want to see them for?"

So there is no misty-eyed affection for his "roots." And far from hating the Establishment, as he claims, he positively drools over it in his autobiography, lovingly recounting all his meetings with the royal family. Indeed, the tone of these passages is so sycophantic that the *Evening Standard* was moved to comment, in an article of September 23, "If Mr. Caine is ever short of acting work, he'd surely be perfect as a palace flunkey."

It is therefore wrong to say (although he often says it) that he hates the British class system. In my view, what he hates is not the system per se, but the fact that he was born into the wrong part of it. He was the little prince who got put in the swineherd's family by mistake. The chip on his shoulder is not really about class at all, but about attention, being listened to and taken seriously. I suspect it may well have started when he was 12 and his father returned from the war and displaced him as head of the family. It coincided with his move to grammar school, where, for the first time, he mixed with middle-class boys and, he feels, was discriminated against. "There were about 11 of us who were working-class, and we were a very definite group and definitely trouble." But he admits that he was more trouble than most. "People always thought that I in particular was a pain in the ass. I never had a natural respect for anybody. Even when I was young, no matter how old you were or how grand you were, you had to earn it."

Caine agrees, readily enough, that he has a permanent chip on his shoulder, and says with a laugh, "It's handy. If you ever get lazy, you give the chip a knock." When I look puzzled, he expands. "I quite enjoyed being pissed off for most of my life, because it drove me on. For instance, I was painfully shy as a boy, so I needed something else to make me go on and stand up in front of people and do things. So I probably used the anger to overcome the shyness."

In other words, the chip is intimately connected with the other great feature of Caine's character, which is his relentless, driving ambition. He decided when he was about 14 that he was going to be a Hollywood movie actor and that nothing would stand in his way. His first wife, Patricia Haines, to whom he was briefly married in the mid-50s and with whom he had a daughter, Dominique, once told a reporter, "He called himself a loner, and he was. He wanted nothing to interfere with his career, even then. I didn't understand the depths of his ambition, and I could never quite forgive it afterwards."

> On two or three occasions, I found myself writing with tears streaming down my face and thought, Sod this, and wound it up fast.

"That sounds about true," Caine says. "You see, Pat was very English. She was extremely nice, she wanted to be a success and everything, but I can see her being quite shocked at the depth of my ambition, or not so much ambition but determination. . . . You know, people have different ideas of determined. They'll say, 'I'm determined to get a new hat,' but when I say determined, I mean *extremely determined*. I mean it will happen."

He has given various accounts of how this determination started. Eleven years ago, in his authorized biography, he said it began when, as an evacuee in Norfolk, he was invited one afternoon into the home of the wealthy family his mother worked for and saw how the other half lived. In his autobiography he says it came later, when his father died and the nurse handed him all his father's worldly possessions, which were three shillings and eight pence. To me he said that it started at about 14, when he was at grammar school. "I knew I wanted to get out, I didn't know how to do it. Because I was a tremendous reader of books I understood what other people's lives were like, and they weren't like mine. And I was determined to change it."

Given that he won a scholarship to grammar school, the obvious route to a better life would have been through education. But in fact he gave up on schoolwork altogether. "I was too wild. I had led a very strange life. I was born into the Depression; the war came, which was fear; rationing came, which was deprivation; my father left, so we were like a one-parent family. See? So you're not dealing with some normal kid who says, 'Oh, I'll get an education.' You're dealing with someone who had spent 14 years worrying about survival and being pushed around. And, you see, you talk about higher education, but to me, and to my parents, going to grammar school *was* higher education. They'd say, 'When are you going to work and bring home some money for the rent?' My mother would say that, and my father. Not out of meanness or nastiness but out of necessity. Because there was this great big boy sitting around, eating like a bloody horse, and not bringing any money in."

Caine's younger brother, Stanley Micklewhite, who is three years his junior, lives in Cornwall and describes himself as a writer. He has written four screenplays, two novels, and countless articles, but has had none published. At one stage, in his 20s, he changed his name to Caine and played small parts in a few of Caine's films, but his career as an actor never took off. At other times, he worked in shops. Caine, at the height of his post-*Alfie* (1966) fame, once went to Heal's furniture store to buy a sofa and found his brother working there as a porter. Since then, Caine has largely supported Stanley.

Although Stanley Micklewhite is not very popular with some of Caine's friends, Caine himself speaks very warm-

THE ART OF CHRISTMAS, 1715.



COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

ly, even admiringly, of his brother. "He left school at 14. . . . But, if anything, he might be more intelligent than I am. He's certainly better read. He's not as articulate but he's deeper. He's also tougher than I am, rougher. He's more of a fighter than I am. Physical. I'm not a very physical man. . . . He's written all his life, but he's never sent anything off to be published. He sent me a screenplay once which I couldn't read because it was in tiny, tiny type and 365 pages long, which is about six hours of film. But now that I have my new position in the publishing world, I'm going to organize him! It would be nice, it would be wonderful, if I could give something of his to a publisher and they found a real writer there."

But why is Michael successful and Stanley not? Stanley: "People always say we're so alike, but we're not—we're chalk and cheese. I'm a little bit lazy. . . .He always had that drive, that tenacity. . . . You know, being a workaholic is like a disease. I've seen him sitting beside the swimming pool, but he can't do it for more than half an hour; his dynamism comes out and he starts making phone calls." Caine says at first that his success somehow got in the way of Stanley's, but finally he concedes, "He didn't have the ambition and the determination. And I don't think he had any idea what he wanted to do. See, I knew all the time. I wanted to be in Hollywood, to be a movie star."

He eventually made it in 1963 at the age of 30, with *Zulu*, after an 11-year slog through bit parts and rep. Along the way, he lost his father, his first wife, and his old friends. Thus he was ready to enjoy his success when it came and to seize with both hands all the money and girls and media attention that fell upon him. He was cocky in the 60s, after a string of hit movies—*Zulu*, *Alfie*, *The Ipcress File*—and dated a succession of models and actresses, including Edina Ronay, Camilla Sparv, Bianca de Macias (who later became Jagger), and Minda Feliciano, a Filipino beauty queen. These affairs are not recorded in his autobiography: he disapproves of kiss-and-tell. But Shirley Anne Field, who played one of his harem in *Alfie*, told a reporter at the time, "Michael seems to prefer foreign girls, maybe because they don't understand him. He may have the feeling that English girls might find him out. I think he's actually insecure. I don't think he's all that sexy. He's a quiet, rather sweet man, not at all like he wants to be."

Yet often in his 60s interviews he sounded like Alfie himself, saying for instance of Hollywood girls, "The birds! They're like unbroken horses—very independent. They've never been controlled by anybody, you see. If you do break them, they're grateful, as all women are." (He is sufficiently aware of feminism not to say that sort of thing nowadays, but he still has a pretty, ahem, traditional view of a woman's role.) In any case it was all rubbish, he says now. "I was never a stud. I never walked into a party and all the girls said, 'Who's that?' I had to inveigle myself, with conversation and charm, into their environs. . . . I was never into one-night stands. I'm a romantic, basically. I was a great one for candlelit dinners, the full crap. I've always had a romantic notion of women because for my formative years of 6 to 12 I was brought up by a woman only, so I always had tremendous respect for women."

> "They still say Cockney actor as if I was some kind of lucky moron who was standing on the street corner at the right time. It pisses me off intensely."

And then, in 1971, he met Shakira. The story has been often told of how he first saw the former Miss Guyana shaking her maracas on TV in a Maxwell House coffee advertisement and how he later that night went to Tramp and bumped into an acquaintance who gave him her phone number. She soon moved in with him and lived with him for a year and a half, till one day he found her crying in the bedroom. She was pregnant. He had said for years that he would never remarry, but within weeks they were in Las Vegas exchanging vows. They said at the time that they hoped to have a large family, but in fact it was just the one, Natasha, born in 1973, who is now a student at Manchester University.

Caine's friends all agree that Shakira is the best thing that ever happened to him. Johnny Gold told me, "I think without a shadow of doubt Shakira is the most beautiful woman Michael has ever been out with, not just in looks but in everything. She's a fabulous, fabulous girl." He and all Caine's friends believe that since meeting Shakira, he has never even looked at another woman.

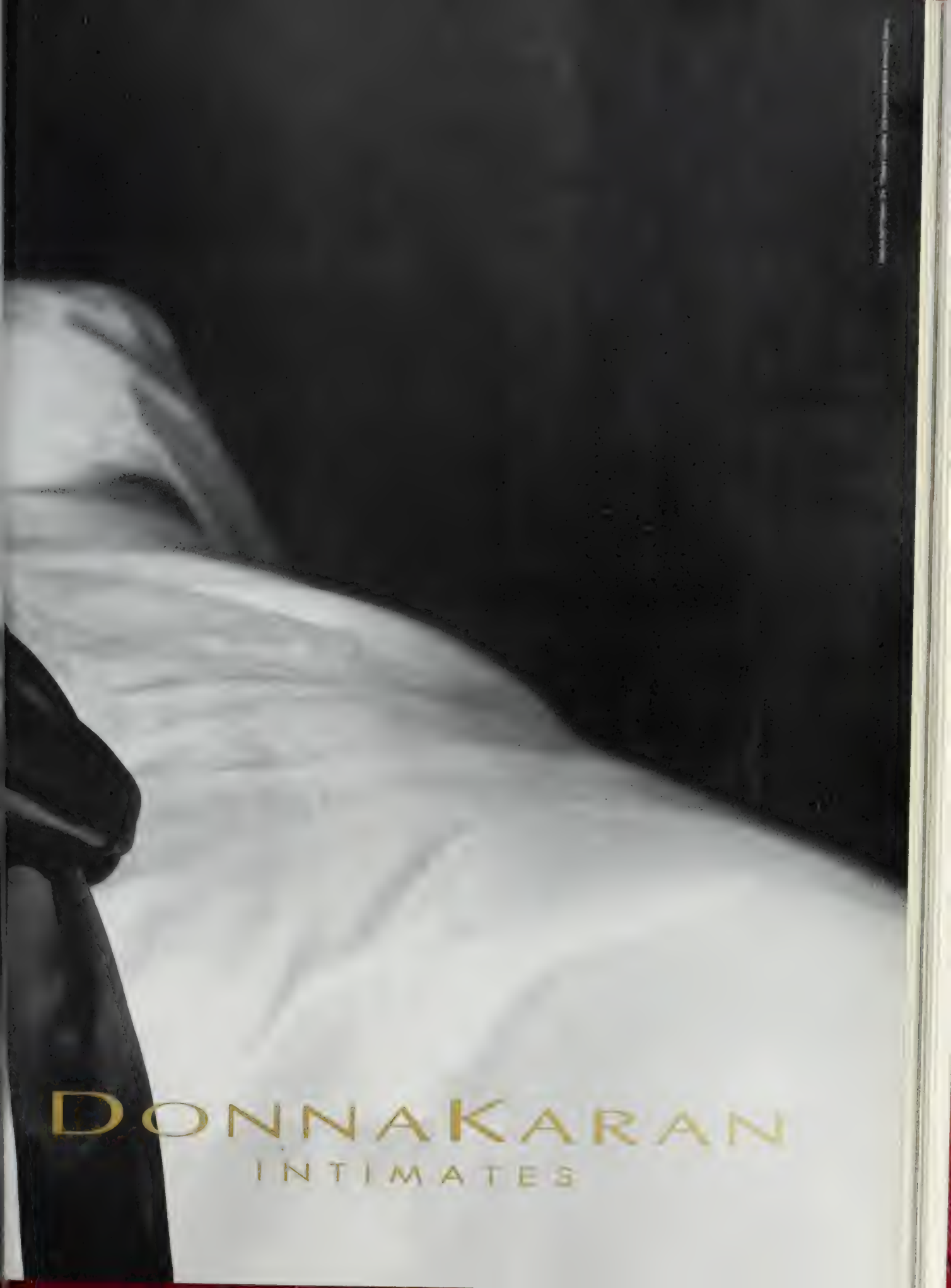
Meanwhile, his career raced along, not necessarily in an upward direction. After *Zulu*, *Alfie*, and *The Ipcress File*, it was more hit-and-miss. Of his current total of 76 films perhaps 15 are worth seeing. He boasts, and the critics confirm, that he has never given a bad performance; even when the film gets panned, his personal reputation seems to emerge intact. But *Ashanti*, *The Swarm*, *Blame It on Rio*? There are 10 of these for every *Alfie* or *Hannah and Her Sisters* or *Educating Rita*. He thinks his best film was *The Man Who Would Be King*, with Sean Connery. He got Oscar nominations for *Alfie* and *Sleuth* and *Educating Rita*, but he didn't win one till *Hannah and Her Sisters*, and then only for best supporting actor instead of best actor.

He is widely admired by his professional colleagues. When actress Maria Aitken was producing a television series on acting, *Masterclasses*, she asked Bob Hoskins if he would do the one on film and he said, No, you want Caine; he's the best. During the master class, which was universally praised, Caine explained the tricks of the trade: never blink, regard the camera as your friend, relax.

But if he's so good, why *does* he make so many bad films? Can't he read the scripts? I said something about his making second-rate films and he replied tetchily that he never made second-rate films; all the films were meant to be first-rate, but sometimes they went wrong along the way. So we have to deduce that he read the script of *The Swarm* and thought it was first-rate. Funny.

The real trouble is that he's a workaholic who would rather make bad films than not work at all. He hates holidays; after a week he's climbing the walls (or, in fact, going around with real-estate agents looking at houses for sale and planning how he would redesign them, which is what he always does on holiday). He gets glum if he's idle, irritable and morose. So he has to work, just to keep the adrenaline flowing, not only for the money.

Nevertheless, the money *was* always a major factor. He doesn't like talking


DONNAKARAN
INTIMATES

about it but will, if pressed, admit that "money was very, very important to me, and is. You see, it's very difficult to explain to people that at the age of 29 I couldn't afford a spaghetti Bolognese in a restaurant. They think broke means I was down to my last £1,000. But it was not having a job and not knowing where anything was coming from."

So when he finally got money, from 30 onward, he relished it and often talked obsessively about it to the press. And in 1977, when he felt his money was under threat, he began considering leaving his beloved home in England and moving to Los Angeles, to escape the then Labour government's ruinous policy of "taxing the rich till the pips squeak." There was a great hoo-ha about it in the British media. First he said he would go, then he denied it, then he dithered, and then in 1979 he finally did go—but actually so late that Mrs. Thatcher was about to sign the rich's reprieve. Although Shakira loved living in Los Angeles and blossomed there into a social star, he was always quite homesick and increasingly so as the years went on, until one day she found him watching an old video of *Black Beauty* simply because it showed the English countryside. They agreed that if he failed to win an Oscar for *Educating Rita* (1983) they would go home, and so, he claims in the autobiography, he sat through the Oscars in a frenzy of hope that he would lose. He returned in 1985, but the British public has never quite forgiven him for his defection.

He cares about money, but not for personal indulgence. "I don't want luxury ermine bed socks or diamond-encrusted taps. I don't live like that. But I live comfortably, and I am determined to retain that standard of living. My mother always said, 'You're a long time dead,' and I always wish every day to be as good and as happy and as much fun as possible, and of a standard to which I rapidly became accustomed."

And in fact he is very generous to his friends and family. One of the first things he did when he became successful was buy his mum a house. Then he helped his brother, Stanley, and other relatives with apartments and houses. For years he has helped support his old school friend Paul Challen, who has multiple sclerosis, because Challen, he says, was the only person who ever gave *him* money when he was broke. He enjoys these acts of generosity: "I'm a sort of Godfather, really, a benign Godfather, and it's a role that I relish. I love being able to help. . . . Because I do come from a very poor family, and I've deliberately upgraded the standard of living of everybody round me. Not as an act of charity, but because I wanted to do it for purely selfish reasons. There is something in the idea that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving. I hate to receive anything, even a birthday present—I'm very ungracious about it. I've never understood how to graciously receive anything. But I do love to give."

Would he call himself a kind person? "Oh, yes. That is one of my great conceits. I have two big conceits: I think I am very kind and I think I am absolutely honest. I have never stolen anything." And does he always tell the truth? "Yes . . . er . . . no, I can't say that. But basically I have always told the truth unless it was going to hurt somebody. I try not to lie, but I suppose I tell lies by omission."

His mother, too, told lies by omission, or, at any rate, she told one absolute whopper. She omitted to tell Michael and Stanley that they had a half-brother, David, born illegitimately several years before she married. She died on December 12, 1989, without mentioning it. But on May 12, 1991, *The People* newspaper revealed David's existence. He was born with epilepsy and a dislocated hip and had spent all his life in a mental hospital. According to Caine, Mrs. Micklewhite visited him every Monday for 60 years with not a word to her family. The name of the asylum where David lived was Cane Hill.

> "[My first wife was] quite shocked at the depth of my ambition—or determination. When I say determined, I mean *extremely determined.*"

"Isn't it amazing I called myself Michael Caine? It is such a coincidence," Caine said when *The People* broke the news. He had changed his name to Michael Scott when he started acting, then changed it to Caine, inspired by *The Caine Mutiny*, when Equity said it already had a Michael Scott on its books. In his autobiography he heightens the coincidence by misspelling the hospital Cain Hill. There is another irony. "When Mike became famous," Stanley told me, "people used to ask me sometimes, 'Have you got any more brothers?' and I used to say, 'Yeah. We've got one in the attic, but we don't talk about him.' It's awful to think of now."

Both Michael and Stanley went to visit their half-brother as soon as they could after learning of his existence. Nobody had warned them that he couldn't really speak, only grunt. According to Stanley, he wasn't fair-skinned, definitely not a Micklewhite. Caine took him a CD player and had great plans for improving his life, but he died of pneumonia just nine months after they discovered him.

It seems almost incredible that Ellen Micklewhite should have gone to her grave without telling her sons about David. The only person who knew was their cousin, but Mrs. Micklewhite told the cousin she would commit suicide if the secret came out. Thus Michael and Stanley were thunderstruck by *The People*'s story—Stanley so much so that he promptly lost his voice. He was incredulous that their mother, "who was so straight and virginal," could have had an illegitimate child. Caine too thought "it was odd that she was always very moralistic in her talking and yet she had an illegitimate child."

How, moralistic—did she disapprove of unmarried mothers? "Oh, *blimey*, yes! You should hear her! Immoral modern girls and all that. Oh, bloody hell, yes, she was so moral. And she would always say, 'I've had one man in my life and these tarts are sleeping around with two men a week.' She'd go off great moral deep ends, oh, *yes*. Which is why it was such a surprise. But then the other side of it was that for 60 years, with the exception of the war, she'd gone to see him every Monday without telling anyone. Which I thought was an extraordinary act of faith."

I asked Caine if the discovery of David so soon after his mother's death altered his whole perspective on his family. No, he said, "it wasn't like that. It was kind of like losing old clothes. And I wound up at the end of it standing in a brand-new suit. That fitted me. I was my own man at last. Yes! There is a sense that I did what I could [for them] and now they've gone, so there's no guilt. Or even sorrow. It's over. And I'm carrying on having as good a time as

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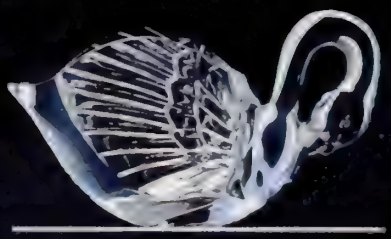




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possible, without reference to them, because eventually I will be like them."

In his autobiography, Caine describes his parents in rather conventional sentimental terms. His mother was "an absolutely traditional working-class 'Mum'. She was short, plump, rosy and cheerful, very funny—and as tough as nails." She lived to 89 on a bottle of white wine a day plus 80 cigarettes, and many of Caine's London friends remember her with great affection. His father was the strong, macho type who worked at the fish market from four A.M. to one P.M., then went off to the pub with his friends and thence to the racetrack. Both Caine and Stanley say that he was far too intelligent to be a Billingsgate porter: Stanley recalls him "always tinkering with radios and asking for books on atomic energy from the library. But," adds Stanley, "he had this strange inferiority you get from not having had an education."

Caine says that his parents' marriage was happy and, as far as he knows, faithful, though he adds that "my father was very attractive to women. I used to notice women were always around him, listening to him. He had the gift of the gab." Stanley also says that their parents' marriage was happy, but then seems to contradict it by saying that the reason he himself has never married is that "I saw our mother's marriage, the rows.... You know, our parents loved each other, but you can love someone and they don't come up to scratch, to what you've envisioned."

The problem in the marriage was Maurice Micklewhite's gambling. Stanley again: "Mother didn't like it. There were lots of rows about his gambling and drinking. He loved the horses and the social thing; he'd go down to Kempton Park racetrack and play cards on the train. When he won, it was great, we had a good joint of meat...but when he blew the money, the weekend afterwards wasn't very nice. But he always came up with the rent, and we never really went hungry. Father had this sort of bitterness about lack of money. Money oils the wheels, it makes the senses better and more alive. It was always a big thing in our lives, Mike's and mine."

Caine agrees that the gambling was serious and a source of tension in the family. "He used to lose the rent. When I think of my career and what I've made out of it...there was an evening class, in drama, which was two guineas for three months, and my father *promised* me the two guineas to go and then he never managed to have it. He used to earn £45 to £50 a week, which in those days was a lot, but I never, ever got it. The horses got it all. That's what I liked about the Jewish families I saw at school, the support they gave their children. They used to try and make them stay on at school, be something, be somebody. But mine...I mean, they supported me emotionally, they were always there for me, they supported me with food and clothing, but I'm talking about more than that.... I don't like gamblers."

> "I think if there was a class-relations act, like the race-relations act, a third of the British people would be in prison."

But when I ask Caine which parent he most resembles, he says, "Oh, my father. It's not so much that I'm *like* my father, I *am* my father. My mother always said that too, [that] I am my father." Stanley, however, disputes this. "Actually, I always thought Mike was more like our mother. He's stern, like our father. And he most certainly has his morality: he wouldn't ever go outside the relationship. But my father was tough, hard. Mike is not so tough, he will panic. He's like Mother, a bit sentimental."

Anyway, how can Caine say he *is* his father, when he never gambles and his father did all the time? "You see," he explains, "the only difference between my father and me is that he didn't have my experience of him. Because the things he did wrong, I watched. So I *am* him, but without his mistakes."

This seems perfectly reasonable—until I mention it to Shakira, who says immediately, "But Michael is a big gambler himself! Not horses and cards and going to Las Vegas, but his whole life. He *loves* taking chances. Look at this new restaurant with Marco. He could easily sit back and do nothing, but he *thrives* on taking risks."

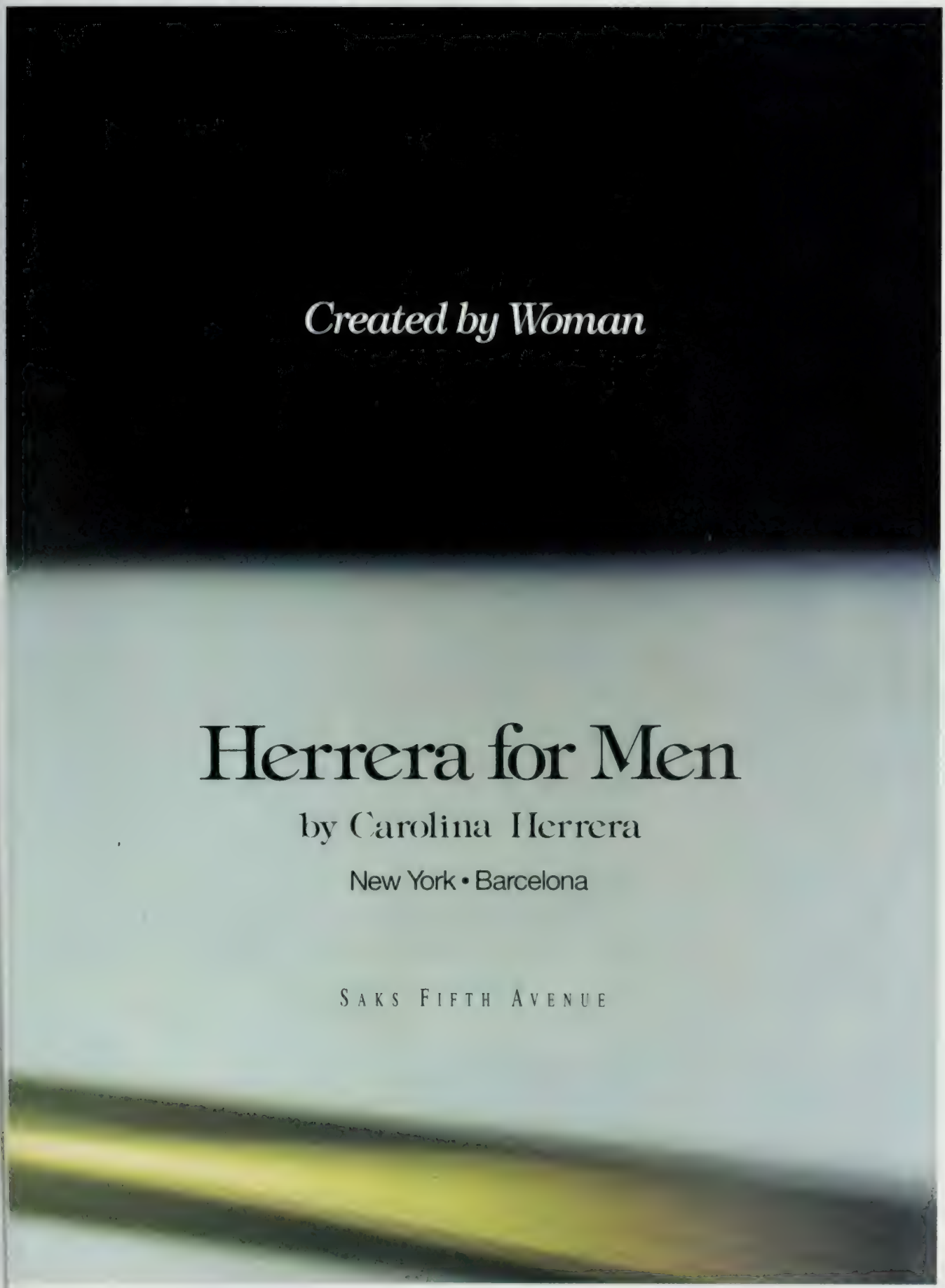
The latest risk is his writing career. He is perfectly serious about it: the autobiography is only the start. He has a long-term game plan, what he calls one of his "impossible dreams," which goes as follows: having written the autobiography to prove that he can write, he will now write a novel which will be a best-seller and then be turned into a film. He will write it and direct it and act in it—it will have a nice third lead part for him. Just to make matters a bit more complicated, he will find two unknowns to play the leads, and will turn them into stars. "So that's a pretty impossible dream, see? So now I won't get bored anymore."

Does he hope to keep on acting as well? "Yeah...[he sounds doubtful] reasonably so." What would stop him? "If I no longer got the parts. I wouldn't do second-rate movies." Of course, he could afford to give up work tomorrow. "But what would I do? Sit up in Chelsea Harbour watching television? Or sit around in the country, growing roses? I tried that. I stopped once, about five years ago, and it didn't work.... I kept turning down scripts, turning down scripts, and then finally a script came along and I thought, Oh, sod it, I'll go and do it, and I just started off again.... I really cannot vegetate. I haven't learnt that."

So what, finally, is it all about? Let us think of Michael Caine for a moment as a cake. The first thing you come to when you bite into it is the icing—the easygoing chitchat, the jokes, the anecdotes, the superficial friendliness to everyone he meets. This is a delicious layer while it lasts, but it is pretty thin, and you quickly arrive at the marzipan, which is altogether tougher, chewier, harder. You discover at this point that he doesn't suffer fools gladly, that he doesn't trust anyone readily, that he is very serious about money, that he is a puritan, and that if you thought he was a pushover you've got another think coming. The marzipan layer is very thick and hard indeed, and only a few people, mainly his family, ever get through it. He doesn't *want* anyone to get through it. Because inside is a rather gooey and squishy center that he thinks could easily collapse. Inside—abandoning the cake now—there is still the sensitive 12-year-old boy who thought he was a big man till his father came home from the war and showed him what a real big man was like. So then he struggled hard to suppress his sensitivity, which he saw as weakness, and the only way it could come out was in acting. That's my theory anyway. Not a lot of people know that.


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Halfway home for the holidays

Vanities

With the holidays approaching, one's thoughts turn, as always, to 49-year-old French film beauties. This year there's even a reason: CATHERINE DENEUVE is in a new movie, Régis Wargnier's visually stunning period piece, *Indochine*. It's been years since



Vive la* Catherine:** France's former national visage, Catherine Deneuve, stars as a rubber-tree-plantation owner in ***Indochine.

Illustration by TIM SHEARER

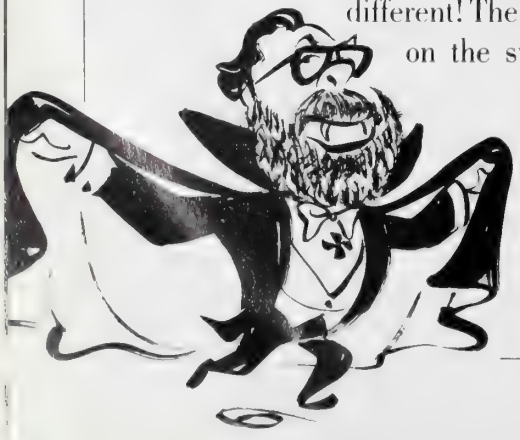


that charming one about the umbrellas, but so what? Deneuve is still Deneuve: cool, elegant, a little detached... irresistible, in other words. Over time, she has lent her remarkable face not just to the screen (and to cosmetics companies) but, after a popular vote put her features on all new official sculptures of the republic, to France itself. "I don't think I look bad," Deneuve once told an interviewer, "but I know myself and maybe I don't think I look as good as maybe you think I look." Of course not; how could she?

Let's see: country in a depression, millions out of work or even homeless, graduates taking menial jobs (when they can get them), colleges and restaurants a breeze to get into. In the middle of all this, an increasingly unpopular Republican president jeopardizes his re-election by refusing to address—or even admit to—a scary economic situation. So a frustrated nation, after being tempted to reject both major parties, instead takes a long look at a Democrat who promises a new something-or-other, who vows to push through programs within weeks of his inauguration, but who worries even some of his supporters because he seems to have a hard time saying no to anyone. Don't be alarmed—that was 1932. Nineteen ninety-two is different! The poor don't sell apples on the streets now; they sell used books and warped Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 albums. The banks aren't out of money now; the government is.

Even after his penalty, Mike Milken's nest egg is the nest egg of an emu.

No, we don't even have a bootlegging Joe Kennedy or monopoly-minded J. P. Morgan to rip us off now. Only that cruelly thwarted angel of charity MICHAEL MILKEN. If prison guidelines are followed, Milken will be, well, halfway home for the holidays. Sentenced 2 years ago to a stiffish 10 (plus 5,400 hours of community service), Milken was expected out in maybe 3. For helping the Feds and keeping his cool, he should by now be transferred to a halfway house, prior to his formal release in March. (At that point the high-profile charity begins. And he can afford it. While Milken isn't the first convicted felon with a nest egg, we are talking here, even after his penalty, about the nest and egg of an emu.) Milken's stay at the minimum-security federal prison camp in Pleasanton, outside Oakland, seems so brief that it's entirely possible the sentence got switched around somehow—that was 5,400 hours in prison and 10 years of community service, right? Yes, it's like he never left; even junk bonds are doing well.



***Above,* the F.B.I.'s little helper: Michael Milken. *Left,* Francis Ford Coppola. Come April will he be fanging the Academy?**

You'll hear much beating of drums for FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. Listen closely and you may also discern a cappella voices singing *uh-oh*. In rough-cut screenings, the film elicited more walkouts and unintentional laughter than is considered desirable for a big-budget movie from a director with a history of spectacular failures. Coppola's customary fiddling in his editing trailer may save this new extravaganza from

peing, as some smart alecks were putting it, his *Bonfire of the Vampires*. Still, the saber-fanged critics approach. Um, Francis? *The garlic.*

The recent election wasn't just about America's future or Jim Baker's future or how much more footage of George Bush failing to land a bonefish we would have to sit through on the evening news. It was about much, much more: at stake was the very future of Washington's upper-bracket real-estate market. Democrats, apparently, tend to buy, while Republicans tend to rent. (How, for God's sake, is a right-wing realtor supposed to vote?) And while the election wasn't technically decided till November 3, something must have been in the air well before that, let's say around the time the Mosbachers decided to vacate the house they were renting in the erstwhile Republican stronghold of Kalorama. Esther Coopersmith, a Democratic fundraiser, bought it.

One of the few challenges remaining for George Bush this year is the correct pronunciation of "Mstislav" at the Kennedy Center Honors on December 6. Mr. Bush had—*has*—trouble with "Saddam," remember. In any case, congratulations to this year's recipients, Mstislav Rostropovich, Lionel Hampton, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Ginger Rogers, and Paul Taylor—and also to the president, if all syllables are negotiated successfully.

This season, too, the Metropolitan Museum celebrates its newly reconfigured Costume Institute galleries with a gala dinner on December 7 at the Met. Will the evening feel pale for some of its participants, those Reagan/Bush-era Republicans lately deprived of their White House connections? Better, perhaps, to leave the city altogether. Palm Beach has galas, too, after all, including one for the opening of the Raymond F. Kravis Center for the Performing Arts. The center, named for the father of that other 80s angel of charity, Henry, will be inaugurated, according to press information, "in grandiose [*sic*] and elegant Palm Beach style." Well, that's Palm Beach for you. —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

The Steely Helmut



Photographer Helmut Newton on the terrace of his Monte Carlo apartment

Helmut Newton's world isn't fantasy. It exists, locked behind the large double doors of expensive hotel suites, or shuttered behind the long windows of apartments on the Avenue Foch: a world of the rich and, yes, the perverted.

There, Helmut's women creep out of the closet, across the deep-pile carpet, parading their neatly clipped pubic mounds for the fashion photographer, who peers through the camera lens, barking orders in German. These women are cold, determined professionals. They may go off to vomit in toilets, but they return to the bedroom with lips and labia firmly in place.

While perversion has become mainstream in the postmodern world (thanks partly to Himself), Helmut's pictures still have the ability to shock. They are confrontational rather than narrative—silvery mirrors held up to a sick world of beautiful fakes and undead empire rulers. In an age when the safest sex is phone sex, when emotion is programmed and compassion forgotten, there is the Helmut woman: safe in her strongbox penthouse, a replicant sheathed in YSL. "Archives de Nuit," 60 black-and-white pictures selected by Helmut from more than 11,000 images, is on display this month as part of Le Mois de la Photo, Paris's biennial tribute to photography. A definite must-see for the color-coordinated culture-vulture. —RUPERT EVERETT



Great cars always seem to get a hold on people. And while it may be somewhat of a cliché to define the relationship as a love affair, it has been known to happen on more than one occasion. { Oddly enough, the form kept bringing the designers back on weekends just to sculpt and shape the clay. } Since its introduction a short time ago, the J30™ has definitely built a devoted following. For its nostalgic lines. For its luxury. Which pleases the designers of Infiniti. Because the last thing they set out to do was build just another car.

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Stirred Not Shaken

Jason Epstein on the art of mixing a perfect martini

One winter afternoon many years ago I was sitting at the bar of the old Princeton Club when it was still on Park Avenue. I was to meet my friend Edmund Wilson there for a drink before going to the theater, and as I waited, my mind began to wander, so that when Wilson sat down beside me I didn't notice that he had arrived. Not until I heard him ask in his unmistakable high-pitched and peremptory voice for a half-dozen martinis did I turn and find him there, ample, red-faced, and slightly winded as always, in his habitual brown suit, button-down collar, and paisley tie. He began immediately to talk about Swinburne, whom he was "working up" for *The New Yorker,* and before he thought to ask about my state of mind, we had disposed of the six martinis.

Those martinis were what you would expect at the Princeton Club. The glasses were thick and not chilled, held barely an ounce, and the bartender added an olive without asking if one preferred lemon peel, so that a tiny swirl of oil from the olive, like gasoline in a roadside puddle, filmed the surface. Nevertheless, once we finished the first batch, Wilson ordered another half-dozen, which we drank inattentively, and then left for the play.

I tell this story to show that youth alone is not always decisive when it comes to surviving martinis, for though I was still in my 20s at the time, Wilson was in his 60s, and those martinis were not the end of our drinking that night.

I prefer martinis in extremely thin, cylindrical glasses without stems. Harry's Bar in Venice always serves them that way, as do Bellini and Harry Cipriani, Harry's outposts in New York. These glasses can be bought in a shop next to Harry's in Venice, as can a glass pitcher identical to the one which Harry's bartender uses. Since ambience is indispensable to martinis—even the most desperate enthusiast would not enjoy one served in a coffee cup—this equipment is as important as the gin itself.

Martini glasses should be placed wet in the freezer and frosted. The pitcher too should be left in the freezer, and so should the gin. The difference between one brand of gin and another is also largely a matter of ambience—subjective and unprovable—but I prefer Bombay, which seems to have more juniper than the other brands, or so I have convinced myself. The ice is an indispensable ingredient. As it melts while the gin and vermouth are being stirred, it softens the hard edge of the gin. The trick is to tame the gin without sacrificing its gemlike flame, and for this the higher-proof Bombay in the blue bottle seems to me better. Any good-quality dry vermouth will do in the proportion 1 to 10 and should be kept in the refrigerator, for vermouth slowly deteriorates once it is open.

Though Harry's glass pitcher with its swollen bottom and tapered neck is ideal for mixing a martini, any handsome pitcher will do and should be filled to about a third of its capacity with ice. Once the gin and vermouth are added, you should stir the mixture until the cold from within reaches the hand with which you hold the pitcher. At this moment the martini can be poured until it reaches the top of the frosted glass. I then add the thinnest sliver of lemon peel.

A few months after my encounter with Wilson, I was seated at the bar of the Federal Palace hotel in Lagos. Nigeria had recently become independent and native officials were briskly taking over the important organs of government and commerce, including bartending. When I told the new recruit behind the bar that a martini was not the glass of warm gin diluted with a third as much dry vermouth that he had mixed for me, he asked me to make us each another, my way. As the gin disappeared, so did the Western world, so that by the time the bottle was empty the United States and all of Europe had receded like a ship on the horizon.

This cultural dislocation persisted pleasantly during the several weeks that I spent in West Africa. It was not until I reached London a month later that I regained my Western outlook, a transformation that took place in the bar at the Ritz in Piccadilly the moment the pink-cheeked bartender—a man whom I had not seen in more than a year—looked up at me, smiled, and asked, "Will it be the same?"

—JASON EPSTEIN

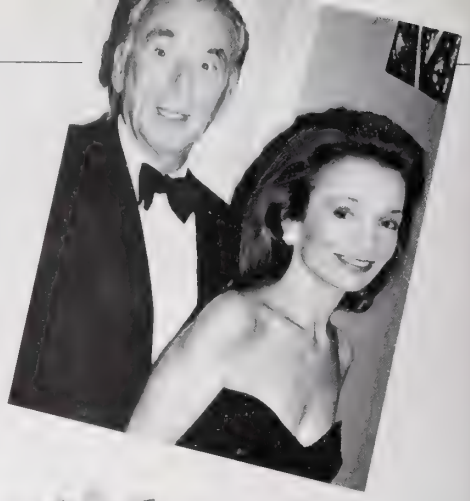


Martini aficionado (and Random House editorial director) Jason Epstein at Harry Cipriani in New York.


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The House from Hell

Herb Ross and Lee Radziwill thought they'd bought a peaceable kingdom in the Hamptons. Then came the horror next door





Soon after Herb Ross and Lee Radziwill moved into an East Hampton beachfront manse (at right), Alice Lawrence tore down a bungalow to build her dream house.

Day by day it rises, a shocking display of reinforced concrete and chutzpah on a chunk of East Hampton's choicest beachfront, as incongruous among the wood-shingled homes of the neighborhood as an aircraft carrier. Lee Radziwill and her husband of four years, director Herb Ross, are most directly affected: they've lost their western view and gone to court to get it back. Others are more curious than distraught. "I think it looks like the TWA terminal," says actress Dina Merrill, referring to Eero Saarinen's modernist masterpiece at J.F.K. Oddly enough, in an enclave whose weekend denizens have the clout to take over Fortune 500 companies and green-light Hollywood films, no one seems able to stop the feisty, five-foot-tall widow whose dream house this is.

Though Alice Lawrence has declined all interview requests, certain facts are known. She is in her mid-60s, weighs less than 100 pounds, and is worth about $250 million. Born Alice Kaplan, she became a nurse and married a man who played piano for the U.S.O. He was Sylvan Lawrence, whose surname, Cohn, had been discarded along the way. After World War II, Lawrence formed a real-estate partnership with his brother, Seymour Cohn, and built a fortune in commercial real estate, mostly in lower Manhattan, valued at $1 billion when Lawrence died in 1981. Relations between Sylvan and Alice were strained at the time of his death, and Cohn was named executor. He planned to hold on to most of the properties, doling out rental income as it came in to his brother's widow and three children, but Alice Lawrence waged an 11-year legal battle, which is still continuing, to make him sell. She bought an East Side town house, ordered up a large, dramatic home in Connecticut, and then, courting more drama, spent $3,650,000 in the summer of 1989 for a bungalow on an L-shaped site near the Waspy Maidstone Club in East Hampton. On its other side was the mansion that Ross, flush with the success of *Steel Magnolias*, bought for $4,950,500 a year later. Soon after *that*, Lawrence tore her bungalow down.

"Lee went over and welcomed her when she first arrived," says one neighbor of Lawrence's. "She said something like 'We're happy to have you.' And Mrs. Lawrence replied, 'Well, you won't be, because I'll be doing all kinds of construction for the next two years.' " The Rosses were astounded to discover Lawrence was planning to build. "I would not have bought the house had I known these plans existed," Ross declared to the zoning board last year. "I have been deceived, used, and abused."

In particular, the Rosses took issue with Lawrence's plan to build a 29-foot-high cement slab down the side of her lot. Armed with the legal services of former Abscam prosecutor Thomas Puccio, they declared the slab was a fence; in East Hampton Village, fences can be only 10 feet high. Lawrence claimed it was a wall because building systems (air-conditioning and heating units, as well as a kitchenette) are attached to it; the zoning board agreed. Now the Rosses have challenged the village, seeking to revoke Lawrence's building permit; by November 12, the village has to file its response. What Maidstone golfers wonder, as they pause to observe That House from the 15th hole, is why anyone would want such a place. Lawrence's lawyer Daniel Chill describes her as a "Roarkian character," alluding to the architect in Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*. "She wants to do something that is architecturally daring." At a projected cost of $10 million, that's an expensive dare.

—DEBORAH MITCHELL

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CHRISTIAN HARTMANN

All about Johnny: Designer Johnny Talbot in his Munich store.

In a city where lamé glitz and "dress for excess" are eternally in, Johnny Talbot is the latest and perhaps most curious star in Munich's booming fashion *Welt*. "I like to consider myself part of the new wave of couturiers," explains the Nashville-born Talbot from his atelier just off the city's *über*-chic Maximilianstrasse. "It's kind of like, If you don't see anything that grabs you on the rack, then I'll design whatever you want, honey."

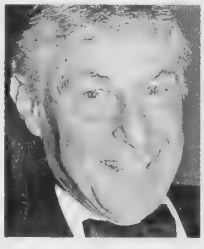
Entering Vanderbilt University to study medicine, Talbot found all that "biochemistry stuff just a bit much," and switched to electrical engineering. Out of college, he landed a job with the U.S. Navy in Washington. When the navy got dull, "I answered this ad for systems manager with Radio Free Europe in Munich and somehow got the job." The fashion element came from "deciding to do what I always dreamed about." Three years on, Talbot is still coordinating computer programs for broadcasts to the former Eastern bloc while churning out cocktail frocks for Munich's "*schicki-micki*" set. The Myrna Getz collection (unofficially called "Whatever Myrna Wants, Myrna Getz") tends to hover just this side of retro-modern elegance. It's displayed at All About Eve, a store that he opened with two designer partners. "[We're] selling to all these German princesses," says Talbot, "which doesn't mean a lot, because almost anyone can be a princess in Germany." —TYLER BRÛLÉ

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Lost in the City, *by Edward P. Jones (Morrow).*
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Don Hewitt *(executive producer,* 60 Minutes*):*
Truman, *by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster).*
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Ali MacGraw *(actress):*
The House by the Sea, *by May Sarton (W. W. Norton).*
"Her early journals are very detailed, powerful, tiny poetic entries about solitary absorption in the events in her life and what it feels like to be growing old. A very rich chronicle of a major artist's day-to-day life."

Michael Penn *(musician):*
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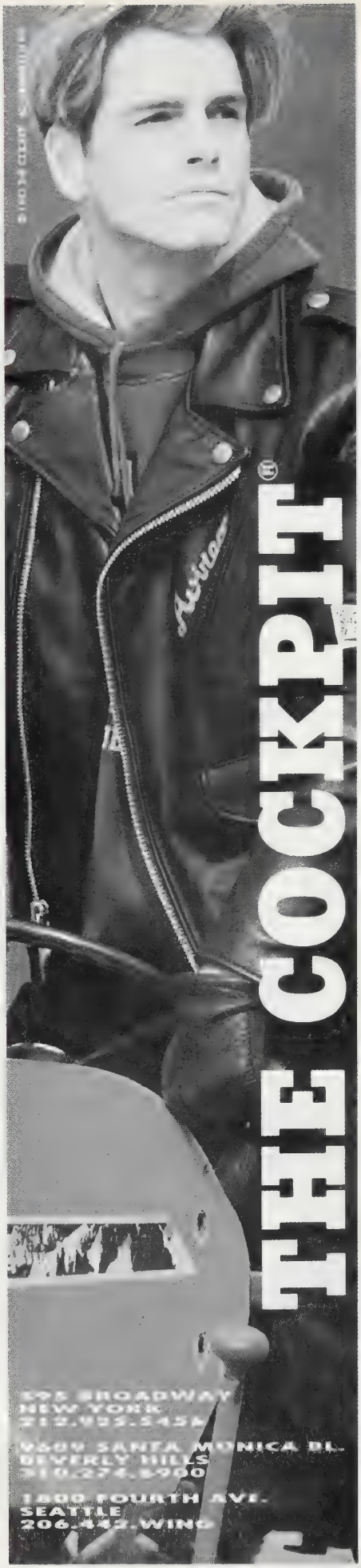
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Prickley's Progress

At last, Andrea Martin, creator of SCTV*'s ever optimistic, know-it-all manager, Edith Prickley, has a project befitting her unique powers of lunacy: she is making her Broadway debut in the musical version of the 1982 film* My Favorite Year. *"It's a dream come true," says the tiny Armenian-American beauty. "It feels like for the past 20 years I've sort of been on hold."*

Starring Tim Curry and featuring music and lyrics by the team that wrote Once on This Island, My Favorite Year *employs Martin as a vaudevillian turned comedy writer. "a combination," she explains, "of Selma Diamond, Betty Comden, and Imogene Coca." A comic writer herself (she won two writing Emmys for* SCTV Network; *with Martin Short's brother, Michael, she is writing and developing her own series for CBS), Martin allows that her influences are far from august. "I grew up watching* The Ed Sullivan Show *and* Lassie. *I owe everything to Lassie."*

—*HENRY ALFORD*



My favorite Martin: Andrea Martin appears in the musical My Favorite Year.

Asprey

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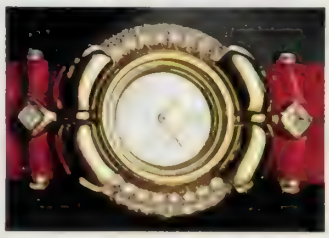
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Breakfast with Bob



Snap, crackle, and pop rock in the morning: Big Breakfast *impresario Bob Geldof with disc jockey Chris Evans.*

The Big Breakfast, Bob Geldof's new breakfast show on Britain's Channel 4, is not a program for the queasy-hearted or hung-over. His fellow hosts include his wife, Paula Yates, a bespectacled disc jockey named Chris Evans, and two Muppet-style puppets, Zig and Zag. The studio is an old cottage in the East End of London which has been decorated in a dozen shades of Day-Glo and embellished with hideous murals of fried eggs and cornflakes. Each segment comes from a different room: Paula chats up her celebrity guests while reclining on a huge bed in her "boudoir"; the ineffable Zig and Zag review computer games from the safety of a bathroom; meanwhile, a "real family" sits in the kitchen, munching breakfast and passing comment. And then there is Saint Bob. As a co-owner of the production company that makes *Breakfast,* Geldof is in deeper than Zig, Zag, and company, but he is pretty laid-back about it. Most of the program is live, but Geldof's contributions are recorded in advance. His main task is to interview "morally ambiguous figures" (his words)—quizzing the Dalai Lama about masturbation, persuading Nelson Mandela to talk about his circumcision, asking Yasser Arafat how his new wife feels about his trademark stubble. Geldof himself currently favors an absurd pencil stripe of beard, topped with a toothbrush mustache. The rest of his body gets rather less attention. "I never have baths," he confirmed recently. He washes his hair twice a year. Oh, and he likes to sleep in: his usual waking time is 10 A.M., one hour after *The Big Breakfast* has gone off the air. Wise man, Bob. —FRANCIS WHEEN



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Dress-obsessed Harold Koda and Richard Martin are the new curators of the Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute

The Cult of Diana

The Met's new curators of couture hark back to the glory days of Vreeland

"I may be struck by lightning for saying this," confesses Richard Martin, who, with Harold Koda, has just become the new co-curator of the Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute. "But I think fashion is more interesting than art." Listening to Martin and Koda discuss a Vidal Sassoon haircut (the subject of an upcoming exhibition at the Fashion Institute of Technology galleries) or the proportion of shoe to hemline in a rococo toilette is to be swept along on an intellectual joyride, making pit stops in semiotics, sociology, and sexual politics along the way. If this dress-obsessed duo take pleasure in their work, perhaps it's because neither expected to have so much fun being serious.

A 60s idealist, Koda, 42, fled to graduate school in art history after a postcollege job with the A.C.L.U. caused him to long for "beauty, emotional serenity, and an ivory tower." But his "repressed desire to be a fashion historian" surfaced abruptly one day when he blurted to his adviser, "I want to meet Halston!" His professor hastily dispatched him to the Costume Institute to work for Diana Vreeland, then its special consultant. "I had known about her since I was a teen going through *Vogue*," Koda recalls. "She's the reason I ended up in fashion."

The 46-year-old Martin, who for years edited *Arts Magazine*, fell into fashion more haphazardly. After enduring a Quaker upbringing on Philadelphia's Main Line, Martin earned degrees at Swarthmore and Columbia, then accepted a faculty post in the art-history department at F.I.T., where he had "no involvement with the fashion part of the institution for seven years." In 1980, an unexpected move to an administrative job—the executive-directorship of the Shirley Goodman Resource Center—threw him together with Koda, who had joined F.I.T. the year before as the associate curator of the costume collection. Soon they were collaborating on exhibitions, including the brilliantly demented "Fashion and Surrealism" and "Jocks and Nerds"—a Village People–esque taxonomy of male sartorial types.

Though the ultimate fashion diva, Diana Vreeland, still casts a long and formidable shadow at the Met, Koda and Martin remain undaunted. "Our positions there are not analogous," Martin says. "We're being given a dramatically different space to work with. Our exhibitions won't be loan shows—they'll come out of the Met's own collection, arguably the best in the world." As at F.I.T., the shows will be organized around conceptual themes, rather than individual designers or historical periods. The institute's new curators, who take their first bows at this month's annual gala, are also relishing the prospect of committing a few museological heresies, like introducing costumes into the painting exhibitions upstairs, and giving freer access to fashion designers. "We want to have the same influence on fashion designers that the Museum of Modern Art had on artists in the 40s and 50s," Martin explains. "Can you imagine Geoffrey Beene giving a talk about Vionnet, or Gaultier lecturing on corsets?" Koda asks, so intoxicated with the possibilities he nearly bounces off his chair. "This may be more fun for us than for the public!"

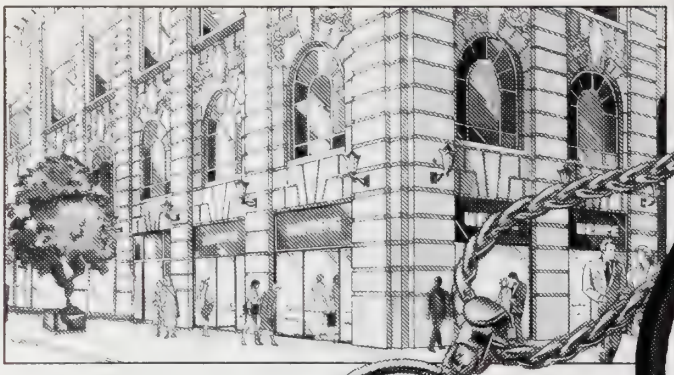
—AMY FINE COLLINS



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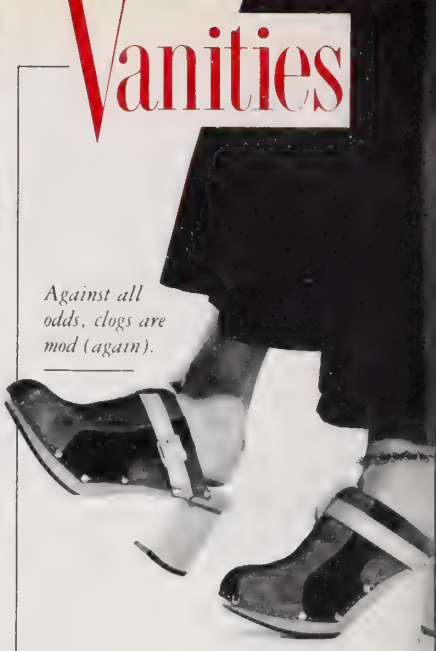
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Against all odds, clogs are mod (again).

Two Steps Back

Clogs: snub-toed, wooden-soled, and so sincere, they clomped into the 70s via Nordic rustics and a long succession of Euro bohos. Peasant-lover Gauguin wrote more than a hundred years ago that he was searching in his art for "the dull, muted, powerful sound" of his clogs. Now, thanks to 70s-mania, the clatter of clogs has once again become a din.

And nowhere have the thuds grown louder than outside the doors of L.A.'s Clog-Master, where manager Susanne Jensen says customers are "standing on top of each other, lining up on the street." Selling up to 120 pairs a day—to clients such as Dustin Hoffman and his children—the purist staff reviles high-heeled "fashion clogs" ("untherapeutic") and closed-heel models ("on Swedish farms, strictly for shoveling manure"). Though her shop has now ridden "three clog waves," proprietor Cecilia Tidlund-Moore wishfully insists clogs are "like Levi's or tennis shoes—they're not about fashion." —A.F.C.


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Vanities

Want to unload that Julian Schnabel? With Artkards you can trade him for a Jenny Holzer, maybe even a Mary Boone.



Art Deals

When a pitcher pitches a no-hitter, people call it a "masterpiece," but when a painter paints a masterpiece, no one ever calls it a "no-hitter." This may soon change. Two young New York artists, Steven Ausbury and Todd Alden, have created Artkards, the art scene's equivalent of baseball trading cards. On the front, the player: artist, dealer, or critic. On the back: career highlights, fun facts, sometimes a stirring quote. Julian Schnabel's card reveals that the inspiration of using broken plates in his work struck him at his previous job, as a chef at the Ocean Club. Quoth Andres Serrano, "There's a billion-dollar Christ-for-Profit industry out there—what I want to know is, who monitors [it]?" Jenny Holzer and Cindy Sherman have cards, as do less well-known artists like Matthew Barney (designated as 1992 Rookie). With Artkards in galleries from New York to Cologne, can hot dogs and watery beer at openings be far behind?

—JAMES COLLINS

Hats Off!

After only 2 years in the millinery trade, 27-year-old Monica Mahoney has already designed hats for Barneys and Henri Bendel in New York, and Theodore in Los Angeles. Her label presses against the foreheads of Annette Bening, Barbra Streisand, and



Monica Mahoney's fanciful toppers find their way onto famous heads

Cher. One of her creations was featured on an episode of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. "It was a nice surprise," she says. "But seeing Ann Magnuson in my beret on *Anything but Love* was even more fun." How does one get ahead in hats? Mahoney, a Beverly Hills native, feels the crushing failure to land a job on *Regis & Kathie Lee* forced her to try crushed felt. First she made variations on a Woody Allen–esque fisherman's hat. "I sold tons at street fairs, but it was grueling." Then she took to phoning buyers every day until they returned her calls. Now stores can't keep her leopard-print toppers in stock. And when she crows "I'm a success," she's no longer talking through her hats, but about them. —VALERIE FRANKEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY PASCAL LEWIS FOR PIX









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From Capra to Kaplan



Mr. Kaplan goes (back) to Washington: Former politico Marty Kaplan is the writer-producer of Eddie Murphy's new movie, The Distinguished Gentleman.

In Marty Kaplan's favorite unshot scene in the forthcoming Eddie Murphy film, *The Distinguished Gentleman,* Murphy arrives in Washington to take his seat as a new member of Congress. Immediately he embarks on a tour of those Washington monuments that have special meaning for him: the K Street offices of the superlobbyists, the trade associations, the money boys, to whom he plans to sell himself early and often.

Film buffs will recognize the scene as an inversion of Jimmy Stewart's first-day tour of D.C.—of the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial—in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* But then, *The Distinguished Gentleman* is nothing so much as *Mr. Smith* stood on its head. Far from a Stewart-like innocent, Murphy is a Florida con man who is elected to Congress. Never has a freshman needed less orientation.

Writer-producer Kaplan needed no orientation to Washington, either. The summa cum laude Harvard grad (and *Lampoon* editor) was a speechwriter for Vice President Walter Mondale and after that *The Washington Star*'s op-ed editor. In 1984, Kaplan returned to aid Mondale's presidential campaign. (It wasn't a total loss: he met Susan Estrich—who would go on to manage Michael Dukakis's equally doomed 1988 presidential bid—and married her.)

Convinced that the 80s were not the liberal moment, Kaplan decided it was time for a career adjustment, and a few months later signed on at the newly Eisnerized Disney Studios. In 1989, he made the leap to writer-producer. By Kaplan's own account, *The Distinguished Gentleman* ultimately espouses a Mr. Smith–ian idealism, albeit in a more streetwise fashion. Will "Kaplanesque" soon supplant Capraesque in the lexicon? It's possible: his next project is a remake of *Meet John Doe.*

—HAROLD MEYERSON

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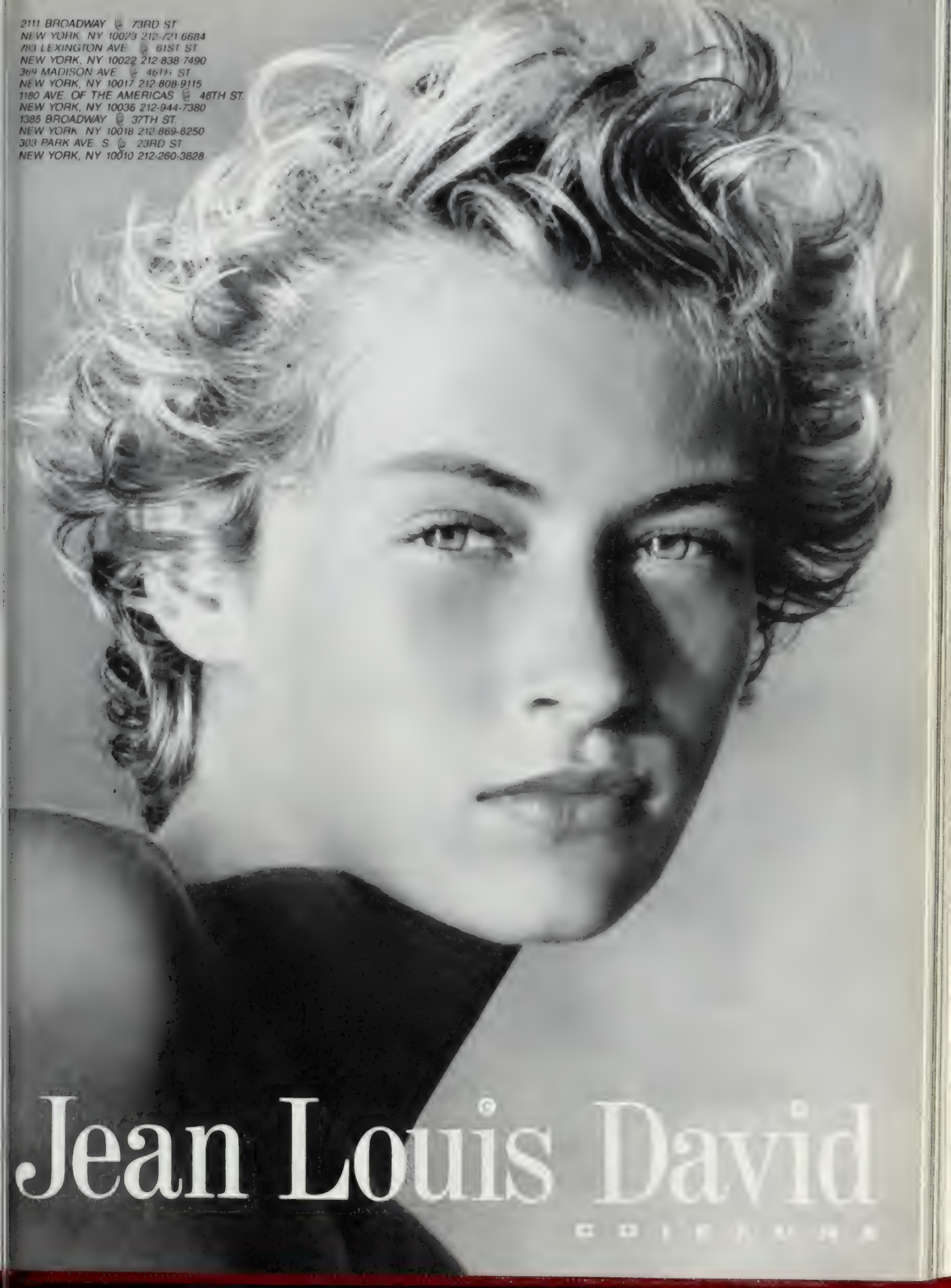
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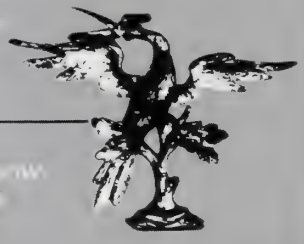
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Birds of Paradise

Ray Stark gave one to David Geffen. Geffen gave one to Howard Rosenman. Chevy Chase, Carrie Fisher, Alek Keshishian, Wilford Brimley, Cleavon Little, and Elizabeth Taylor all have them. Shelley Duvall has 14. Celebrity parrots—could this be a trend?

The most popular parrot is the African gray, a small bird which costs up to $1,600, speaks 500 words, and lives 80 years. Rosenman doesn't like being away from Butch, his African gray, so he took him on the plane to New York for Rosh Hashanah with Mom.

Shelley Duvall bought her birds from Birds Plus in Van Nuys. At first, they flew free, chewing up her living room until she had special cages built. Her yellow-nape Amazon, Humpty, mimics a phone ringing. He says, "Telephone, telephone. Hello? Oh, hi, how are you? Uh-huh, uh-huh, oh, fantastic. O.K., bye-bye." Mickey Rourke was so inspired he bought three birds from Caesar Bonilla, owner of For Birds Only in West Hollywood. But then disaster struck. "Rourke almost had me murdered," Bonilla says. Why? "If I told you the story," he jokes, "it would cost me my life. All I have to say is that the police know that if I die they have to go talk to Mickey Rourke."



—DAN GREENBURG

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Miller's Time

Great looks and a famous father might be Rebecca Miller's most obvious assets, but Arthur's daughter, as it happens, can act too. This fall she drew critical praise for her role as an eccentric American heiress in the regrettably becalmed *Wind*. Now she's co-starring with Kevin Kline and Mary



Consenting adult Rebecca Miller

Elizabeth Mastrantonio in Alan J. Pakula's *Consenting Adults*, with another role in Paul Mazursky's *The Pickle*, to be released this spring.

The only child of her father's marriage to photographer Inge Morath, Rebecca filled her childhood with endless games of make-believe on her parents' 350-acre Connecticut farm. After studying painting at the Skowhegan School and Yale, she spent several years as a working artist before changing careers at the suggestion of agent Sam Cohn. "I always had this idea that everyone had a shape surrounding them that was their potential, that was like a puppy's skin. And the obligation was to fill it out," she explains. "Many people never do, but I'm trying to."

—BLAISE SIMPSON

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New York Diary

Barbara Walters' all-boy b'day; Bianca at BAM



Boys at the birthday. *Row 1:* Barry Diller, Ron Perelman, Mitchell Rosenthal, Suzanne Goodson. *Row 2:* Liz Smith, David Brown, Felix Rohatyn, Barbara Walters, Henry Kissinger, Joe Armstrong. *Row 3:* Henry Grunwald, Marvin Josephson, Larry Tisch, Arnold Scaasi, Roone Arledge, Ahmet Ertegün, Roger Ailes, Don Hewitt, Henry Kravis. *Row 4:* Dan Burke, Parker Ladd, Steve Weiswasser, Paul Marks, Lord Weidenfeld, Jim Hoge, Alan Greenberg, Abe Rosenthal, Sydney Gruson, Saul Steinberg, Mort Zuckerman, Warner LeRoy, Mike Wallace. *Row 5:* Tom Brokaw, Mort Janklow, Dick Wald. *Row 6:* Vernon Jordan, Alan Pakula, Oscar de la Renta, Joel Schumacher, Bill Blass, Warren Hoge, Howard Stringer, Tom Murphy, Pete Peterson

What do you give the woman who has everything? How about 42 men. That's what Liz Smith and lawyer Suzanne Goodson chose for Barbara Walters' birthday. Walters ate dinner with the men in Le Cirque's private room, L'Orangerie; Smith and Goodson sat at their own table, like the help. Roone Arledge toasted his star reporter, saying the first person he'd call if he were in a Turkish prison would be Barbara, because he knows she'd get him out. To which Walters responded, "I'd be happy if you just returned my calls here in New York." Vernon Jordan, Mort Janklow, Saul Steinberg, and Mike Wallace also gave toasts. Walters sang "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face" to Howard Stringer, who tried unsuccessfully to woo her to CBS, an event also celebrated in song by Liz Smith ("As Time Goes By"). Warren Hoge crooned four love songs that were supposed to be Barbara's favorites, only later she said they weren't. Walters was dancing with Oscar de la Renta when Abe Rosenthal cut in, after which all the men took the birthday girl on a spin around the dance floor. Charlie Rose was first to leave; when the rest of the men had gone, Walters, Smith, and Goodson adjourned to the restaurant proper—to dish them, of course.

For the Sake of Peter

Is Peter Kalikow about to get a helping hand from investor Leon Black?

-D.M.



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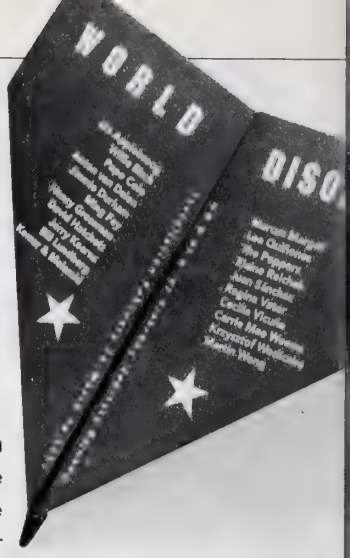
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Design Invitational

A gallery opening is usually a toxic mixture of bad white wine, catty gossip, people trying to remember your name, and nobody paying any attention to art. The best thing about an opening, in fact, is often the invitation. Exit Art/The First World in SoHo—a lively nonprofit gallery—is now making an exhibition of these announcements. "The Design Project" includes over 200 of the best and wittiest from the last 50 years. The exhibition is a refreshing and lighthearted way of examining both the evolution of graphic design and the social history of the art world. How could an invitation–cum–paper airplane not be fun?

As early as 1940, Joseph Cornell designed a seductive invitation that unfolds and unfolds and unfolds again, making marvelous surrealist play with a commedia dell'arte figure borrowed from a famous Watteau painting. The early announcements often depend upon razzle-dazzle with typefaces; pop exuberance characterizes many from the 1960s up to the present. Poor alternative spaces make clever use of the Xerox machine. Rich galleries flaunt their opulence. The sculptor Louise Nevelson sends out a photograph of trees. Open some doors in the photograph and you see how she transformed them. You could wear an announcement that's a mask or chew an invitation that's a stick of gum. Lynda Benglis beckons you to her show with her pants down, derrière exhibited in arch, bad-girl fashion. Some of these winsome throwaways may one day be worth more than the art they promoted.

—MARK STEVENS





Top, *the Cultural Space's 1991 "World Disorder" invitation doubles as a paper airplane;* center, *from a Jim Dine show at the Reuben Gallery, 1960;* left, *the invitation for a Jim Isermann show at the Kuhlenschmidt/Simon Gallery is a key chain.*



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A scene from Mark Morris's New Wave Nutcracker, The Hard Nut.

A Hard Nut to Crack

The Nutcracker, in hundreds of versions, is the most performed ballet in the world. The holiday season in this country alone brings forth more than 1,000 performances every year. The latest and most unlikely interpretation is by Mark Morris, in collaboration with comic-book artist Charles Burns. Morris calls it *The Hard Nut,* and he has set it in the age of rock 'n' roll. Here the Stahlbaums are a loudmouthed middle-class family who live in what is probably not the best section of town. Their guests arrive at the Christmas Eve party got up in bell-bottom pants, platform shoes, and polyester jumpsuits in lurid shades of disinfectant green and tomato-juice red. When it's time to light the Yule log, Herr Stahlbaum flicks on the VCR and watches a videotape of logs burning in a fireplace. *The Hard Nut* is like a *Simpsons* episode with a Tchaikovsky sound track. And watch out for that streetwise maid: she looks like someone who just ran over from the set of *In Living Color.* Take a good look at Frau Stahlbaum. Is she, ah, ah...oh, never mind. About half the Snowflakes are men, and they're dressed just like the women, in short, fluffy silver-and-white tutus with halter tops. But, as Morris says, the Waltz of the Snowflakes is about nature, and "nature means everyone, women and men." Well, all right.

The Hard Nut will be broadcast in New York on PBS's *Great Performances* series on December 16 at 8:30 P.M. The Mark Morris Dance Group will also present *The Hard Nut* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music from December 11 through 27. Call the box office now. It will probably be a hard ticket.

—DAVID DANIEL

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Weegee's "Portrait of a City," including unpublished works, bows at the Janet Borden gallery.

Weegee's World

He was a man of the streets, a tough guy with a cigar in his mouth, the very cliché of a 40s press photographer. And looking again at his pictures—the ultimate photojournalism, as two current shows confirm, one at the Pace/MacGill Gallery (October 29 through November 28), the other at the Janet Borden gallery (December 1 through January 16)—you sense immediately that he and his subjects not only understood but *appreciated* each other. Like the cop looking at a woman being taken away on a stretcher. You can almost hear him shouting, "Hey, Joe, here's Weegee. Let him through." Critics today praise Weegee for the starkness of his photos—the hard flash effect—but miss the point. Countless other photographers used a Speed Graphic with a four-by-five negative holder and one flashbulb. What set Weegee apart was how he coped with those constraints. Every shot required reloading. He had no zoom, no telephoto lenses, so he had to go in *close* to get the action, the impact, the *faces*. Looking at the back of a construction worker in one of his photographs, you see all the tools, the gadgetry. Such detail! Such information! I wouldn't have liked to compete with that. Was Weegee a self-promoter? Yes, because he was a freelancer, jockeying with staff photographers from the more than a half-dozen New York dailies and the wire services. Did he set up some of the photographs? Possibly. The picture of children sleeping on a fire escape during a heat wave comes to mind. Were the children asleep? Does it matter? What I like most about Weegee is that he wasn't a peddler of gloom. These faces have hope. There is an energy to them, captured honestly, with heart. Let the posh people go inside, Weegee seemed to say; out here are the real New Yorkers. —HARRY BENSON



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The Kritios Boy, (detail), 480-470 B.C., marble,
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National Gallery of Art, Washington, November 22, 1992-February 7, 1993.
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The Greatest Tori Ever Told

Unlike her character on *Beverly Hills, 90210,* Tori Spelling is *not,* like, a virgin

Wearing a lace bodysuit, jeans, and wedgies, Tori Spelling recently met up with GEORGE WAYNE at Cravings, her favorite L.A. lunch spot.

George Wayne: *Do you like your TV name, Donna Martin? It's so common-sounding.*

Tori Spelling: She's a nice Catholic girl. I never used to like the name Donna. Now people call me Donna on the streets, and I'll turn around. She's my alter ego. She has a good sense of humor, and she has a cute boyfriend.

G.W. *I watched you on* The Arsenio Hall Show, *and you told him that Donna was the only virgin on the show. When's that cherrystone going to go?*

T.S. [*Laughs*] I don't know. Poor Donna. Actually, we're doing another big story line when she has to decide whether she is going to lose it.

G.W. *Are you a virgin in real life?*

T.S. No.

G.W. *I won't probe any further. . . . I understand you still live with your parents in their football-field-size manse that's nicknamed "The Manor."*

T.S. Yes. When we first moved in, I was like "Wow, this is big," but my mom decorated it nice. It's comfortable—my bedroom is my favorite place. It's pink and powder blue, very girlish.

G.W. *What high school did you go to in real life?*

T.S. Westlake School for girls in Bel-Air. We used to wear little gray pleated skirts with white blouses.

G.W. *What was the first car you got when you got your driver's license?*

T.S. The one I have now. A champagne-colored BMW convertible. But I was in an accident, so I've been driving a red Miata. I really like it.

G.W. *Did you always want to be an actress?*

T.S. When I was four I wanted to be a manicurist, because one of my mom's good friends is a manicurist. It seemed glamorous at the time.

G.W. *How did you get the name Tori? Victoria is your real first name.*

T.S. Barbara Stanwyck. She told my parents to call me Tori.

G.W. *Are you a clotheshorse?*

T.S. I like clothes a lot. The Beverly Center is my favorite mall. But I don't go for designer labels.

G.W. *The first time I saw you in the flesh was at the MTV awards. You wore this short, white dress. I said to myself, My God! Look at that firm, tight butt on Tori Spelling! Do you work out?*

T.S. I bought that dress, took it home, and said to myself, Where am I going to wear this? I said, The MTV awards, it could be worn there. I don't really work out. I eat everything. I love hamburgers.

G.W. *Do you have any fashion victims in your family?*

T.S. What does that mean?! My dad's getting better, he's getting cool. I dress him in Guess? jeans. That's a big step for him. My mom's taste is not my taste, but I think she's elegant.

G.W. *You have a phobia of insects. Are there any other phobias you want to tell me about?*

T.S. Roller coasters. They make me cry.

G.W. *Do you hate Shannen Doherty like everybody else on the set of* 90210*?*

T.S. No!! She's one of my best friends—

G.W. *Oh, come off it!*

T.S. True. We were at Roxbury [an L.A. nightclub] last Thursday. Everybody has fights. She and Luke have a love-hate relationship just because they are together so much.

G.W. *I read that you've had $26,000 worth of plastic surgery.*

T.S. I read that, too. No, that's not true. I had a nose job when I was 16, I'll admit that. And it's still not perfect. I don't think I need any more. I'm happy the way I am.



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The Master's Final Piece

After more than two decades of warming that wing chair, Alistair Cooke says his last, lockjawed "Good night"

For 22 years, Alistair Cooke has been America's visual icon of cod Englishness, as the urbane (a word he hates), white-haired, sports-jacketed introducer of PBS's *Masterpiece Theatre*, which brings classy British television productions to an audience more at home with *Dynasty*. The quality of the shows has varied wildly, from *I, Claudius* to *Upstairs, Downstairs* to *Lillie*, but with Cooke in his Parker Knoll chair and Brooks Brothers tie, explaining the ancient niceties of English social protocol to viewers in Peoria, it has been a huge hit. This month he retires from the role he once aptly described as "a host who combines the duties of a headwaiter and a social historian."



How has he done it? For an American audience, the look was the thing: Cooke was once told, by the (pre-abdication) Prince of Wales in the mid-1930s, "You remind me of my brother"—that is, the one who went on to become King George VI. Meeting him in 1987, the writer John Mortimer thought that part of his appeal lay in his resemblance to Wilfrid Hyde White, another totem of Englishness from *My Fair Lady* onward.

British listeners have had few chances to clap eyes on the bearer of that familiar nasal drone. For close to half a century now, they have heard Cooke's *Letter from America* on radio. In his bland mixture of liberal confidence and laid-back meandering, *their* Cooke has come to epitomize the voice of educated American clubland—pedantic, golf-obsessed, politically nostalgic, politely surprised by outbreaks of war or social unrest but managing always to accommodate them within the fabric of remembered history. At 84, he baffles younger listeners with talk of the New Deal, with sympathies bewildering even to his contemporaries: a fan of Lyndon Johnson, a critic of J.F.K., he once mounted a spirited defense of hapless Dan Quayle when the rest of the world was stuffing handkerchiefs in its mouth at the vice president's every utterance.

He irritates as many people as he delights. Untold thousands of listeners hit the off button the minute they hear that studiedly unbothered "Good morning." For me, his name is redolent of boiled eggs. At 9:15 A.M. on a Sunday, all through my teens, the first crack of egg spoon on brown shell was always accompanied by that ripe walnut voice intoning, "There are few sights as lovely as New England in the fall..." It was with sweet delight that one heard a satirical BBC show broadcast a vignette of Alistair Cooke Being Attacked by a Duck, in which an archetypal Cooke-esque opening gambit ("I can never come to Delaware without reflecting...") was drowned out by an encroaching series of *quaaaaacks*. Not that any of this genial abuse has harmed his reputation. In a newspaper poll earlier this year, British broadcasters acclaimed him as the *ne plus ultra* of radio voices.

His other strength is words. A Brit by birth, he was drawn to America by a Harvard course on "The English Language in America," and he has been relentless in his harrying of transatlantic newspeak ever since. In a rare moment of passion last year, he berated the Pentagon for some of the euphemisms thrown up by the war. "The generals and colonels, in their briefing sessions, use a phrase I wish they'd drop: 'collateral damage.' It means civilians—old men, women young and old, and children—incinerated and gone for good. Good night." It was a reminder that this pedantic old sweetie (once compared by *The Sunday Telegraph* to "the Queen Mother: a loved and regal personage above controversy") has continued to hold the line for conventional decencies in the face of monolithic hypocrisies for longer than most of his critics can remember or envisage. Cooke will be missed in America as England's apologist; on British airwaves he will continue to be a gentle rumbling of slightly foggy sanity as the millennium approaches.

—JOHN WALSH

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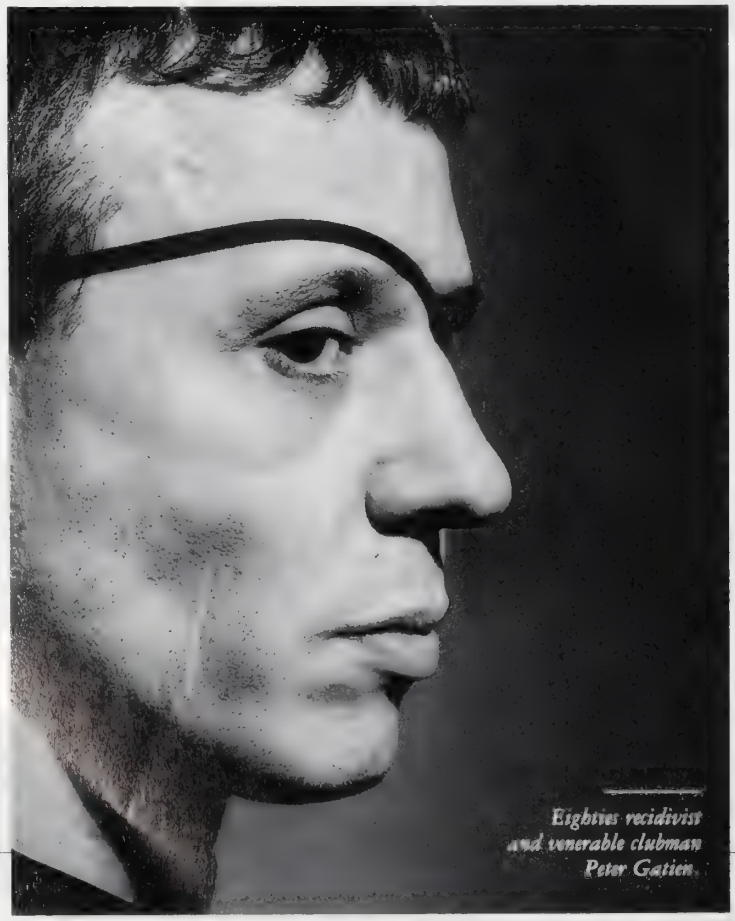
Tendre *was the night: Veronique Jannot, Gerard Depardieu, Régine, and Halston in 1980.*

At its zenith, when paparazzi prowled outside and the glimmery interior was crowded with men in silk suits and turbaned women wielding cheekbones, Regine's never quite seemed to belong in New York. That, of course, was the cause of its success. When the club finally closed in April of 1991, to sit vacant for more than a year before being replaced, this month, by a 275-seat megabistro called Méli-Mélo, it had lasted a decade and a half, which, expressed in disco years, was a run of epic length. Well deserved, too.

Regine's opened in May 1976 on the ground floor of Delmonico's, an apartment building at 502 Park Avenue. Its namesake and owner was Régine Choukroun, who put up her velvet rope in an era of deep civic gloom. Even so, the club thrived as a *salle de réunion* for a multilingual swarm swiftly dubbed "Eurotrash." They had names that belonged partly to history and partly to department-store merchandise: Kiko Hohenlohe, Charles de Bourbon-Sicile, Simeon de Hapsburg. The American contingent tended toward the Anne Hearsts and Catherine Oxenbergs of the world, with an occasional exception. I accosted John Gotti there one night, suggesting he allow himself to be profiled. He said he would "take it under consideration."

Subdued and glittery, with a polychrome dance floor and shadowy booths that could make a Dietrich look like a Claudia Schiffer (except that Ms. Schiffer would then have been not long out of diapers), Regine's soldiered on, even as the map of Europe crumpled and the Euros retreated home. Now the ever resilient hostess is scouting for a new location. "I open in crisis. Now is another crisis. I will open again," she told me. And once again, *tendre* will be the night.

—ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST



Eighties recidivist and venerable clubman Peter Gatien.

Made in the USA

It may be too soon to revive the 80s, but it's not too soon to comment on them. USA, Peter Gatien's new, $8 million club in the heart of Times Square, is an homage to a decade when everything was attainable, even a good time.

The club spoofs 80s consumption with product-related murals and the high technology (TV monitors explain the club's elaborate features) so crucial to the greed decade. "The 80s were so perfection-oriented," explains Gatien, the man behind Limelight, Palladium, and Tunnel. "Everything was contrived and polished. This is just a kitsch on it."

Helping him kitsch it up have been design director Eric Goode, the man behind 80s clubs like Area and M.K., and designer Thierry Mugler, who has done a hypermodern V.I.P. room. The crowd? "Given the location," says Gatien, "everything from tourist to fashion- and music-oriented. I think it'll be the most exciting club to open in 20 years." How confident. How self-promotional. How 80s. —MICHAEL MUSTO

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British novelist Angela Huth is also a charming hostess—just don't leave the room.

Marital Whoas

A tart tale of English couples stirs talk of a new Jane Austen

The territory mapped so cruelly, wisely, and wittily in Angela Huth's new novel, *Invitation to the Married Life* (Grove), is that well-worn patch: English upper-middle-class marriage, a region so dreary that no novelist should impose it on readers unless he or she is very, very good. Huth, thankfully, is. Already, John Bayley in *The Evening Standard* has predicted that the book will become "a classic on the subject." Another English critic suggested that Huth replace Jane Austen on the school syllabus.

The lives of the four couples in *Invitation* interweave while they share the deception, loneliness, pain, and (some) pleasure of wedlock. They also share invitations to a country ball, where their lives will coalesce or diverge. Sharp and unsentimental, Huth observes their marriages struggling for survival. "Why don't you not put your pyjamas on?" asks an unloved wife. Her fat, philandering husband decides to make an effort with this woman whose eyes were once gold and now appear to him "the colour of washing-up water." But before he's able to perform, "a wave of sleepiness crept through his veins like warm treacle." Two of the women, though, are married happily: cause for hope, and homage to the author's own hard-won peace.

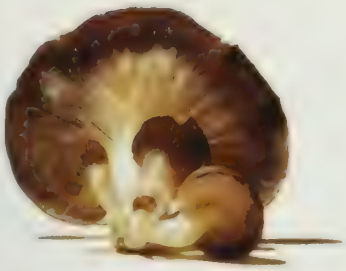
At 54, Huth lives in a large brick house on the edge of Oxford with her third husband, James Howard-Johnston, a university lecturer in Byzantine studies who for 18 years has been working on a book about the end of the ancient world, and their 11-year-old daughter, Eugenie. She dresses in the pretty frumpishness of a certain kind of unfashionable Englishwoman: long skirts, paisleys, and prints—an old-fashioned look of faded romance. But she is as sharp-edged in person as she is in print. Oxford she finds "loathsome," a city of offensively new ugliness where dandruffy dons and their unfrivolous wives in aertex shirts and walking shoes gather for feasts on the cheap. At *their* large kitchen table, Huth and her husband (the stepson of historian Hugh Trevor-Roper and grandson of Field Marshal Earl Haig) entertain Princess Margaret, the Isaiah Berlins, Dame Iris Murdoch, and Professor John Bayley. From London come novelists Penelope Lively and John Mortimer; from Watlington, just south of Oxford, Jeremy Irons and Sinead Cusack.

A guest at her table is likely to hear Angela Huth rail against traveling abroad ("I loathe blazing, annihilating heat"), or married couples who go in for analysis ("I regard that as deeply suspicious and rather dangerous"). She mocks the little blonde who "looks as if she's always on the point of making a daisy chain," and the woman who "looks like the model for a knitting pattern." Once out of the room, her friends know they too shall be her victims. Even her 28-year-old daughter, Candida Crewe (also a novelist), admits that her mother's observations are "cruel as well as funny."

Huth is close to her first husband, writer Quentin Crewe, whom she married at 22, but takes wry satisfaction in recalling how he mocked her literary ambitions. Upon leaving him in 1970, Huth published a comedy of manners, *Nowhere Girl*, decorated with a photograph by Peter Sellers of her in an unlikely mini plastic mac. She next married director Tony Palmer, who played rock very loudly. "It was not a *normal* marriage," she explains crisply. Thereafter, for six or seven years she retired to a cottage in Wiltshire, where she continued to write until James Howard-Johnston swept her off to Oxford.

Altogether, five other novels have appeared, along with two short-story collections, one work of nonfiction, and edits of two anthologies of children's verse. Next is a book on the art of solitude. "Shaped solitude," as Huth puts it, is a precious condition for a woman so well received. Her dream is to be back in the country. She seeks gray skies, "pale as a young pigeon"—East Anglian cabbage fields or the Norfolk coast with acres of bluebells. In the country Angela Huth will settle at her desk to tell us more about the world of gentle middle-class domestic life, with all its horrors.

—KATHLEEN TYNAN



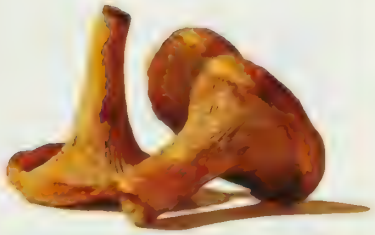
Oyster

Good news! They're virtually calorie-free. Bad news! They're best with port and cream, or in puff pastries.



Lobster

Great in stews. For heartier portions, try that mushroom found in Michigan. It's 60 inches across and weighs 22,000 lbs. You may have leftovers.



Chanterelle

Collected in the Northwest. Good collectors earn $200 a day on them. Good cooks spend that much a day on them.

Better Living Through Fungus.



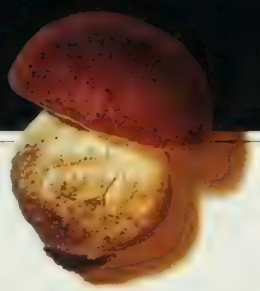
Morel

Among the finest fungi, they often appear after forest fires. So 18th century German women, naturally, set fires. Anything for a good veal sauce.



Wood Ear

Protein-wise, they're closer to meat than to vegetables. Forget Meat & Potatoes; stick to Ears & Potatoes.





Shiitake

Dried, their smoky pepperiness is potent. 4 or 5 slices can permeate an entire souffle. Never underestimate the power of the fungi.

Once you taste a wild mushroom, you can't go back to common varieties. The same is true of Sutter Home Chardonnay. The ripe apple and citrus aromas, crisp fruity flavors, and the dry, lingering finish enhance any moment. It's one of the treasures that can make life more enjoyable... that, and a good fungus.



Enoki

Japanese delicacy, best raw. The Japanese also breed mushrooms tasting like steak, with patty-size caps. Fungus burger, anyone?

SUTTER HOME IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, DO IT RIGHT

Carrie Knows Best

L.A.'s latest diet diva has stars and moguls brown-bagging it to Le Dome

In *Six Degrees of Separation,* John Guare dusted off the conceit that no one in the world is more than six people removed from another in friendship. I find Guare's figure excessive. If you know Howard Rosenman, one of Hollywood's more colorful producers, you need only two.

As Rosenman descends into his chair at the legendary Le Dome on the Sunset Strip, he is able, between his vertical and seated positions, to call hello to, wave to, smile at, nod at, or otherwise acknowledge a total of 11 people, including Yul Brynner's daughter.

He has scarcely begun enumerating Madonna's virtues as a friend when the maître d' slides over. Rosenman takes out a brown paper bag, withdraws a foil-wrapped something, and deposits it in the maître d's hand.

"Put this on a plate for me, would you?" says Rosenman. "Do something magical with it on a bed of cucumbers." The maître d' smiles and withdraws.

"Meat loaf and a bialy," he replies in answer to my raised eyebrow.

"You're brown-bagging it at Le Dome, Howard?"

"Dan," he says, "I have the best dietitian in the world. She not only tells you what to eat, she cooks it for you and delivers it to your office. Her name is Carrie Latt Wiatt, she's married to Jim Wiatt [head of ICM], and the most famous people in Hollywood are her clients."

Carrie, it turns out, lives in a splendid rambling house in the Pacific Palisades. She's considerably younger and prettier than expected—shoulder-length brown hair and, at 34, the figure of a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model. She has a B.S. in nutrition and food science from Cal State, is a member of the Southern California Culinary Guild, and consults for the Pacific Heart Institute. She married Wiatt on May 16. They met in the summer of 1991. He's a client. She did have a very strict policy against dating clients, but Wiatt was persistent and she succumbed.

Carrie guides me into the living room and seats me on a low modular sofa. "I started Diet Designs seven years ago," she says, "primarily because I was so frustrated working for clinics as a dietitian, counseling people. They'd come back with food diaries of what they'd consumed for the week, and I felt like I needed to participate in the food side of it. Most of these people are compulsive eaters, and some of them just aren't able to take care of themselves."

"You wanted to control their lives," I say gently.

"Yeah, that's part of the problem," she replies, chortling, kidding on the square. "I'm a control freak—no. . . . I make the food, I deliver the food, I do everything but *feed* them—you know. I'm there for pep talks. Sandy Gallin [manager for Michael Jackson, Dolly Parton, the Pointer Sisters, Neil Diamond, and the world], I have to call him every day. It helps him before he goes out to eat. Sandy is so. . ."—she pauses to select *le mot juste*—". . . childlike. I'm a shrink to some people, I'm a mommy to someone else, I listen to their life. I probably know more about their personal lives than their own shrink does. I get to see everything, I hear everything, from their love lives to their. . . everything," she says with a shudder.

Besides Howard Rosenman and Sandy Gallin, Carrie's client list includes Tony Danza, Gary Collins, Swoosie Kurtz, Laraine Newman, Carrie Fisher, Anita Pointer, Alan Ladd Jr., producer Ray Stark, and. . .

"Barbra Streisand is one of my clients. She's the kind of person when you start a diet with her she doesn't believe you, she has to check everything. So she called every doctor and every other nutritionist, and then she came back to





me and said, 'O.K., O.K., you check out.' So she kind of put me through the wringer, but that's O.K.

"Howard Rosenman strips down to his underwear. Sandy Gallin and he both do that to me. Sandy doesn't care, he's in the bathroom, showering; he says, 'Come on in'—no inhibition.

"John Davis, Marvin's son, the first time I weighed him he had all his assistants on the scale together. He didn't want me to know how much he weighed, so he played with me for a while. Then I had to get tough with him.

"John Landis was a client of mine, but he won't be with me anymore. He said it was, like, too much to think about. *He had to cut my meat loaf.* My Country Meatloaf is sliced by the client so it remains fresh. I almost *killed* him. I said, 'Then you're not a person who wants any responsibility for your own life—go somewhere else!' "

(Landis has not quit the program and swears he never told her cutting the meat loaf was too much trouble.)

With a new client, Wiatt makes a home or office visit, to record medical history, dietary intake, and life-style profile. "I'm in my car all week long, meeting with my clients. The food is delivered once a week."

She charges $45 a day, or $200 for five days' worth of food (15 meals). Delivery, vitamins, and a weekly personal consultation are extra. In the second phase of the program she teaches clients how to make the food themselves. "What I tell them to do," she says, "is eat my food and then go to a restaurant and have a bowl of berries or a cup of decaf cappuccino. But instead I find out they're taking my food to the top five restaurants in the city. My husband takes my food to the Palm. I call up now and tell them, 'He's coming in. I want him to have *four* ounces of the chicken breast, not *eight*'—you know the portions in restaurants. When they see me at Mortons, I think they want to run the other way. But they're very accommodating. We bring in our own dressing. We love Caesar salad, so I have a Caesar dressing I make. We'll order a Caesar salad—we'll ask for romaine lettuce, hold the dressing, hold the anchovies, hold the Parmesan cheese. So it ends up being lettuce, and they go, 'Fine.' They mix it in the back, so I won't have to be doing it at the table, and when they come back we already know what we're going to order. We'll have the tuna or the sashimi to start, and if they have an uncreamed soup we'll order that. They have the best lime chicken in the city, but we order the white meat only—we don't take the dark. They take the skin off for us, and then we take their mustard and some balsamic vinegar and we mix it up and that's our dipping sauce."

Carrie admits she can be tough. "I'm part diet shrink, part Hitler. I'll say, 'Knock it off, you're being a ridiculous child.' When they have to weigh with me and they're not where they should be, I lose my temper. It's like 'Whose time are you wasting here?' "

She goes into clients' homes and throws out unhealthy food. "Richard Baskin is a producer, and he's from the Baskin family of Baskin-Robbins, so he had tons of ice cream. I must have taken out 10 gallons from his freezer and emptied it into the garbage disposal. And then I took popcorn. . . . I go through the condiments. I take the ketchup, the mayonnaise; I leave the mustard. At Ron Meyer's house the maid stopped me when I was taking the candy. She said, 'That's for the *kids*—I *swear* he doesn't eat it.' So there I was corrected.

"Sometimes they cry. Laraine Newman had a hard time saying good-bye to some of the things I threw out. Sometimes I'm in a home and a husband and wife will start arguing—'No, no, don't let her take that!' And I'm sitting there like this sergeant, saying, 'I *must* take it,' and they're not too happy about it." Even Sandy Gallin has felt her fury. "She sees me at functions when I'll take a glass of wine and totally go off the diet; she calls up the next day and says, 'I can't *believe* what you've done!' "

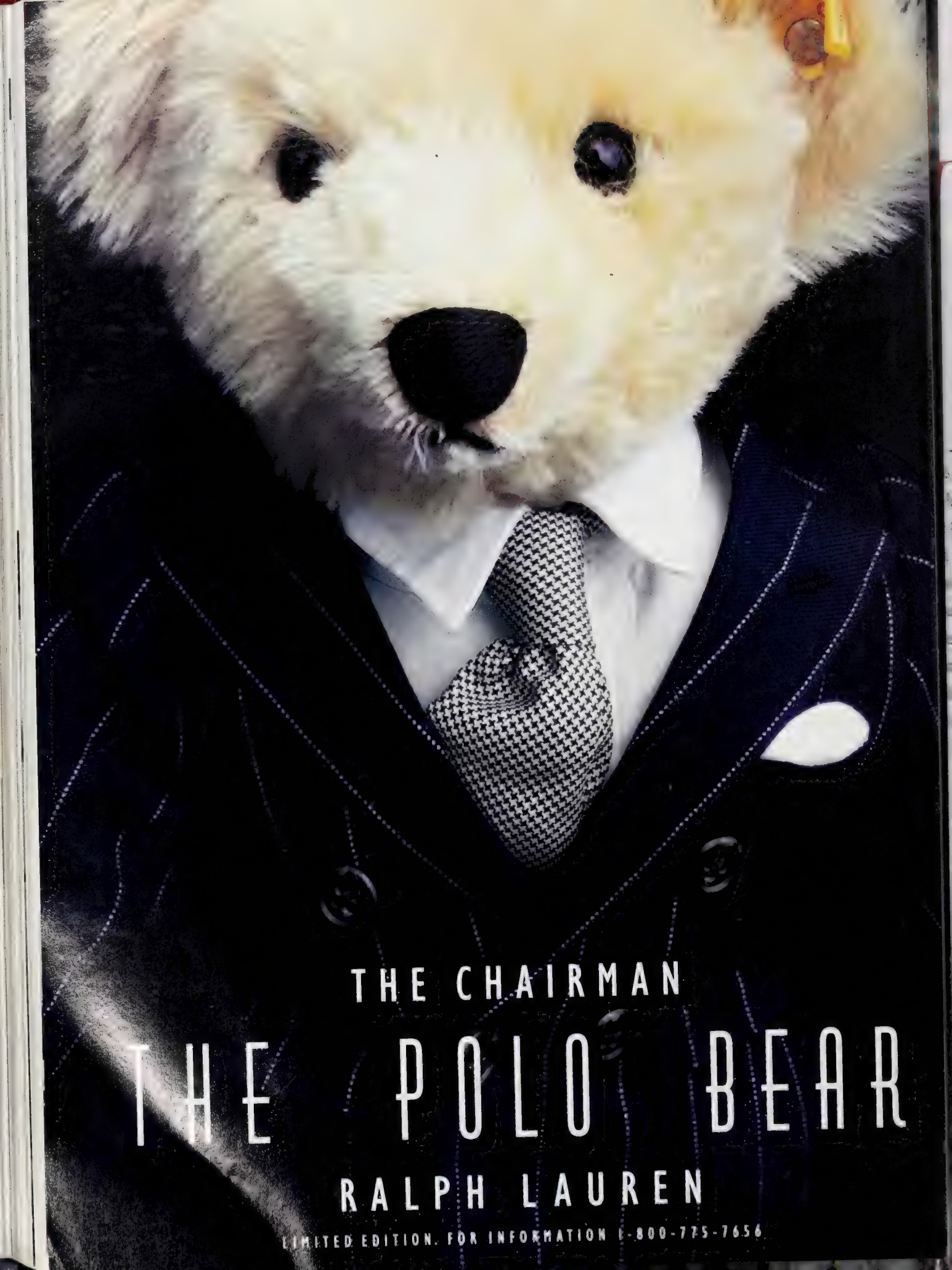
Eventually, clients either lose dozens of pounds or learn how to cheat. Tony Danza, for one, hasn't let Wiatt *entirely* rule his life. "I'm a late-night junk-food eater," he confides. "Just before bed I like to get into the M&Ms. So she threw those out. But I just want you to know... they're back!" —DAN GREENBURG

Producer Howard Rosenman—among many other beautiful but slightly lardaceous people—sticks to Carrie Latt Wiatt's diet regimen

GEORGE LANGE






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"The Year of the Woman." A poor means of celebrating even the second sex, let alone the first one. And if it's such a great idea, how come anyone can agree with it? You want, maybe, a year of the nonwoman, or a nonwoman year? (Was it Spike Lee who said that when they had a Black History Month you just *knew* it would be February?) Still, there are women whose year this was, women for whom every year is a leap year.

Perhaps the Gulf War depleted the testosterone layer. Arguably, the guys were running out of puff. But the tree houses and locker rooms of America got a pasting in 1992, along with their Y-chromosome freeloaders. Mothers scolded them. Wives laughed in their faces. Sisters teased them. Daughters made them feel ashamed. (Even the occasional mistress rose admonishingly from the mattresses of yesteryear.) The boys, of course, soon ran to the apron strings for comfort. "Can't live with them; can't live without them." The manly boast took on a bittersweet tinge.

Of course, it wasn't all "anger." (Imagine a year without *that*, silly.) It is said that when George Bernard Shaw was asked to define the difference between the sexes, or genders, he replied, "Madam, I cannot conceive." Women and ladies got on with it in 1992: bearing the kids and sticking up for them; acting as den mothers for forgotten constituencies; brushing the dandruff from the shoulders of the frazzled breadwinner; soothing the racked brows of fevered patients. But you couldn't shake the idea that something was *afoot*. Old geezers were heard to ask the old question: What do they *want?* Princess Di hired a lawyer. Madonna threw the book at family values. EMILY kept her little list. The Leader of the Free World was teased about running for First Lady. And talking of running, how about the Olympiad? Full-height, full-strength, full-blown—a credit to the sex, as you might say, and an example to all—here are the ones who make the Year of the Woman redundant.

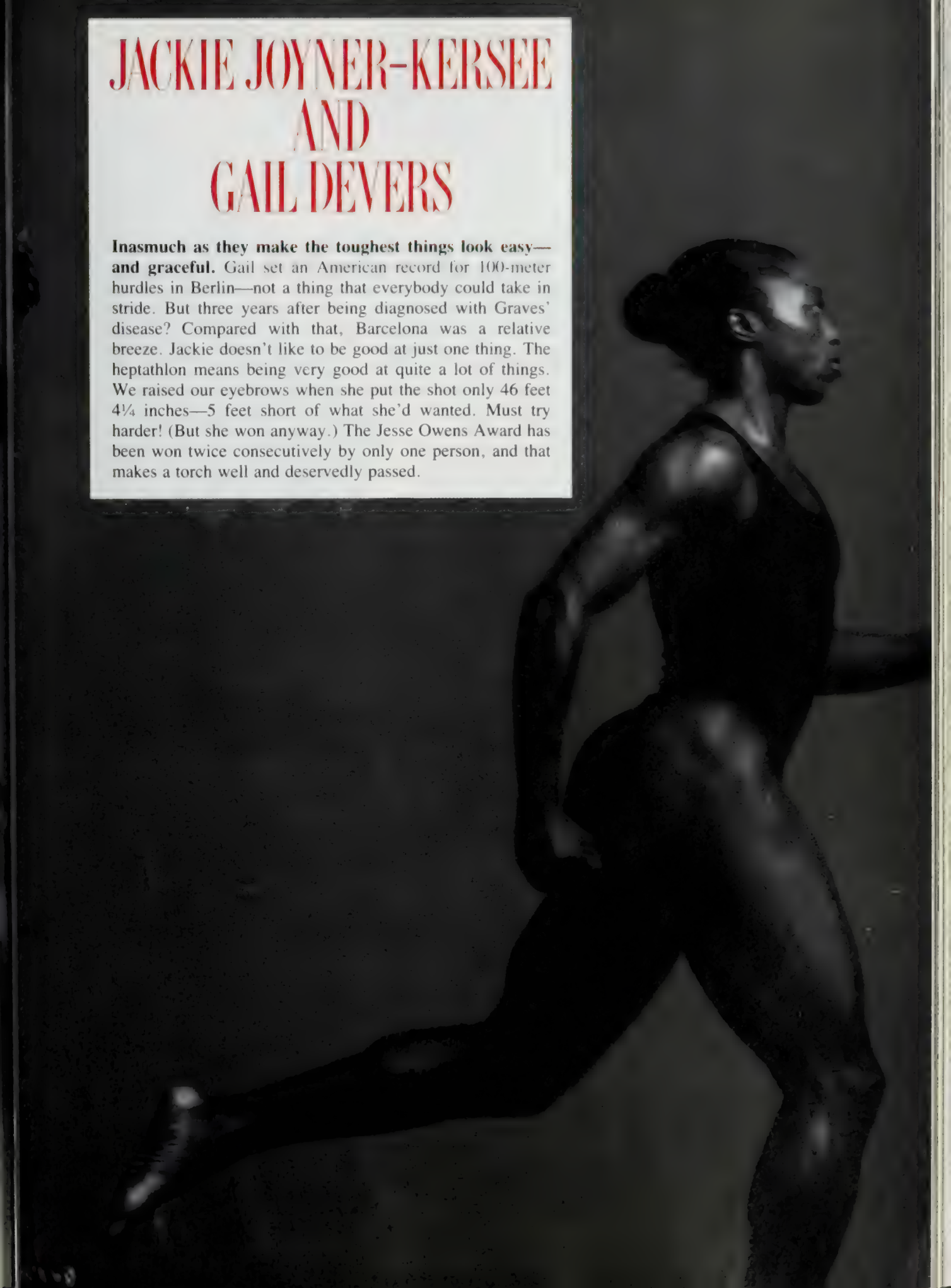
A FEW GOOD WOMEN

Photographs by Annie Leibovitz

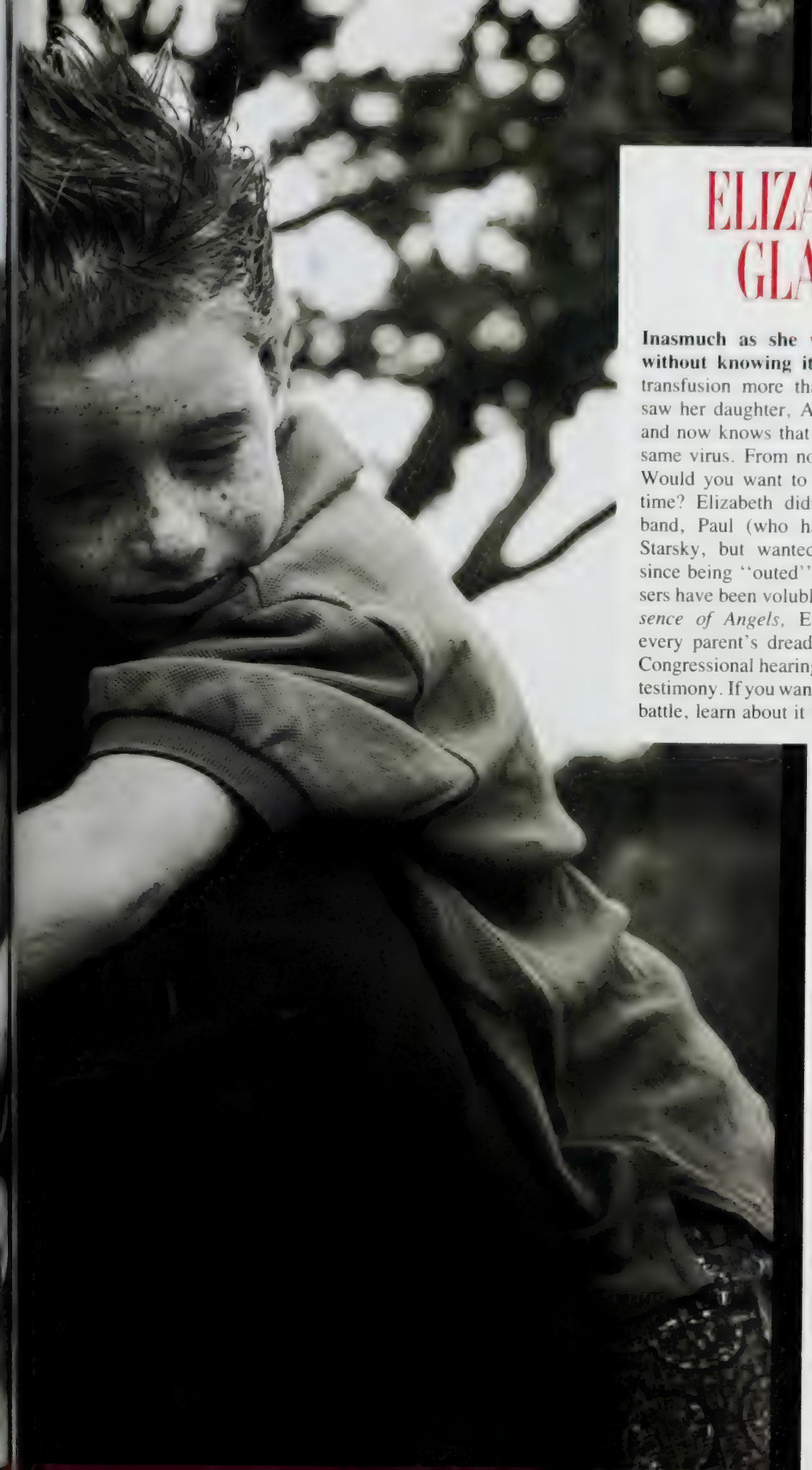


JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE AND GAIL DEVERS

Inasmuch as they make the toughest things look easy—and graceful. Gail set an American record for 100-meter hurdles in Berlin—not a thing that everybody could take in stride. But three years after being diagnosed with Graves' disease? Compared with that, Barcelona was a relative breeze. Jackie doesn't like to be good at just one thing. The heptathlon means being very good at quite a lot of things. We raised our eyebrows when she put the shot only 46 feet 4¼ inches—5 feet short of what she'd wanted. Must try harder! (But she won anyway.) The Jesse Owens Award has been won twice consecutively by only one person, and that makes a torch well and deservedly passed.

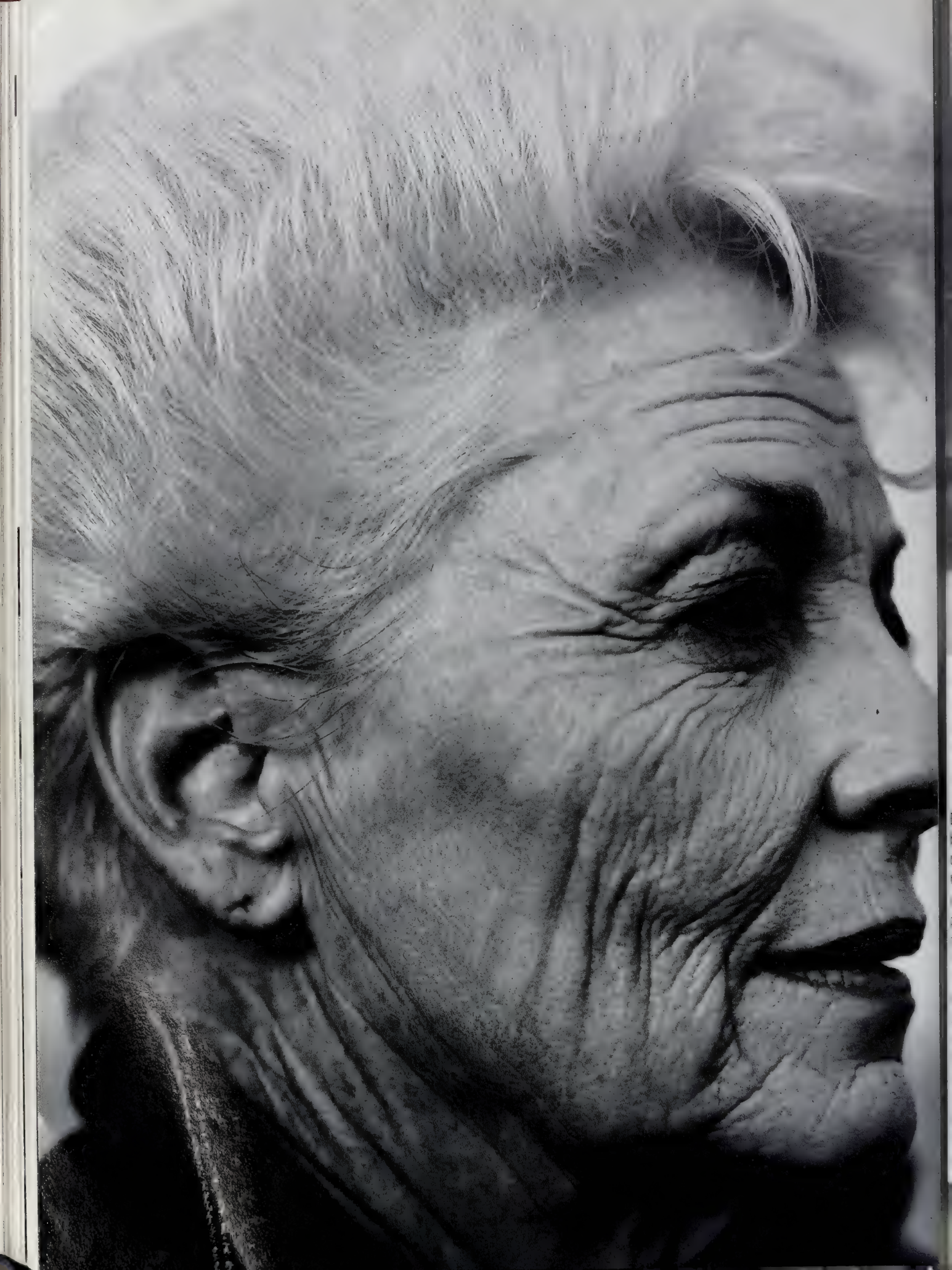






ELIZABETH GLASER

Inasmuch as she was an AIDS pioneer without knowing it. Infected by a blood transfusion more than a decade ago, she saw her daughter, Ariel, die at age seven, and now knows that her son, Jake, has the same virus. From nowhere. From *nothing*. Would you want to talk about it in prime time? Elizabeth didn't, nor did her husband, Paul (who had been happy being Starsky, but wanted a private life). But since being "outed" by a tabloid, the Glasers have been voluble witnesses. *In the Absence of Angels*, Elizabeth's memoir, is every parent's dread writ large and clear. Congressional hearings were silenced by the testimony. If you want to learn about the AIDS battle, learn about it from a mother.





ANN RICHARDS

Inasmuch as she has helped save the honor of the Lone Star State, proving that more comes out of Texas than hats and cattle. It's no light matter being a woman politician in such a husky place, but she's been light as well as a politician, cracking jokes with the best of them and earthily pointing out that "the nation's ox is in a ditch." Governor Richards makes a virtue of her weaknesses (like being a recovering two-fisted drinker) and can laugh about her antiquity ("back when dinosaurs roamed the earth and I was your age," as she put it to the graduates of Smith College). There used to be only one Silver Fox in American politics. Can there be room for two?

SUSAN FALUDI

Inasmuch as she put heart into women who had never met her or heard of her. Victims were starting to blame themselves—for not being happy, for not getting remarried, for not being fulfilled, even for not being *paid* right—until her best-selling book, *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women,* kicked in. Daughter of the Holocaust and chronicler of the woes of the powerless, Faludi the girl reporter even got *The Wall Street Journal* to cover the layoff side of the buyout binge. One undeclared war can so easily lead to another, and the subtitle of *Backlash* is the battle cry of those for whom the war is undeclared no longer. Dedicated to a mother (Marilyn Lanning Faludi, left) who had done a bit of surviving herself, the book is one that will survive the year it was written.







PAULA COUGHLIN

Inasmuch as she displayed courage above and beyond the call of duty. Do you ever wonder, Should heterosexuals be allowed to serve in the U.S. armed forces? Last year, with its doltish mob scene at the navy's Tailhook convention, was the year of this pressing question. One of the young women assaulted by her fellow officers and gentlemen was quite badly *bitten,* as well as humiliated and bullied in other ways. Paula Coughlin's assailants, on the other hand, got bitten themselves. So did their complicit superiors when they tried to call the mauling of a female pilot prankish. Now we know what to think when boys get into this kind of trouble. It's official. They were asking for it.



ANITA HILL

Inasmuch as she turned every known table. Badly dissed by a powerful black nominee with even more powerful friends; worse dissed by a black fellow lawyer who claimed he was the guy she was really wanting; worst dissed by a white Senate committee that made up in courtesy what it lacked in courage, Dr. Hill stayed cool. She didn't convince the committee, but the committee didn't convince *anybody*. Cool ever since, she knows there are some satisfactions that come only with time.






CZR-758

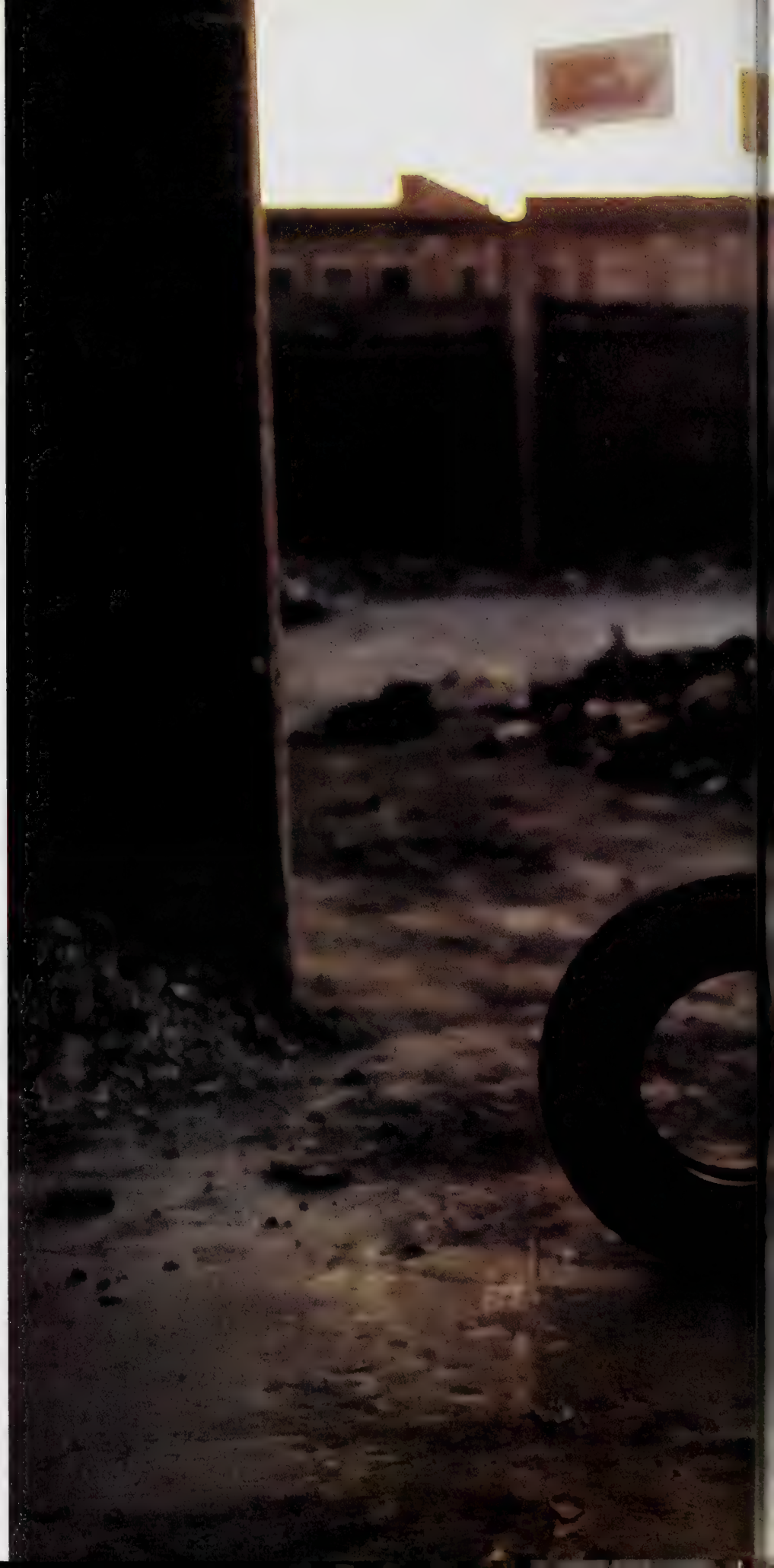


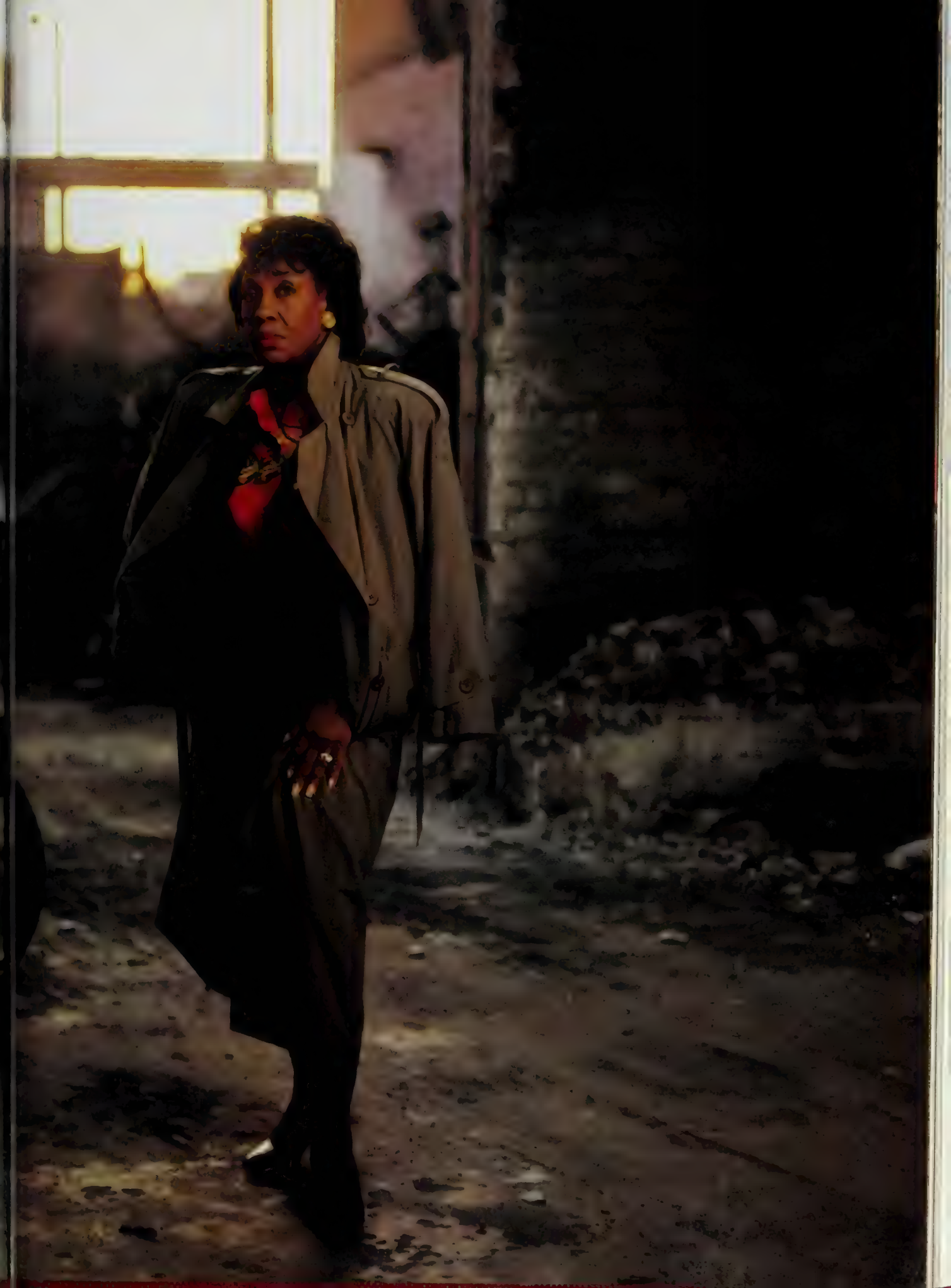
GLORIA STEINEM

Inasmuch as she managed to change while remaining the same. The celebrated feminist's new book may be titled *Revolution from Within,* and concern itself with the inner child, but Steinem still likes the outside. In the rugged bits of eastern Oklahoma, she made a friend named Wilma Mankiller, who forced the locals to get real, to respect others, and to look people in the eye. Mankiller got attention, and beat out two males for the job of principal chief of the Cherokee Nation. Don't be too quick to laugh at the name: among guys, "lady-killer" is still considered a compliment.

MAXINE WATERS

Inasmuch as she knows how you get a mule's attention. Excluded from the cosmetic White House crisis meeting after her district had just gone and burned to the ground during the L.A. riots, the congresswoman thought it would be rude to wait for an invitation, and politely crashed the meeting. "It was the right thing to do," she said, later telling the Democratic convention in a fighting speech that the pain of her voters was "my pain too." It's not unladylike to gate-crash if you do it for others. And you get attention that way—from Elephants and Donkeys as well as mules.







TINA BROWN

Inasmuch as she increased and enhanced the Goings-on About Town. From *Life as a Party* to the Ten-Year Lunch, from putting on the ritz to the Algonquin Round Table—only those who don't know her could dare ask if Tina would make the transition to the editor's chair at *The New Yorker*. Seriousness is her secret. Stars used to hire press agents to say that they were "happiest among their books"; Tina is never more at home than with pages (her daughter, Isabel, clearly shares that passion). Here at *Vanity Fair,* where there will always be Talk of the Brown, we watch with admiring and respectful attention as she refurbishes a grand old house.


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HILLARY CLINTON

Inasmuch as she had more of a Year than most. You try beginning with being called a lawyerly frump and "a yuppie wife from hell," and then being typecast as both bitch and martyr. She took her man—didn't stand so much by or beside him as right in front of him—and turned him around. Little Rock may be a hard place, but in the course of the campaign the governor's wife leveled even Barbara Bush's playing field, and showed that you can stand the heat, stay in the kitchen, and still have some trail mix left over.







Exeter's PASSION PLAY

Lane Bateman was a teacher, mentor, and friend to his drama students at Exeter, the exclusive New Hampshire prep school. He was also gay. His well-publicized arrest—and subsequent conviction—on pornography charges has raised a thorny question: Was Bateman a danger to his students, or only to himself? JESSE KORNBLUTH examines the evidence

'1959 Pink Thunderbird' is a power

Portsmout

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10

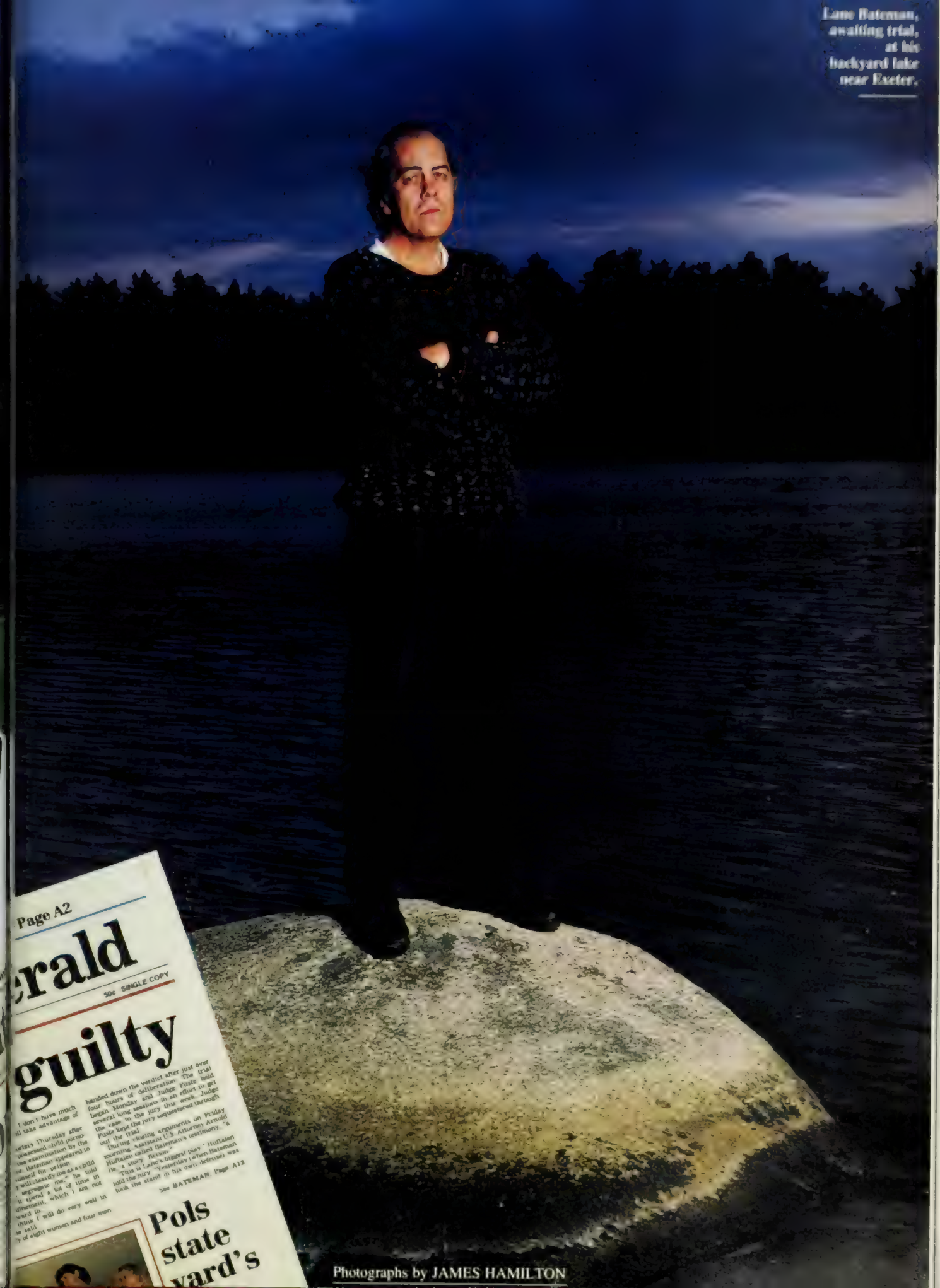
VOL. 102, NO. 282 2 SECTIONS 24 PAGES

Bateman fo

pending sentencing tentatively scheduled for Dec. 7, would not appeal his conviction.
The possession charge carries a prison term of up to five years, while each of the transportation charges he was convicted of Friday has a possible 10-year sentence attached to it. All three counts also carry a fine of up to $250,000.
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...in order," said Bateman's chief ...chael Caven, said the ...ge to others who ...assulted that "you ...back."
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By Steve Haberman
...Staff
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Lane Bateman, awaiting trial, at his backyard lake near Exeter.

Photographs by JAMES HAMILTON

Page A2

erald

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y of eight women and four men

handed down the verdict after just over four hours of deliberation. The trial began Monday and Judge Fiiste held several long sessions in an effort to get the case to the jury this week. Judge Fiiste kept the jury sequestered through out the trial.

Yesterday morning arguments on Friday morning closing arguments on Friday morning assistant U.S. Attorney Arnold Huftalen called Bateman's testimony, "a lie, a story, fiction."

"This is Lane's biggest play," Huftalen told the jury. "Yesterday (when Bateman took the stand in his own defense) was

See BATEMAN, Page A12

Pols state
vard's

Was a young informant with a grudge turning a private

"Everything your life has been about is over." If one of his students had written that, Lane Bateman would have reached for his red pencil. But last July, Bateman wasn't in any position to play drama teacher—the local policeman who delivered some version of this line carried a search warrant and was accompanied by half a dozen other lawmen. Shocked, Bateman opened his front door wider. Melodrama entered.

According to Bateman, the policeman said, "Let's have a look at your film collection."

"I have *hundreds*," he replied. "I've collected movies for years. I'm like the school librarian—kids borrow tapes on weekends."

"We know that buried deep inside *It's a Wonderful Life*, we'll find you having sex with students."

The police had some reason to think this. A "confidential informant" had told them that the 51-year-old Bateman, chairman of the drama department at New Hampshire's Phillips Exeter Academy, owned a world-class pornography collection featuring boys as young as 7. They believed that he bought and sold these videos, and they sought the computers that contained the names of his customers. "The I.R.S. will be brought in," they reportedly warned him. "We're sure you haven't paid taxes on what you made."

"Look outside," pleaded Bateman, whose salary had never topped $40,000. "I drive a seven-year-old Ford Escort."

His protest was dismissed. Soon Bateman was leading the police through his apartment, and, depending upon whom you believe, he either insisted that although he owned some child pornography he had never shipped any to anyone, or admitted that he both possessed and shipped it. Whatever he told the police, it was less eloquent than what they found: enough videotapes to fill eight footlockers ("No normal person would have so many," a policeman said, according to Bateman), a 100-foot rope with a hot-water bottle tied to one end and boxer shorts tied to the other ("A trick from my magic act," Bateman swore), a case of Albolene makeup remover (Bateman had told the informant it was "my fave" lubricant), video cameras and editing decks the authorities valued at $200,000 ("You only have this equipment if you're producing and selling," Bateman says one of the officers noted), and, in a hidden compartment beneath Bateman's bed, videos labeled *Ballin' Boys Duo, Young Mouthful,* and *Now, Boys!*

That afternoon, the police arrested Bateman. That evening, as Bateman waited in jail for his lover of 17 years to bail him out, he had a revelation: "I thought, By midnight, I can be dead. The idea was like a warm bath. This solves everything." But when he returned home, his lover threw his arms around him. "With that, I knew I didn't have to die," Bateman says.

From Exeter's point of view, it would have been more convenient if he had killed himself. The following morning, as police were telling reporters that many of the 800 videotapes they had confiscated contained footage depicting sex acts "involving boys under 10," an academy security guard delivered a brief note to Bateman's home. In 79 words, Exeter principal Kendra Stearns O'Donnell fired him, ordered him out of his apartment within two weeks, and barred him from school property.

But no summary judgment on Exeter's part could keep its name from being dragged through the mud with Bateman's. Teachers get arrested for sex-related offenses all the time—but never at venerable, highly respected Exeter. If ever a school had an unblemished reputation, it was this New Hampshire powerhouse. Set in the state's third-oldest town, Exeter's ivy-clad buildings give it the appearance of a geographically displaced Harvard. It is. Only slightly smaller than arch-rival Andover, Exeter turns out students who are verbally acute, organized, and programmed to achieve; its graduates include Daniel Webster, Jay Rockefeller, and John Irving. While this factory for academic excellence doesn't feed its fair-haired elite products into Ivy League colleges as it once did (of its 992 students, 5.2 percent are African-American, and 31 percent are on scholarship; of its 326 graduates last year only 39 went to Harvard or Yale), Exeter is still the model of the American prep school, what the novelist John Marquand once called "the most beautiful and aesthetically satisfying of all New England schools."

So the New England press fanned the story of the "Academy porn bust" and the suspect who "lived 10 years with male students." Early in August, *The New York Times* took the story to a new level of scandal—it reported that in the raid on Bateman's house police found videotapes showing 10 former Exeter boys nude or involved in sex acts. Although this charge was apparently untrue, all ambiguity vanished after that, and Exeter, like Bateman, was convicted in the press of every possible charge.

The media orgy was unsurprising—this was a subject with broad appeal. For those who couldn't pay $17,000 a year to send a child to Exeter, Bateman represented an opportunity to throw rocks through elitist windows. For preppies and their parents, the idea that a well-disguised pedophile could gain access to even the most exclusive chicken coop was a fresh reason to worry about the boarding-school experience. And for defenders of tradition, Bateman's downfall was proof that Exeter's principal—the first female to head the school in its 211-year history—had been wrong to champion "tolerance" and "diversity."

Within Exeter, the Bateman story provoked a very different reaction: shock that one of the school's most admired teachers could have done anything wrong. It usually takes four years for instructors to get tenure at Exeter. Bateman was tenured after just two; in his third year, he was named department chairman. In 1990 he won a prestigious faculty

natter into a public scandal?

award that honors excellence in both classroom instruction and dormitory supervision. And each year there were students who told him, "If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have survived here." So when Kendra O'Donnell claimed that Bateman was no longer "an appropriate role model," there were many who disagreed.

In October, Bateman was convicted in Federal District Court in Concord, New Hampshire, of one count of possessing and two counts of transporting child pornography, as well as one count of forfeiture; slated to be sentenced by year's end, he faces a possible 10 years in jail and a $250,000 fine. But while outsiders may be satisfied with the official resolution of the Bateman drama, questions still linger at Exeter. Who was Lane Bateman, really? Was he an obsessive sex offender, star of a secret production: Master Bateman and the Boys? Or was this *The Children's Hour:* a case of a young informant with a grudge turning a private matter into a public scandal? In either event, how did this gifted drama teacher forget the Chekhovian adage that a gun displayed early in a drama will be fired at its climax—why did he keep that time bomb of kiddie porn ticking under his bed?

Lane Bateman was raised by devout Mormon parents in Idaho Falls, Idaho, where a great many of his fellow citizens shared the Mormon belief that homosexual behavior was a sin. In this prim, self-contained community, Bateman's most unusual childhood activity was directing his four younger siblings in beauty pageants and spooky dramas. "I grew up not watching TV," says his sister, Judy, "because Lane was so much more interesting." At 12, inspired by his drama instructor, he decided he wanted to dedicate his life to teaching theater. In Idaho Falls, this wasn't a common male ambition; from then on, some schoolmates called him "Batwoman."

"I met Lane when he was 17. . . . I knew he was gay the minute I met him," says Sylvia Harman, one of his first drama coaches. "He didn't. I remember him coming back from an acting seminar in Texas. The costumer there was gay, and Lane made fun of him. We all laughed, but I thought, Poor Lane, he still doesn't know."

Bateman was such a faithful Mormon that he dutifully enrolled at Brigham Young University. At 21 he finally had his recognition scene: "I was traveling with a group from school, and my girlfriend had our itinerary. Every place we stopped, there was a thick letter from her waiting for me. It got to the point I couldn't stand to open my mail. Then, alone in a shower, I suddenly understood: I was homosexual . . . I felt my psyche change. I *wasn't* sick—I saw myself as an oppressed minority, and my feelings were valid."

He came out to his girlfriend, took a year off to work in his father's construction business, pulled himself together, graduated from college—and, he says, insisted on being "excommunicated" from the Mormon Church. Three years later, at 26, he became head of the drama department at the



At Bateman's trial, Michael Caven, his accuser, *above*, testified that "there were times when I emotionally, physically, and mentally prostituted myself—not only for money, but for love, a father figure, and an education."

Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. He was, by all accounts, an inspiring teacher: supportive yet objective, artistic but businesslike. And he was aggressively "normal"—when boys visited, his copy of *Playboy* just happened to be on display. "It was unnecessary camouflage," a male student recalls. "I didn't have a clue he was homosexual, and almost all the women were in love with him."

"I told a friend I was mad for Lane," says Gay Marshall, an Interlochen student who went on to sing "What I Did for Love" as Cassie in *A Chorus Line* on Broadway. "She told me he was gay. I was so relieved. I thought, Now we can be friends. But when I told Lane, he looked *destroyed*—he didn't want anyone to know. He loved what he did so much he'd overcompensate to protect it."

In 1969, New York police and homosexuals battled in what has come to be known as the Stonewall riot. Although reports of that event radicalized Bateman, he wasn't ready to take more than what appeared to be a small, personal risk: when he was a drama teacher at Augustana College in Illinois, he fell in love with a 21-year-old student. But the young man's mother complained to the school, and rather than risk publicity that might have ended his teaching career, Bateman resigned.

As a doctoral candidate at Southern Illinois University, Bateman was finally free to become what he describes as

"Lane never felt secure enough at Exeter to come out. Thes

"militantly gay." His Ph.D. thesis more than confirms this. Entitled "Three Proud Plays," it consisted of three dramatic works, two of which celebrate the strengths of professor-student relationships, chronicle the threat to these affairs when the younger man's parents show up, and are obviously inspired by his truncated romance at Augustana College. One of them, *Lying in State*, was a winner at the American College Theatre Festival. It was performed at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., in 1974, and got the author an agent at William Morris.

But Bateman had no desire to be recognized as a playwright. He wanted only to teach. His early mentor, Sylvia Harman, who had taught at Exeter off and on for a decade, knew of his dedication, and in 1980, when the school asked her to recommend a candidate for a job as drama teacher, she could think only of Lane Bateman. Before she endorsed him, though, she had a question: Would he have problems living with all those boys? "I have someone with whom I'm very much in love," Bateman told her. "The problem is that I won't be seeing him enough."

"Where do you picture yourself in 10 years?" the chairman of Exeter's drama department asked Bateman at his interview. "Right here," Bateman replied. "I can't imagine anything more satisfying than teaching at Exeter." He had, without knowing it, paraphrased the school motto: *Non sibi*—Not for oneself. Two days later, he was offered the job.

At Exeter, he was a compulsive dramaturge: "Like Streisand getting hold of something, he'd learn everything about the sets and costumes of a play," a former colleague notes. But he never tried to surround himself with kids who would make a similar commitment to the theater. He scheduled auditions for an entire season's plays at the same time, so the bigger talents couldn't snare all the good roles; when a colleague suggested that they put on *The Normal Heart*, the landmark Larry Kramer play about AIDS, he vetoed it less for political reasons than because there weren't enough female roles. And he encouraged "fac brats"—teachers' children, who are sometimes regarded as charity cases—to join the choruses of *Godspell* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Bateman had an acute understanding of the school and its clientele. Exeter is famous for its work load—students average three to four hours of homework a night—and he made it clear that he expected even the most dedicated of his drama wonks to get it done. "Face it, kids at Exeter aren't going on to Broadway," he told me. So he was blunt with them: Theater at Exeter isn't a place to indulge specialness; it's a place to explore your creativity, a safety valve for your frustrations. Your academic work comes first.

And he led by example. After a long day of teaching, an evening of rehearsals, and hours of dormitory supervision, he was still available for academic consultation. Even with all that, his batteries were still charged. "I was having trouble writing a script about Edith Piaf, so I descended on Lane," Gay Marshall recalls. "The term was in full swing, but night after night he'd stay up and work with me until three A.M."

On one visit to Exeter, Marshall saw a locked box in Bateman's apartment. She asked him what it contained. "Nasty movies," he said. She was about to urge him to jettison them when she reminded herself that this was Bateman's well-contained private business.

Very private. Exeter is a school that now has a Gay/Straight Alliance—but only for students. Homosexual teachers don't acknowledge their sexuality even to their colleagues; on a faculty that may be 10 percent gay, only one

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Principal Kendra Stearns O'Donnell, *below, right*, at Exeter in 1989. *Below*, her letter firing Bateman shortly after his arrest.

Phillips Exeter Academy

July 17, 1992

Mr. L[illegible] Bateman
Thompson House North
6 Marsh Lane
Exeter, New Hampshire 03833

Dear Lane,

In light of recent events I have no choice but to terminate your employment at the Academy, effective immediately. Since you occupy Academy housing as a condition of employment, you will no longer be entitled to such housing. We ask you to vacate the premises as soon as possible but no later than August 1. As of that date you will no longer be allowed on Academy property. Please contact George Bragg with any questions related to your move.

Sincerely,

Kendra L. O'Donnell



sex movies are a legacy of the closet."

instructor has come out. Still, Bateman wouldn't have shocked anybody if he'd announced that he was something other than a bachelor. But he never did. Few of his students knew he was gay; even fewer were aware that he was partnered with another instructor.

"It's not healthy to be so secretive, but Lane never felt secure enough at Exeter to come out," explains a friend who has long known of Bateman's interest in pornography. "He lived in a dorm for 10 years, and there were kids walking in and out of his room late at night in their underwear. If he ever had a chance to do something with a kid, Exeter was it. But that's not Lane—if the most gorgeous kid in the world had presented himself to him, he would have said, 'Go take a shower.'... He's heavy into fantasy. These sex movies are the legacy of the closet."



Bateman (here displaying the monitoring device he must wear) couldn't deny that he kept a collection of child pornography hidden beneath his bed.

Bateman says he purchased the material that ultimately brought him down several years before he started teaching at Exeter, when he was coming out of the closet and wanted to make up for lost time. "For a few years, you could buy anything, and I bought some films and books that featured young boys," he says. "For me, these pictures were aesthetic, not pornography. I know people say, 'These images are *despicable*—how can you think that?' But the key point is that I identified with the boys, not the men. If someone young had grabbed me when I was that age and said, 'Let me teach you something,' I would have said, 'Sure.'... That's what I see in those images—the most secret part of my being."

But did he really "identify" only with the boys? Michael Caven, the "confidential informant" in this case, was only a boy when he met Lane Bateman in 1979. And Caven says that Bateman abused him sexually.

Bateman was then 38; Caven was 16. Bateman was head of the drama department at North Shore High School in Glen Head, Long Island, 20 miles from New York City, and Michael Pappas, as Caven was then known, was his student.

During free periods at school, Michael took his problems to his drama teacher. And then, early in 1980, according to Caven's testimony, Bateman suggested that they work on a video project, and invited him to his house. There, Caven says, Bateman outlined the plot: a boy returns home from his first homosexual encounter, is overcome by shame, and kills himself in the bathtub. Although he'd never taken his clothes off for another man, Caven claims that marijuana and wine and the admiration he had for Bateman overrode his nervousness—he did what Bateman asked.

A few days later, Caven says, he returned to Bateman's house to watch the edited video. Bateman again offered him marijuana and wine. And then, Caven insists, Bateman propositioned him. Although he didn't give this testimony at the trial—it would have been too incendiary—Caven told me that "Bateman said, 'I want to be the first man to make love to you.' But that wasn't sex. It was me and a current teacher in bed, with Bateman having given me wine and pot and having put poppers under my nose, putting Vaseline on his penis and sticking it in me—and he wanted me to believe he was doing me a favor! I had no erection, no orgasm. The experience was about pleasing my teacher, my friend, my father figure. My feeling was that I'd make him happy, and he'd love me."

To keep Bateman interested in him, Caven says, he posed naked for some Polaroids on his third visit. Then Bateman announced that his roommate, who was out of the country, was returning, and that they weren't just friends, they were lovers. This affair, he said, would have to end.

Lane Bateman says that none of this happened.

Michael Pappas, he agrees, often talked to him at school about the verbal and emotional abuse the boy said he experienced at home. But Bateman insists that talking never led to a video project and that it couldn't have—in 1980, neither he nor the school owned a video camera. What did happen, he says, is that Pappas discovered where he lived by following him home after school; when he next had difficulties with his mother and stepfather, he fled to his favorite teacher's house. Reluctantly, Bateman says, he let Pappas spend the night, but when Pappas crawled into bed with him, he rebuffed him. As for the Polaroids, Bateman insists that he took those pictures two years later, when Pappas was 18, at the young man's suggestion. At that time, he says, his former student told him he'd found a new way to make money: hustling in New York City. (Pappas says he never had sex for money alone.)

In the fall of 1980, Bateman and Pappas went their separate ways. The teacher took up his new post at Exeter, and his student slipped off into a quite different world.

One of Michael Pappas's schoolmates remembers him as "a tormented guy, a storyteller; people didn't take him seriously." Another classmate, now a prosecutor, says that "everything Michael said was a lie." (Continued on page 284)



LIKE A NATURAL WOMAN
Bergen was twice blessed, thus once cursed, with being born both beautiful and smart.



Candy Can

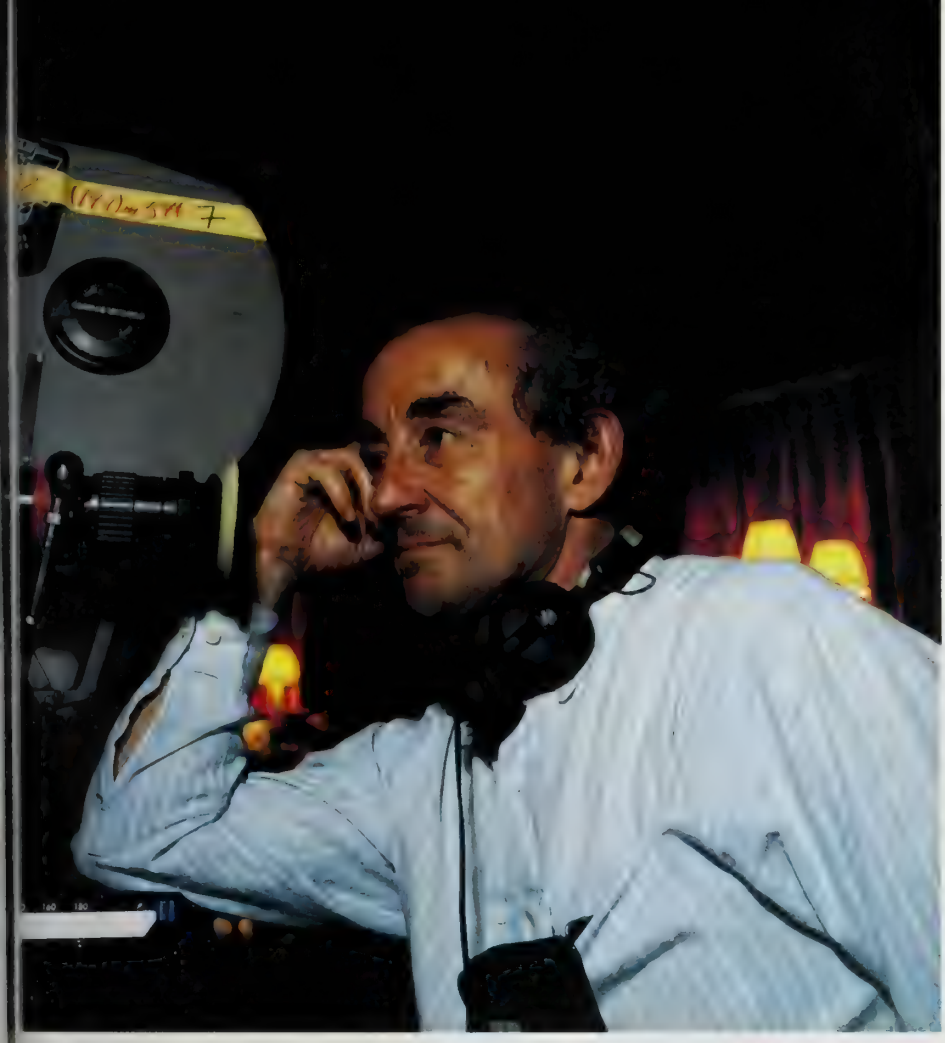
As Murphy Brown—the popular sitcom heroine who leaves vice presidents cringing in her wake—Candice Bergen has given form to the new feminine ideal of machismo. As a smart, funny—and, of course, beautiful—actress, wife, and mother, she has at last put her life's house in order, including the room where her old nemeses, fear and loneliness, are stored. ROGER ROSENBLATT gets the tour

On a still, hot Saturday afternoon in late September, Candice Bergen sits in her child's garden of a yard in the Los Angeles hills, and spins an answer to a single question: Why has Murphy Brown become a model for American women? Tomorrow she will devote the day to posing for a national-magazine cover on a beach near Malibu. The following morning she will be up at three to appear on *CBS This Morning* to discuss the much-publicized season's first episode of *Murphy Brown*, to be aired that night. The show will be watched by nearly 50 million people—more than the total number who viewed any hour on any night

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

While Bergen's life still has ghosts and sudden noises, it has surer components than before—husband, child, a career that fits.







FAMILY VALUES
Bergen with her daughter, Chloe (*left*). Her husband, director Louis Malle, on the set of his next film, *Damage* (*above*)

of either the Democratic or Republican convention last summer on ABC, CBS, NBC, and PBS combined. Included among the viewers will be Vice President Dan Quayle, who will gather a group of viewers, including black single parents, in Washington, D.C., for the occasion. By Tuesday morning, Quayle will have responded to Murphy's defense of her single-motherhood, which he had attacked last spring as contrary to "family values."

The atmosphere of surrealism will have been abetted by the show itself. On the *Murphy Brown* opener—a work of fictional television, one must remind oneself—Dan Quayle will appear, on television, attacking Murphy Brown. Ms. Brown, the television celebrity anchor, will then counterattack Dan Quayle on her television news show on the television sitcom. The vice president, like the rest of the country, treating all this as real, will have seen to it that his *Murphy*-watching support group will be televised watching television. He will have sent a toy elephant with an accompanying note to Murphy's television baby, and, to demonstrate good-naturedness, has already filmed a commercial for *Murphy Brown*, declaring the show his favorite . . . "*not*"—a joke popularized by television. The morning after, there will be television reports on the Murphy-Quayle clash.

To add a surrealistic footnote: on the final episode of *Murphy* last season, when she gave television birth to her television baby, the unifying device for the episode was a camcorder tape on which the show's characters delivered welcoming messages to the television newborn for television posterity. In short, the device made a television show within a television show for a television child whose television birth had been attacked by the vice president of the United States, who had, in effect, joined the cast.

Atop these gyres of fantasy sits a real woman who, prodded, is attempting to account for Murphy Brown's astonishing popularity and influence. Bergen contends that while she admires Murphy, she is not the same person. Her front-yard surroundings confirm this. Murphy would never live in such well-tended disorder: the cat Furball doing standing high jumps onto chairs and laps; the dog Lois waddling about in a shocking-pink collar and kissing as many humans as are available; the less demonstrative, waist-high plastic cow with a lavender ribbon about its neck; the His Master's Voice dog, also plastic; the stone rabbit; the pig made of something; the couch whose legs are logs; the faded yellow store sign that reads, NOVA SCOTIA FERTILIZER CO.—AGENTS TO THE CELEBRATED; the

HAIR BY [illegible]; MAKEUP BY GEORGE NEWELL; BLAZER, CHECK SHIRT AND TOP BY ATELIER VERSACE



RICH AND FAMOUS
While Bergen acknowledges and celebrates her own good fortune today, something inside is still isolated.

round green table umbrellaed by a Japanese parasol of white, pink, and blue, where Bergen sits, looking out over the amply housed hills.

These furnishings are set within a small space of red brick paths, flowerpots, a kumquat tree, a Brazilian peppertree, greenery, and murmurs of color. Impatiens with lavender and orange blossoms hang below the wood shingled roof. A couple of tall sycamores rise in a fenced-in garden, called "the pasture" because of the cow and pig. The one-story house is splendid-modest. The swimming pool, out of sight of the yard, is of modest size, too. The woman who lives here chooses comfort over grandeur, but the comfort is at once rich and protective—a wealthy child's design.

To be sure, a real child lives here. In the yard there are a pint-size table and chairs for Chloe, the blonde, seven-year-old daughter of Bergen and her husband, the French movie director Louis Malle. But the mother clearly delights in the mixture of delicacy, self-mockery, fancy, and surprise. So this is not Murphy Brown's home. And Bergen is herself.

Yet there is a good deal of Murphy Brown in Candice Bergen, and, as the show's top-five ranking would attest, in millions of American women. This is what Bergen is attempting to get at, sitting at her green table, discussing Murphy's appeal:

"First of all she's a great character, a sort of female W. C. Fields. She crosses gender lines. And she's at the top of a man's world. She lives her life like a man, a take-no-prisoners journalist. Women like that about her. I think women also like the fact that she's a professional woman in her 40s. She's going to be dealing with that soon, dealing with the sacrifices that she had to make, the sacrifice of a personal life. I think women respect the honesty of it.

"And she's endearingly cantankerous, and opinionated. So many of us are constrained by rules of good behavior most of the time. Murphy has never been confined by that. I think that a lot of us who chafe under those kinds of constrictions find it incredibly refreshing to have a woman or a man like that. I think the fact that Murphy is a woman just makes it gravy for people because there's never been a woman character quite like this before. And she is really indifferent to people's opinions of her. She doesn't care if she's liked or not. And she is literally fearless. And she's always ready. She's got her hand on the gun in her holster. She can really take care of herself. She can drink men under the table. She can take the pot at poker."

"But," I suggest, "if I were to say to you that every Monday night America would be enthralled by a woman who takes no prisoners, who conducts herself like a man, who is not affected by other people's opinions. . . ."

"Or their feelings. . . ."

"Or their feelings. Who makes men into mice, and so forth, you'd say this was crazy."

"In real life, you know, women like Murphy consume a lot of oxygen," Bergen says. "In real life I've rarely found them to be as likable. . . . That sort of person is exhausting. *Murphy's* exhausting, though I try not to let her get meanspirited. Yet she *is* alone. The only true relationship she has is with her housepainter. That is reflective of a lot of women I know at this age who can't *(Continued on page 258)*

"As I grow up, I find that not only does gravity start to pull at you physically, it starts to weigh on you emotionally."

DRESS BY DONNA KARAN

Check (Ani)mated!



While still working on *The Little Mermaid*, but before beginning *Beauty and the Beast*, the late Howard Ashman proposed to his songwriting partner, Alan Menken, that the duo turn the *Arabian Nights* tale of Aladdin and his lamp into an animated musical. This month, the fruits of their labors are dazzlingly showcased in *Aladdin*, Disney's fifth new animated release in as many years. Featuring additional lyrics by Tim Rice (*Evita*) and the singing voice of Miss Saigon herself, Lea Salonga, the film is a veritable shivaree of Persian splendor, terror-tinged adventure, and harem-pants-wearing Middle Easterners with a penchant for precision dancing.

Aladdin is a street-smart youth who must thwart a sniveling vizier in order to win the hand of the Sultan's beautiful daughter, Princess Jasmine. Aiding him in his quest are a sinuous, manta-ray-like flying carpet and an overwrought genie. The latter, full of sarky banter, is voiced by a gonzo Robin Williams. Able to instantly take on others' likenesses, Genie seems to be the visual equivalent of Williams's stand-up style—he not only "does" rapid-fire Ed Sullivan, Schwarzenegger, and Groucho, but *becomes* them. The effect is not relaxing.

The production design, however, *is*. Influenced by Persian miniatures and Arabic calligraphy, it is a large, jeweled throw pillow; meanwhile, Disney's Computer Generated Imagery department, which helped create the ballroom sequence in *Beauty and the Beast*, continues to push against the animation envelope.

There's a new two-dimensional kid in town. Mickey and Goofy better brush up on their Arabic. —**HENRY ALFORD**





Exile off Main Street: Keith Richards in the study of his Connecticut home (*right*). On his desk (*above*): photos of his mother and father, dice, a silver pillbox, *Dreadnought*, by Robert K. Massie, an ashtray, keys, an incense holder, a U-boat compass, a supermarket receipt, a classic soul CD.

KEITH ROLLS ON

Keith Richards will admit to all the worst things you've ever heard about him. But both the bad-boy rep and the occasional reports of his (sort of) cleaned-up act miss the point: that all he's really after, with and without the Stones, is something honest and simple and pure. BRYAN APPLEYARD hangs with rock's main offender

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



"I do like a good girl to come home to, if I have a home."

In the dark, doped days of the early 1970s, Keith Richards carried a Smith & Wesson .38 to make his riskier scores in New York. The trick was, when things got heavy, to shoot out the lights and run. "Yeah, there was a time the dope scene was pretty rugged," he recalls, "and, yeah, I got used to getting shot at. You'd be visiting somebody and there'd be his dealer, who'd arrive demanding his money, and you're just sitting there. . . "

He breaks into a nostalgic laugh made wheezy by his voracious consumption of Marlboro reds, all lit by one of his trademarks, a brass Zippo.

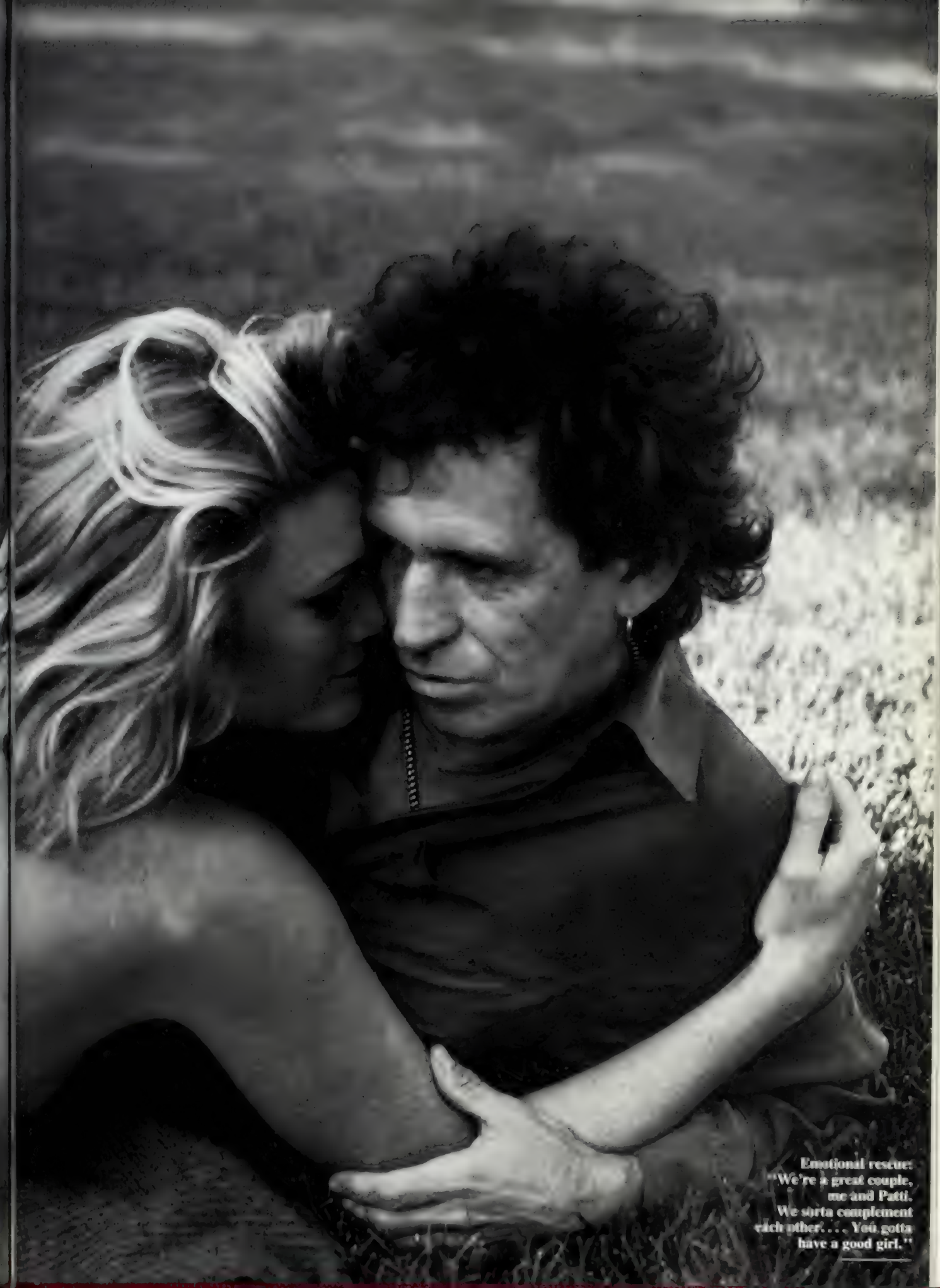
". . . And when scoring I packed a piece to shoot the lights out and go. They'd wait downstairs to rob you of your stuff. They had a two-way street going—you'd go up and buy it and they'd take it back. It was only a couple of times; I tried to avoid doing it that way. Throughout 10 years you get into a couple of weird situations with that stuff, and that was when the drug thing was becoming really bitter. I've done chandeliers, just to get out. Just go down blazing."

These days the golden glow of universal fame and leather-jacket credibility has made him one of the safest men on the streets of New York. He is a city institution, as much a part of the scene as yellow cabs or graffiti. Even the muggers feel affectionate toward the legendary guitar man.

"Oh yeah, I've had a couple of them. Once—it was just after Theodora [his seven-year-old daughter] was born—I was walking from New York Hospital and decided to stroll home, because I felt like it. It was night and there was a railway arch and I see these two guys cross over and start walking towards me. I thought, Ah, here we go, let's see the size of them first. They pull a knife out and then they walk under the light and they say, 'Oh, sorry, Keith, didn't know it was you. On your way, son.' . . . I do it [walk down the streets] all the time, which is usually fun—'Yo, Keith!' This town's funny for that. I could be mayor. Cops give me lifts when it's raining. It's great."

Keith Richards, it is always said, *is* rock 'n' roll. The tunnel eyes, the shocked hair, the hollow cheeks, the





Emotional rescue: "We're a great couple, me and Patti. We sorta complement each other. . . . You gotta have a good girl."

lean, wasted frame, and the very tight and very loose Gypsyish clothes have become the music's most copied visual incarnation. Here's a man—the "world's most elegantly wasted"—who has flushed the entire, hard on-the-road mythology through his bloodstream. Yet still he rises, undead, to take the stage and deliver rock's most recognizable sound: a tough, weather-beaten *ker-chang ker-ker-ker-CHAAANG* that sets scalps prickling and bodies moving. It's only rock 'n' roll, but who believes that when Keith's on song?

Knowing all this, you expect to meet the myth and the image—a sick crow of a man, haunted by the abyss and forever walking on the wild side. But what you see onstage is emphatically not what you get in life. As I enter the vaguely Moroccan living room of his cavernous Manhattan apartment he leaps to his feet, smiling warmly with an outstretched hand. The voice is croaky, a touch slurred, and very English but for the constant interpolations of "man" and "like." I came expecting the Prince of Darkness and I meet a bloke who could be bending my ear in an East End pub.

He laughs when I point this out.

"Yeah, I know. I can be the guy onstage anytime I want. Actually, I'm trying to get away from that guy. I would like to stay in touch with him. He was dealing with a lot of self-created problems. . . . But I'm a very placid, nice guy—most people will tell you that. It's mainly to placate this other creature that I work."

There's no need to gossip about Keith; all the worst things have been said and most of them have happened. And, anyway, you can ask him. He has no time for evasions and poses. The only question which makes him edgy is about the color of his hair. I ask if he dyes it to preserve the dark-brown electric-shock look. He reluctantly admits he does: it's really gray down the sides and, after all, he's 49 in December and time ravages even a Rolling Stone. The unhidden signs are the maps of fine lines beneath each eye and the deep, oblique creases down his cheeks.

In the brighter, less dopey days of the 90s there are distinct indications that the Prince of Darkness is settling down. On December 18, 1983, on his 40th birthday, he married Patti Hansen, a 27-year-old model. With their two young daughters, apartments in New York and Paris, houses in Connecticut, England, and Jamaica, there is now a lot of ballast to slow the old rocker down. In New York he even has his father living with him, though his mother has stayed in his original hometown of Dartford.

With two children in their 20s from his long relationship with Anita Pallenberg, Keith had no plans for a second family. "When Patti and I got married she said she couldn't have babies. I said, Fine, I'll marry you. Within six months: 'Guess what, I'm pregnant!' " But the Richards-family idyll is not entirely out of character for Keith. Through all the famous debauches, his temperament was always essentially monogamous. "Yeah, if I'm on the road it's 'Hello-good-bye' basically. But, yeah, I do like a good girl to come home to, if I have a home. . . . We're a great couple, me and Patti. We sorta complement each other. . . . You gotta have a good girl."

The home in a heavily wooded section of Connecticut is the real family center. In a houseful of women, the improbable country squire indulges in the novelty of rural family life and home-building. He speaks with startling enthusiasm about pollinating the flowers on his lemon tree with a sable brus "Yeah, man, I *screw* the little fuc ers." In this pastoral retreat, he likes sleep through the mornings, cook she herd's pie, and read history books— he's halfway through one on the origi of the First World War. "Well, ma history," he explains, "you're doom to repeat it otherwise. There's contin ity and there's foolishness."

Stones history denies him access to h English home, Redlands, in Sussex. love the house so much," he says. "I' rented it out for the last 10 years, usual to executives and their families—Austr lians, Americans, Germans. I can't s foot on the property. Tax. I c go to England, but I can't s foot on my own property. Lo of things about England I nev understood."

Ironically, the Prince of Dar ness now looks like one of t most stable of the Rollin Stones. Mick's longtime rel tionship with Texan model Jer Hall recently ran aground ov Italian model Carla Bruni. think it will be a real shame Mick and Jerry do split up, says Keith. "I hope the ma comes to his senses. He shou stop that now—you know, t old black-book bit. Kicking 5 it's a bit much, a bit manic."

Over the years Keith has b come an expert on the intric cies of the Rolling Stones Gir friend Phenomenon, from t dumb groupie to the sma cookie. He prefers the latte even Jerry Hall. Gossip suggested h was supposed to dislike her intensel but he denies it. "That's not true at al Jerry and I joust. But I have a great a miration for girls who take that pos tion. I think she's great, she's got lovely Texas accent, and she can pu that naïve bit, but she's a smart girl."

And what about Bill Wyman and t overnight failure of his marriage child bride Mandy Smith?

"Well, there you go, a classic exam ple," says Keith. "Mandy? Never sa that girl after the wedding. She just ne er turned up. We were working, admi tedly, on the road, but for two years n once did she. . . well, that was it. I sa it as a disaster and it happened. But didn't think it would be quite so hell good-bye."

> The memory of his second son, Tara Jo Jo Gunne, suddenly stops the flow of Keith's conversation.

Keith's oldest family, the Rolling Stones, has survived all the other relationships—though only after a five year crisis that began in 1985. With a historian's perspective, he refers to it as "World War III." This was the acrimony that finally surfaced between him and his rock wife, Mick. They conducted a noisy domestic squabble in the columns of the British tabloids.

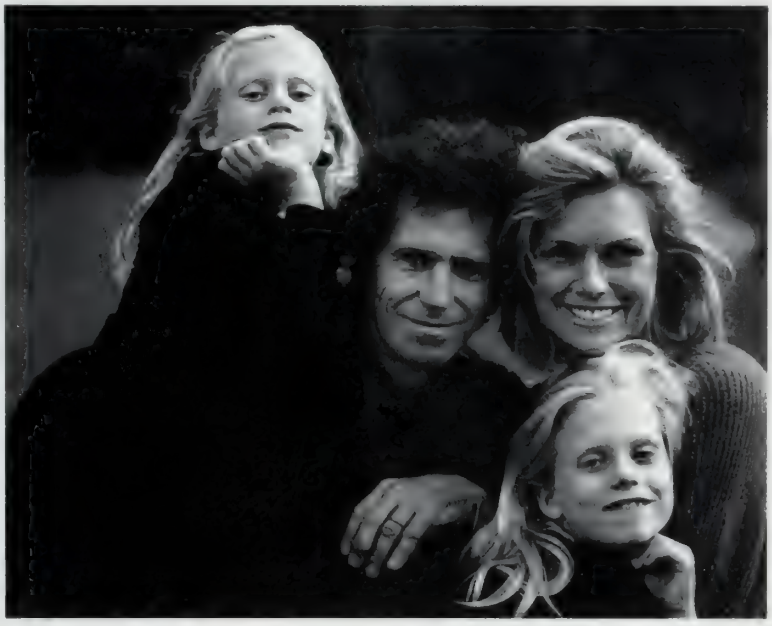
"Probably the whole thing happened because the frustration of just being in the Stones was wearing us down," says Keith, who now speaks about the spat with some amusement. "Working frantically for a year, a year and a half, maybe two years, then nothing for two years, continual stopping and starting. . . . I was aware of it before he was. . . I forced Mick to break the thing. In the long run it's probably better that it happened there and then, and the proof of that is that we got back together."

The crisis had deepened when it became clear that Jagger was determined to pursue a solo career at the same time he was working with the Stones. Keith, who had always been the most devoted to the cause of the band, viewed this as an act of treason. In revenge, he signed his own solo deal with Virgin Records. The result was a band he christened the X-Pensive Winos and an album called *Talk Is Cheap*.

Though the album didn't sell much better than either of Jagger's two solo efforts (and none of them did anywhere near as well as an average Stones album), Keith's picked up the best reviews. Did the revenge taste sweet? "I suppose there was a sort of little inner demon saying, 'Told you so,' " he admits. "Just because we were at each other's throats all the time. 'You still can't do without me'—bit of that sort of thing. But at the same time he didn't fall flat on his face and he does get up pretty quick anyway."

The reunion with Jagger finally took place in Barbados in 1989. As he was leaving home, Keith told Patti he would be gone either two days or two weeks—depending on how the encounter went. Keith and Mick screamed at each other for a while, then fell to laughing at the names they had traded in the tabloids. (Mick accused Keith of trying to take over the band, Keith called Mick a "bitch.") He stayed two weeks, and a month later all the Stones gathered in Barbados to prepare *Steel Wheels* and the blockbuster world tour.

The Stones are rolling smoothly again—a new album is scheduled for next year—and Keith speaks excitedly of his premonition that they are about to enter another "golden period," but he also remains committed to his solo career: the X-Pensive Winos have just released their second studio album, *Main Offender*.



Some girls: In a houseful of women, the improbable country squire indulges in the novelty of rural family life and homebuilding.

It's a laid-back piece of work, looser and more relaxed than the music of the Stones. The Winos cruise rather than rock, with Keith's voice rolling alongside. Some of the old whiskey rasp is gone. He sounds almost fragile and vulnerable, meditative and drifting rather than hard-rocking. Keith is the Main Offender of the title, of course. "I've spent too long saying, 'Not guilty, Your Honor,' " he says with a smile. He originally wanted to call the album *Blame Hound*—"You know, the dog that lies under the table and gets kicked when anybody farts."

Keith wants to take his new songs on tour, and he plans more X-Pensive Winos albums, but it's impossible not to miss the passion of his lifelong commitment to Charlie Watts, Ron Wood, Bill Wyman and, yes, even Mick Jagger. "It's kind of like an adventure, the Stones," says Keith. "You can't give up now. Once you're in, you take it to the end."

Keith—or "Keef," as Cockney pronunciation demands—Richards' place in rock 'n' roll history is now secure. Recently, a fat, heavily researched, though unofficial, biography, *Keith Richards: The Biography*, by Victor Bockris, reverently traced the pattern of his life as if he were a statesman or a saint. Keith is simply, according to the book jacket, "one of the most important guitar players and greatest songwriters in the history of rock and roll."

Keith, who says he hasn't read the biography, seems uncomfortable with another immortalization in print, another long, detailed recapitulation of all the sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. But the point that he cannot avoid is that his life is not just another tale of a debauched rocker—it is the standard by which all such tales are measured. What has made his life so enviable and exemplary is that unlike so many others—Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Brian Jones, Mama Cass, Keith Moon, John Bonham—Keith has walked through rock's valley of death and survived relatively unscathed. In fact, what didn't kill him seemed to make him stronger. He inspired admirers to think the human frame could endure years of cocaine, speed, heroin, Jack Daniel's, marathon insomnia, and total blood transfusions—when in fact only his could.

Born a week before Christmas 1943 into a working-class neighborhood in Dartford, on the Thames east of London, Keith was hardened in the grim austerity of postwar England. "Until 1954, we got beat up pretty bad," he remembers. "First, Hitler puts a bomb on my bed and then no sweets." (According to Bockris this is a routine Keith exaggeration: *(Continued on page 270)*



PAINTED DESERT

Susan Rothenberg has left Manhattan for the wide-open spaces. Now all she's got is the universal respect of critics, a thriving marriage to sculptor Bruce Nauman, and a major traveling retrospective of her work. MARTIN FILLER reports from New Mexico on that rarest of creatures, the happy artist

Photographs by TODD EBERLE



HE O.K. CORRAL
othenberg with Nauman
n their land near
anta Fe, New Mexico.
It's an amazing time to
ome together . . .
hen so many things that
n tear you apart
on't exist." Her 1992
alisteo Creek (112 in. by
48 in.), *opposite*,
as a star of this summer's
ocumenta exhibition
Germany.



HORSE SENSE
Rothenberg's equine images from the 1970s—here, *Untitled*, 1976 (9 in. by 12 in.)—were a dramatic break with the geometric abstraction that still dominated the New York art scene. "She's really painting out of an unconscious place, and therefore [her paintings] speak to an unconscious place."





"If I'm in the studio at night, it's when I really feel the desert. I feel like an alien out there."

ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR
Rothenberg in her studio. "It's so much time alone. It's not a social job. . . . Most women never learn to take their art seriously enough, to commit to it."

've got the right stuff to be an artist—I'm a compulsive person," says Susan Rothenberg, breaking into an impish grin that masks a fierce determination. She's also got the right place. Home for the internationally acclaimed painter is now a 600-acre New Mexico ranch that she shares with her husband of almost four years, the sculptor and conceptual, installation, neon, and video artist Bruce Nauman.

One of Rothenberg's favorite activities is searching for Native American artifacts in the ruins of an 800-year-old pueblo on the couple's land. "I take three-hour walks out into Indian country," she says. "That's a huge, important piece of my life now that didn't exist. I *have* to go out there and look for arrowheads and pots. . . . It's a treasure hunt, and it also does something extremely relaxing to your mind: to be out there, but with a goal."

She does not dig, spotting most of her discoveries on the surface after the rains expose them, and has reassembled one whole pot and parts of several others from the shards she has found. But at one point, she recalls, "I started having bad dreams of all these fragments of ancient Indian pottery moving around. So I took those pieces back and reburied them. It got ahold of me, thinking I was transgressing on the Indians."

In time, however, the painter made peace with her local predecessors. "This is going to sound a little cuckoo," she warns, "but I think if you want to invest the pueblo ruins with a spirit, they now know me really well. They say, 'It's her.' . . . It's an amazing place, to be between the Indian stuff and the sky and the land."

On this blazing afternoon, the slight but sturdy Rothenberg is nimbly scaling a jagged stone outcropping near their ample adobe house in the high desert near Santa Fe. Atop this ridge are rocks incised with petroglyphs carved by Native American artists centuries ago. These pictographs of scorpions, snakes, and shamans bear an uncanny resemblance to the haunting, densely painted images—hovering between the representational and the abstract—that have marked Rothenberg's work since she burst onto the New York art scene like a force of nature almost 20 years ago. For the latest artist to inhabit this spectacular site, however, they are nothing less than reassuring evidence of the eternal urge to create, the same impulse that has propelled her steadfastly through two turbulent decades of contemporary art and private life.



ANCESTOR WORSHIP
Rothenberg collects and reassembles ancient Indian pottery she finds on her property. Once, she had "bad dreams of all these fragments moving around. I reburied them. . . thinking I was transgressing on the Indians."

On November 14, a major traveling retrospective of her works opens at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in her hometown of Buffalo, New York, organized by Michael Auping and accompanied by a handsome catalogue published by Rizzoli. Rothenberg's standing is now at an all-time high. "Her most recent efforts," wrote Roberta Smith in a brief *New York Times* preview of the exhibition, "may be her best work, which could make this show of 80 paintings and drawings look unusually well-timed."

A pivotal player in the move away from the cool, detached Minimalism of the late 60s and early 70s and toward the more emotional and expressive figurative art of the 80s, the 47-year-old painter already has a secure place in modern art history. She is also one of the few art stars of the 80s to have emerged from the steaming mess of that overhyped, oversold decade with her stature not only intact but enhanced.

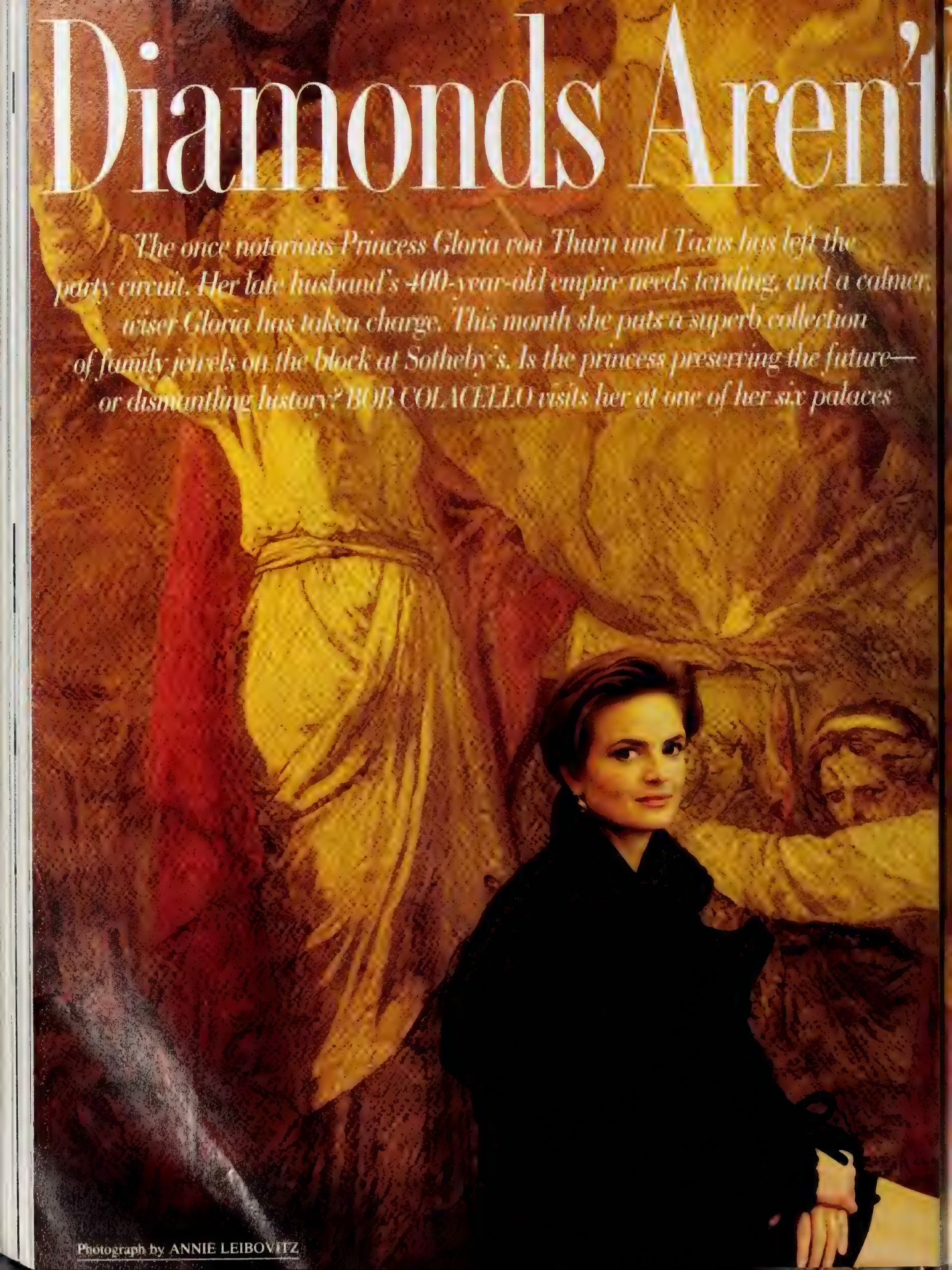
Rothenberg enjoys a rare critical consensus within the art community, from the curmudgeonly Hilton Kramer of the archconservative *New Criterion* to the philosophical Arthur Danto of the leftist *Nation*. And *Time* magazine's tough art critic, Robert Hughes, who likes very few painters among the living, has called Rothenberg "one of the signal artists of our confused time," writing that her "imagery delivers the jolt and reach of feeling one associates with the poetry of Sylvia Plath."

Although her uncompromising art is still laden with images of profound anxiety and fearsome power, Rothenberg is more serene now than she has ever been in her adult life. A large part of that contentment comes from her miracle second marriage to Nauman, the 51-year-old multiple-threat vanguard artist–cum–sensitive cowboy who might be described as the Sam Shepard of the art world. Together they form the most consequential couple in the visual arts since Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner, with the important difference that the reputations of these current contenders are far more equally matched. In addition, this wife has not sacrificed her career to her husband's, nor has this husband been known to urinate into anyone's fireplace.

Since their whirlwind courtship and marriage, Roth- *(Continued on page 266)*

Diamonds Aren't

The once notorious Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis has left the party circuit. Her late husband's 400-year-old empire needs tending, and a calmer, wiser Gloria has taken charge. This month she puts a superb collection of family jewels on the block at Sotheby's. Is the princess preserving the future—or dismantling history? BOB COLACELLO visits her at one of her six palaces

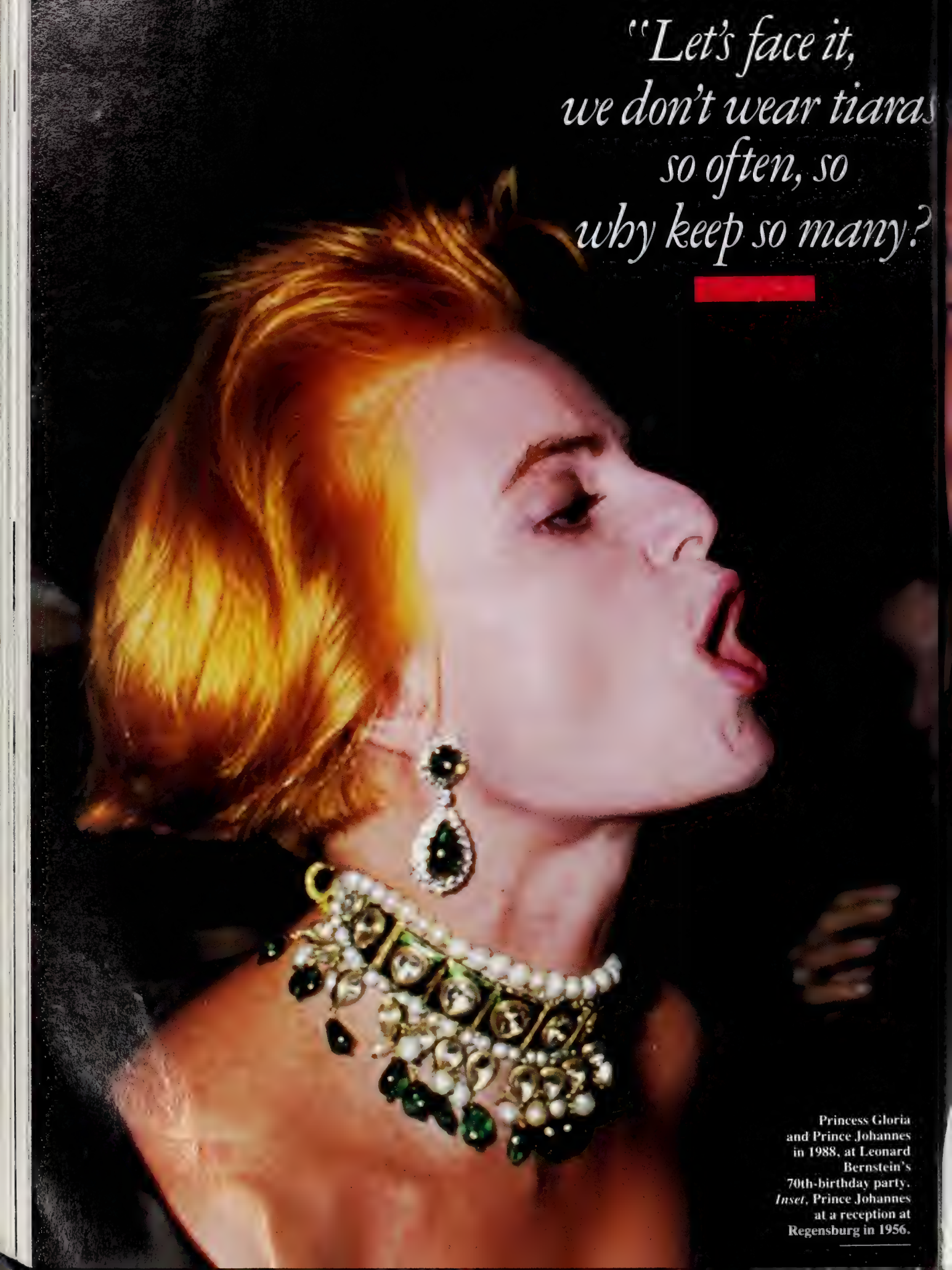


Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Forever



Princess Gloria at Regensburg, *opposite*, and a portrait of Empress Eugénie wearing a tiara that will be among the Thurn und Taxis jewels auctioned in Geneva this month.



Princess Gloria and Prince Johannes in 1988, at Leonard Bernstein's 70th-birthday party. *Inset*, Prince Johannes at a reception at Regensburg in 1956.



"It was great fun showing off in the 80s. Let's be honest, darling, and admit it. Especially in Germany, where the rich were so much in the closet. But it was the wrong thing to do. Because what do you get with showing off? A lot of envy." Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, who began the last decade by marrying Germany's richest (and wildest) aristocrat, her distant cousin Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis, when she was 20 and he was 54, and who careened through the next 10 years in a gaudy blaze of parties, publicity, and pink punk hairdos topped with diamonds and pearls from the princely collection of historical jewels, is striding purposefully down a pine-shrouded path on the grounds of Schloss Garatshausen, the family's relatively modest 40-room summer palace on the Lake of Starnberg in southern Bavaria. She is trailed by six children—her daughters, Princess Maria Theresia, 11, and Princess Elisabeth, 10, and her son, Prince Albert, 9; the two toddler sons of her sister, Maya, and brother-in-law Mick Flick (the Mercedes-Benz heir); and a son of a cousin—all of whom seem to be shouting "Mama!" or "Tante Gloria!" at the same time. They are on their way to the boathouse for an hour of waterskiing, which will be followed by their daily hour each of tennis and horseback riding. There are no coaches or instructors, however, and no nannies. "I'm the nanny," says Princess Gloria proudly. She is 32 now, and with her hair restored to its natural mouse-brown color and cut as short as a boy's, she looks more like a Teutonic gym teacher than a governess. She is wearing a gray T-shirt over black shorts and black sandals, and explains that she has worn only "mourning colors" since Prince Johannes's death in December 1990, at age 64, following two unsuccessful heart transplants. Aside from a Breitling watch, the only jewelry she has on is a ring comprising her and her late husband's gold wedding bands, welded together with a silver strip which is inscribed with the Thurn und Taxis family motto: Forever loyal

For almost two years now, she has



Prince Albert (in black T-shirt) with Michael Jackson at Euro Disney outside Paris. *Opposite*, Princess Gloria's adversary, Pater Emmeram, at Schloss Prüfenig, hoisting up a meal prepared at St. Emmeram.

shut herself up in Schloss St. Emmeram, the Thurn und Taxis family seat on the Danube in Regensburg, Bavaria, which with its 500 rooms is about the same size as Versailles. She has shunned her fashionable friends in Munich and Paris, as well as the hip young artists she used to hang out with in Berlin and New York. She has also avoided the paparazzi, gossip columnists, and talk-show hosts who had dubbed her the Punk Princess and made her into the Madonna of high society. (She did manage to land herself on the glossy pages of *Point de Vue* last year, cloaked in a nunlike habit and pushing the wheelchair of an elderly miracle seeker toward the Shrine of the Virgin at Lourdes.)

The widowhood of Her Serene Highness has, nevertheless, been anything but serene. She was sued by, and filed criminal charges against, Prince Johannes's former business managers in a fierce and highly publicized legal war that was finally settled this past April. And she has struggled to salvage the remains of the Thurn und Taxis business empire—which at the time of Prince Johannes's death stretched from Germany to Brazil, Canada, and the United States and included forests, sawmills, breweries, a bank, metallurgical companies, and commercial real estate—for Prince Albert, who inherited all of it and for whom she is trustee until he turns 18. Amazingly, and somewhat mysteriously, a fortune believed to be about $3 billion in the mid-1980s has shrunk to an estimated one-third of that amount, and has been burdened with more than $500 million in debt and interest payments of about $100,000 per day. The estate also faces as yet uncalculated, but no doubt substantial, death duties.

"When Johannes died, I didn't want to see anybody anymore," Princess Gloria says, "because I had to face so much and concentrate so much. My enemies thought that I would tire very soon, that I would be distracted by other things. But I want to do nothing except what is necessary right now, which is to take care of the kids and the business. I don't feel too chic to work. I think everybody has to work sometime. I mean, I slept at school, I married a rich man, and now I have to work. It's all right."

Can it be? Has Princess TNT, the dynamite socialite who called her husband "Goldie" and tossed him a million-dollar, three-day Baroque birthday bash that made those of Saul Steinberg and Malcolm Forbes seem restrained in comparison, really turned into Tante Gloria, *Über*-mom and working woman? If so, the 80s really are over.

This month, at the Hotel des Bergues in Geneva, Sotheby's will auction off a large portion of the Thurn und Taxis family jewels, including many of the precious baubles that Princess Gloria once nonchalantly wore—four or five huge ruby and sapphire rings on each hand, an ornate Order of the Golden Fleece entwined in a feathered headdress—to places like the Palladium on East 14th Street in New York and the Palace discotheque in Paris. Sotheby's is billing it as its most important jewelry auction since the 1987 Duchess of Windsor sale, also held in Geneva, which brought in $50 million.

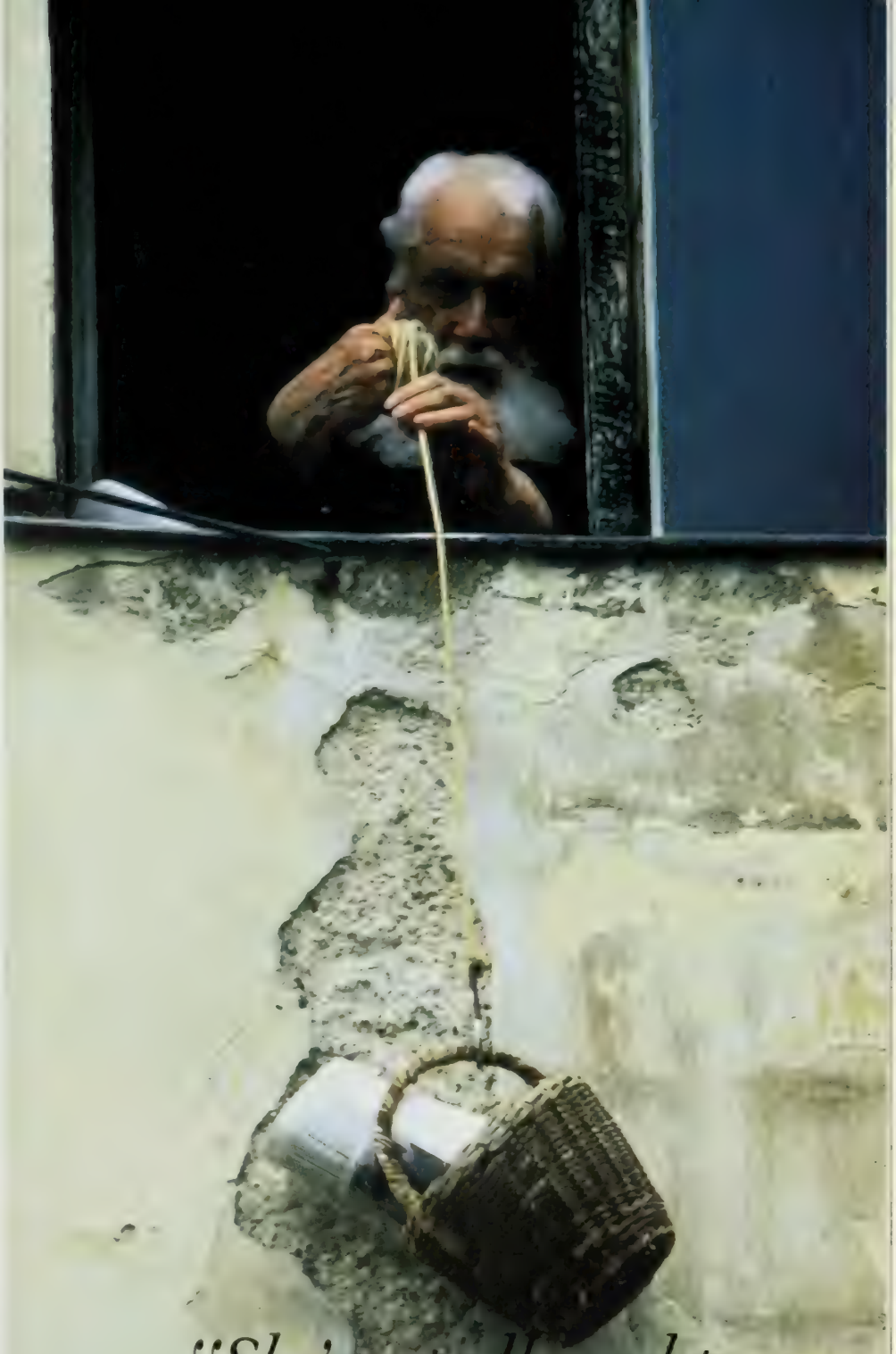
"It has the same basic ingredients," says Simon de Pury, deputy chairman of Sotheby's Europe. "Outstanding jewelry of great quality that also has glamour, history, snob appeal, and a very beautiful woman associated with it. Our offices all over the world have been bombarded with calls from people wanting to book places. We're taking it on the most extensive tour we've ever done for a jewelry sale—even more extensive than the Windsor tour—starting in Paris and going on to London, New York, Los Angeles, Hong Kong, Munich, and Lugano. The *mise en scène* of the sale itself will be spectacular. Slides of the jewelry will be projected on a huge screen behind the auctioneer, and four models in Ungaro evening dresses will come out holding the jewels themselves on black velvet *présentoires*. Of course, we'll need to have a few security gorillas placed strategically around the room."

Actually, the Thurn und Taxis sell-off is far more significant historically than the Windsor sale, which consisted almost entirely of modern pieces bought by the Duke for the Duchess from jewelers such as Van Cleef & Arpels, Cartier, and David Webb. The Thurn und Taxis collection has been acquired over three centuries by what was the ruling family of a sovereign principality with a long tradition of marriage with reigning royal families, including the Austrian Hapsburgs, the Bavarian Wittelsbachs, and the Portuguese Braganzas (Princess Johannes's mother, Infanta Maria Anna, was a direct descendant of the kings of Portugal). This is only the third time in history that what can be called crown jewels are being dispersed en masse at a public auction. And in the previous two instances the consignors were revolutionary governments selling confiscated goods: in 1887 in Paris, the French republic auctioned off the crown jewels of the French royal family; in 1927 in Moscow, Communists auctioned off the crown jewels of the Russian imperial family. Royal families have put the occasional tiara up at auction, or sold large collections of their

jewelry privately, but this is the first time in history that royalty is selling so many of its own most valuable and personal treasures so openly.

Among the most important pieces that Princess Gloria is putting under the hammer in Geneva on the evening of November 17 are the pearl and diamond tiara that Napoleon III had made for Empress Eugénie on the occasion of their wedding in 1853 (and that Princess Gloria wore at her wedding), which it is estimated will go for between $230,000 and $400,000; the 27-carat-each emerald drop earrings of Czar Nicholas II's aunt, Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia ($375,000 to $500,000); and a jeweled gold-and-heliotrope snuffbox made circa 1770 for Frederick the Great of Prussia ($1.5 million to $2.3 million). Of less weighty provenance but no less eye-popping are such 19th-century items commissioned for Thurn und Taxis princesses as a four-strand diamond necklace with 231 cushion-cut, Raisinet-size diamonds ($230,000 to $400,000), a nine-row diamond "dog collar" with matching bracelets ($80,000 to $120,000), and a foot-long diamond brooch ($80,000 to $120,000). The auction also features a small group of extremely rare 18th-century silver pieces by the Drentwett family of Augsburg and Jean-Jacques Kirstein of Strasbourg, most notably a set of 36 identical large candlesticks ($120,000 to $150,000 per dozen) which the Thurn und Taxis princes put out when Holy Roman Emperors came for dinner. There are 300 lots in all, with a total estimate of $15 million, which many experts find remarkably conservative. Next year, Sotheby's will stage a house sale of furniture, paintings, decorative objects, and wine at Schloss St. Emmeram. It will presumably include some of the palace's 300 clocks (which required a full-time winder), and is expected to bring in an additional $80 million, more or less.

The day after these plans were announced in July, the state of Bavaria's Office of Patrimony intervened to stop the jewelry-and-silver auction on the ground that national treasures might leave Germany. Soon thereafter, an agreement allowing the state to buy certain key pieces for its own collections was reached. It will be more difficult for Princess Gloria to placate her late husband's uncle *(Continued on page 273)*



"She's not allowed to sell anything," says Pater Emmeram. "She's not the owner. Her son is."



LORD OF THE MANOR Robert Gardiner at his home in East Hampton. *Inset*, Gardiners Island, left in trust to the heirs of Gardiner and his sister by their aunt.



TREASURED ISLAND



For more than 350 years, Gardiners Island—part Colonial museum, part Eden off the coast of New York City—has withstood pirates, redcoats, and other assaults on its inhabitants and their possessions. Today, two blue-blooded families, linked by marriage, are waging a bitter war for the future of this historic 3,350-acre preserve. LESLIE BENNETTS goes behind the lines, where the last Gardiner is stubbornly holding the fort



Heading full-throttle toward the island, the sleek black boat cleaves the water like a sword; the notorious Gardiners Bay chop is no match for the *Laughing Lady*. Whipping and snapping in the wind, her startling yellow flag unfurls a scarlet skull and crossbones, splashed like a jolt of blood against an electric-blue sky. The captain's deck chair is emblazoned with the Jolly Roger as well, but Robert David Lion Gardiner doesn't sit down. His hands on the wheel, his chiseled face jutting eagerly into the wind, he stands tall and erect, as proud as the figurehead on the prow of a ship, never taking his eyes off the green island rising from the water before us. Between the wind and the waves crashing around the boat and the sea gulls swooping and crying overhead, it's hard to hear anything, but this doesn't deter the 16th lord of the manor.

"There's Cartwright Shoals," he shouts, waving his arm

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER

expansively at a ridge of sandbars stretching toward Montauk. "We put lights on them and wrecked ships and took all the goods off." This was at least 200 years ago, but the events of the distant past are as real to Gardiner as the salt spray stinging his face this afternoon. He may look through the people he's with as if they weren't there, but the ancestors who settled Gardiners Island more than 350 years ago are visible as flesh and blood to him, familiar in all their quirks; he has pored over their diaries, tracked down their marriage certificates, and unearthed their gravestones, and his homes are full of their treasures.

The *Laughing Lady* veers to starboard and begins to circle the island. "There's the landing strip—see the grass runway, mowed like a lawn? There's the windmill, in the X position. It's always painted white, because when we saw the pirate ships coming we changed the position from X to the cross, so the people on the coast would see the danger coming and put their valuables away. Here's Cherry Hill pond, with swans, like the great ducal estates of England!" Even in remarks flung heedlessly to the wind, Gardiner's inflections are grandly aristocratic; his tone is exultant, his face alight with the romance of his story. "The Countess Diodati had slaves dressed as gondoliers on the pond, out of nostalgia for her youth in Venice. Look at the cormorants on the rocks! See the osprey nests? Look at the lovely rolling country of the island, like the English countryside—not flat like Southampton." His voice fairly drips with derision. "Lion Gardiner said it looked like Sussex Downs in England—that's why he liked it. There's Bostwick Forest—1,200 acres of oak! Some of the oaks are 800 years old—pre-Columbian! This isn't a barren island like Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, with *bushes!*" His disdain is so great he practically spits the word. "These are the trees of a primeval forest—what a difference!"

The current value of Gardiners Island is the subject of much conjecture, although few would argue that 3,350 pristine acres in the middle of Long Island Sound could be worth less than $100 million. Lion Gardiner got them for 10 coats of cloth when he arrived here in 1639 to barter with the Montaukett Indians for what would become the Gardiner family's ancestral home. The Indians had called it Manchonake, "the place where many have died," because of a terrible battle between the Montauketts and the Pequots of Connecticut. "Not a man was left standing," Gardiner reports solemnly. But the island was blessed with four freshwater streams and studded with ponds; it had forests and fertile fields and 27 miles of coastline, and it was teeming with wildlife. The prosperous plantation Lion Gardiner built there was the first English settlement in what is now New York State. He himself had arrived in the New World on a fragile North Sea bark, but his descendants would later ply these waters in style, putting their slaves to oars in livery with the Gardiners Island crest on the buttons.

As the *Laughing Lady* slides into the cove where Gardiners have anchored their boats for centuries, white egrets rise around us like clouds. "My grandmother went to the Metropolitan Opera wearing egret feathers," Gardiner says. "They were the latest thing in Paris, but Mrs. Gardiner's were homegrown!" The rushes surrounding the dock murmur in the breeze off the bay, rustling and whispering as if with a soft chorus of unintelligible voices; it is impossible to dispel the ghosts of the past here. Their claims are insistent, an inexorable fact of life that contemporary Gardiners understand all too well.



FEUDING NIECE
Alexandra Goelet in the dining room of the manor house, with a portrait of her mother's aunt Sarah Diodati Gardiner behind her.

Once on the island, the first order of business is clear. Gardiner guns the pickup truck over the rutted road, crying, "We've got to get the flags up to say I'm here! I don't dare leave them for the Goelets—they'd burn them up and they have no right to the Gardiner coat of arms!" When he stops the truck there is utter silence except for the birds and the soughing of wind in the tall grasses. The stillness stops even Gardiner for a moment. "You step back 350 years," he says reverently. And then hoisting the big canvas sack he had brought with him from the mainland, he bounds up the hill to the flagpole to raise the American flag and the Gardiner coat of arms. The lord of the manor may be 81 years old, but he leaps up the steep incline so fast that men half his age scramble breathlessly to keep up.

The Goelets are not in residence today, so there will be no ugly confrontations like the ones that have fueled so many years of litigation. When Gardiner talks about the time Robert Goelet, his niece's husband, tried to run him off this road and kill him—a charge Goelet vehemently denies—he savors every syllable, as energized by his bitter war with the Goelets as he is by the endless tales of previous battles testing the mettle of the island's inhabitants. Spanish pirates burned the Gardiners' Queen Anne manor house in 1728, but the family tied strings to all their jewels, silver, and other valuables and hung them down the granite well ringed with lions' heads. "The pirates never thought of looking down the well," Gardiner says triumphantly, patting it with satisfaction.

Today's major antagonist is somewhat more difficult to outwit, having infiltrated the family. Nearly 40 years ago, Robert Gardiner and his sister, Alexandra Gardiner Creel, were left Gardiners Island in trust by their aunt Sarah Diodati Gardiner, who stipulated that upon their deaths the island would revert to their heirs. Although Gardiner has been married for more than 30 years, he has no children, and if he died today Mrs. Creel's daughter, Alexandra Gardiner Creel Goelet, would inherit the island—thereby delivering it squarely into the hands of Robert Gardiner's sworn enemy, Alexandra's husband, Robert Goelet.

He is in many ways a fitting oppo



"The sandbar of sorrow," Alexandra Goelet's late father used to call the island.

nent. If the Goelets haven't been n the New World quite as long is the Gardiners, they weren't far behind, and Robert Goelet is not only the bearer of "a dread New York name," as *The New Yorker* once put it, but also the scion of a major real-estate fortune. The Goelets have, over the years, owned vast stretches of Manhattan, including such notable properties as the land where Grand Central Terminal was built, the land under Lever House on Park Avenue, the old Ritz-Carlton Hotel, the Racquet and Tennis Club, and the Fulton Fish Market (which they sold to the South Street Seaport)—not to mention such Gilded Age extravaganzas as Newport's Ochre Court, a copy of Louis XII's Château de Blois, and Stanford White's Southside, which has been called "the biggest example of bastard Edwardian in the country." Then there are the hunting lodges in Canada and a Tudor castle in Scotland, as well as the Clos du Val vineyards, which are owned by Robert's brother John. A Goelet also cofounded Chemical Bank, reportedly by bribing members of the New York State Legislature with cash and lavish gifts of stock to obtain a charter. But despite their formidable holdings and the fact that they are among the tiny handful of old-line Wasp families that still retain real power and wealth, the Goelets have assiduously shunned publicity, managing even now to remain "one of New York's best-kept secrets," as *Quest* magazine described them.

Like Robert Gardiner, Robert Goelet didn't marry until he was past 50, his passions having previously run to such interests as bird fleas; he had for many years devoted himself to the private study of natural history, shuttling around the world to observe fossil fish on the Gaspé Peninsula, puffins on the Westman Islands off Iceland, elephant seals and sea lions in Patagonia. "If you don't have a family, you have more time for your interests," he explained.



TO THE ISLAND BORN
The manor house and diamonds buried in a snuffbox on the island by pirates, now set in a ring worn by Robert Gardiner.

Born in France at a family shooting place called Sandricourt, a château surrounded by 10,000 acres, Goelet always enjoyed the luxury of pursuing even the most esoteric hobbies. However, one day while hiking in Harriman State Park, he met Alexandra Gardiner Creel: a match made in heaven, indeed. She was divorced from the lawyer Peter Tufo, she was aiming for a master's degree from the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, she shared Goelet's interest in things like luna-moth cocoons, and she stood to inherit Gardiners Island—a place virtually guaranteed to pique the interest of Goelet, who has served as president of the New York Zoological Society, as president of the American Museum of Natural History,

and as a director of the National Audubon Society. The couple were married on Gardiners Island in 1976, celebrating the occasion with a dinner party for 110 people at Goelet's double town house on Sutton Place.

Then the real problems began. Relations between Robert Gardiner and his sister had already been strained by Gardiner's refusal, in 1962, to continue leasing the island to various sportsmen who used it for shooting parties. Mrs. Creel was dismayed by the loss of income, but Gardiner was adamant: "I said, 'No. My aunt left me the island. I'm going to enjoy it.' " However, the trust left by their aunt, which had maintained the island since the 1950s, was running out of money, and by the early 1980s Goelet had begun to pay the spiraling costs, which, according to Gardiner, are now more than $1.6 million a year. When Gardiner refused to pay half, Surrogate Court Judge Marie Lambert decided he wasn't entitled to use the island, so he found himself barred from visiting for most of the 1980s while the Goelets settled into a comfortable routine of using it as a private family retreat. Last summer, however, the New York State Supreme Court's Appellate Division ruled that Gardiner, as the life beneficiary of the Gardiners Island trust, couldn't be excluded from the island whether he helped finance its upkeep or not. "I won the right to be on the island whenever I want to, plus I don't have to pay, so the Goelets are fit to be tied," Gardiner says gleefully. "But they're not giving up. They're fighting tooth and nail."

Gardiners Island has a long history of spawning family discord, turning brother against sister, one generation against another; more than a century ago the question of inheritance drove Julia Gardiner, the First Lady of the United States during the presidency of John Tyler, into a bitter court fight with her brother. "The sandbar of sorrow," Alexandra Goelet's late father used to call the island. But if the conflict surrounding it is familiar, the current legal wrangling has taken on an atmosphere of crisis, since the trust is virtually broke and something has to be done. Gardiner is completely convinced that the minute he dies Goelet will develop the island. In Gardiner's view, Goelet's real goal is "to make a fortune for the Goelets—a couple of hundred million in the 21st century. I could see through it from the very beginning," he says disdainfully. And this he is determined to prevent. Gardiner thinks the island should be sold to the government as a wildlife sanctuary or to some preservationist group like the Nature Conservancy. "I'm a realist," he says with a shrug. "I think the only thing is to get it in a secure public domain with limited access."

The Goelets are vehemently opposed to relinquishing the island or to making any concessions that would protect it from development, although they have always denied that such is their intention. Nor do they wish to discuss it. Gardiner, on the other hand, delights in airing the whole controversy. The Goelets generally maintain a long-suffering silence in public, but behind closed doors they are fighting their war of attrition with deadly seriousness. Gardiner may be more flamboyant, but Goelet can be a formidable adversary; according to Gardiner, on one particularly memorable occasion, Goelet locked the door of the manor house in his face and said to him, "If you come through this door, I'll bash your brains in. I could crush you to death. I hate your guts!" (Goelet later acknowledged that he had kept Gardiner out of the house but denied trying to kill him.)

As the battle rages on in the courts, time is obviously on the Goelets' side; their adversary has already defied the actuarial tables, after all. "They're basically just buying time," says one close observer. "The Goelets are too genteel to fight this kind of battle. They're just waiting for Bob Gardiner to drop dead." But Gardiner is undaunted, and he loves to taunt the Goelets by hatching diabolical schemes to thwart them—such as adopting an heir, a possibility he spent several years investigating but seems in no hurry to effect. The feud has stymied all attempts at arbitration, confounding everyone from town officials to the succession of judges who have tried to find a solution.

Obviously the stakes are high—neither 350 years of history nor a couple of hundred million dollars are trifling matters. But in Gardiner's view the feud is rooted in envy as well as greed. "Mrs. Goelet wasn't born a Gardiner, she was born a Creel," he says contemptuously. "Her father was from Kansas City. And Mr. Goelet is consumed with arrogance. He's furious that the Goelets were not in America in the reign of Charles I. They're nouveaux riches compared to the Gardiners. . . . But he wants the island. He's avaricious, and terribly pompous. . . . When my sister was alive, they wrote to her and said when they were in residence on the island my sister and her husband were not to set foot on it. Not only did Mr. Goelet go up to the manor house and lock the door in my face, he took over. To him, it was his island: he wanted it, and he was going to get it, by hook or by crook. So here are the two people who were the sole heirs of the island, locked out—excluded!" His voice rises to a shriek of outrage. "The greed of the Goelets is unbelievable! Goelet's been telling people he's the richest man in the world. He's not; he's 1 of about 28 heirs of the Goelet fortune. I happen to be richer than he is. . . . The Gardiners are a family that had money long before the Astors, the Rockefellers, the Fords. We got most of our land before Cromwell beheaded Charles I—78,000 acres plus the island, all from the Stuarts!"

Gardiner speaks of the Stuarts as familiarly as if they were neighbors who often dropped by for coffee. Returning to the island after one period of exile he was horrified to find a cherished Daniel Mytens portrait of Charles I deposed from its usual place at the manor house and damaged, whether through carelessness or through malice (although Gardiner's verdict is clear). Skirmishing over possessions has long been a favored tactic; Gardiner accuses the Goelets of confiscating everything from paintings to his rifle, his shotguns, and the Gucci cartridge belt he wears during shooting parties in the fall. "They just behaved as if I were dead!" Gardiner exclaims indignantly. Several years ago, when he announced to the press that the Goelets had thrown a portrait of him "into the outhouse," the Goelets could contain themselves no longer, pointing out in exasperation that the island doesn't even have an outhouse.

However, such details often seem to be merely a lively sideshow. To observers such as Tony Bullock, the East Hampton town supervisor, who is embroiled in the ongoing dispute about how Gardiners Island should be zoned,

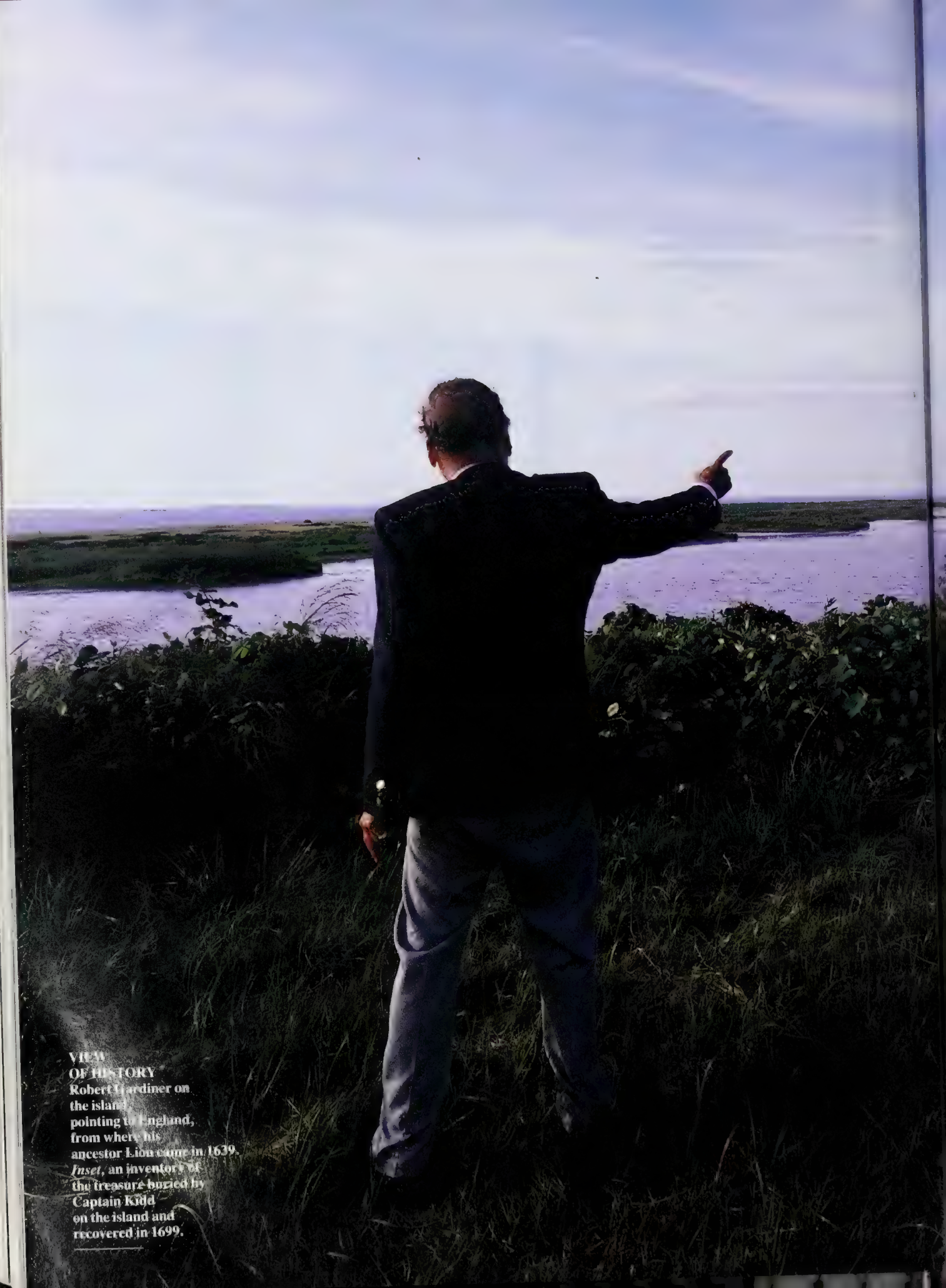
he crux of the problem is simple. "I guess it's like, who's king of the island?" Bullock says with a sigh.

It's like entering a dream. Exploring Gardiners Island, at first one seems to have been transported mysteriously to Colonial times. The oldest building on the island, and one of the oldest on the Eastern Seaboard, is the carpenter's shop, which was built in 1639 and still boasts its original bench, along with rough beams hand-hewn with adzes from Bostwick Forest and a stone foundation of rocks "all chinked together without cement—like Machu Picchu!" Gardiner says. Beside the carpenter's shop rests a cannon dating from about 1720, retrieved from a British warship that went down in Gardiners Bay. Then there's the "bound-boys' house," where indentured servants working off their parents' debts once lived; the tin-roofed brick smokehouse, where the Gardiners smoked their own hams from the pigs they raised on the island; the blacksmith's shop, with its ancient bellows, forge, and anvil; the game larder; and the slaughterhouse. Open any door, brush away the cobwebs, and motes of dust dance in the shafts of sunlight; tiptoe across floorboards cut by a wind-powered sawmill 300 years ago and you find each structure as untouched as if its 17th-century inhabitants had just gone out for their lunch break. The superintendent's house, which once served as the island's prison, still boasts a checkerboard carved on the floor by British soldiers who bivouacked there during the War of 1812. Over near the cemetery, a big iron vessel overflows with geraniums: it's a try-pot, in which whale blubber was boiled down into oil, a relic from the *Mary B. Gardiner*, a whaling ship that made the Gardiners more than $1 million in 1810. The graveyard is littered with tombstones from the 1700s and 1800s, including a false tomb that conceals an underground passage from the manor house, where Gardiners used to hide when pirates came to call. High up on a hill overlooking the bay, the brick chimneys of the slate-roofed manor house poke through the trees. The current manor is relatively new, according to Gardiner: it was built in 1949 after Winston Guest, who was then leasing the island, entertained a guest who smoked in bed and burned down the previous manor house, which had stood since marauding pirates burned an even earlier structure more than 200 years before. But almost all the other buildings are preserved in their original state, including the great 17th-century windmill with all its original hand-hewn machinery, commanding the hill facing Long Island. "What a time capsule it is," Gardiner says, surveying his domain. "Williamsburg is new compared to this." (In fact, Williamsburg was originally settled six years before Lion Gardiner even laid eyes on Gardiners Island.)

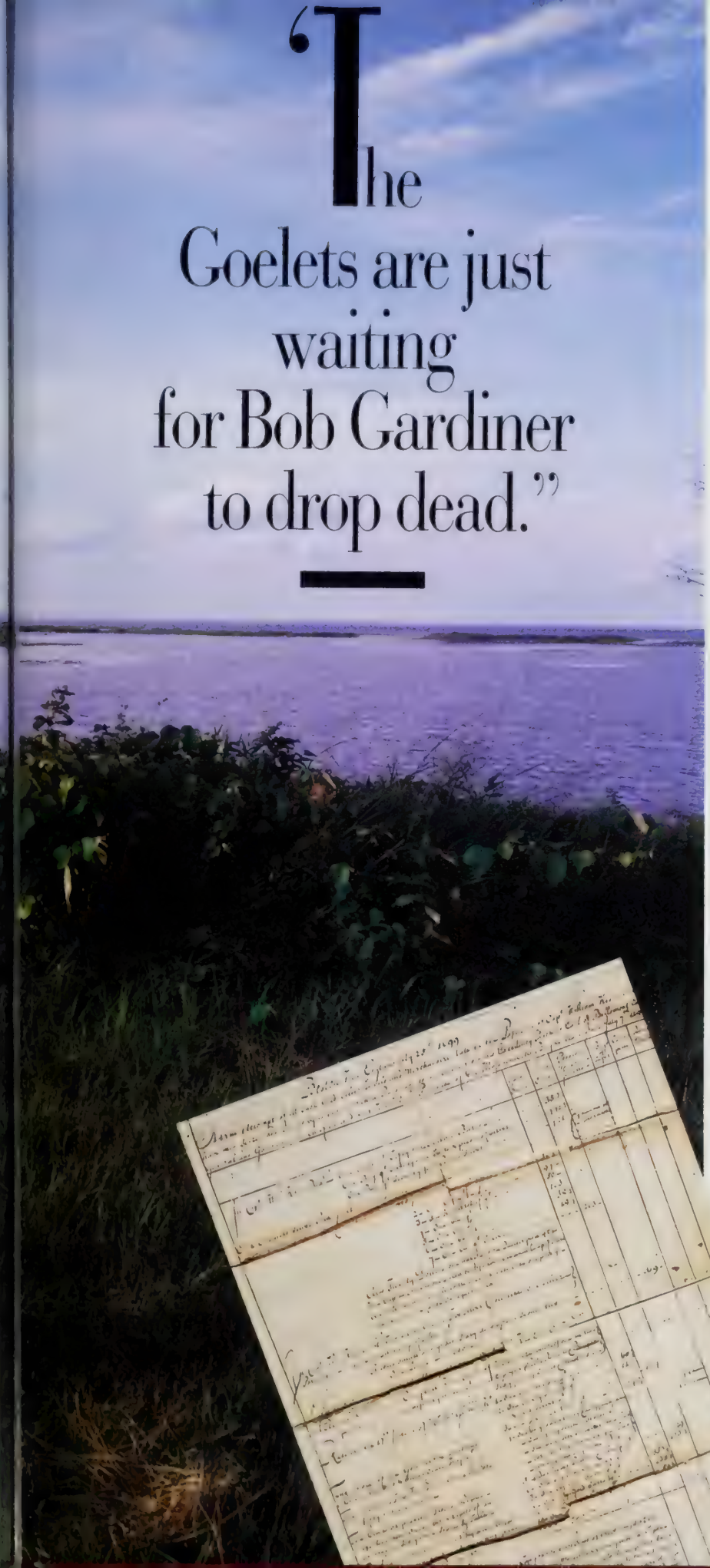
> "It's the rape of Gardiners Island by the Goelet family—that's what the story is," says Robert Gardiner.

However, take off in the pickup truck and the time warp bends further: Colonial America vanishes, and it is as if one had suddenly been transplanted to Eden. Quail and pheasant scatter before the vehicle, and deer leap in every direction; fawns gambol in the sun-dappled woods, as plentiful as squirrels in Central Park. A horse gallops across a field, running free. Trailing cygnets behind them, swans sail majestically across ponds filled with red Chinese carp. The woods are lush and fragrant, overgrown with the pink blossoms of marshmallows and thickly carpeted with wild grapes. The truck jounces through towering stands of locust, hickory, and oak trees at a high rate of speed, its driver plowing ahead no matter what the obstacle. When a fallen tree blocks his path, Gardiner simply crashes through it, oblivious to the branches whipping the passengers in the back of the truck. "You see, I come from pioneer stock!" he yells exultantly. He may be 81, but he drives like a cowboy on amphetamines, lurching to a halt only when he comes to a point of interest. "Here's the hanging oak, where men were hung," he says, waving at a giant old tree. "We got a lordship and manor, so we could hang a man. The owner of the island was the judge—it was a most unusual charter." He grins maniacally. "Here's Willow Brook—I always have a drink here. The water is absolutely pure—this is the way it was when the Indians were here!" He leaps out of the truck, clambers into the stream, and splashes around in the water, and then we're off again. "Here's Lone Tree Hill, where my great-grandmother had a teahouse in the 1850s, overlooking Bostwick Pond. It had four pillars and a dome. The footman would come out with the black slaves and set up the silver tea tray and the china cups, and the ladies would come here and do needlework."

Gardiner is delighted when we overtake a family of wild turkeys, and he begins to chase them, bent on proving that, conventional wisdom to the contrary, wild turkeys really do fly. The turkeys waddle faster and faster, desperately trying to evade the relentless pickup truck. When they scatter across a field, Gardiner veers off the road right behind them, stepping on the gas as the truck careens wildly over the meadow in pursuit. Finally the turkeys flap their



VIEW OF HISTORY Robert Gardiner on the island, pointing to England, from where his ancestor Lion came in 1639. *Inset*, an inventory of the treasure buried by Captain Kidd on the island and recovered in 1699.



"The Goelets are just waiting for Bob Gardiner to drop dead."

wings and hurl themselves hysterically into the air, prompting shrieks of glee from the lord of the manor. "They fly, they fly!" he howls, overjoyed. "They say they don't, but they do!"

The sense that one has happened upon paradise is marred only by the virulence of the island's tick infestation, which is so acute that Gardiner's wife refers to the place as Tick Island. Any sensible visitor spends the rest of the evening picking deer ticks off his or her person, but even Lyme disease is apparently no match for Robert Gardiner; according to his wife, he never even checks himself.

Of course, no tour is complete without the leafy glade where a granite marker is engraved with a reminder of one of the island's more infamous chapters: "Captain Kidd's treasure was buried here in this hollow and recovered 1699." Captain Kidd buried 24 chests of treasure in this spot, advising John Gardiner, then the lord of the manor, that if it wasn't there when he returned he'd have Gardiner's head or his son's. When Kidd was arrested and tried for piracy, the British demanded the treasure, and the Earl of Bellomont, the British governor in Boston, saw to the return of the booty, which consisted of gold, silver, silks, and jewels. Nearly 300 years later, Robert Gardiner danced with Princess Margaret at a ball and mentioned his interest in the royal family's receipt for the treasure. He received a copy in due course, and discovered to his amusement that the receipt didn't match the original inventory. The Earl of Bellomont apparently retained six of Captain Kidd's diamonds for himself before parting with the remainder of the loot.

Indeed, plunder has been a recurrent theme on Gardiners Island. Its early settlers were under constant threat from pirates. British troops raided the island during the Revolutionary War, making off with virtually everything of value, and commandeered the place again during the War of 1812; after fortifying themselves with the Gardiners' abundant provisions, they proceeded south to burn the White House. In recent times, only the determination of a succession of Gardiners has protected the island from more modern forms of appropriation. Twenty

(Continued on page 277)

Jim directs a small (and rather tight-lipped) security operation. He has six people (we've been told) who patrol an undisclosed number of square miles somewhere in the continental United States.

Despite all the secrecy, one thing Jim will talk about is his patrol car—a stock Saturn SL1. It runs pretty much 'round the clock, six days a week. And driving conditions are hard—constant stop-and-go traffic through all kinds of weather.

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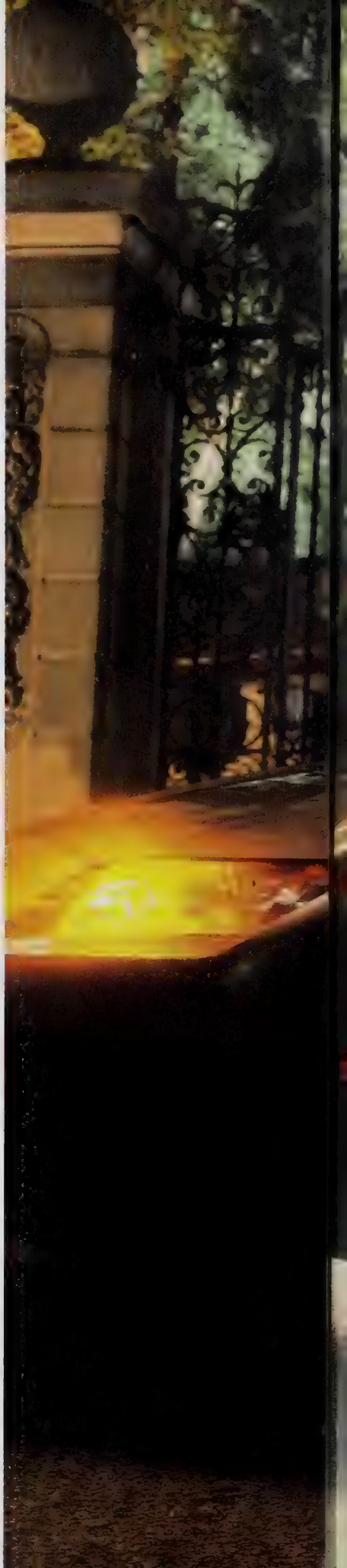
Happily, at one year and over 100,000 miles, Jim and his team still enjoy driving their SL1. They say it looks, handles and rides the same as the day they got it. And (surely against their professional instincts) they tell anyone who asks—their word of mouth has sold six Saturns already.

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Candy Can

(Continued from page 227) find relationships anywhere, but who are incredibly skilled at what they do, and yet have a desolate personal life to come home to. Still, you see her punctured and deflated constantly. I think that saves it for people. . . . And there is something to the fact that she doesn't get her way all the time, and that everybody sees her for what she is. . . . She's a secret fantasy for a lot of women."

"What exactly is the fantasy?"

"I think that people identify with Murphy the way people identified with the movie *Network*—where people lean out their windows and say they're mad as hell and they're not going to take it anymore. They identify with her anger, her righteous rage. It helps that she expresses rage in a way that's likable. It's sympathetic because she's funny, and smart. And she's careful who she picks on. But I think people are generally pissed off. And all of us squelch it. And we're all going to get cancer. But Murphy isn't. She has no patience. There is no membrane of censorship between Murphy's mind and what comes out of her mouth. Inside all of us is somebody who is pissed off, and we're not going to take it anymore. Except that we *do* take it. And none of us finally crosses the line where we lean out the windows and yell into the night. But Murphy does. . . . And then there's her self-absorption. I always have such admiration for someone who dares to be unlikable, who flies in the face of public opinion and public sympathy just to be one's own person."

"You can be your own person and run roughshod over others."

"Yes. I know someone who is vulgar and offensive. He's been vulgar and offensive to heads of state. He's been vulgar to his wife. He's insulted all of us. And the fact that he's so democratic in his vile behavior has always earned him a place of respect with me, has always impressed me."

"Impressed you, but he hasn't won your heart."

"No."

"Yet Murphy has."

"Yes."

Stars, when they are interviewed, tend to say that their current stage of life is their best and happiest yet. Never before have they understood themselves so deeply, never did they have greater command of their temperaments, and so forth. Bergen talked that way in an interview 10 years ago, and she talks that way today. But today the terms of her self-scrutiny seem more secure, so when she says that her life is better than ever (the name of the song she hilariously brays in the movie *Starting Over*, her comic debut), it sounds like neither a boast nor a brave lie. She simply means that while the life within and outside her front yard still has some ghosts and sudden noises, it has better, surer components than it has had before—husband, child, a career that fits.

In her much-chronicled 46 years she has been seen and heard in public as the daughter of Frances Westerman, who modeled for billboards as the Chesterfield Girl and in magazines as the Ipana Girl, and the beloved ventriloquist Edgar Bergen; as a child performer on Bergen's radio show, a tot on the playing fields of Hollywood, a Swiss-boarding-school rebel, a homecoming queen, a college flunkout, a premier fashion model, a celebrity photographer, an intrepid traveler, a *Today*-show commentator, a movie actress, a reluctant preppy, a reluctant hippie, a loner, a lover (or seeker of love), a writer, a salon figure, a wife, a mother, and always a beauty.

She has led what is called a charmed life, with all the wonder and pathos the term entails. Her playmates were the children of the Dick Powells, the Ray Millands, the Jimmy Stewarts, the Arthur Rubinsteins, the Ronald Reagans. It was ordinary to see Fred Astaire and Cary Grant as guests in the house, to ride on the miniature train on the property of "Uncle Walt" (Disney), to have David Niven play Santa Claus at Christmas. The gifts dispensed were Georgian silver, ivory animals, mechanical birds in gilded cages—toys for the progeny of the czar. If they wanted a white Christmas, the limbs of the tree would be shagged with artificial snow.

All the Red Seas parted for her. When Bergen wanted to be a photographer, Charlie Chaplin was ready to pose. She did not even have to seek a career as a movie actress: the movies went after *her*. As for men, she always seemed to be drawn to those guaranteed to self-destruct. One was Terry Melcher, a record producer, the son of Doris Day, and a golden boy who increasingly swallowed his life with booze and pills. When Melcher's stepfather died, $20 million was discovered missing from the family fortune.

At about the same time, Melcher had been smitten with Charles Manson and his acolytes, but had grown leery after Manson kept badgering him to sign him to a recording contract. With his mother in financial trouble, Melcher left the big house in which he and Bergen had been living together and Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in. Manson let it be known he was looking for Melcher.

"But it could have been *me!*" Bergen, shaken and terrified, shouted at him. "I could have been killed!" Melcher asked. "Why don't you say *we?*"

After Melcher there was the producer Bert Schneider (*Easy Rider, Five Easy Pieces*), who brought with him the world of 60s radicalism—"open relationships," Abbie Hoffman, the Black Panthers—but little else. For years, there was a "love life," but neither element was entirely authentic. Her beauty alone shaped her life. It drove and contained it, like a classic car with the doors soldered.

At one time the beauty was confounding. Bergen was twice blessed, thus once cursed, with being born both beautiful and smart. So extraordinary was her face that whole rooms of glittering people would come to a standstill when she walked in. But Bergen, because she was smart too, had the wit to understand that her beauty gave her a free pass in life—thus her early feelings of unworthiness. Thus, too, her demanding concentration on herself. She was rescued from being alone with herself by marriage and child. Now she has other people to pay attention to.

She pays very careful attention to her 12-year marriage to Louis Malle, which, in spite of its odd schedule, seems to work quite well. "Each is the only person the other could have married," says Alice Arlen, who wrote the filmscript for Malle's *Alamo Bay*. Arlen observes how remarkable the two of them are, how quick-minded and quick-witted, how unimpressed by money and flashy displays. It would take extraordinary people to survive, much less flourish in, a marriage that has Malle living in Paris most of the year, with a few brief conjugal visits to L.A., until the summer, when Bergen's *Murphy* takes a rest. Malle detests L.A., and as a practical matter the writer-director of *Au Revoir les Enfants* could never do the kind of movies in Hollywood he does in France. For her part, Bergen would not have him functioning as a sidecar to her career.

But the marriage may actually thrive because of its separations. Bergen is suffused with common sense. Malle, born to French upper-middle-classness verging on aristocracy, lives in perpetual motion, the way that spoiled and gifted children sometimes do. He darts from idea to idea, project to project—"LouisLouisLouis!"—like a wren. The pace has its costs. In early October, Malle had surgery to replace a

HOW DOES IT FEEL

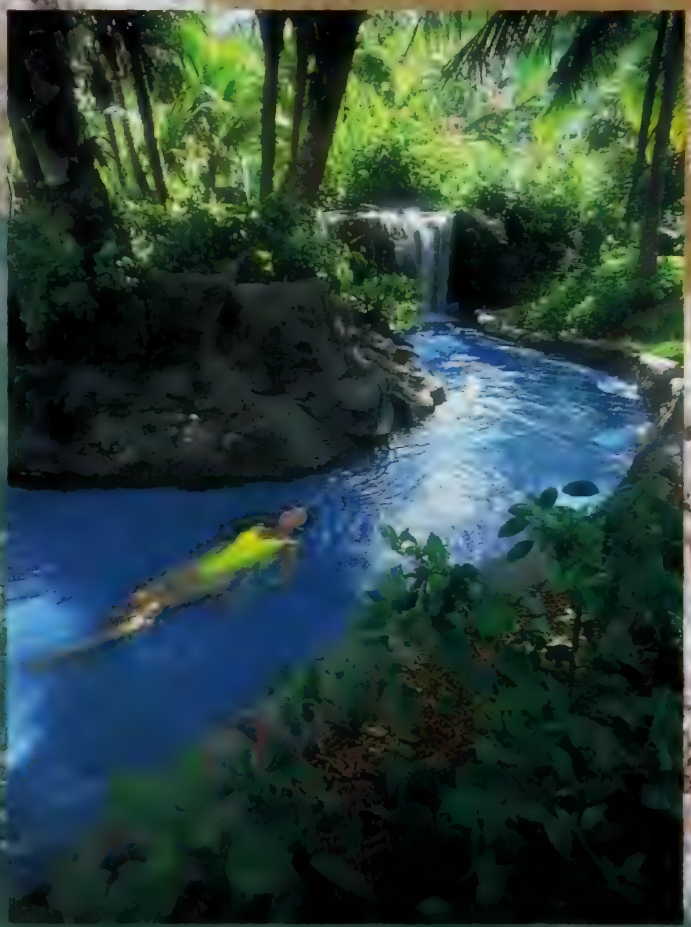
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HYATT RESORTS CARIBBEAN

valve in his heart. The operation, successful, was performed in L.A. and Bergen was with him.

One reason the marriage succeeds is that it does not require high maintenance, perhaps because as individuals they don't, either. Another is that they fit together well. "They have a deep respect for each other," says the literary agent Ed Victor. "No one is according the other anything automatically." Another friend notes, "Louis is a romantic masquerading as a cynic. Candy is the reverse."

She also pays very careful attention to Chloe. In the morning Chloe will bounce about the yard, instructing Furball on a number of points, transferring the plastic cow's lavender ribbon to Lois, and asking a flood of questions about the day's activities, along with everything else that strikes her agile, souped-up mind. Bergen, meanwhile, will be trying to get herself ready to be photographed and seen by millions once again. Even for her, after hundreds of similar experiences, this is a nerve-racking business. Yet none of Chloe's questions will go unanswered, and Chloe's welfare will be the main thing she attends to. Bergen's television schedule, and all that goes with it, would excuse her delivering her daughter into the hands of a dozen caretakers, but she does not do that. The result is a normal, laughing child, and, not incidentally, a normal mother.

Yet, the knowledge that her beauty has always come first to people's minds has left a residue of mistrust. Bergen, while gracious, can be exceedingly cautious. She is cooler, deeper, sharper, funnier, and more considerate than most extraordinarily beautiful people, but sitting in her yard, answering a stranger's questions, she still shows the capacity to open and close at will, like one of e. e. cummings's roses.

She actually is more beautiful today than when she began to model for Revlon Tawny lipstick ads, and when she played her first movie role, in *The Group,* in her late teens. In those years the face appeared to be a collection of features, like butterflies in a glass case, each lovely yet unrelated to any other. She resembled a police composite drawing of a beautiful suspect. On *Vogue*'s February 1969 cover, she is only technically beautiful—the way Mariel Hemingway looked until recently, when mature thought, seriousness, and perhaps grief infiltrated the perfect eyes, nose, and lips, and gave them coherence. So it is for Bergen, who is now more comfortable with herself and celebrates the fact that it is possible to "survive without the camera capturing your soul." The gold hair still flies in remarkable spiky patterns, but the eyes are a little tired and the smile is brilliant or sexy only when the inspiration is internal.

It is easier to think of this woman as comic now, not only because she is playing a comic character, but also because she is fluid and coordinated, thus a greater setup for humiliations. Henri Bergson, the author of the only theory of comedy that does not lead to depression, said that people laugh when momentum is suddenly broken; one expects things (words, actions, faces) to go one way, but then all at once they go another. The reason that beautiful comediennes of the movies like Carole Lombard or Myrna Loy are funny is that they allow, even encourage, the momentum of their beauty to be broken, as with a pratfall—the contrast between laughter and sublimity makes both more intense.

Used to walking jauntily along the roof's edge, Candice Bergen is for the first time in her life glancing down.

Beauty can be funny on its own, for its effect on others. When one sees a face so much more beautiful than the average, there is an impulse to laugh because the face, too, thwarts expectations. In an October 1971 piece Bergen wrote and photographed for *Vogue,* she said of Paul Newman, "His face is so handsome you almost start to laugh."

Bergen as Murphy is following a tradition of beautiful funny women on television. Lucille Ball was stunning, as was Mary Tyler Moore, except for a frightened rigidity, which actually aided the character Moore portrayed. Like Ball, Bergen plays her show at a very loud volume, which also undercuts her looks. Bergen herself does not speak loudly, but she does create deliberate bubble-shaped tones in her speech, which can have comic effect when the content is funny.

A certain masculinity has crept in as well, perhaps as a result of playing a character who can do any man in—a character who is, in fact, the only real man on the show. Murphy is not merely essential to her show; she *is* her show. This is what makes *Murphy Brown* different from, and less complete than, other enduring sitcoms. Great series like *Cheers, M*A*S*H, The Dick Van Dyke Show,* or *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* were true ensemble efforts. In *Murphy,* if the star is absent from a scene, the scene wobbles and flounders. The program is much closer to sitcoms like *Sergeant Bilko* and *Roseanne,* where the central character comes on like a human stampede. *Murphy*'s main weakness, besides an irritating strain of political correctness, is that Murphy is so dominant both the humanity of the enterprise and the range of humor are limited.

Bergen is, as others have noted, smaller and more fragile in person than she appears on the TV screen, where Murphy swaggers and breaks china. But she is demonstrably strong and in control of her complicated life. In the hired car on the way to the beach tomorrow she will make a point of learning the driver's name right away, not only to be pleasant with him, though she is that, but also to be able to direct him more effectively. On the camcorder tape made for her television baby, Murphy sings lines from "A Natural Woman," but she is not really a natural woman. She is more "*like* a natural woman," one who has seized male prerogatives and male attitudes but has sensed a reawakening of her femininity.

Fear, rage, and loneliness. These are not elements one would ordinarily associate with a sitcom, but Bergen seems to be right in identifying them as central to Murphy's appeal to women. That she focuses on these three particular elements also says something about Bergen.

Murphy Brown may be fearless, but Candice Bergen is full of fears. In two days' conversation the subject of death keeps rising to the surface—perhaps partly because she was brooding about her husband's impending surgery. At lunch in a Los Angeles restaurant, she brought up out-of-body experiences, the testimonies of people who had come close to death and reported on it, and spoke of Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's book *On Death and Dying.*


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The following day, on the road to the cover shoot, the driver will make a sudden stop. Bergen will predict grimly, "We're going to be rear-ended." In the front yard she laments that one cannot speak of deep, personal things to one's closest friends: "You don't talk about the fear of death." Bergen speaks of the proximity of death when one goes to a doctor for a checkup. "A casual visit to a gynecologist is like 'Eeeeah!' It's not so casual anymore. Death just seems to be lurking. But let's not get on *that* subject." Yet she does. She mentions a summer camp with which she has worked. She says at first that it is a camp for "terminally ill" children, then quickly changes the term to "chronically ill," as if it were a jinx to say the other.

Knock Wood, the first-rate autobiography she wrote in 1984, takes its title from fear. It, too, has death on its mind, beginning with the description of two funerals—one for her turtle, one for her father. The book is forthright about Bergen's fear of self-expression, probably caused by and certainly intensified by her cool and distant father, and in its account of the strange, competitive relationship she had with Edgar Bergen's "firstborn," his dummy Charlie McCarthy. By now Bergen has told the story of that relationship so often there is something false about its significance, perhaps to her as well.

But the disturbing thing about *Knock Wood* is the fear that remains within it, in spite of her candor and various exorcisms. As much as she explains her feelings about her father, she holds back too. There are things that Edgar Bergen said and did to his daughter in the name of standards and discipline that were harsh, almost cruel. Bergen's way of recounting these incidents is always the same. She tells of some painful thing her father did, then she defends and justifies it, in the process blaming herself.

When Bergen turned 21, her father moved the date of her inheritance up to 25, citing her financial irresponsibility. Then, for the same reason, the date was moved to 30. There was very little justification for these decisions, which hardly disabled his successful model-actress daughter, but they were his way of withholding approval, and, beneath that, love. Later, when Bergen had turned 30, she gave an interview to *McCall's* in which she spoke of the postponement of her inheritance, and of the distance between her father and herself. Her father was now quite old. She took him out to dinner, alone. In *Knock Wood* she writes:

"My voice jumping to the octave level of Bambi's, I tried, once again, to apologize, to tell him I loved him, to make certain he understood. I explained that my regrettable mention of money in that interview was not about money at all but about what I saw as the long-postponed promise of his approval. Nothing more. Nothing less. How was he to know? Anointing me was hardly his job, of course. He had enough to do without dispensing paternal seals of approval. If I believed life began with his benediction, that was *my* problem." Of course, it was *his* problem.

Bergen's fearfulness is in part the fear of someone who has lived well for a very long time, and now, suddenly, realizes how blessed she has been, how much she has to cherish, and to lose. Used to walking jauntily along the roof's edge, she is for the first time in her life glancing down.

The fear is connected to the passage of time. "As I grow up," she says, "I find that not only does gravity start to pull at you physically, it starts to weigh on you emotionally. The gravity of our situation, the gravity of the situations of the people not lucky enough. You lose the buoyancy, and you also, you hope, become more aware of people's feelings. The wiseass remarks you once would have made that would have hurt someone do not get past your tongue, because you know that there are risks involved, and life is cruel enough to people."

The thought comes full circle to death: "Freud says it's sex—everything, sex. For me it's death. Death. Ever since I was 14. It gives my life a certain richness, because I'm very reluctant to squander my time."

Like fear, the element of rage, admired in Murphy Brown, is submerged in Bergen—though not as completely as it once was. She speaks of it openly. She has a way of speaking of things openly while keeping them partly hidden. There was certainly as much rage as fear behind her apology habit as a child and young woman. No sooner had she appeared in *The Group,* at 19, than Pauline Kael pounced on her performance: "As an actress her only flair is in her nostrils." Bergen later wrote that Kael's criticism was "on the nose." But real anger at a distinguished critic's bullying of a novice actress would have seemed a more appropriate, and more genuine, response than her lame-joke concession. Now, at least, she seems more aware of the presence of anger:

"I know any number of long-suffering wives whose husbands have either philandered on them or abused them in some way, constantly. And these women feel powerless to fight back, or chose not to fight back, because of the alternative, which was solitude. . . . It's homicide turned inward. It's when they can't murder their husbands, because they're too well mannered. But really what they want to do is push them down the stairs, or strangle them in their sleep, or put something in their vodka. And when they can't do that, it's this kind of unbearable rage turned inward. It metastasizes. It turns to cancer."

Rage may be the one factor that distinguishes Murphy Brown from the TV comic queens before her. Lucy had no rage, but then, there was nothing on the show to incite it. There was lots of rage to incite the Mary Tyler Moore character, who, like Murphy, worked in television journalism, but behind the cameras, and always under the thumb of Ed Asner's Mr. Grant. Mary's theme-song line was "You're going to make it after all"—quite a different line from "You make me feel like a natural woman." One is built on ambition, from the viewpoint of surprise, the other on nostalgia, from the viewpoint of earned power. Yet if Mary was angry with her lot, it showed only in comic spurts. She had made it, after all, as far as she felt she could go.

Murphy, on the other hand, has made it all the way, and she has done it largely on rage. Her way of dealing with impediments is not to sweet-talk but to rail at them. When she was extravagantly pregnant last season she wielded her stomach like a battering ram. In one hilarious moment she exploded off the elevator bellowing at some guy who had pushed the wrong button and delayed her: "I don't care if you did push the 14th floor by mistake; if we stopped there, you should've gotten off—push and off." But Murphy's rage goes to the heart of the character because it is connected not only to work but also to the absences in her life—home, hearth, husband. For her, having a child is not just an assertion of life over loneliness; it, too, is an expression of rage, which is unlikely to be tempered this season by the child himself.

In fact, Murphy will probably use her baby as a battering ram as well. The child will serve her rage the way long hair and beards served the rage of young people in the 60s—as a way of saying "Fuck you" to the world. One of the interesting and perhaps representative things about Murphy is how awkward her rage often makes her seem. Like most American women until recently, she is a stranger to what an

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literally the corridors of power. She careers down them showing none of the caution or oppressive politeness of men, who are more used to the rules of the game. And she gets away with conduct no man would allow in another man.

This blustery quality, more than her decision to be a single parent, may have caused some people to side with Dan Quayle against Murphy. The character is a loose, if highly principled, cannon in a world of corked cannons. Funny as she is, she may be resented, or envied, for that.

Happily equipped with home, hearth, and husband, Bergen feels rage that is not the same as Murphy's, even though the long separations from Louis Malle effectively make Bergen a single mother, too. But she has a different source of rage—two sources, in fact. One, which relates to her childhood, she will not talk about. "I had enormous rage as a child." What was it about? "Who knows?" Tomorrow, when asked again if she knows what that rage was about, she will say, "Yeah." Then she will add, not altogether persuasively, "But I don't see any point in looking back on that. I'm so glad to be at an age when I don't care where the anger came from."

The rage she will talk about is directed outward, at cruelty and violence in the country. "We're not only talking about sexual harassment [referring to the navy's Tailhook incident]. Look at the racial homicide, the racial beatings that are going on. The last one I read about. . . this Vietnamese student [in Florida]. It's, it's some pack mentality. It's. . . " Her voice trails off into helplessness.

And there's the rage that comes from high-level work and a high-wire life, both hers and Murphy's. "I'm talking about well-heeled rage, of course, not about the rage of the inner cities. . . . Everybody is living under tremendous pressure these days. . . . Murphy is a woman in her 40s living alone. Now a single mother. Probably soon facing competitiveness in her market. In a society that's collapsing. And a system that's no longer working." Bergen, evidently feeling her own pressure, will speak the next day of lifting *Murphy* from the top five to No. 1 or 2.

The elements of fear and rage lead to and from a well of loneliness, which is palpable in Murphy and occasionally noticeable in Bergen. In the process of answering the question about Murphy's attractiveness to women, Bergen identified Murphy's desolation, the flip side of her brash independence. Bergen, independent without being brash, has something of that desolation in her. In *Knock Wood* she described her younger brother, Kris, as a "child of light" and herself as a "child of shadows." Most of her movie roles were women who were alone or who wound up alone. While she acknowledges and celebrates her own good fortune today, something inside is still isolated.

Part of the loneliness has to come simply from being a public person, a walking event. Celebrities are alone almost by definition because their social status sets them apart from others, and because the motives of those who seek their company are always suspect.

The loneliness also has to come from being funny. Bergen took to the Murphy role, indeed strove to get it, because she knew that her talent, like her father's, lay in comedy. In the movie *Rich and Famous,* Bergen is a scream as a shrewish trash novelist, and she accomplishes the seemingly impossible feat of making audiences forget her looks. The basis of her success here, and on *Murphy Brown,* is that her comedy keeps people at arm's length. It is essentially an isolating device. People who are funny by nature know that comedy can distance them from others. Often they enjoy being funny for that reason. In Murphy's hands particularly, a joke becomes an assault weapon that happens to cause the reaction of laughter but could just as easily kill.

> "Louis is a romantic masquerading as a cynic," says a friend of Malle and Bergen. "Candy is the reverse."

One may only guess how much Bergen enjoys being alone, but she has hinted at it, and the structure of her surroundings hints at it now. In a June 1971 article for *Vogue,* she gloried in her first house. It was originally built by John Barrymore as a kind of medieval castle. The estate had heated kennels and an aviary. Bergen had played there as a kid. She christened her bedroom "The Rainbow Room" because of the Frank Stella–like rainbow she had painted above her headboard, and she described it as "the perfect child's room"—for someone in her mid-20s. In *Knock Wood* she writes of this room, "If evenings were idyllic [with parties and men], mornings found me, alone, under the rainbow, fighting a slight case of what the decade identified as 'anomie.' There was an emptiness in my life that slept fitfully and woke way before I did—a little furry ball of foreboding that made me vaguely afraid to face the day alone."

There is clearly less emptiness in her life today. Yet the front yard, with its artificial animals, seems an outdoor version of the Rainbow Room. The child—not Chloe—is somewhere around still. "How did I happen, the solitary, introspective child, afraid of feelings, who preferred to play alone?" she asked at Kris's birth. Perhaps she had answered the question earlier when describing her father's rebuffing of her mother's exuberant displays of affection toward him. "She learned . . . to swallow 'I love you's.' And that is how loneliness grows."

"Don't shut me out, Bergen!" That is what she remembers a former lover shouting at her years ago, and that is what one is tempted to say, if not shout, even on short acquaintance. Often her shuttings-out may simply be discretion—she does have to be discreet. But her isolation seems a habit of mind as well. She is alert to it in others:

"There's a crushing sense of loneliness out there," she will say tomorrow looking out the car window. "I always wonder if people in Israel are lonely. I think that's why a lot of Americans go to Israel, because they're longing to live in a country where there's a higher sense of purpose."

"Do you think that America is a lonely country?"

"I do. But I don't want to live anywhere else. I never found our capacity for friendship in any other country. It comes from the loneliness we have, the needfulness. In other countries they still have religion to hold on to, which is the psychiatry of the ancients. In America I'm always so amazed that there are people whose loneliness is so undisguised, so unmasked."

Then, too, there is the loneliness of the necessary artifice of her life. The photo shoot will begin early in the morning, in a haze that will never burn off, in spite of



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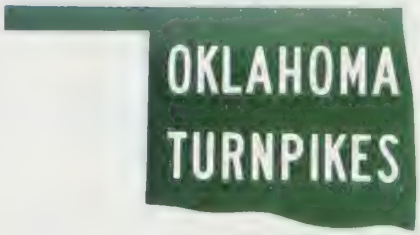
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Florida's Turnpike,
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Will Rogers Turnpike,
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predictions to the contrary. She will alight from the car, and spend three hours being dressed, having her hair scooped and tousled, her face colored and pointed like bricks. Outside her trailer will stand a huge open tent which will contain four racks of dresses, a rack of sweaters and bathrobes, three tables of hats, a table with 9 or 10 boxes of jewelry, another with 2 boxes of sunglasses, a third piled with at least 30 pairs of shoes. Thirty or 40 people in tattered beachy wear will mill about, snacking near the other trailer, where the caterers have cooked a smoked turkey. Soon the horses will arrive. On the beach a great white sheet will billow like the sail of a boat in the America's Cup. And a white platform, like a stage, will await her.

Finally, from her trailer she will emerge, a work of creams and sprays, wrapped in translucent veils of pink and green. Down she will go to the beach, where the photographer will crouch and urge, a big box will blare music, and she will assume shapes and poses unknown to woman or man. The second number to rise from the box will be Aretha Franklin singing "A Natural Woman"—while Bergen continues to look about as natural as an automatic teller machine, and she knows it.

Within or in spite of the fear, rage, and loneliness—within or in spite of the child's yard and the child's world of celebrity—Bergen is very much a grown-up. So is Murphy, and that may be the overarching factor in her popularity. Murphy has the advantage over Bergen of existing in half-hour segments, and her lines are written for her, so her maturity lies mainly in her forcefulness. Yet she has been through a lot, has lost a lot, has paid a price, and has done considerably more than survive. Bergen admires Murphy for the same reason most women do: Murphy laughs and triumphs while bulling her way through a state of pain. She lives a tragedy inside a comedy. And she is not a whiner. That may be what women, and men, like most about her.

What Bergen seeks from life nowadays is order, which is probably the general middle-age dream. She concedes that her "marriage by commute" is not ideal. "But I don't know too many ideal marriages, period. . . although it certainly did come back into fashion, didn't it?"

"Do you think people are happier in families these days?"

"I don't know if it's just a natural reaction to everything. The atoms that were spun apart, the way people were spinning out in the 1970s. I knew so many marriages that broke up in the 70s that should never have broken up. Today they would just be going through a difficult moment. I think people realize now how very threatening the world is. . . and how we're all responsible for each other.

"I want to find a way to give back something to the system. The people I respect are the ones who put something back. Even if it doesn't amount to much, the effort counts. . . . It's just. . . you know . . . family values!"

"Are you religious?"

"If I were, I'd be more of a pantheist than anything else. I do pray. A very close friend of mine who is in A.A. does what they call the gratitude prayer all the time. I went with her to an A.A. meeting a long time ago, and what stuck with me was the sense of gratitude. So I say prayers of gratitude. . . . And I pray the way they do in A.A. They say, 'God, take my fear,' or 'take my anger,' or 'take my loneliness.'

"But my life is incredibly full, so I'm really. . . praying with a full deck." Then, like Murphy: "Instead of playing with a full deck."

At the end of the afternoon, the sky darkening even in Los Angeles, the phone rings inside the house. The answering machine picks up, and Chloe's voice breezes out into the yard. Chloe is on her first sleep-away at a friend's house, and her mother has been anxious to hear how she is doing. At the sound of her child's voice, Bergen cocks her head like a terrier's. She stops talking, and smiles as if in her sleep. She has never looked lovelier. □

Painted Desert

(Continued from page 241) enberg and Nauman have been remarkably free from the career conflicts that have sabotaged so many other marriages, including her first one. "It's been a great time," says Rothenberg as she sits sipping straight-up Jack Daniel's and smoking a Camel Light on the breezy veranda of her house. "We have no possibility of children. Our children [from previous marriages] are healthy and doing well in their lives. It's just an amazing time to come together. . . when so many things that can tear you apart don't exist here."

Although Rothenberg has kept her Tribeca loft, she has spent virtually all her time since 1990 on the isolated, breathtakingly beautiful land she and Nauman bought for $1 million. The first structures erected on this rancho deluxe were studios for her and her husband. The couple slept in his while the spacious main house (with a guest wing) was being built. Latest to be added are a lap pool and hot tub, which the artists use at the end of the workday. The house and outbuildings are comfortable and unpretentious, and are enlivened by the five dogs that cavort around like a Picasso circus troupe and the 13 horses that Nauman keeps. The couple's art is confined to the separate studios, only a few steps—but a psychological universe—away from the house.

Walking into her large, white-walled workspace, Rothenberg peers intently at one painting in progress, a heavily worked-over oil dominated by a large cross of stylized oranges. Her method is "mostly sitting in the chair," she explains, gesturing toward the Mission oak rocker in front of the canvas, "and then having short and very intense bouts with the paint. And then looking. And then revising."

The process may seem cerebral, but it's actually extremely physical. The canvas is tacked directly to the wall because Rothenberg likes the resistance of a hard surface when she attacks the picture plane. "I wish I could stand up there and be painting for several hours, but I can't," she laments. "I feel like I'm always on the edge about making decisions."

One major change since resettling in New Mexico has been giving up her old nocturnal schedule. "In New York, I always worked at night," she recalls. "The kid was asleep and it was a very good time for my work. . . . Here, the nights are reading, TV, dinner, and going to bed early. If I'm in the studio at night, it's when I really feel the desert. I feel like an alien out there. The studio is much bigger than in New York, and I feel a little more lost in it. And there's critters. Birds rustling. Mice. It's a little bit scary, I guess. I'm very distracted by this huge scene outside. And the house does feel very far away."

The question inevitably asked by art-world observers since Rothenberg and Nauman's marriage is: How much has he

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affected her work? Certainly, Rothenberg's departure from her earthy, largely monochromatic palette—maroon, ocher, raw umber, usually against an off-white background—was spurred by Nauman. "For a present he went paint shopping for me," his wife says, "and he bought fuchsia, lime green, orange, turquoise blue—all these colors I never, *ever* would have picked. So what I did was mud them up. But I did use them."

Animal imagery has also returned to her work in a major way after an absence of more than a decade. Following the now coveted canvases of boldly outlined but highly simplified horses that she painted from 1974 to 1979, Rothenberg went on to explore anthropomorphic themes, including a run of disturbing, ghostlike heads and hands and then an audacious series of dancing and spinning human figures.

Some people have noticed that her most recent paintings—such as the forceful *Chinese Goat,* completed early this year—bear a strong resemblance to Nauman's violent "Animal Parts," a series which he began in 1987. Yet Rothenberg suggests she was not influenced by her husband's recurring theme as much as by her own experiences around the ranch. "I was pretty lost in the studio for most of the first year," she says. "And in the second year I just made an emotional commitment. Instead of doodling and waiting for my images to come, I thought, Well, here they are. These are the only images I'm coming up with. At first it felt funny—goats' legs and pieces of dog—but that's literally what you're going to see here today."

But Rothenberg does not sketch directly from nature, and relies only on her memory. If anything, her life has been imitating her art. Though horses dominate her best-known work, she had not ridden from the time she finished college until she married Nauman, an expert equestrian.

Rothenberg's days on the ranch begin very early, when Nauman rises, not long after dawn, to feed the horses. There is no help, save for a weekly cleaning woman, because Nauman is determined to preserve his jealously guarded privacy. (If he spots anyone on the property—the region abounds with archaeological scavengers—he will saddle up and ride off to escort the trespasser to the public road.)

There are occasional visits from neighbors, and longer stays by the couple's friends from both coasts. One recent New Year's Eve party starred their friend musician David Byrne. Several mornings a week, Rothenberg takes a yoga class with a nearby instructor. "I'm trying not to succumb to Santa Fe spiritualism," she explains. "There's a lot of stuff out here that's pretty nonsensical, but some of it you have to let in to get comfortable."

Although Susan Rothenberg is a hugely ambitious woman, she is no Art Yup like her most famous male counterparts of the last decade. "I don't know what happened to that bunch of boys in the '80s, who all needed such fancy lives," she wonders. "No garrets for them. They wanted to have the best food, beautiful clothes. The 80s will read historically like that—everybody going out and about, and the women looking lovely, and the guys with their Armanis and their haircuts. That wasn't part of my generation. We didn't want that."

After Rothenberg's first dealer, Miani Johnson, closed her Willard Gallery in 1987, Rothenberg was courted by many other New York art moguls. The artist's favorite memory of the high-stakes game involves the most flamboyant gallery personality of the decade, Mary Boone. "A car was sent for me," she begins. "It stops at the Mary Boone Gallery and Mary comes out. She was dressed in—I guess it was Chanel—a silly white suit with gold, gold, gold, gold, gold, gold. We had our lunch, with the most expensive wine on the menu. Obviously, I drank it. It was a very nice lunch, and Mary said, 'I'd like to visit you at your studio.'

"And when she came to the studio," Rothenberg goes on, "she wore not an ounce of makeup, a gray wool sweater with pills, an old gray skirt. No Chanel, no gold, no lipstick, no good bottle of wine. She tucked up on my paint-spattered couch and chatted away about her past and her Egyptian family. And at the end of two hours I find out she had a car waiting! She was able to do that, to say to herself, 'Susan must not like that. The *boys* probably like that.' "

The painter's assessments of her fellow artists, living and dead, are just as shrewd and often startling. Georgia O'Keeffe may be the patron saint of women artists and the most famous artist to have lived in New Mexico, but Rothenberg is unimpressed. "I'm not a great fan of hers," she confesses, "but I'll respect the living the life." Of Jackson Pollock she admits, "I don't get it. Doesn't move me, doesn't groove me. When I see one I go, '*Why?*' What is it that all these people have with this guy?" On Willem de Kooning: "I love, love, more every year, I love de Kooning. I think he is one of the great ones, as great as Matisse." On the current doyenne of women artists, Louise Bourgeois: "I used to think her work was too penile and testicular, but I think it's time to take another look at Louise." On Julian Schnabel: "Schnabel is a roll-up-your-sleeves painter. Whatever you want to say about him, he's a *painter.*" On David Salle: "I don't think David's a painter. I think he's a conceptual artist who makes paintings."

Rothenberg now has no difficulty seeing the issue of equality for women. Yet as a successful artist, she admits, "it's taken me a long time to see that there *is* a problem. I never feel like my career suffered because of being of the female sex. I've learned, in later years, that I simply seem to have escaped it. . . . But I know there's something wrong if the 'New Spirit in Painting' show in London had no women. I know there's something wrong if I'm the only woman in the 'Zeitgeist' show in Berlin. There's something wrong with who's making the decisions."

After "Zeitgeist," in 1982, Rothenberg announced that she would no longer participate in group shows if she was the only woman. But she is not ready to promote women artists if the talent is not there. "I look around," she says, "and some of these people who make bad art are women. . . . If I don't like the work, I don't feel they should be in the show just to compensate."

Rothenberg also believes that many aspiring women artists have simply not devoted themselves to art as fully as she has. "It's so much time alone in your studio. It's not a social job. I think most women never learn to take their art seriously enough, to commit to it," she asserts. "And I guess that comes from their family. I must have learned to be pigheaded about whatever it was that I was doing. And confrontational enough to not like being told, 'No, you can't do that.' "

That stubborn independence has been a hallmark of her career since she arrived in New York in 1969. She quickly fell in with some contemporaries from Cornell University, where she had studied sculpture and later painting. Among the other artists she met was a darkly handsome sculptor named George Trakas. They married in 1971, and a year later their only child, Maggie, was born.

Most professional women find the birth of a child to be a challenge to their careers, but "it completely helped me," Rothenberg insists. "I had the very distinct thought that having a child meant I

Painted Desert

wasn't young anymore. What better demarcation can you have in your life than a baby to make you feel like you can't be a fuck-around anymore? I also think I was being competitive with George. He was getting known, and I didn't want to be the artist's wife, the muse. So I worked, very hard, between diapers and all that."

Rothenberg threw herself into her work with unprecedented energy. "I didn't know what I had on my hands," she admits. "I knew I was having great fun, jumping from painting to painting. And suddenly there were six or seven or eight of them. They pleased me. The scale pleased me, the colors pleased me, and the forms pleased me the most."

Those equine shapes were a dramatic break from the geometric abstraction that still dominated the New York scene. One old friend, the sculptor John Duff, recalls the visceral impact of Rothenberg's reputation-making works. "The first horse paintings were just astounding. They just came out of nowhere," he says. "She's one of these people that didn't build up to something, but just started at the top." Miani Johnson felt the same way. "I never walked into a studio where there was so much resolved work already there," she remembers. "She's really painting out of an unconscious place, and therefore [her paintings] speak to an unconscious place." The paintings pleased the critics too, who immediately hailed the emergence of a major new talent.

As her success grew, so did problems with the artists' marriage. Rothenberg and Trakas separated in 1978 and divorced a year later. One friend of hers recalls a telling incident in 1982. "After she and George had [been] split up a few years, Susan had a retrospective at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam," this confidant reports. "She was there with Maggie, and George was in Europe on one of his trips. They were going to meet and George was going to take Maggie. So they're there at the steps of the Stedelijk and Susan's retrospective is inside. . . . She says to George, 'Why don't you come in and take a look?' And he says, 'No.' "

"It was sad and painful," Rothenberg says of the divorce. "It took me billions of years to get over George and what it meant to have a failed marriage." After the breakup, Rothenberg sought even more refuge in her work. "I would get all this praise and I would just be terribly lonesome. I guess I was hoping to have a partner to share in it. But the success was meaningless because I wasn't happy. My name was in the newspapers and I was perfectly miserable."

Rothenberg's friends began to worry about her, and especially about her drinking. At the suggestion of one of them she joined Alcoholics Anonymous in 1982. The artist is uncomfortable about discussing that phase, but acknowledges that she fared much better with the two years of psychotherapy that she began in 1984. "She was wonderful," Rothenberg says of her analyst. "She completely helped me straighten out, to see what was working well and what was defeating me."

The decade between her two marriages saw Rothenberg's love life languish between what she describes as "three-month affairs and then a year or two alone." According to one longtime friend of hers, "With somebody like Susan, there's not a hell of a wide range of options, because a lot of men are going to be threatened. How many men more successful than her are around?"

> "I love, love, more every year, I love de Kooning. I think he is one of the great ones, as great as Matisse."

She has always had a strong affinity for other artists and has had relationships with several, including John Duff and the photographer and painter William Wegman. "I probably need to be with an artist," she concedes. "I really do. Most comfortable, most able to understand and feel understood by someone who knows how hard it is to go and stare at blank walls, to make something out of nothing."

Thus her current dealer, Angela Westwater, of New York's Sperone Westwater gallery, knew what she was doing when she put the small, voluble Rothenberg next to the lanky, laconic Nauman at a dinner party the dealer gave for him in October 1988. Rothenberg had long carried a torch for Nauman, whom she had encountered sporadically since the '70s, but neither was in top form that night.

"We had both been dumped shortly before," says Rothenberg. Emotionally strung out and jet-lagged that fateful evening, she felt unable to respond to Nauman. "God," she thought to herself, "I used to have such a crush on this guy and I can't even get up the energy to flirt."

But Nauman telephoned his hostess later that night to ask for her artist's number. "He called me for lunch," Rothenberg reminisces. "We were shy, we were awkward. I thought *nothing* had happened. Then he called the next night. He said, 'Are you free on Friday?' I said, 'I'm not. I'm having a dinner party here. Would you like to come?' He came, and by that time I was flirting.

"I wouldn't look at him all night," she says, giggling, "because I was so excited he was there, finally. When everyone started leaving he said, 'I hate to go.' And I said, 'You don't have to.' And then I said, 'You can sleep on the couch if you want,' pretending I didn't know. And he stayed.

"The next day he went back to his hotel and brought his bags to my house. That night I wouldn't go to his Castelli opening with him. I said, 'I would blush if I had to go out in public with you.' Then Bruce went back to New Mexico and called me up. He said, 'I want to come back and see if this is what I think it is. Can I come back now?' I said yes, he came back, and we were in love. That's what happened—BAM!" Four months later, Rothenberg and Nauman were married in Staten Island Borough Hall.

For Rothenberg, her daughter Maggie's departure for college—she is now a sophomore at Sarah Lawrence—signaled that it would soon be time for the artist to change her own life much as she had done after Maggie was born. "I knew that I couldn't just sit in that loft and keep my life together in the same way without her there," says Rothenberg as she watches the sun go down 2,000 miles from Tribeca. "I was going to have to do something or figure out other places."

What Susan Rothenberg wants out of life now is as unsparing and inspiring as her art at its best can be. "I don't want to let myself down," she says. "I don't want to humiliate and embarrass myself by doing shitty work. I don't want to have a hard time sleeping at night. . . . I want the whole life to be the journey that gets you to the realest place in your psyche that you can get to. That's what you should be able to paint."

Keith Rolls On

(Continued from page 235) near the end of the war, a nearby explosion hurled a brick through his cot, though he wasn't there at the time.) "In England after 1945, everything was just drifting, everything was just postwar, you know. Until the middle 50s, everything was just the war. 'Why can't we. . . ?' 'The war.' The war went on for years. They said it finished in '45. About '56 for me. . . . The feeling of how are we going to get out of this hole? We've won two wars and we're dying."

He grew up in a rough part of town and learned to look after himself. "I've never thought of myself as brave," he says. "When I'm confronted with a situation, there seems to be only one thing to do. And I think maybe that's because I've never been a big guy. Because of my birthday, which is in December, I would always, through the weirdness of the English educational system, be like virtually nearly a year younger than the class I was in. When you are like six, seven, eight, or nine, a year is a long time, so I was always the little guy.

"I had to learn pretty much to handle myself, mostly with repartee. If there was no way out I would just go for the jugular. That's always been with me. And you've only got to do that a couple of times and everybody knows. I don't enjoy it, but there's something in me—when the situation demands it I just go."

What's the worst damage he's ever inflicted? "Oh, lacerations, broken ribs. I've taken some beatings, too."

He was a dud schoolboy who had managed to just scrape through by exploiting a talent for drawing. He was looking forward without enthusiasm to a possible career as a graphic designer when rock 'n' roll hit him "like a thunderbolt." Leadbelly, Muddy Waters, Bill Haley, Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly. In 1956, he plugged into that strange historical mix of a free, dreaming America and a poor, drab, frustrated England that gave birth to modern rock. "English kids' dreams could come true," muses Keith. "You could go and see Muddy Waters. You could actually do that, people like that actually playing around the corner. . . . Then you're getting paid and chicks are throwing themselves at you. You can't complain at 18 or 19 about that—things had definitely taken an upturn in my life."

Thanks to a shrewd grandfather named Gus Dupree, who played jazz saxophone, fiddle, and guitar—and who Keith has called "the funkiest old coot you could ever meet"—Keith had already grown obsessed with the shape and sound of the guitar, and especially the way "it pulls the chicks." He taught himself the instrument and met up with an old primary-school friend, Mick Jagger. After scuffling around Soho and Chelsea for a while, the Stones were born. The idea was that they were a rough, dangerous, anti-fashion band, an antidote to the saccharine mop-top style of the early Beatles. For Keith it was all idealism, a crusade to bring the authenticity of the American bluesmen to the postwar English generation.

But it soon got wildly out of hand. One minute Keith was the quiet boy at parties, the next he was one of the most sexually desirable men on earth. "Like I slid into it very easily," he remembers with a nostalgic smile. "This is for me, I thought, playing and doing what I want to do and getting paid for it. Traveling and seeing the world. The furthest I'd thought I would get abroad was Southend, staring at Calais. And then the whole world is opening up and travel does 'broaden the mind,' especially in a rock 'n' roll band."

Any regrets along the way?

"The answer is no. It's all right having fantasies and dreams come true. Trouble is, when they do, they're no longer true, they're just real."

By the end of the 60s the Stones could call themselves "the Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band in the World" and few argued. They were the royal family of street funk. But there was a two-way pull embodied in the personalities of Mick and Keith. Keith was the symbol of dark hard-rock authenticity, while Mick veered toward pop, the high life, the gossip columns. The pressure was real and there was soon a casualty: Brian Jones died just weeks after Mick and Keith had told him he was too wrecked to go on the road. All Jones had cared about was being a pop star. He had neither the bourgeois stability of Mick nor the survival instinct of Keith.

In the early 70s the Stones were forced into tax exile from England and became a multinational operation. The band dispersed to overseas homes, reuniting only for records and tours, no longer able to indulge in casual jamming. "The hardest part was when the Stones had to leave England," says Keith. "Up until then it was 10 minutes to get in touch—'Come over, I've got an idea'—and, of course, a band has to be a tight-knit unit. When they couldn't put us in jail, they put the economic sanctions on us instead—'Oh, we've blown that one, let's try 'em with the big screw: eight million quid.' What it meant was that either we coughed up or left. It was '71, after endless raids and busts. . . . I just wanted to play the guitar, you know, and then I was hassling with the British government. Wow! I'm the bad guy, I'm the Main Offender."

By then Keith was a father. His son Marlon was born in 1969 to Anita Pallenberg and his daughter Dandelion in 1972. Eventually she went back to England, where she was raised by Keith's mother in Dartford. She renamed herself Angela and now works in a horse stable. Marlon, however, was brought up on Rolling Stones tours. It was a hair-raising upbringing, but he survived life with Dad and his strange "uncles." Marlon is now a laid-back, faintly raucous student at New York's Parsons School of Design, and lives in Keith's huge Lower East Side apartment. His strongest stimulants, insists Keith, are cigarettes and champagne. "I'm the supreme example of what not to do for my kids," Keith admits. "Marlon, he knows more about the dope business than me and he doesn't take anything. He has great hangovers.

"The best thing about having kids is that through them I could remember that bit I couldn't remember on my own. I remember feeling like that—*eeeeah!* Frustration, not being able to say why you are pissed off. They give you back that bit you don't remember."

The memory of his second son, Tara Jo Jo Gunne, suddenly stops the matey flow of Keith's conversation and he crouches forward on the sofa. The baby was born March 26, 1976. The next month the Stones released *Black and Blue* and went on tour. On June 6, Tara choked to death in his crib. The Stones were in Paris. At Keith's insistence they did not cancel the concert.

I ask if he felt any guilt.

"Yeah, not being there. Little chap in his cot—'Daddy'll be back in a couple of months, he's going on the road, soon you'll find out what it's all about.'. . . Not a lot to say about that."

Later, however, he comes back to the subject. "Just on a reasoning level it brings home to you that nobody gets a guarantee in this life. You don't necessarily get three score years or whatever it is. It seems to me there's some people who want to believe it's your right. But it's not like that, is it? You can be a day old, you can be two months old, as Tara was. It's a fragile thing, life, and first you've got to get a hold on it. When babies die it all seems so pointless."

He falls silent, sighs, and then picks the memory up again. "All of that to be born for eight weeks. Well, eight weeks is a







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VERSACE

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lifetime. You actually block it out. He comes to my mind in the weirdest places. I just remember his chuckling . . . ''

Tragedy is an integral part of the Keith Richards legend. Brian Jones and Tara were followed by his close friend country-rock singer Gram Parsons—''a pure soul'' —and Ian Stewart, the closest and oldest friend of the band. And there was, of course, the shadowy gunman the Hell's Angels killed while the Stones played ''Sympathy for the Devil'' onstage at Altamont. But only Tara makes him pause. He speaks fluently about those other deaths with a resigned acceptance of the price exacted by the life of the road. In fact, he thinks the body count in his life is no higher than in others'; it's just that every death in his vicinity makes the headlines and feeds the image of the wasted rocker on a death trip.

The miracle, of course, is that Keith himself lived. The decade-long debauch that climaxed with the Toronto heroin bust in 1977 should have killed him several times over. But somehow death passed him by, and very slowly he started to pull back from the edge. One of the conditions of the Toronto court's decision was that he undergo psychoanalysis. An analyst thought Keith was well enough to serve him vodka and ask little more than where he had his clothes made. One of the strange continuities in his life is the way doctors of all varieties have never seemed to be able to find anything wrong with him. Most just lamely suggest that it might not be a good idea to treat his body as a laboratory.

Keith now says he's clean of drugs, though he still drinks. He denies claims in the Bockris biography that he is effectively an alcoholic, pointing out that he gave it up for a month last year. Even heroin is not that hard to kick, he says—people can do it in three days. (He admits, however, that he shouldn't say this too loudly, as it might encourage new users.) Indeed, he insists he can give up everything except for smoking.

Old superstar rockers can settle down only so far. There is no easy trail down from the highest peak of global celebrity. As Keith puts it, with the precision of a well-rehearsed insight, ''You can fall down, but you can't climb down.'' Which means that nothing can ever be quite normal; people will always want to attach themselves to your fame. ''The public imbue us with the mythical talismans and stuff—that's a bit of that primal, tribal thing,'' says Keith. ''You get decorated like a king. 'Oh, he's in touch with God and the divine right.' ''

But the side effects of fame are not always benign. At the far end of the public's impulse to connect with these people is the threat of obsessives like Mark David Chapman, John Lennon's killer. Keith, who says he was on Chapman's hit list, now lives with the constant necessity of taking precautions, noting regular phone calls, letters, or people trying to see him. ''If you live somewhere for a bit,'' he says, ''certain nuts tend to drift around, you get phone calls. So once or twice I've called a private eye, and I just had the guy check up on someone. The classic example was this guy who was a nut and he kept coming round. We later found out that he'd had a car crash. He'd actually broken his neck but was still alive. So we got in touch with his parents and we put him in a clinic for a bit and straightened him out. You try and pre-empt it if there's obvious signs of it going around. You try and put it together so you can help them out before they do something dumb.''

The constant proximity of death from outside or within has not exactly driven Keith into the arms of God. ''In extreme situations, I've often thought, There's only One Guy who can get me out of this. But the time when I was really touched with any religious impulse was probably with the Rastafarians in Jamaica because at that time—it was for a very few years [in the 70s]—it was very pure and structured and it worked. It was a very hand-to-mouth existence and pretty squalid, and they managed to get a pride and a community thing and emotion going. The actual religion was dumb when you examined it. But what religion isn't? It was probably no weirder than any other.''

But even cleaned up, slowed down, at peace with himself, and protected by a private eye, Keith is not a fundamentally changed man, and that, finally, is the point. He still clings to the idealism of the first days of the Stones. He still sees an inner core of truth and authenticity in the band that is anti-fashion, anti-pop, and in a straight line of descent from the American bluesmen through Chuck Berry to the Stones.

This has made him publicly critical of the glitzy approach of rock peers like Elton John. ''I've known Reg Dwight [John's real name] way back and he's a great musician and a great guy,'' Keith says. ''In a way, I'm not knocking these guys, I'm knocking the things you get forced into. You put on a hat and a big pair of glasses and everybody loves you and you think that's great and then you're doomed to wear them forever because if you don't do that you can't do anything. Nobody wants to see you.''

This austere preservation of the rock faith, Keith is convinced, has helped change the world. ''Probably blue jeans and rock 'n' roll had more effect in undermining the Iron Curtain idea—that you can close off millions of people from the rest of the world—and showed it to be a sham. Forget about it. It won't be the hydrogen bombs or the missiles, it will be something quite simple.'' Rock 'n' roll, Keith thinks, is ''probably the best work the English have done since the empire. We took it and ran with it. . . . It was one of the biggest weapons the English had and they didn't know it. Maybe the Berlin Wall would still be up without it. You can't stop music at the border. Music is one of the most powerful and insidious and subtle weapons. It can penetrate areas that no K.G.B. or C.I.A. can possibly get to. It's a beautiful armor-piercing weapon, man.''

What counts, Keith emphasizes, is keeping rock pure and real. Over and over again he comes back to this, the bottom-line justification of all that he has done and been, of the elegantly wasted crow with the guitar, of the Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band in the World, and, finally, of the Connecticut gardener with his lemon tree. ''The non-contrived thing was probably the most basic and most important thing about the Stones,'' he says proudly. ''It's not an act you're watching. For better or worse, it's what it is. . . . Touching people, yeah, and not faking. Especially in this world today there's so much acceptance of downright phonies—you're *expected* to be phony. I just lost patience with all of that. I can play that game, but it becomes so confused, everybody can get so confused. I kinda like a bit of clarity.''

The point, Keith says, is to keep rolling, to, as he puts it, ''grow up'' the art of rock 'n' roll, to age with the weather-beaten dignity of his mentors, the great, hard-living bluesmen Leadbelly, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, and John Lee Hooker.

And when Keith can no longer leap about the stage? ''So *sit down* and play,'' Keith shrugs. ''Muddy Waters did. By then you've got to be so good at the music that you don't need to watch anybody leaping around. The music's got to do it all by itself. That's my dream.'' And for the day the music dies, Keith has a joke epitaph—''I told you I was sick''—but the line he really wants on his tombstone is: ''He passed it on.'' □

Princess TNT

(Continued from page 247) Pater Emmeram von Thurn und Taxis, a 90 year old Benedictine monk, who also was heard from within hours of Sotheby's announcement. He publicly damned his niece-in-law as a "ruthless minx." He questioned her right to sell "things that belong to the family history" and accused her of wanting to evict him from Schloss Prüfenig, the crumbling 100-room former monastery on the outskirts of Regensburg where he has lived alone since 1952. The following Sunday, he led a procession of local parishioners, including a pack of Hell's Angels he lets camp out in the castle's overgrown park, to protest Princess Gloria's sale of family heirlooms.

"She's very dangerous," says Pater Emmeram, looking like a biblical prophet with his flowing white beard, coarse brown cassock, and piercing blue eyes, as he slowly shuffles into his bare and musty study, which smells of cat excrement, and slumps down in a chair. "She wants to direct all, but she doesn't know all. She's not allowed to sell anything. She's not the owner. Her son is. She's not a Thurn und Taxis. We are from the house, not she. The family tradition is to keep everything together. She is only interested in things that bring money to her. I don't know what she did with all the other money. I don't like to speak about this to the whole world, but what can one do? It's not very tactful, but one must speak the truth." He looks at the Pietà carved into the base of a candlestick on the table in front of him and tells me that Princess Gloria's father, Count Joachim von Schönburg-Glauchau, left her mother several years ago for his secretary, with whom he had a child. "From the beginning, I thought this girl didn't belong in our family."

Princess Gloria defends her decision on purely business grounds. "I had no choice. We are facing a huge amount of inheritance tax, which has to be paid. And I just think that instead of selling worthwhile real estate and forests, which produce income and which Albert can never buy back, I'd rather sell some of the enormous amount of jewelry that the family has accumulated. Because it's dead capital. I'm keeping jewelry for my son's future wife and for my daughters and me to wear to parties. We'll still have plenty of jewelry left, including some very nice tiaras for each of us. But let's face it, we don't wear tiaras so often, so why keep so many? And we have *so much* silver. I don't need this amount. I mean, it's not as if I'm selling the whole house."

She points out that, since 1920, 25 Thurn und Taxis castles have passed out of the family's hands, and that in most cases their contents were transferred to the Regensburg palace, which she says now resembles a "furniture depository." She denies that she wants to evict Pater Emmeram or sell Schloss Prüfenig, one of the six remaining castles left to Prince Albert. (Aside from Schloss St. Emmeram and Schloss Garatshausen, the others include Schloss Taxis in Baden-Württemberg, which has separate pink Neo-Gothic buildings for the princely family, their princely guests, their lesser guests, and their now disbanded princely army, and an antler-hung hunting lodge near Regensburg.) She says that the prestigious Max Planck Institute and the city of Regensburg want to rent Schloss Prüfenig and convert it into a cardiovascular-research center, and that Pater Emmeram can remain in residence as long as he lives. "He's fed by us, you know," she adds, referring to the midday meal that is delivered to him by a footman from the soup kitchen at Schloss St. Emmeram that feeds 400 poor Regensburgers every day. "And he even complains about the food. But you cannot be angry with him, because he's just an old man. It's unfortunate, because I had a great relationship with him. We used to sit for hours talking about theology and philosophy. But the day Johannes died, he wasn't nice to me anymore. Everything I did was wrong."

> "She is not just selling some objects, she is dismantling history."

The rest of the Thurn und Taxis family, she says, including Johannes's dauntingly straitlaced sister, Princess Klotilde of Liechtenstein, "think what I am doing is absolutely right." She says the family has urged Pater Emmeram to stop talking to the press, and he acknowledges that pressure has been brought to bear. But he strongly suggests that privately they are as upset as he is—and that the only reason they remain silent is that they have an aversion to publicity. In any case, he is not alone in his criticism.

"I see it as a tragedy," says a European grande dame who is close to the family. "She is not just selling some objects, she is dismantling history. She says it's to pay taxes, but she is selling gold bracelets with miniature portraits of Johannes's ancestors for only a few thousand Swiss francs each. That's just terrible. You can't put your husband's grandmother on sale! Especially for such a small amount." Others believe it would have been wiser to avoid the hoopla of public scrutiny by discreetly offering the entire collection to a history-hungry monarch with a harem of gem-mad wives, such as King Fahd of Saudi Arabia or the Sultan of Brunei. "It's a funny thing," says a baroness related to the former royal families of Austria and Russia. "You can sell a castle because you have eight, or furniture because you can't use it all. People understand. But the minute you sell the family jewelry, people go slightly hysterical. It looks bad."

Of course, Princess Gloria also has her supporters. "If she needs a little cash," says Prince Charles-Henri de Lobkowicz, a cousin of the Thurn und Taxises', "why *not* sell a little jewelry? She certainly has a lot. I haven't heard of one person being shocked. But then, we have always believed that a family's name doesn't stand on its jewels or paintings or any objects." Princess Ghislaine de Polignac says, "There's no difference at all between what Gloria's doing and Lord Rocksavage in England selling his family's fabulous Holbein at Christie's to pay inheritance tax, or the Duke of Beaufort selling the Badminton cabinet to save his house. Most people think it's very smart of Gloria."

And even her sharpest critics are clamoring for Sotheby's catalogue, which is bound to become a collector's item. The outraged grande dame reluctantly admits that she's tempted to bid on the emerald-and-diamond choker that belonged to Prince Johannes's grandmother. Though museums are expected to buy the most expensive pieces, two individuals whose names keep coming up as possible bidders are Elizabeth Taylor (who was very briefly linked to Prince Johannes when she was still married to Nicky Hilton) and Mercedes Bass (whom Princess Gloria was fond of addressing as "Mrs. Cornflakes"

Princess TNT

when she was still married to Ambassador Francis Kellogg). "There's serious interest among seriously rich Texans," says oil-business consultant André Dunstetter. He discounts talk, however, that his good friend Prince Mubarak al-Sabah of Kuwait, a bejeweled regular at Regensburg parties, will be bidding to replace the vast treasure trove of brooches, bracelets, and rings he had to leave behind when Saddam Hussein's tanks rolled across the border. A more persistent rumor is that Tita Thyssen, a former Miss Spain and the fifth wife of Baron Heini Thyssen, a Sotheby's board member, won't rest until Empress Eugénie's tiara is nestled amid her golden curls. As Munich socialite Inge Rodenstock puts it, "People are sad that such an old family with such a great name is selling its jewelry, but everyone wants to go to Geneva."

"This is not really a story about Gloria," says Paris hostess São Schlumberger, an old friend of Prince Johannes and his wife. "It's about the House of Thurn und Taxis. She's just one link in a very long chain which lasted hundreds of years. The interesting question is why did it suddenly break."

The Thurn und Taxis fortune goes back to about 1490, when Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I bestowed the title of Imperial Postmaster on a Bergamo merchant named Francisco de Tassos—whom Prince Johannes often referred to as "my very clever Italian-Jewish ancestor"—and granted the family a hereditary postal monopoly for the empire, which then covered most of Western and Central Europe. (They were given the title of prince in 1695 by Emperor Leopold I, because, it is said, he owed them a large sum of money.) Over the next 500 years, the Thurn und Taxis fortune survived Napoleon, the rise of Prussia, the fall of the Hapsburgs, the Nazis, who put Prince Johannes's father in a detention camp for almost two years because he made a point of shaking hands with anyone he saw wearing a yellow star, and the Communists, who seized 91 Thurn und Taxis properties in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland. But it is not yet clear whether it will survive the 80s, when the 11th Prince von Thurn und Taxis took a young bride and entered Nouvelle Society.

Neither the title nor the fortune would have passed to Prince Johannes had he not married a Catholic noblewoman and produced a male heir, in accordance with the terms of his grandfather's will. Actual possession of the estate skipped two generations, so Prince Johannes was technically the trustee for his firstborn son. According to *Forbes*, Prince Johannes left a "modest" portion of his inheritance from his mother's estate to Princess Gloria.

They seemed so perfectly matched: the globe-trotting bisexual bachelor, who was notorious for practical jokes (such as pouring a little red wine onto Princess Margaret's seat while she was up dancing at a white ball), and the androgynous-looking high-school dropout, part-time barmaid, and aspiring actress who dreamed of playing the Madwoman of Chaillot. "I copied Johannes," Princess Gloria says. "I wanted to impress him, to say to him, 'Look, I am your best partner, because with me you can do even wilder things at parties.' "

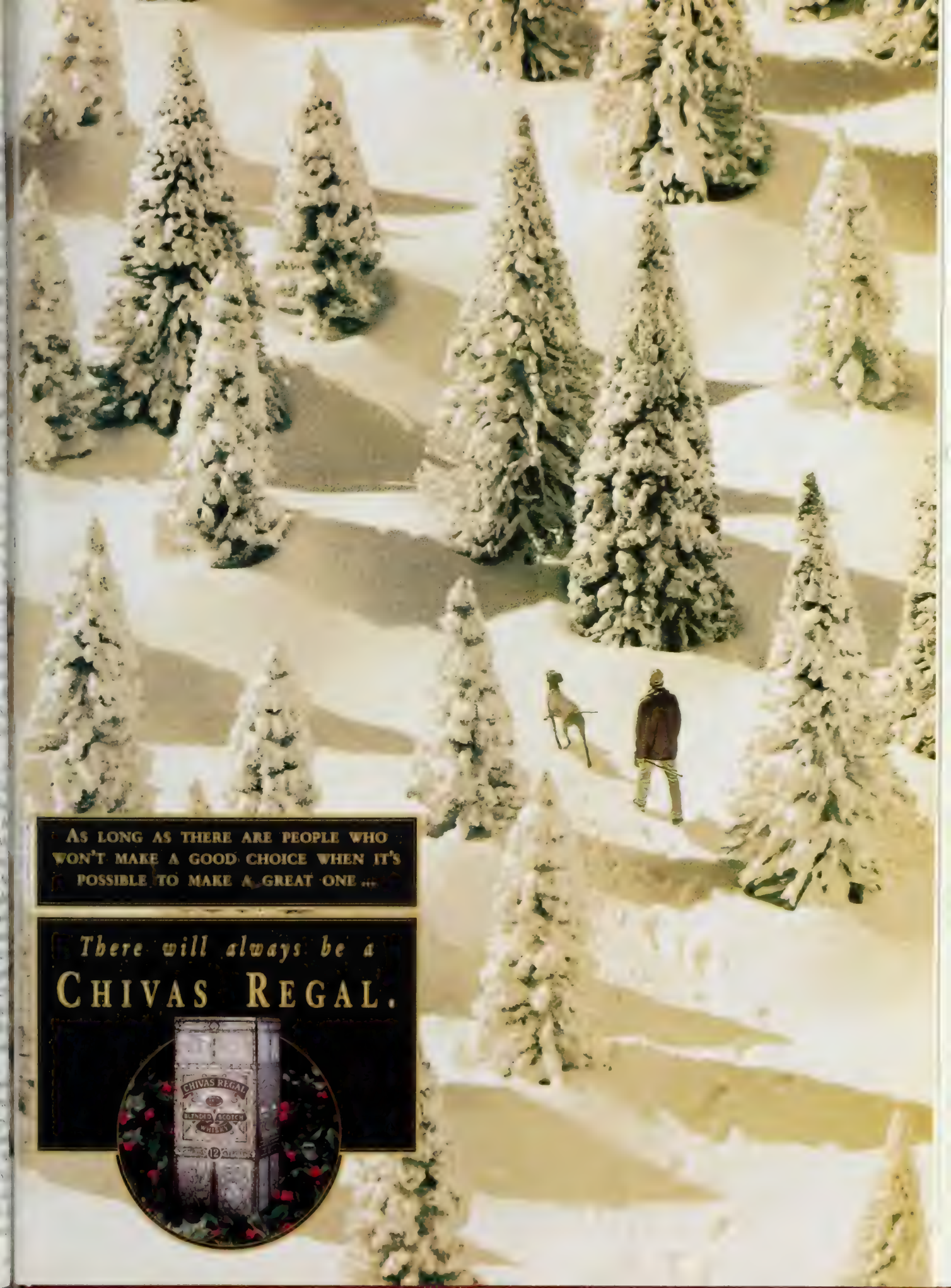
But his outrageousness, however crazed or cruel, had always been private, a series of inside society jokes: telling the wife of a Bolivian tin king that he had seen pansies at balls before but never a chimpanzee, as her short, dark husband waltzed by; toasting Newport's stiffest hostess, Eileen Slocum, as "my dear Mrs. Scrotum"; naming two of his lapdogs Mick and Muck, after his brother-in-law Mick Flick and Flick's brother, Muck; passing off a Yugoslav girlfriend as Tito's niece at official dinner parties, even after the Yugoslav Embassy in Bonn asked him to desist; presenting a French boyfriend as a baron, until the boy's parents started using the made-up title themselves.

Princess Gloria, on the other hand, was the first Thurn und Taxis to appear on television, barking like a dog on the David Letterman show, an act she had already perfected on German talk shows. She became as ubiquitous in the Hamburg and Berlin tabloids as Donald and Ivana Trump were in New York's—riding her Harley to discos, partying all night with Prince, the singer (much to the annoyance of the prince), wearing a two-foot-tall witch hat to High Mass at the Regensburg chapel. She made headlines when she was busted at the Munich airport for carrying 10 grams of hashish in her hatbox which she claimed was planted, but for which she was fined $13,000.

Sometimes she was a welcome injection of fun into the greed decade's all-business, billionaires-only social scene, as when she turned up two hours late at a Manhattan dinner party, sporting a blue mohawk hairdo and a Paco Rabanne chain-mail mini-dress, and took her place between a disapproving Bill Blass and a terrified Ronald Perelman. She also became a high-profile champion of avant-garde artists, photographers, and furniture designers, including George Condo, Kenny Scharf, Robert Mapplethorpe, Gilbert & George, André Dubreuil, and Patrice Butler, and installed their work in her own seven-room apartment in Schloss St. Emmeram, which she had done by the brilliant young South African decorator Gabhan O'Keeffe. She commissioned Elizabeth Garouste and Mattia Bonetti, the hippest of hip French designers, to build a glass-enclosed cafeteria and souvenir shop outside the carriage museum in the palace's capacious courtyard to make it more welcoming to the public. Her fans called it Café Gloria, her detractors the Condom eria, because of the peculiar shape of its lamps. Her Peggy Guggenheim phase reached its apex at her 30th-birthday party in Regensburg, in 1989, for which Keith Haring designed everything from the tableware to the invitation, a 45-r.p.m. record of Princess Gloria singing "Come to My Party" in her deep, Dietrich-like voice. But despite her efforts to be seen as an open-minded princess who promoted the contemporary arts, she probably has been branded forever by a prank that, she says, wasn't even her idea: the cake with 60 marzipan penises that was wheeled out at one of the events during the long weekend of extravagant celebrations for Prince Johannes's 60th birthday, in 1986, a rock 'n' roll cruise up the Danube on which the princess belted out "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" while Mick Jagger boogied with Jerry Hall.

"I realize that people resented me for that," she admits. "Especially the German aristocracy, who said, 'Why does this Gloria have to be so loud?' At the time I didn't understand, and I said, 'Why do they have to be so boring?' But today I know that they were kind of right, because they have a more solid and stable way of life. I had to learn that. Because when I met Johannes, I was only 19, and he was like a father to me. I didn't have to grow up. I was like a kid, fooling around with my dresses and hair. And everywhere I went with Johannes—Acapulco, Los Angeles, Monte Carlo—it seemed to me that those were the rules: to be loud and showy."

But as much as the image of the House of Thurn und Taxis may have suffered from the publicity antics of the princess, its fortune was much more seriously hurt by the financial antics of the prince. "He decided to become a businessman," São Schlumberger says with a bewildered air. "If he had just gone on leading the life of a German aristocrat, giving hunt parties


AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WON'T MAKE A GOOD CHOICE WHEN IT'S POSSIBLE TO MAKE A GREAT ONE ...
There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.
CHIVAS REGAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12

and all that, everything would have been O.K. Instead, he was a victim of the 80s, when you borrowed, borrowed, borrowed to make great investments that didn't turn out so great."

Diego del Vayo, a New York stockbroker and a close friend of Prince Johannes's for 40 years, agrees: "Johannes used to say to me, 'Stocks don't interest me. What interests me is land. Because you can print more stocks, but you can't print more land.' It was a very primitive but sound attitude on his part. But in the last few years he abandoned that attitude. He wanted to be like all the new megatycoons, whom he'd always been impressed by—Khashoggi, Taubman, Gutfreund. Johannes wasn't snobbish at all about titles and things like that, but he was very much impressed by very rich people, especially if they were self-made."

Del Vayo says he realized that Prince Johannes had fundamentally changed his financial philosophy after hearing a conversation between Adnan Khashoggi and the prince at a luncheon the day after a ball at Schloss Taxis in the mid-1980s. "Johannes said, 'In times like this, one must *expand* one's fortune.' Khashoggi said, 'No, in times like this, one must *protect* one's fortune.' It was the reversal of what you would expect to be their natural points of view. I couldn't believe my ears."

As Prince Johannes grew older, friends note, he seemed to spurn his own class all the more, perhaps because he sensed that they had always considered the Thurn und Taxises "a bit *à côté*," as one aristocratic snob puts it, indicating the fine gradations of status within the upper-upper crust. "They were the 'post people.' They had tremendous money, and they spent it." Richard Burt, the former American ambassador to Germany, remembers Prince Johannes chuckling about a dinner at Regensburg in the late 80s at which Prince Philip supposedly remarked on the palace's pristine condition and asked Prince Johannes how he could afford to keep it up. "No workee, no money," the postman turned businessman said he told the consort of the Queen of England.

By then, Prince Johannes was working, or at least putting his assets to work for him. In February 1987 he hired Helge Petersen, a 41-year-old German-born, Harvard-educated former partner at McKinsey & Company, the high-powered New York management-consulting firm, to take charge of his business empire. Petersen brought in Eberhard Crain, another McKinsey veteran, and Rolf Levedag, from Deutsche Bank, to help him run the various Thurn und Taxis companies with their 4,000 employees. According to comments Petersen has made in *Forbes*, he and his colleagues found a mess: the Munich-based Prince von Thurn und Taxis bank was losing money; the three breweries and DODUCO and Unidor, the metallurgical companies, were barely profitable; and the forests and farmland, which made up the bulk of the princely holdings, were earning only a 1 percent return on capital. Between 1978 and 1987, average overall annual income was about $5.2 million, but Prince Johannes spent between $6 million and $12 million a year to maintain his castles, his yacht, and his wife.

The new management team started off by selling thousands of acres of land in Germany for $145 million between 1987 and 1989, and buying thousands of square feet of office space in the United States and Canada as well as Germany for at least that much. They also bought a stake in Butcher & Co., a Philadelphia-based brokerage house, for $18 million, reportedly as a vehicle for more North American deals. During that same period, debt doubled to $301 million, and by 1990 it had hit $576 million, three times what it had been in 1986, before Petersen took over. By 1990, Butcher & Co., which had been represented in the sale to Prince Johannes by John Gutfreund of Salomon Brothers, was also in serious trouble. Neither the prince, who had taken to calling himself a "noble businessman," nor his lavishly paid advisers had anticipated two things: the worldwide collapse of the commercial real-estate market and the reunification of Germany, which sent German interest rates through the roof. Prince Johannes found himself in the same position as another one of his tycoon idols, Donald Trump.

Nevertheless, Petersen, Crain, and Levedag might still be sitting in their exquisite offices overlooking the palace courtyard had they not proposed, in late 1987, the creation of a trust foundation which would have placed control of Prince Johannes's estate in their hands until Prince Albert turned 28, an idea that put Princess Gloria on the warpath. She started taking private courses in business and tax law, secretly hired her own accountant to audit the books, and is said to have leaked information to *Manager* magazine, which ran a devastating article in February 1990, portraying Petersen as power-mad and incompetent. Petersen later sued Princess Gloria and the magazine for defamation.

"I had to prove to Johannes that the business wasn't going as well as he was being told," says Princess Gloria, carefully choosing her words to respect the terms of her recent settlement with Petersen and his associates. "Because Johannes was just trusting these people, and not trusting me, thinking I was a stupid little girl just interested in fashion. And meanwhile he was getting iller and iller and iller and iller. So every evening when he was lying in bed, I would bring over his files, and I would say, 'This is important, we have to talk about it.' And we worked through it together that way, and Johannes was happy."

In August 1990, Prince Johannes dismissed Petersen, Crain, Levedag, and another executive who worked with them, and gave his wife power of attorney. That November he had the first heart transplant, which appeared to be a success. But on December 14, 1990, he was rushed to a Munich hospital, and a second transplant operation was performed, during which he died.

"The last six weeks of his life," Princess Gloria says, "he was so nice you cannot imagine. He changed completely. In a way, it was the nicest time in my 10 years with him. Because he grew so much. The fear was gone. He never trusted anybody, really. He trusted me fully. He told me he loved me—something he could never say. We had a great time, we loved each other for sure, but he wouldn't say it, because he was too proud. All this pride was gone. He was a normal man."

Since then, Princess Gloria has taken charge with a firm and forceful hand. In July 1991 she sold the metallurgical companies for a reported $300 million, and earlier this year sold the bank for an undisclosed sum, while retaining ownership of the valuable building it occupied on the posh Maximilianstrasse in Munich. She has trimmed the palace staff, and sold 24 of her 27 cars. According to one report, the debt has been cut in half since Prince Johannes's death, but Princess Gloria refuses to discuss figures. Sources close to her say that the Sotheby's jewelry auction is an astute ploy to get the Bavarian state government to seriously negotiate a reduction in the inheritance tax, which her lawyer Dr. Horst Schiessl says "is in the tens of millions," by accepting partial payment in art objects, a practice that is now common in France but not in Germany. She would also like the state to take over the maintenance of what many consider Regensburg's real crown jewels: the world's largest stamp collection, the largest private library in Germany (more than 200,000 volumes), and the carriage muse-

Princess TNT

am, with its priceless collection of Hapsburg carriages.

At one point it was said that Karl Otto Pöhl, the former Bundesbank chief and a close friend of Princess Gloria's brother-in-law Mick Flick, would become her financial adviser, but that didn't work out. "The German establishment has always been very critical of her," says the wife of an important Frankfurt financier. "That's the reason why there are still doubts about her as a serious businesswoman. You cannot one day be a punk and the next a businesswoman. It takes time."

Her friends point out that Princess Gloria has known hard times before and that she has always had a practical, down-to-earth side. Her father's family lost everything to the East German Communists after the war, and her father worked as a radio reporter in Somalia and Togo for a long stretch of his daughter's childhood. Later he worked as the editor of a small hunting magazine in Munich, where Gloria, her sister, and her two brothers spent their adolescence. Last year he returned to his ancestral town of Glauchau, in Saxony, and won a seat in the German Parliament. Her mother, who is separated from her father, is a Hungarian countess whose family also lost everything to the Communists. She is very close to both of her daughters, and often turns up for dinner at Schloss Garatshausen, bearing toys and books for her grandchildren, as indeed she does the day of my interview with Princess Gloria.

At dinner—pizza and spaghetti served with paper napkins and silver flatware stamped with the Thurn und Taxis crest—Princess Gloria leads the children in saying grace before and again after the meal. In between, the conversation ranges from politics to Michael Jackson. For Prince Albert's ninth birthday, his mother took him and his sisters to a Jackson concert in Munich and to the party afterward. "Michael Jackson *talked* to Albert," Princess Maria Theresia says in flawless English. (The children also speak French.) "Albert had a water pistol, and Michael Jackson said, 'That's a neat gun.'"

Prince Albert, a well-mannered, robust child, suddenly pipes up: "And Axl Rose drinks Thurn und Taxis beer!"

He has the same mischievous glint in his dark-brown eyes that his father had, and his mother's decisiveness in his voice. But then, the former princess of punk still has some spunk: she can't resist showing me her "new bike," a big, fat, red Harley-Davidson spray-painted with yellow flames and the name "Red Runner." Somehow one feels that it's only a matter of time before Princess TNT hops on it and reignites. □

Treasured Island

(Continued from page 255) years ago, when Representative Otis Pike came up with a plan for a federal takeover, Robert Gardiner opposed it, saying acidly, "Gardiners Island does not need to be protected by Mr. Pike. It is maintained, preserved, and respected by the family who has owned it for over 300 years." Every time the island seemed likely to slip away from them, a resolute Gardiner contrived somehow to keep it in the family. However, the current lord of the manor exhibits a surprising equanimity about both his own lack of heirs and the prospect of surrendering the island to another sort of guardianship at long last.

"I'm a realist; I'm not just a sentimentalist. I have limited means," says Gardiner, whose idea of limited means is apparently the $100 million he has repeatedly told me he's worth. His assets range from a shopping mall he built in Bay Shore to a marina in East Hampton, but the question of his worth is problematic. Newcomers meeting him for the first time often wonder whether he's broke, given his startling propensity for wearing the same frayed, wrinkled, stained, highly aromatic clothes on one occasion after another; were it not for his lofty bearing and cultivated speech, he could pass for a derelict. However, those who have known him for many years say he's always been like this, and decades old press clips often note Gardiner's eccentric appearance, which has long puzzled his friends. "It is possible that if you have a large enough ego there may be some element of contempt for others in it," one speculates. "You're the lord of the grand manor: you don't really have to worry about how you smell, because you're you."

But even if Gardiner is worth $100 million, much of that is obviously in nonliquid assets, and although he loves to talk about family heirlooms ranging from his Turner to the ancestral tiara, he frequently adds that you can't buy eggs with them. "I am not Mr. Ross Perot," he says, lifting his nose as if to indicate something distasteful. "I could take the whole island, and scrimp and do it—but what's the point, when I know in a few years it would be beyond me? I have to think of the future of the island. I'm only interested in its preservation. This is the oldest estate in the same name on the continent of North America. . . . No family has done this in America but ours. I don't feel I'm a sudden ne'er-do-well who's spent money and married 28 times. But as my aunt said, 'You'll find sentiment very expensive.' I know perfectly well that by 1995 the island will cost over $2 million a year to run. There are 900 acres of fields to cut three times a year. The harbor has to be dredged every year, because the sandbar builds up and you can't get a boat in—that's $50,000. You have to bring in all the food for the three families on the island, and in the winter, when the harbor freezes up, you have to drop it by parachute from an airplane. Every toothbrush has to come over by private yacht. People don't realize; they think, Oh, you were so lucky to get this estate! They forget what it costs. It was an accident of birth I got it, because I was the only nephew, and my sister was the only niece. It's not that we wanted it—it's that we got it. Who in their right mind wants to pay $1.68 million a year? But we were also brought up to consider we had a burden—a responsibility. I was born to be the custodian of the family possessions. It's like the great families of Europe; you had to keep the château, keep the castle up. There's no free lunch."

He shrugs. "I was given so much. I was given wealth, and brains to increase my wealth, and I married a beautiful woman, but I didn't have any children. I don't think it was me; I had my sperm tested, and they wiggled." He raises a fine-boned hand and wiggles his fingers, whose nails are long and jagged and filthy. "But I didn't love any other woman. In life there's always something you pay for."

She has been hiding upstairs all morning, but then her husband gets a phone call. Gardiner and his visitors are outdoors, in what might elsewhere be termed the backyard. In this case, behind Gardiner's great stone house in East Hampton, which served as the summer White House after Julia Gardiner married President John Tyler in 1844, the avenue of stately arborvitae that leads to the swimming

Treasured Island

pool is lined with marble statues. "An *allée* of gods and goddesses, like the Villa d'Este!" Gardiner is saying with relish. "Here's Bacchus, wearing nothing but grapes in the right places. Here's Mercury, and Aphrodite, and Leda and the swan. Over there is one of the biggest ginkgoes in America; we brought it back from Japan 150 years ago. This is where old money counts: look at these rhododendrons! Look at the size of those trees. . . ."

And then an ethereal voice calls his name. Caught up in the excitement of his inventory, he ignores it. She keeps calling. Finally, exasperated, he heads back toward the house. His wife has declined to talk to his visitors, refused even to meet them. "She's absolutely terrified of publicity," he says. In the front hall, a striking portrait of Eunice Gardiner by Salvador Dalí shows her as porcelain-skinned and almond-eyed, with flame-red hair streaming luxuriantly over her shoulders. But now, as Gardiner and his guests approach the house, a wraithlike figure stirs behind gauzy white curtains on the balcony. Shrouded as if by veils, she lifts a pale hand to shield herself with the billowing clouds of fabric. It is past noon, but she seems to be wearing a flowing dressing gown; her faded red hair is still long, as if she were yet the bride who arrived at this house half a lifetime ago.

There have always been sly whispers about Eunice Bailey Oakes on the social circuit, even before she and Gardiner stunned everyone by getting married in 1961. Gardiner's father had died when he was quite young, and he had lived with his widowed mother until her death, when he was in his late 40s. "People were absolutely amazed that he married," according to one old friend. His choice of bride raised eyebrows as well: a former model many years his junior, Eunice had kept some fast company back home in England. *An Affair of State,* a history of the Profumo sex scandal of the 1960s, describes Eunice as a close friend of Stephen Ward, the doctor who became a central figure in the scandal, was convicted of running prostitutes, and then committed suicide. "A famous English beauty," as Gardiner likes to describe her, Eunice had been previously married to William Pitt Oakes, the unfortunate son of the even more unfortunate Sir Harry Oakes, a Canadian who had made his fortune in gold mines, settled in the Bahamas, and counted the Duke and Duchess of Windsor among his intimates. Sir Harry met an untimely end in 1943, when he was found in bed at home in Nassau with four gunshot wounds to the head. The bed had been set afire, and feathers from a torn pillow were pasted to the raw skin on his scorched body. Despite considerable evidence implicating Sir Harry's business partner, who had spent the night at the house, Sir Harry's son-in-law, Alfred de Marigny, who had been nowhere near the scene of the crime, was arrested and tried for the murder. When de Marigny was acquitted, the case remained unsolved, one of the most famous society murders of the century.

Many years later, when Eunice Oakes married Robert Gardiner, the American press made only the most decorous mention of her previous marriage to Sir Harry's son, who died in 1958 (of alcoholism, according to Gardiner). Eunice was generally portrayed as the prematurely bereaved widow of an estimable young man. De Marigny tells a somewhat different story. William Pitt Oakes "was a complete lunatic," says de Marigny. "He would wake up in the morning and think he was a dog and pee on the furniture and bark. He was a nut. He should have been put in an asylum, but his mother didn't want that."

When Robert Gardiner met Eunice Oakes, he was entranced: "I found her fascinating. She knew Aly Khan. She stayed at Cliveden all the time!" They were married at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New York, in what *Time* magazine described as "the winter's most glittering wedding." Eunice wore the Gardiner family's diamond tiara and her 10½-carat-diamond engagement ring, another old family stone. As a wedding present, her beloved gave her a diamond brooch and a double-strand pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, both "king-size," according to the society columnist Doris Lilly. At the wedding reception at the Colony Club, a guest was startled when he overheard two older gentlemen in front of him on the receiving line: "I understand our host is looking for volunteers tonight," one said wickedly to the other.

However, to the surprise of many, the marriage has endured for more than three decades. The Gardiners spend much of the year in Palm Beach, and Gardiner loves to talk about how his wife wears one of the few real tiaras at the annual Red Cross Ball, but the resident social lionesses tend to be rather dismissive. "I don't see them from one year to the next," sniffs one Palm Beach grande dame. "They used to have a big house on the lake, but they sold that and they have a condo. No one sees them." The Gardiners have since sold the condo and bought another house, but Gardiner is now talking about moving to Bermuda or Jamaica or even Nevada, for tax reasons. Back in Palm Beach, Mrs. Gardiner's name still elicits some racy associations, but they are considered a thing of the past; asked about her, another local gadabout says she's obsessed with her health, and adds, "Her cavorting around with gentlemen is over."

In East Hampton as well, the Gardiners remain curiosities. When Gardiner speaks of his wife, it is always with enormous pride, but he talks about her the way he talks about the sapphire-and-diamond parure he likes her to wear. "He is said to look upon his wife as another collector's item, who may as well be in a strongbox at the bank," one old friend says acidly. "She can be considered almost a mannequin." Indeed, before Gardiner acquired a wife to wear his jewels, "he used to carry some around in his pocket," the friend adds. "He'd suddenly grab you and show you a loose diamond or two." This could, at times, lead to startling lapses. Helen Rattray, the editor of the *East Hampton Star,* recalls her first meeting with Gardiner, more than 30 years ago. He was friendly with Helen's mother-in-law, Jeannette Rattray, who came from an old East Hampton family, and one winter night there was an unexpected knock on the door. Gardiner barged in in a dramatic ankle-length coat, pulled a chamois-cloth bag out of his pocket, and proudly showed the Rattrays three antique watches, one of which was encrusted with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. There had recently been a series of burglaries in the neighborhood, and when Gardiner telephoned in distress the next morning to report that his jewels were missing, everyone feared the worst—until the Rattrays searched their living room and found that the valuables hadn't been stolen at all. "He had left the chamois-cloth bag behind, and it had slipped between the sofa cushions," recalls Mrs. Rattray. She herself has fallen into disfavor with Gardiner of late; he considers her newspaper's coverage to be insufficiently worshipful about the Gardiners and their history, and he has taken to lambasting her as "that Jewish princess from Bayonne."

Although not exactly titans on the local social scene, the Gardiners do give dinner parties from time to time. On these occasions the host carries on with his usual obliviousness. "It's a monologue, essentially—the usual European title-dropping thing," one guest reports. "Eunice is expressionless; her face shows nothing. . . . How she stands him, I don't know. She's

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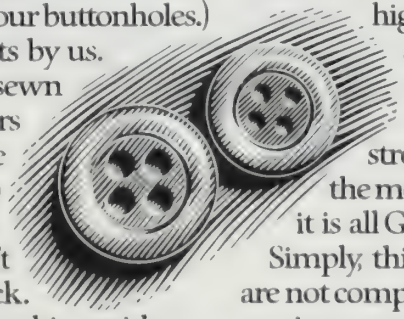
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very shy and withdrawn, almost anorexic. She seems to have managed to create an ability to totally detach herself from him in the presence of others. I've never seen them refer to each other when they're together."

Longtime observers attribute Gardiner's peculiarities to the way he was brought up. "He's an aesthete, wedded to his obsessions—the family, the history, the jewels," says a friend. "He has less awareness of others than any person I've ever known. . . . It's as if a part of him never developed at all. What he thinks about when he's alone, I can't imagine. He's like a miser hoarding his money. This is a really well-educated man, with a really superior education, culturally, but when you wish to talk about Turner, you'll hear only about *his* Turner: what it's worth, who wants to buy it. You don't talk about Turner; you only talk about his painting. It's like a V-8 engine that's only functioning on two cylinders."

In Gardiner's East Hampton house, the accumulation of possessions is overwhelming. "There's my father, there's my grandfather, there's my great-grandfather," Gardiner says, pointing to the portraits ascending the staircase wall. One scarcely knows where to look first: at the Romney or the Tiepolo or the Canaletto? At the intricate decoration on the Gardiners Island gold service, made in 1750 from "pirate loot," gleaming on "the longest mahogany sideboard in America"? At the Meissen china with the Gardiner coat of arms or at the 18th-century Savonnerie rug, at Mme. de Pompadour's porcelain or at the Philadelphia Chippendale chairs?

Given his fanatical devotion to that legacy, the fact that Gardiner will die without a natural heir is the supreme irony. When he first announced his interest in adopting another Gardiner several years ago, some observers assumed this was just another plot to spite the Goelets. However, Gardiner spent a good deal of time and energy researching family genealogy and tracking down far-flung Gardiners who might prove to be suitable heirs. He then descended upon Gardiner Green Jr., a distant relative who lives in Laurel, Mississippi. Gardiner invited him to Palm Beach, wined and dined him on the island, and filled his head with family lore. Three years later, Green is still bemused by the whole experience. "I would love to be lord of the manor in the abstract, but when it's going to cost you $2 million a year in upkeep, with no tax benefits, and you're going to go out there three weekends a year, it's a very expensive folly for somebody to undertake," he points out. "If you're worth $100 million, it would be a problem unless you made sacrifices, and I'm not worth $100 million." Gardiner had managed to turn up a relative who drove a Rolls-Royce, had his own airplane, and ran a museum in addition to his oil-and-gas business and real-estate interests, but even Gardiner Green didn't seem to be up to the job at hand. However, Gardiner isn't about to concede the field to the Goelets; asked whether his failure to adopt means the issue is closed, he says slyly, "I still could. I still could."

Not surprisingly, Gardiner Green still thinks about it, although he found the whole experience "quite unnerving. It's a phenomenally beautiful place, but I'm not sure I want to sacrifice my whole life for it." He pauses, and then, almost as if musing to himself, voices the question that lies at the heart of the Gardiner saga: "At what price the island?" he says softly.

Robert Gardiner may be 81, but he drives like a cowboy on amphetamines.

The limestone mansion on East 67th Street is unmarked; nothing advertises its purpose to the casual passerby, but this is where the Goelet interests are headquartered. Inside, the walls are hung with prints of old New York, and canvas ledgers detail the family's holdings in times gone by. There is no hint of ostentation, of course; the décor is discreetly elegant rather than opulent, and the sense of old money hangs over the place like a faint but unmistakable scent. Here Robert Goelet, an owlish man whose sartorial tastes run to expensive tweeds, presides over the family empire. The Goelets' place in the history of New York is secure, but Goelet's personal legacy is somewhat more questionable. On paper, he seems to have made an illustrious contribution to the life of the city, but his efforts have not always enjoyed a happy outcome. A dramatic example was provided by his experience at the New-York Historical Society, where Goelet became a trustee in 1961 and assumed the presidency 10 years later. The society had always been a low-key institution, Goelet's diffident style seemed to suit it well, and for a long time nothing appeared to be amiss. "The Society is one of the neatest and tidiest places in town," Goelet boasted in 1976. However, by the late 1980s there was a sudden explosion of astonishingly bad news: the society not only faced possible bankruptcy because of fiscal policies that had drastically eroded its endowment under Goelet's leadership, but also was under fire for destroying many of the artifacts it was charged with preserving. A confidential consultant's report found that the society's collections, after years of being stored in "blatantly shocking" conditions, had suffered such acute deterioration that some items were irreversibly damaged. Investigating the warehouse where many of the works were held, reporters found various paintings to be torn, flaking, covered with white mold and mildew, "splattered with what appeared to be house paint or acid," as *The New York Times* put it, or separated from their warped frames and hardened in distorted shapes.

During the resulting uproar, Robert Goelet, who had recently stepped down under pressure, avoided reporters' calls, offered no answers to the many questions surrounding his tenure, and managed to sustain a remarkably low profile, given the number of years he had dominated the organization. In retrospect, says one former board member, Goelet's stewardship "was a disaster." Trustees complained about Goelet's refusal to stoop to the kind of vigorous fund-raising necessary to address the museum's needs and about his less-than-welcoming attitude toward outsiders. "It was run like a private club," says a board member who served under Goelet. "It was not open; it was a group of Goelet's friends, and it did not reflect the diversity or the financial resources of the city." Coming into that environment could be unsettling for the uninitiated. "There was a whole shadow play going on you never understood if you didn't understand the language," says the board member. Those who tried to reach out in new ways were quickly squelched, as Anna Glen Vietor discovered when she organized a fund-raiser to drum up some much-needed support.

"Bobby's point of view was that fund-



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Treasured Island

raising should be on a one-to-one basis where you sort of sidle up to someone and before you knew it you had half a million dollars,'' explains Vietor, a former board member of the society. In fact, Goelet's old-boy network wasn't coughing up nearly enough money for the museum's needs, but that didn't make him any more receptive to a different approach. ''I thought the party was a fun evening, and the younger people thought it was great, but Bobby was, shall we say, noncommittal about it,'' Vietor reports. ''It was so difficult to do anything; every single thing was vetoed.'' When she finally resigned in frustration, Goelet ''was not sorry to see me go,'' she adds. ''He said, 'You talk too much and have too many ideas.' ''

But despite the debacle at the New-York Historical Society, Goelet has always managed to sustain a sterling reputation. When *Quest* magazine profiled the Goelet family in a 1989 article called ''Eleven Generations of Power and Affluence,'' it noted that he has always enjoyed the sobriquet ''Good Bobby,'' to distinguish him from a less revered relative who was also named Robert. However, Goelet's detractors contend that most of his positions owe as much to the circumstances of his birth as to actual achievement. ''Bob Goelet's career is not one of accomplishment; it's one of belonging,'' says one observer who is well versed in the Gardiner-Goelet dispute. ''It comes with the territory; it's not something he created. He may very well want to make his mark on history by being the guy who made millions on Gardiners Island.''

The question of the Goelets' intentions is central to the controversy over the island, and many onlookers have been persuaded by Goelet's credentials and by his lifelong reputation as a naturalist that he would never try to develop the property. Indeed, the Goelets have spent years assuring everyone involved that they want only to preserve it for their children. The problem is, can they be believed? Although Goelet's custodianship of the New-York Historical Society might give one pause, the press has tended to accept his sincerity on faith, as have such concerned officials as the East Hampton town supervisor. ''The idea of the Goelets' developing the island is completely absurd,'' says Tony Bullock. ''You judge people on their record, and the Goelets have been painstakingly restoring the buildings on the island, down to the windmill, and rebuilding the dock. They have done nothing but pump millions of dollars into that island to keep it properly maintained.''

However, if the Goelets really don't intend to develop it, their absolute refusal to agree to any binding commitment to its preservation becomes rather difficult to understand. The island retains the one-acre zoning it has had for decades, and Gardiner is waging a vigorous campaign to get it upzoned to at least five acres, the current maximum, if not to an even higher category, in order to help protect it from development. ''Anyone who's interested in conservation wouldn't want one-acre zoning, which on this fabulous jewel is an outrage,'' Gardiner says. The Goelets have vociferously opposed such a change, claiming that it would devalue the island and thus make it more vulnerable to a government takeover at some unspecified time in the future. Some of Bullock's colleagues on the East Hampton town board don't necessarily share his automatic faith in the Goelets. ''I'm not saying they're lying; I'm saying actions speak louder than words,'' says Robert D. Cooper, a town councilman. ''I think it should be upzoned to the max.'' Cooper's credentials as an arbiter in the dispute are interesting; he is a descendant of Wyandanch, the powerful Indian chieftain who originally sold the island to Lion Gardiner, became his blood brother, and later added an enormous tract of land in central Long Island to the Gardiner holdings after Lion helped him to pay the ransom for the return of his daughter, who had been kidnapped by a rival tribe on her wedding day.

Even some of those who find the Goelets' argument convincing are troubled by their refusal to accept any conservation easements. ''If the owner were to grant conservation easements to the town, there would be permanent restrictions on the property,'' Bullock explains. ''It would prevent any potential development and would also reduce their tax bill by a factor of roughly 60 percent. It would also show good faith. If they were to do that, it would put a lot of these development discussions to bed. . . . But the Goelets seem unwilling to bend, on advice of counsel. I've met with the lawyers for the Goelets; they're like pit bulls. Their concern is that they would have voluntarily devalued [the island] to the point where the government could come in and buy it. It's all a question of trust. They don't trust the government. Can you blame them? The Gardiner family has done a far better job of maintaining this island than any level of government could ever have done, so why should we go in and screw it up? The Goelets appear to have the kind of resources that can properly plan for the future, so the next trust that endows the island won't run out of money.''

However, what if the Goelets' assurances prove to be less than trustworthy once Robert Gardiner is out of the picture? Could Gardiners Island end up studded with condos and a golf course, or even a Colonial America theme park? Moreover, Gardiner has recently raised questions about the precise extent of Goelet's resources. He claims that instead of financing the upkeep of Gardiners Island out of his own pocket for the last decade Goelet has formed a corporation with a consortium of relatives so that Gardiners Island would pass into Goelet hands upon Robert Gardiner's death, rather than simply being inherited by Alexandra and Robert Goelet's two children. The Goelet interests ''have put up the money to bolster Mr. Goelet, and that's how he was able to do this skulduggery,'' Gardiner charges. ''Seventy percent of the assets of that corporation will go to people who are not descended from Lion Gardiner at all!'' The Goelets' lawyer, Arthur Field, says this isn't true: ''The trusts are solely for the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Goelet.

VANITY FAIR

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B Paid and/or Requested Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	329,321	400,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	705,200	754,410
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Treasured Island

There's nobody else who has any interests in them, and there's nobody else who has financed them.''

The Goelets had already acquired Alexandra's brother's rights to the island, in a deal that created great bitterness in the Gardiner family. J. Randall Creel Jr., who was reportedly an alcoholic, died of cancer in 1988. Shortly before his death, he sold the Goelets his rights to the island in exchange for a relatively modest payment; his mother understood it to be $1 million, but Gardiner says he has recently discovered it was only $300,000. ''That's why my sister was so furious, that her son had been cheated,'' Gardiner explains. Mrs. Creel made her displeasure clear in 1989, when she was interviewed by Dinitia Smith of *New York* magazine about the Goelets. ''They got him to sign his share of the island away for a million dollars, which is nothing,'' she said bitterly. ''That was pretty nasty. My son-in-law will tell you it's worth only $10 million. Some real-estate man in East Hampton offered me $40 million for my half!'' Mrs. Creel stopped speaking to her daughter and has since died, but according to her brother her estate papers contain an indictment of the Goelets so scathing they managed to have some documents sealed. ''The Goelets are furious about it because it excoriates them,'' Gardiner explains.

Gardiner also claims that Goelet bought off Randy Creel's young sons for $5,000 each, thereby acquiring half the inheritance rights to the island for a total of $310,000. The Goelets' lawyer says that this isn't true and the purchase price of the Creel interests was ''in excess of $1.4 million.'' The Creel boys—whom Gardiner has also considered adopting—are now in their 20s and won't discuss it; they seem almost relieved to be removed from the controversy. ''My father used to say the island was just like the Hope diamond—it brought bad luck to everybody,'' says James Creel. ''It's just caused so much unhappiness.'' His brother, Lawrence, says only, ''No comment.'' The Goelets won't talk about it either, evidently believing they are not answerable to anyone on the subject of Gardiners Island.

They are, however, vulnerable to court decisions, and in mid-October, Surrogate Court Judge Eve Preminger dealt the Goelets a blow by ruling that they could not lease the island and exclude Gardiner, as they had proposed to do. Clearly exasperated at what she termed ''the intransigence of the current family members'' despite the fact that the island's maintenance fund has been exhausted, the judge ruled that ''unless voluntary contributions or leasing proposals which do not exclude family members are forthcoming'' the United States Trust Company of New York, the trustee of the island, should investigate its immediate sale. This, of course, was just what Gardiner wanted. Within days, the Goelets had capitulated, announcing that the risk of a sale ''is entirely unacceptable to us'' and that they would resume payments for the island's maintenance even as they continue to challenge Gardiner—whom Alexandra Goelet denounced as ''a freeloader''—in court. The Goelets have filed enough appeals on various aspects of the proceedings to keep the whole mess tied up in court for months, if not years. But in the meantime, Judge Preminger seems less than convinced by their assertions of good faith. ''Would the family be willing to legally bind itself for as long a period as would be legally possible to non-development?'' she asked the Goelets' lawyer, Arthur Field, at a recent hearing. When Field said no, she replied, ''You can understand that in that case it's hard for the Court to accept as a given that there is any interest on the part of the Goelet interests in refraining from development. . . . It is from that refusal that I must draw the conclusion that there is some interest in development.'' Field protested, ''I think that is an absolutely unwarranted conclusion.''

But to Gardiner, the Goelets' intentions have long been clear. ''This whole thing is a steal,'' he says. ''It's the rape of Gardiners Island by the Goelet family—that's what the story is.''

The late-afternoon shadows are lengthening across the sun-dappled fields of the island, and as the day draws to a close, Gardiner grows more and more agitated. There is so much to see, so many of the island's wonders to show the uninitiated before darkness falls, and the thought of missing anything makes him as frantic as the turkeys he was chasing a while ago. ''Time is of the essence,'' he keeps muttering as we hurtle from one landmark to another. ''Time is the enemy!''

Finally, however, he acknowledges that it's time to return to the mainland, and we head for the flagpole on the hill to retrieve his colors. ''They're still flying!'' he crows, as if they might have been captured by pirates while we were exploring his favorite duck blind.

As the *Laughing Lady* heads back across the bay, a chill wind begins to blow. The setting sun blazes fiercely across the water. Regretfully, Gardiner turns to look back, shielding his eyes from the blinding brightness. Behind us, Gardiners Island recedes like a mirage. He raises his hand, as if in a private benediction, and his commanding voice drops to a whisper as he offers his final salute. ''Now we say farewell to the enchanted island,'' he says, and before long the island has disappeared from view. □

Passion Play

(Continued from page 221) A North Shore drama teacher describes him as ''a triple threat—couldn't sing, couldn't dance, couldn't act''—whose greatest skill was ''hiding the fact that he wasn't playing with a full deck.''

For his high-school-yearbook caption, Pappas chose a Bernie Taupin lyric—''Life is short and the world is rough and if you're gonna boogie, boy, you gotta be tough''—and as the 1980s rolled in, he began to live that line. Asked at Bateman's trial if he had ever been a male prostitute, he had to admit that ''there were times when I emotionally, physically, and mentally prostituted myself—not only for money, but for love, a father figure, and an education.'' Along the way, he noted, there were drugs: marijuana, poppers, cocaine, tranquilizers, and gallons of alcohol. Unsurprisingly, his 20s were marked by three arrests for drunkenness and as many as 10 suicide attempts.

In 1983, when he was 19, Michael Pappas met Frank Caven, the fabulously successful owner of gay bars in Texas and Florida. ''Michael arrived with the shirt on his back,'' recalls a man who witnessed that meeting, ''and once he got in, he wasn't leaving.'' Caven was generous and controlling; Pappas was attractive and charming. Mutual exploitation followed.

The capper came one drunken night when the 63-year-old Caven decided to adopt Pappas. This unlikely move, the younger man has come to feel, was the legacy of his education at the hands of his

former teacher. "Lane Bateman taught me more about manipulation than anyone, except for my parents," he told me. "He taught me that if I want a sex connection, to do everything and anything to make it happen. He was clear with me that my looks—my beauty—would work well for me in the gay world."

Lane Bateman finds his former student's memory to be completely inaccurate. "I don't remember ever having a conversation with Michael about his looks and the gay world," Bateman says. "What I told him was 'You can find somebody out there and be happy. I did it. So can you.' As for being a manipulator, I've been very careful about that—as a stage director, you have great power to twist people and hurt them."

Whatever Bateman did or didn't teach Michael Pappas, the young man recognized one thing: Frank Caven was the ultimate score. "He was the omnipotent father who gave me what I wanted: travel, school, business. But the price was sex and undivided attention."

Michael Caven often accompanied his new father to the White House (Frank Caven was a Republican Eagle, and he gave more money so Michael could be a Young Eagle), where he met Reagan and Bush any number of times. "I acted like an obnoxious Republican preppy," he now says. "When I lived in Dallas, I loved to go out for fancy dinners and play the big shot. There was a sober Michael who spent a summer at Oxford and traveled to the Soviet Union, and there was an alcoholic Michael who walked down the streets of Dallas as a drunken mess. I was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

In 1986, Frank Caven sent him to Washington to help open J.R.'s, a sleek gay bar. "Michael seemed energetic, and because of the bar, he was immensely popular," a longtime J.R.'s employee recalls, "but he was a jerk and an egotist. He was media-crazy. He'd type out wacko press releases, and ride on a float in a gay parade dressed as the Church Lady—he loved to get his face in any rag in town."

Michael Caven disputes his co-workers' harsh assessment. Although several Caven associates claim he was relieved of duty in Washington because he couldn't get along with them, he insists that it was his decision to return to Dallas and finish his education. In this "he says"/"he says" contest, the only verifiable facts are that Frank Caven died in the spring of 1988 and that, of his $10 million estate, Michael was left just $25,000. "At the funeral, Michael sat with the public," a friend of Frank Caven's says. "He knew better than to talk to us."

Although their communication had been limited to a postcard every year or so, Michael Caven wrote Bateman a long letter four months after Frank Caven's death. And Bateman, unaware that he was the surviving father figure in his former student's life, responded—with a letter and, according to Caven, some child-pornography tapes. Caven says that he told Bateman he wasn't comfortable watching under-age boys, and that he smashed the tapes with a hammer. Still, he went to great lengths to arrange a weekend in January of 1989 with a wealthy older man in Boston, whose main attraction seems to have been that he could drive his guest to Exeter for a visit with Lane Bateman.

On this visit, Bateman says, he gave Michael Caven the Polaroids he'd taken of the younger man and all the child pornography he would share with him. If there was ever interstate transportation of illegal material, he insists, the only criminal was Michael Caven. "I'm not totally stupid," Bateman said at his trial.

But even if Bateman filled a heavy box for his young visitor that weekend and mailed only adult porn to him in the coming years—an assertion that didn't fly with a jury faced with a mountain of tapes—the choice of Caven as a recipient of any sexual material was fatally dumb. That season, Caven was bottoming out. And while he was then grateful for Bateman's attention, he would eventually come to see Bateman as his ultimate oppressor.

For his part, Bateman giddily imagined that he'd found the ultimate video-and-pen pal. "Been fun raiding my collection—haven't seen many of these in years," Bateman wrote. "Hope some sequences make you squeal and moan." He also sent Caven a video camera so the younger man could covertly tape his sex partners. "It could be put into, say, a gift box or store box—the type one might have sitting on a dresser in a bedroom," he advised. Soon, Bateman was asking Caven to put the camera on a tripod and send him the tapes he made so he could edit them and enhance their eroticism. "Word of honor—No one else shall ever see your work," Bateman wrote. "I have triple security (been at it long enough to know tricks and tricks and tricks and tricks)." Bateman liked what Caven sent. "HOT can't keep hands out of pants." And he knew what he liked. "Want to see you solo—featuring close-up of ass play," he wrote Caven. "Finger dildo—open it wide, talk/moan."

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Passion Play

In 1990, Bateman sent Caven more than a hundred pornographic videos—and Caven sent Bateman an early draft of an autobiographical play. "I said, 'Do you want to know what I really think or do you just want to feel good?' " Bateman recalls. "He asked for the truth, so I was very frank—I told him it was terrible. The play, told in endless monologues, was about an abused child who became a hustler. I said, 'I know it's your life, Michael, but that doesn't make it theatrical.' " Caven wrote back that he wasn't surprised by Bateman's reaction, but "it is difficult not to take it personally since I am so connected to the piece."

Was that critique the real reason Caven turned Bateman in to the authorities? Bateman thinks so. Caven denies it. A few months earlier, he says, Bateman mentioned that he'd found the Polaroids he'd taken a decade earlier. Caven claims he was curious about them, and that Bateman mailed them to him. "I looked at my eyes and thought, Who is this person?" Caven says. "My eyes seemed sad and lost. And I started writing the play."

As he wrote, he came to believe that his despair was the inevitable product of his refusal to admit that he'd been sexually abused. "Mr. Bateman was my teacher when he perped me, and from that time on, we were never peers, never adults," says Caven, who is now almost 30. "With me, Bateman had the perfect boy, someone he could control through technology. Even in my late 20s he could get into my bedroom."

"No!" exclaims Bateman. "I deny that. In every way. I deny it completely."

In the spring of 1991, when Bateman sent him more adult-porno tapes, Caven wrote "Enough" on a single sheet of paper and sent them back. Then he began to think about one of the tapes that Bateman had sent him. It featured a former Exeter student whom Caven had briefly met on his 1989 visit to Bateman, and it featured this young man—who was still at the school when the video was made—taking his clothes off for Bateman's camera. It seemed clear to Caven that when the video ended, sex began. (Bateman's lawyer acknowledges that there was a video, but won't comment further.) As he saw it, that meant there was another student, in another decade, whom Bateman had abused. If he failed to act, Caven thought, there might be more. And so, in consultation with his lawyer and his therapist, he wrote Bateman a letter that he intended to hold for a year.

That September, Bateman called Caven, who immediately hung up. Bateman called again. This time, he left a message on Caven's answering machine. "I know I'm on your shitlist," he said. "I don't know why." To make sure he would, Caven mailed the letter. In that two-page document, Caven retraced their relationship from the point of view of a victim of 13 years. He said he wanted to return the Exeter-owned video camera that Bateman had sent him. He didn't want Bateman to have the camera; he wanted to return it directly to the school so it couldn't be used in inappropriate ways on other boys. He noted that he was considering "legal actions available to me." He urged Bateman to "reflect upon the fact that what you did was abusive, manipulative, and a sexual molestation." He ordered Bateman never to contact him again and gave him the name of his attorney. And he taunted Bateman: "You never entertained the thought THAT I WOULD RECOVER, did you?"

> Soon, Bateman was asking Caven to send him the tapes he made so he could edit them and enhance their eroticism.

"The thought of destroying Lane Bateman never entered my mind," Michael Caven insists. "My goal was for him to take responsibility. . . . I wanted to stop him from doing to others what he did to me."

According to Caven's lawyer, Rhonda Rivera, her client really didn't want to see Bateman arrested. Nor did he want to be paid off by Bateman. "It's hard to go back in time and determine what might have happened," she says, "but I think Michael would have been satisfied if Bateman had acknowledged the abuse, destroyed all his child pornography, and entered a treatment program."

Bateman never called Rivera. Because he regarded Caven's letter as a threat—he thought its message was "I'm going to ruin your life and you can't see it coming"—he discarded the pages.

Last spring, after six months of silence from Bateman, Rivera contacted County Attorney Carleton Eldredge in Exeter on Caven's behalf. Eldredge found Caven so impressive that he later decided to go public with his own story of childhood victimization: "I was abused by a neighbor when I was seven years old." And he is rhapsodic about Caven's influence on his life. "I'm almost twice his age, but I see him almost as a mentor," he told me. "If this were an A.A. situation, I'd ask him to be my sponsor. I have a deep respect for him."

In another prosecutor's office, there might have been questions raised about the motives of a young man with a history of drug and alcohol problems whose charges, if made public, would surely end the career of a respected teacher. In Eldredge's office, those questions never came up. "The victim's story has to be treated as credible, whatever it is," the 63-year-old Eldredge has said. "We go under the assumption that the allegations are true."

Bateman's employers operated under a similar credo. "There's an Exeter tradition of swift justice and the Star Chamber," Gore Vidal, class of 1943, told me. "They said, in effect, 'There are no rules here until you break one—and then you're on the morning train to Boston.' The place has always been brutal in that way." And the school wasn't defensive about that brutality. "Exeter is not a warm nest," the headmaster announced with pride on graduation day in 1973.

The admission of girls in 1970 and the appointment of Kendra O'Donnell as principal in 1987 are the high points of Exeter's belated effort to humanize its frosty environment. As a former assistant professor of English at Princeton and a key aide at the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, O'Donnell long ago acquired the executive skills necessary to run a 1,000-student institution with a $167 million endowment. But she is also a mother and a woman, and she hasn't forgotten it. In her first year at Exeter, she appeared at the faculty talent show—directed by Lane Bateman—as Cyndi Lauper, lip-synching "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" in a costume so outrageous that it took 15 seconds for Exonians to recognize her. Last year, after a hastily called chapel service on the eve

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Correction: On page 229 of the November issue, the actress on the far left was incorrectly identified. She is Florina Kendrick

Passion Play

of the war with Iraq, a student stopped to thank her for bringing the school together. To his surprise, O'Donnell was weeping. "We've screwed up the world so badly for you kids," she said.

For all her strengths, O'Donnell was hamstrung by a hypocrisy that's as old as boarding schools—the presence of unacknowledged male homosexuals as teachers and dorm masters. In that situation, a principal can do nothing more than hope for the best, and, when the worst strikes, trust the authorities. Here, O'Donnell was operating under a disadvantage, for, in the hours following Bateman's arrest, she was barraged with information from the Exeter police, and some of it was highly exaggerated.

Had O'Donnell talked to Bateman before she terminated him, she would have come to the same decision—prep schools have no due process when the allegations concern sex—but the letter that she mailed to 25,000 Exeter students, parents, alumni, and friends of the school four days after Bateman's arrest might have been more reassuring. "The anxiety alone is hard to accept," she wrote, as if she feared that any minute the local authorities would present her with a list of students buggered by Bateman. In fact, the confidential help line she set up produced not a single new allegation that Bateman had made porno videos or had sex with Exeter boys.

Bateman did possess a tape, made by some Exeter girls from their dormitory windows, that shows male Exeter students wearing only their underwear. In this footage, the boys are standing in their dormitory windows, holding cafeteria trays over their Jockey shorts. On the trays, they've made shaving-cream arrows pointing to their crotches. It's not the raciest tape ever made.

Between the filming and the telling, there seems to have been some hallucinating. As Fox Butterfield of *The New York Times* heard it, Bateman had videos that showed as many as 10 Exonians in the act of oral and anal sex. And at the height of the school's nervous breakdown, Butterfield wrote that the police had "identified" a tape with 10 former Exeter boys being compromised on it.

"We had a major source—a ranking law-enforcement official—tell us that Exeter students were involved in the videos," says Butterfield, who is perhaps best known for the 1991 front-page *Times* story that named William Kennedy Smith's accuser and a 1987 piece about the Iran-contra hearings that was so inaccurate he had to write an unprecedented front-page correction a few days later. "Our source told us not once but half a dozen times over nearly a week. The official specified what kinds of acts the students were performing in the videos, and he volunteered the number of students: 10. Other law-enforcement officials also said they had information that a number of Exeter students had shown up on the videos, and that they were continuing to investigate the situation."

The Exeter police and Carleton Eldredge denounced Butterfield's story and denied they were his source. O'Donnell, who had given Butterfield her only interview of the summer, was aghast. Not only had the *Times* printed a story apparently unsupported by fact, but Butterfield seemed to be putting some of the blame on the "socially progressive" aspects of O'Donnell's administration: homosexual teachers as dormitory supervisors, gay graduates speaking at school assemblies, an English teacher discussing her lesbianism at a student meeting.

Between the lines, the newspaper of record appeared to be suggesting that pedophilia and homosexuality are virtually indistinguishable.

In an unheated cabin on the shores of a New Hampshire lake, as he awaited his trial, Lane Bateman reached for another of the cigarettes he now chain-smokes. The price of his freedom was strapped to his ankle: a monitoring device that he had to press against the phone receiver three or four times a day. He wasn't allowed to leave the house without permission from his probation officer, and minors weren't allowed to visit him, even if they happened to be accompanied by their parents.

If the punishment phase had already begun for Bateman, acknowledgment that he had a problem hadn't. Like many defendants, Bateman saw himself as the victim, blamed his accuser, and looked forward to seeing Caven destroyed in court.

At Exeter, some were worried that Bateman's lawyer, a local attorney named Mark Sullivan, might succeed in doing just that—and then, on Bateman's behalf, file a massive civil lawsuit against the school. "Mark is a very nice guy," a school official told me. "On the other hand, I've watched him play basketball in our gym, and all he sees is the basket."

At the trial, however, there was little that Sullivan could do for his client. The only real mystery in the entire proceedings concerned Michael Caven—why had

ıe come forward, and could he be be- ieved? Frank Caven's friends said Mi hael was consistently untruthful; one ven testified that when he first heard Michael was involved in a legal matter he ssumed that the young man had at last een caught in some nefarious act. Other uestions were never satisfactorily an wered. In those 1980 encounters Michael 'aven remembers so vividly, did he, as ıe testified, see tapes of two Bateman riends masturbating—or was he just dis rediting men he knew were going to be estifying for the defense? (Both denied he allegation.) Was it really possible to ıe so "addicted to the perpetrator" that, fter eight years of virtually no communi- ation, he would suddenly contact Bate- nan and slavishly do his long-distance idding? And why, if confronting Bate- nan was so important to his recovery, did he U.S. attorney ask the judge three dif- erent times to let Caven testify under the loak of anonymity?

In the circumscribed version of events resented to the jury, however, those uestions were mere quibbles. Ultimately, he physical evidence was all the jurors eeded. One video alone could have per- uaded them to convict Batemen—it fea- ured prepubescent blond boys masturbat- ng to a disco version of "Baby Face." And although Bateman sounded feisty, he ouldn't deny that he had a long-standing nterest in child pornography and kept a ollection of it under his bed.

When the verdict came in, Bateman ounded almost relieved. "At least I don't ave to sit there any longer and hear them ay those awful things about me," he told ne. His friends continue to be shocked at vhat they regard as a prosecution that got ut of hand in large part because the de- endant was a teacher at Exeter. And they oathe Michael Caven. "If he wanted to lo Lane a favor, he could have said, 'Get elp,' " one snapped. "Lane doesn't de- erve to have his life ruined."

As for Michael Caven, he says he is healing, thanks to therapy and his ewfound ability to confront the man he egards as a perpetrator. "The point was hat I was no longer loyal to the secrecy of his relationship," he told me. "My life is good now. I'm healing. For 15 months I've been in a serious, committed relation- ship. I'm now completely responsible for taking care of myself and for not letting myself be victimized. And in the future I see myself as a psychologist or counselor, working with victims of abuse."

Exeter, however, is having less success exorcising the ghost of one of its best and most dedicated teachers. At a faculty meeting shortly before school opened this fall, O'Donnell briefed teachers on the case, giving only the police version of the facts, when some spoke of Bate- man's betrayal by the school, she asked why they didn't, instead, feel betrayed by their former colleague. She made a point of sitting in on meetings when the drama department was hiring Bateman's replacement—and, according to a teacher involved, blackballed one candidate sim- ply because he had the unfortunate name of "Butt."

Student leaders, meanwhile, were asked to monitor campus opinion, but because O'Donnell pointedly said noth- ing about Bateman at the school's opening assembly, the biggest ongoing debate among Exonians concerned the dress code. By late September, students in the few classes that addressed the Bateman case were wondering why no one else talked about it. The silence was curious, for Exeter is hardly cloistered. At football games, students have been known to wear T-shirts that proclaim ST. PAUL'S SUCKS, BUT ANDOVER SWALLOWS. A recent campus notice advertising a girls' soccer game promised that "the bigger the balls, the better we head." The school health service provides ad- vice on contraception. And although gay students sometimes describe the school as homophobic, recent meetings of the Gay/ Straight Alliance have drawn as many as 50 students.

So the idea that single male teachers might be homosexual and appreciate young men would not be a soul-shatter- ing revelation to Exeter students. In the wake of the Bateman scandal, only one new student withdrew from the school, more as a result of his fear of the media than of a concern that he'd be exposed to unwanted sexual advances. And on cam- pus this fall the entire episode was re- duced to a predictable joke: "Lane's World." But that's just the surface. Bate- man's fall from grace, as one student has noted, became "like a secret in a dysfunctional family."

Dr. Fred S. Berlin, director of the Na- tional Institute for the Study, Prevention and Treatment of Sexual Trauma, in Bal- timore, worries about the implications of this silence. "What concerns me is that we've reached a point, in some circum- stances, where we begin to respond more out of fears and prejudices than analysis and reason," he told me. "There are men who watch pictures of rape scenes and say it's a turn-on, but don't go out and com- mit rape. Heterosexual teachers often find 16-year-old students attractive and stimu- lating, and yet they control themselves without difficulty. . . . There's no reason to think that students are more at risk from a homosexual teacher than a het- erosexual one."

That thought may be too complex for a school that has dealt with the Bateman sit- uation only on the most pragmatic level— by hiring two married men to take his place. It's a thought that won't be ger- mane for the federal judge who must, in a month or so, decide what to do with Bate- man. But it's surely something for Lane Bateman to consider as he sits, his life in ruins, awaiting the ultimate review. A gifted teacher who wanted to inspire his students gravitated to an environment where his fatal weakness would pose a constant threat to his career. And, as a result, he became a living symbol of the fear that makes so many people equate ho- mosexuality with pedophilia.

In the weeks before his trial, Bateman wrestled with that assumption, and found himself innocent. "When I was being questioned, the police brought in a pedo- philia expert, and he said, 'This is what I deal with—if you have the pictures, you did the deed,' " he told me. "But I don't believe I'm capable of inflicting myself on someone who's unwilling, and I don't believe I'm capable of hav- ing sex with a minor even if he's will- ing. If you asked kids, 'How much sexual interest was aroused in you by Mr. Bateman?' they'd laugh." ❑

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Planetarium

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Good news at last! When Venus enters Capricorn on November 13, your monstrous financial worries should scram. But Venus will be there for only three weeks, so please don't, like the typical Sadge, drop whatever you are doing and rush out to buy a new Ferrari. Around the same time, the sun will meet Pluto, so see to it that your private obsessions stay private. By early December you should be decent enough to appear in public again, and nobody will ever dream what you've been doing behind closed doors—unless, of course, a private dick has been following you around with a video camera.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Astrological predictions can get so ridiculous and grandiose, filling every moment with false importance. Besides, half the time it's impossible to figure out how things will turn out, no matter how many psychics you consult. All that notwithstanding, when you look back on your life 30 years from now, Thanksgiving weekend of 1992 could very well be one of the truly high spots—thanks to the fact that the moon, Venus, Uranus, and Neptune are all sweeping through Capricorn. Now it's up to you to let your fantasies run wild and to kill off the Old Maid once and for all—figuratively, of course.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Aquarians are intensely aware that each step they take is a leap *away* from the shapeless something that is pursuing them and *toward* the precipice of the unknown. So much is out of your control—seasonal cycles, the economy, hairstyles—and yet with Saturn in your sign and Pluto in your solar 10th house there is pressure to act, whether you're up to it or not. Life-changing decisions are terribly hard until you make them. Once you have made them, though, there *will* be a good wind at your back to guide you. And who can deal with such intensity? Only fools, bona fide saints, and evolved Aquarians.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

For some reason you hold a fascination for people. You've got to wonder what it is about you that makes you so adorably scapegoatable. Maybe it's because you actually act out many of the fantasies others don't even dare think about when they're alone in the bathtub. With the north node in your 10th house and Saturn in your 12th, there seems to be no escape from the bloodhounds. The fact that anybody would want to snoop around in your garden and snap a picture of you in a vulnerable pose only confirms your faith in the absurdity of human nature.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

You do love those dark tunnels where skeletons jump out of nowhere and scare you to death. Well, when Pluto and the sun meet in mid-November, you'll be screaming through yet another tunnel, but by the new moon two days before Thanksgiving, you'll be lifting your glass and shouting "It's Christmas!" more loudly than Scrooge did, *after* the bad dream. But as Mars goes retro on November 29, don't rush into any home improvements, even if it means halting renovations or firing contractors. Otherwise, when Mars goes forward in February, you might just vomit from the plaid wallpaper.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You'd be happier if society would return to old times, when people got married and stayed married, when "trust" described relationships and not banking terms, and when the most radical music came from the lips of Cher or Perry Como. Thanks to Pluto in Scorpio, you've had to witness all sorts of shocking and outrageous behavior. Well, when Pluto leaves your 7th house in 1995, the tribulations you have had to endure at the hands of the opposite sex will raise your consciousness and take you to a higher octave of experience. Whether it's true or not, you have to admit it certainly sounds uplifting.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

During the retrograde of Mercury (November 11 to December 1), you'll be dying to get together with people, then you'll turn on a dime and stay home to nurse your sore whatsis or hang out with your cat. Afterward, you'll be bustling around again, caught up in a whirl of human interaction. Cynics who laughingly brand you ditsy should try having Mercury for *their* ruling planet for a while. It's just that your nose is extra sensitive to changes in the wind, and where your nose takes you, you must go. You're not a goofy flake with no thought for tomorrow or memory of yesterday. Try to remember that.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Mars will be transiting back and forth through Cancer until April, which means your little hive is sure to be buzzing like mad and you'll be drilling through granite and steel in an unceasing effort to carve out a little niche for yourself in this totally out-of-control world. You certainly can't count on other people to do it for you. But as of November 28, cool it. The fiery red planet goes retrograde until February. That's your cue to slow down, go easy on Mexican food, avoid open warfare (especially between mother and child), and turn all your energy toward good old-fashioned passive-aggressive retaliation.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

Utterly submerged in the family thing, are you splashing happily around in the muck of domesticity one week, then grabbing on to a little freedom you don't even know what to do with the next? With the sun-Pluto conjunction in your 4th house this November and the south node of the moon inching through your 11th house the whole year, you need to remain calm while deep in the bowels of intimacy. When Mars retros in your 12th house on November 28, don't bother screaming about how you've been framed or trapped. Instead, achieve an inner peace by painting a mural on your cell wall or making pot holders.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Since they can shoot men and women off into outer space, you'd think that somebody could come up with a way to keep Mercury from going retrograde. Especially now, when you've finally gotten down to business and realized nobody is going to save you from the job of working for a living. This time it's from November 11 to December 1, in Scorpio and Sagittarius, so be on the lookout for fallen angels, whores with hearts of gold, and clergymen emerging from closets. When it's over, try to get settled again, rehash some old feuds, and face some truths about people you've been close to—and all this before Christmas!

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Oh, the thousands upon thousands of peace-loving individuals you have incited to rage with your unswerving ability to fluff up the pillows and chat about everything except the crazed elephant that is charging through the room. Some folks perceive this as falseness and insincerity, but that is not always the case. It's simply that in a pinch you often shut down and go on autopilot, which you could well do now, when Jupiter has entered Libra, and Venus is coming to Capricorn on November 13. So be prepared to start offering peanuts to the elephant again and go right on with your bridge game.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Maybe because you have come to understand so well the idiotically fragile little thread we all hang from, you've been able to grab for the brass ring where others have shrunk from the same opportunity. With the sun coming to Pluto in mid-November, you've got to feel like one of the most powerful people in the world. As the sun moves toward the north node of the moon in mid-December, it will become increasingly important to make decisions based on sound business principles, not as an angry reaction to a lousy sex life. Try to end the year on a good note and forgive trespassers. Use your head, not your glands.

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Vanity Fair
March 1928



Charlie Chaplin

In 1928, when this picture was snapped for a review of *The Circus* in *Vanity Fair*, Charlie Chaplin, the actor, writer, producer, and director, was, at 39, the avatar of world cinema. Richard Attenborough, the actor, writer, producer, and director, who this month releases *Chaplin*, an account of the early auteur's salad days, notes that "Charlie was the most famous man in the world at 25, a millionaire at 28, and took over Hollywood, in a way, by the time he was 30." He was also the first of a now thriving breed endemic to the breezy, sage-studded foothills of Southern California: the limousine liberal.

Yet fanatical moralists imagined sins of greater magnitude, accusing him of heinous crimes such as pacifism, atheism, Communism, and pedophilia (two of his four brides were 16-year-olds). In reality, this early nemesis of "family values" held himself to a strict personal work ethic. "I don't believe I deserve dinner unless I've done a day's work," he would tell his friends. Even Samuel Goldwyn, the right-of-center mogul, knew the real score. His wry encomium: "The only true capitalist I know is Charlie Chaplin."

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